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FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Vol. II.

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STONE IDOL AT COPAN.

[*See page* 471.]

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TO THE READER.

We have brought to a close the first volume of the SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE under the most gratifying circumstances. We anticipated, from the extraordinary lowness of its price, a very large subscribtion to the work, but our most sanguine expectations have been surpassed. The SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE has a larger circulation than any similar periodical in the United States.

A liberal patronage uniformly induces excellence. The extent of our present edition, and the prospect of a permanent large circulation, encourage the publisher to hope that the important improvements he is about to make in the Magazine, will add no less to his own profits than to the intrinsic value of the work.

The first number of the second volume, and all succeeding numbers, will contain, *without any addition to the price of the magazine*, EIGHT ADDITIONAL PAGES; the enlargement will be produced by the adoption of a larger sheet; and the postage on each number will be thus reduced one third below the present rate.

The SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for each month, hereafter, will contain FORTY-EIGHT PAGES of the size now given, printed on paper of the finest quality, and type of the most beautiful style and finish. Its contents, will be of a better description than hitherto, as the publisher has now increased facilities for obtaining every new work that appears in Great Britain, through a careful agent, residing expressly for that purpose in London, and has made many new engagements with distinguished writers, for original contributions to its pages. As heretofore, it will contain the best articles of the BOSTON NOTION, embracing the choicest tales, romances and poetry, published in all the American and foreign periodicals, together with many valuable reviews and elaborate original articles, of a literary, political and scientific character. It will also contain frequently entire novels and plays, and reprints of many valuable and entertaining English books, *in advance of any other reprint in this country*. The articles generally, will be from the pens of the most eminent writers of Europe and America, such as Bulwer, Knowles, James, Dickens, Cockton, Sergeant Talferd, Moore, Marryat, Warren, T. K. Hervey, B. Simmons, Herbert, Simms, Inman, Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Halleck, Longfellow, Fay, Whittier, Tuckerman, McLellan, Holmes, Hoffman, Dewey, Channing, Neal, Ingraham, Mellen, Fields, Woodworth, Pierpont, Bancroft, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Martineau, Miss Gould, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Leslie, &c., &c. All the best articles of the 'Blackwood,' 'Frazer,' 'Tait,' 'Colburn's New Monthly,' 'Metropolitan' and 'Dublin University' Magazines; also, the most interesting papers of the 'Southern Literary Messenger,' the 'Knickerbocker,' the 'Ladies' Companion,' the 'Lady's Book,' 'The Dial,' and other American magazines, will be found in its pages. Therefore, as specimens of the literature of the day, in a convenient form for preservation, it will be found highly valuable to all who desire to *keep up with the current*, without incurring too much expense. Of the English periodicals mentioned, a very large portion of the contents are useless and unin-

teresting, and it will be the object of the editor of the SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE, to '*winnow the wheat and throw the chaff away.*' The work will occasionally be embellished with a FINE ENGRAVING.

From what we have written above it will at once be perceived that the SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE will be decidedly the *cheapest periodical in the world.* For two dollars it will contain three times as much matter as any of the one dollar periodicals, and as much, and of as excellent a quality, as any of the five dollar magazines in the country. We look for a subscription list, during the present year, of from twenty to twenty-five thousand names, confident that the excellence of the work and its unparalleled cheapness will secure for it a circulation in nearly every town and village in the United States.

CITY SUBSCRIBERS can have the Magazine left at their houses, on every morning of its publication.

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ROBERTS'

SEMI-MONTHLY

MAGAZINE.

NO. I. JANUARY 15, 1841.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A STUDENT.

ISSENDORFF.

[From the Metropolitan for December.]

Was sind Hoffungen—was sind Entwurfe
Die der Mensch, der flutchtige Sohn der Stunde
Auf baut auf dem betruglichen Grunde?
SCHILLER—*Braut von Missin*.

What are the idle hopes and futile plans
Formed by mankind, the hour's fleeting children,
Upon foundations shifting and unstable?

Frederic von Issendorff was the friend I most valued; I looked upon him with a painful interest, he was so delicate, so melancholy. Deep feeling and noble thought were stamped on his pale and almost feminiely-beautiful features. He was of middle height, slender and graceful, with light hair and beautiful blue eyes. His very appearance prepossessed you in his favor. Bodily he was not strong, and yet he never shrank under any exertion; brave as a lion, proud and sensitive, he was peculiarly alive to slight and injury, perhaps the more so because of his poverty, sad inheritance of his lofty and powerful line, and from his want of physical strength, which sometimes would subject him to insults, from which others would escape.—But thus did his mind subdue his body to his will, that the strongest could not resist the fierce and sudden impulse of his anger. He scorned the confining trammels of college and discipline, but rose superior to them; he did not sink into the gulf of dissipation, for poetry threw a halo around his thoughts, and the true feelings of chivalry were in his breast. In the middle ages he would have been a knightly troubadour; in the present he was the unvalued, unappreciated member of society that knew him not—born to waste his mighty talents in obscurity, to die unpitied and unknown.

His companions never liked him, and he was unkindly treated by all—unkindly as they dared,—for they had learned to fear the mighty spirit that seemed slumbering among flowers. Yet this preyed upon him. That fiery spirit could not sink and droop,—but its own flames devoured it. I felt that he was doomed to be unhappy, for he was, as it were, not a being of this earth, at least not of this age. His feeling was called sentimentality; his high spirit, morbid pride; his noble bearing, haughtiness,—that sat ill, it was remarked, on one whose poverty would force him to fill a dependent and inferior station in life. And there were many among his colleagues, who, rich and influential, would stand above him in after years, and have it in their power to command his obedience.

Haughty spirit, how wilt thou learn to bend to those thou scornest?—to those infinitely beneath thee? To those who have quailed before thee, all feeble as thou art? Issendorff—much I fear thy noble and gentle heart will be deeply hurt, will be wounded to the death. Oh! had I the power of a god to bring those who will crush thee to thy feet. Rear up, brave spirit—thou mayest triumph yet, and relight the star of thy destiny with an immortal fire.

It was with feelings of happy hope that I beheld him form an attachment for a young lady as remarkable for beauty as good qualities. She was, in fact, the counterpart of himself; she echoed all his thoughts and feelings, for they were her own. He beheld his sentiments again in her's, though in gentler guise, as the glorious star reflected in the mellowing mirror of the sea, as lovely, but more softly bright. They were made for each other, if ever mortals were; it were cruelty to part them—nay, it were vain, for those two congenial spirits were sure to draw together; even if separated by distance or by death, they would still be together in their thoughts. Need it be told how passionately two beings like these were attached? Could it be otherwise, when the one was, as it were, the vital principle of the other? They loved—THEY—that tells it all.

Of the highest birth, her choice would honor the first in the land, and men marvelled when she stopped to the poor young student, marvelled—though he was as highly born as she. An additional dislike was felt against Issendorff from that moment, and I trembled lest some insolent fop should intentionally insult him, perhaps by her side. I trembled every morning, lest I should hear of his death, or see his glorious form borne past me pale and cold on a bier, with the sword-wound seal of death upon his breast. I watched him with an intensity of pain, as his brow clouded and his eye flashed whenever a remark of doubtful meaning was made by an empty fool, or whenever the name of Louisa von Adelheim was mentioned. And how often was that word spoken by the frivolous and depraved! he felt it a profanation from

their lips; I feared lest it should be coupled with any light remark.

How unlike was Adolph von Adelheim to his sister and to Issendorff! He was fully as proud, but dissipated, wild, reckless, and addicted to every vice—need I say more than this, he was a professed duellist. I feared that Issendorff and he would never be on friendly terms, and I was not deceived. He treated the suitor of his sister with marked rudeness, nay, almost insult. All wondered at Issendorff's forbearance in submitting to such conduct, and detracting remarks were circulated as to its cause. The sneers and cutting jests were scarcely concealed in his presence. I saw the indignation that overwhelmed him, ready to burst forth every moment; but he restrained it still.

The young student's suit had never been looked kindly on by the family of Adelheim, who had intended a more wealthy and powerful alliance for their daughter. Her mother, it is true, favored him, (her father was no more), but all the rest, foremost amongst whom was Adolph, were decidedly against it. Otto, Count of Altweil was the constant companion of the latter, and never were two friends (if they can thus be called) more suited to each other. Count Otto was a professed admirer of Louisa von Adelheim, and as such was much befriended by the family; indeed, Adolph was heard to say, he was determined that no other than his friend should be the husband of his sister. He often brought him to her: reeking from intemperance and tavern brawls, and polluted her presence with his company. O heavens! should he and Issendorff meet before her! But the firm and haughty conduct of Louisa somewhat awed him, and moreover he had a deadly fear of his rival.

Once, however, it was rumored they had met alone in the house of Adelheim; Adolph was fortunately not there, and it is said the interview finished by the count's being summarily ejected out of the door by the hands of Issendorff; but the former never divulged the secret, and it is certain he never resented it openly; though, from this moment, he conceived a deadly and implacable hatred to his rival, and doomed his destruction. He feigned a more deep and fervent attachment to the beautiful Louisa, and assuring her brother that Issendorff was the only obstacle to his success, he inflamed his mind against the predestined victim to such an extent, that he succeeded in making him pledge his honor never to sanction an alliance between the houses of Issendorff and Adelheim.

'I will soon and in a safe way put an end to his pretensions,' said Adolph; 'you know how I get rid of disagreeable people. I never failed yet.

The count applauded, and the deadly conspiracy was formed.

The intentions of these no better than murderers reached the ears of a friend, who mentioned them to me. I immediately imparted them to Issendorff, at the same time imploring him to avoid any altercation with the count or with Adolph. He turned deadly pale at my words.

'It is fated!' he said, 'but nothing on earth shall induce me to fight Adolph!'

I was happy to hear him say this, and tried to strengthen him in a resolution I thought almost impracticable for him to keep, knowing Adelheim's character and his own.

A few days afterwards there was a general convivial meeting of the students, to celebrate an anniversary. Issendorff called at my lodgings in the morning. He was depressed and irritated. A paper containing the most insulting allusions to himself had been nailed to his door during the night, and when he awoke, a crowd, among whom were the count and Adolph, were reading and laughing at it. He rushed down and had it torn away—every one denied any knowledge of the author, though he well knew him in the brother of his beloved, but he had not dared to ask him.

'I know that some dreadful misfortune will befal me—I feel it.'

'Cheer up,' I replied. 'All will end well.—But for the love of heaven avoid altercation with Adolph.'

He promised to follow my injunctions. I begged him not to go to the meeting that day.

'I must,' he replied; 'it would be a voluntary exclusion from their circle; besides, I have retired enough of late. I must brave the storm. And, by heaven, let any one but say a word of doubtful meaning, and I will make such an example of him as will, I trust, deter the rest from venturing too near me.'

With feelings excited to agony, I joined in the gay and noisy circle assembled on that day.—The count and Adolph were there, when I entered. They were speaking of Issendorff, but in an under tone; for he had some few friends present, though very few among the many, who would not be backward in asserting his cause; but I heard enough to fear the worst. At length, among the latest, Issendorff entered with his usual proud and haughty step, but with more than usual fire in his pale blue melancholy eyes. I hurried to him.

'For mercy's sake depart, Frederic; they are exasperated against you, and something dreadful will happen. Go! and we will try and pacify them, or intimidate, for you have still some trusty friends among us. Go! there is a conspiracy against you.'

Issendorff frowned upon me!

'What, dare you think I fear them?'

'No, no! But Adolph!'—

'Fear not; I have already told you that nothing shall provoke me to quarrel with him.'

He left me, and passed into the centre of the saloon. He will not succeed, thought I. Must that glorious spirit die? must that amiable youth be murdered?

I watched him with intense anxiety. Foremost among the groups stood Adolph von Adelheim and Count Otto von Altweil.

Frederic advanced to the former in the most friendly and courteous manner, extending his hand. Adolph stared haughtily at him without returning his greeting, and then turned his back upon him; a most deadly insult. Issendorff

turned ashy pale, but he did NOT resent it!—With ready presence of mind he addressed a friend who stood near, without appearing to have noticed it. But a scarcely-suppressed laugh and an open sneer came from nearly all present. I burned with as deep an indignation as my friend. The count, fearful of offending, saluted him courteously; he returned the salutation with an insulting laugh, and, pushing him rudely aside, seemed trying to provoke him to a rejoinder, but the obsequious coward drew back. This action served to divert the pleasantry of the company into another channel, and a sudden interest seemed awakened in favor of the doomed Issendorff.

For a time all remained quiet, till towards the close of the repast, when perhaps all were somewhat heated with wine.

'What say you,' cried Wilhelm von Gandolf to Adelheim, 'if we drink the health of your future brother-in-law?'

It was the concerted signal.

'With all my heart,' was the reply.

'Well then,—Frederic von Issendorff.'

'Who?' cried Adelheim,—'do you think I will ever grant my sister to that lying coward? It is Otto, Count of Altweil.'

'Who said those words?' Issendorff asked, in a calm, deep, concentrated voice. 'Count Otto, you know the Lady Louisa is mine, and if you dare even to mention her name, I will write oblivion of it with my sword upon your heart. The name of Adelheim shall not be polluted by coming from so vile a mouth as yours.

'Aha!' cried one of the company, 'I will be your second, Count. The sooner this is finished the better.'

Count Otto shuddered, and looked to Adelheim; he understood him.

'It was *I* who said those words,' he thundered, 'and I repeat them.'

'Retract them then, Adolph! for the love of heaven; I will not, *I cannot* fight with you.—You know it, and it is ungenerous in you to insult me. Now retract those words, I implore you!'

'Dastardly villian, I repeat them,' roared Adelheim. 'Leave my sight, or I shall strike you.'

'Come but near me, and I will fell you to the ground,' thundered Issendorff, now rising in a vehement passion—'but all the powers of hell shall not make me fight you.'

'Then you must leave this room,' shouted many voices; 'a dishonored coward dare not be among us.'

'Come one, come all,' cried Issendorff, 'I will not move a step, and liar and coward in the teeth of all who have spoken those words to me. You know I cannot fight him. Here, Count Otto! you are the first; bring us swords.'

'No, no!' roared Adelheim, 'I appeal to our seniors; I have the first right. Silence, and hear.'

He had, according to their laws of honor.

'Frederic von Issendorff, you must accept the challenge of Adolph von Adelheim, or leave this room branded with eternal infamy, never more to appear before us. And every student that meets you, shall have the right to strike, without giving you satisfaction.'

'Then be it so,' said Issendorff, with a deadly smile; 'Adelheim, I accept your challenge.'—He calmy reseated himself, and a heavy silence reigned for a time.

'Let us finish this business at once,' said the challenger.

'No!—not till to-morrow morning. Senors, I have the right to enforce that.'

They agreed. Then Issendorff filled his glass. He raised it to his lips, exclaiming: 'To the health and long life of Adolph von Adelheim!' I knew his meaning—none pledged the toast;—the feeling of all was turning against the challenger.

Having emptied the goblet, he rose and left the room.

He immediately went to his lodgings, and calmly wrote to his family and more intimate friends, and having arranged his affairs, he hastened to the house of Louisa, though already late in the evening. He felt certain that he should fall; for Adelheim was one of the first masters of his weapon at the university, and, though himself inferior to few, he had resolved on not killing the brother of Louisa, and had determined on perishing himself, if otherwise that dreaded result could not be avoided.

It may therefore be supposed with what feelings he entered that house. The lingering rays of the summer sun were on the linden trees that waved over its windows: the music of the evening bird floated on the perfumed air, that had a magic soothing power, as though it was formed of the sighs of angels; but oh! sweeter, far sweeter than the night-bird's note, came the voice of Louisa through the open casement!—Frederic paused on the threshold and listened—she was singing a song of his own—a shudder ran through him as he thought that, in the noisy hall he had just quitted, heartless enemies were discussing his death.

'O God! must I leave all this?' sighed Issendorff.

He never mentioned what had passed, what was still to come; a miser of his still remaining few short moments of happiness, he would not destroy them; he lengthened them till the chiming hours one by one warned him away by their knell-like voice; then he departed. He had never appeared more gay than on that evening, but there was a wildness, a sudden burst of melancholy, mingling with his gaiety, that startled the unsuspecting Louisa. Alas! she understood it all on the morrow. He asked her for a remembrance, she gave him her scarf; an ominous present, for it was a war-gift.

The sun rose glorious over the vine-clad banks of the Neckar that came sparkling from the distant hills, as though it was a vein of light, bearing celestial radiance to the earth.

In a woodland meadow by its side, Frederic von Issendorff and Adolph von Adelheim met in deadly combat. The count was the second of the latter, a near relation was by the side of the former.

With his usual proud bearing Issendorff stepped before his opponent. The scarf of Louisa was wound round his sword-arm, that he might never forget it was her brother with whom he fought.

He spoke, but this time sternly and haughtily.

'Adelheim, what you said yesterday may have been under the influence of wine. Retract it.'

Count Otto stepped forward.

'It is to you I speak, von Adelheim. I exchange nothing but blows with that dastard by your side. Answer me!'

'The swords!' roared Adelheim.

The swords were measured and given to the respective parties.

'*En garde!*' And with the swiftness of lightning the combatants started into the position of defence, and the seconds fell back. With graceful courtesy Issendorff made his salute; it was not returned by Adelheim, whose rapier flickered in his hand as though instinct with life. In an instant the point hovered over the heart of Issendorff, who calmly and scornfully, with scarcely an apparent movement of his blade, parried the fierce thrusts of his adversary.—Never were combatants more ably matched.—The sword of Adelheim flashed around Issendorff in the morning sun, like a lightning shower, as it quivered in his grasp.

'Have a care,' cried Issendorff, 'or you will fall on my blade!'

'Insolent boaster, then thrust it home.'

With fresh fury he rushed upon his opponent; none could see the rapid motion of their weapons, none could guess the issue, when suddenly, as though with a lightning shock, Adelheim leaped high into the air, and fell a corse upon the ground. Issendorff's rapier had passed through his heart.

At this unexpected and unintended issue the survivor stood horror-stricken.

'The murderer of her brother!' he ejaculated. 'Lost! for ever lost.'

'Fly,' cried his friend, 'before the minions of justice come. See! that dastard Altweil has deserted his principal,' pointing to the count, who was galloping away. Fly! I will take care of the body!'

Issendorff paused a moment, then mounting his horse, galloped off with frantic speed, breaking through every obstacle.

Whither did he go? Did he fly to save his life or his liberty? No! A few moments, and he checked the fierce career of his panting horse, before the house of Adelheim. He leaped from his seat, threw the reins forward, and the infuriated animal darted away—the last chance of escape. In an instant he stood before Louisa.

With joyful surprise she turned towards him; she threw her arms around him; gently and slowly he unwound them. He shuddered. 'She embraces the murderer of her brother,' he thought.

He would not let her touch him, but he stood and gazed upon her in silent, tearless agony.—Louisa was hurt—she spoke coldly.

'O Louisa, Louisa! Look not thus! Speak not in that tone, it will kill me!—Speak kindly to me. No—do not! you *cannot*—you *dare* not. Hush! Let me still be with you, one minute only—that is all I ask.'

Pale and startled, Louisa von Adelheim, as though a spell was upon her, returned the frezied, intense gaze of Issendorff without the power to move, and then sank senseless at his feet. All was forgotten in that hour—ay, even the dreadful past. The moments flew by unheeded, and again Louisa smiled and listened to the fond words of Issendorff. But suddenly the tramp of feet were heard without. The student started and gazed in terror towards the casement.

He beheld the dreaded object—he felt his hour was come.

'They have followed speedily,' he said, as he started from the side of Louisa. 'Once more and the last,' he cried, as he imprinted a burning kiss on her lips; but she too had beheld the frightful object approaching. A sudden and fearful thought struck her. Mechanically she advanced to the door. Slowly winding up the road was borne the bier with the ghastly disfigured body of Adelheim: it was set down before the door of the garden saloon, and the officers of justice entered. Issendorff tried to clasp the hand of Louisa; with a thrill of horror she drew it back.

'*He* did it—I tried to save him—it is fate.'—Issendorff faltered. Louisa gazed at him with a look of agonizing horror, and threw herself on the death-wet bier.

'There stands the murderer—arrest him!' exclaimed the officers of justice.

'I surrender,' said Issendorff, in a cold voice, such as one might expect to hear, could a marble statue speak.

His trial was short. The powerful family of Adelheim procured his incarceration in a fortress for life—a severe doom for the challenged, according to the laws of the country.

The fortress of W——— was situated in a beautiful scene. Owing to the favor of the governor, Issendorff had a couple of chambers allotted to him on the top of the highest tower.—There, from the deepset window of his lofty dwelling, the broken-hearted captive could look ever the populous country, and hear the glad voices of men ringing up from below; thence could he see the distant towers of H———, and beheld, at its setting, the sun, that high-priest of nature, waft clouds of fragrant incense from his golden censor towards the snow-capped mountains, that stood like white-robed listening vestals in God's great temple—earth.

A year had thus passed—passed in sorrowing solitude—save when angels visited him in the revealings of his thoughts, (for the visits of his earthly friends were few and far between,) when one morning a messenger brought him the following note, written in a faltering, hurried hand. They were from Louisa.

'Frederic,

'I have learned the truth—and I forgive you. Need I say I have never ceased to love you?—

O, you could not doubt it! Come to me once more—and look again upon your dying Louisa! Haste—*or you will not find me!* No earthly obstacle must, *none shall* hinder you.'

A smile—a smile of hope and love once more and for the first time since that fatal day, beamed on the pale but touchingly expressive face of the student.

He sent for the governor, who knew his tale.

'I will see her,' he said; 'grant me a week—I must follow her to her grave,' he added, with a faltering voice

'I dare not. If you should not return?'

'I pledge my honor.'

'It is enough! you may depart. Return this day week, and my best wishes attend you, my poor young friend.'

Issendorff departed on his melancholy way.—A few hours and he was by the side of Louisa. She lay like a stricken flower, but more beautiful than ever. Her gentle heart could not bear the dreadful blow; she had pined and faded away, but every day she became more and more lovely. She was as though the grosser earthly particles of human nature had dissolved away, and left nothing but the ethereal spirit in its pure halo-like dwellings.

Issendorff was with her in her last moments; in his arms that beautiful girl breathed her last, and glided imperceptibly into the land of eternal spirits; it was but by the sweet smile of resignation fading from her fair pale face, like evening beams from snow, that one could tell she was no more.

They buried her by the banks of the Neckar, in a simple tomb. There were few mourners by her grave, but they were true ones. She was buried in vestal white, and a broken-hearted student laid a wreath of white roses on her tomb; gently, as though he feared to wake her pained spirit from its blessed sleep.

True to his word, Issendorff returned to the fortress. On the particulars of his noble conduct being stated to the government, he was offered his liberty, but he always refused to accept it.

'I have done with this world,' he said; 'the broken-hearted belong to it no more; and if ever duelling was a fatal curse, it is in my case.—Let me, though innocent, suffer as an example.'

He remained firm in refusing his liberty, and still lingers in his lofty prison, till grief with its dewy wing shall lull his soul into the slumbers of eternity.

KARL.

CHANGE.

[From Tait's Magazine for December.]

Change! change! The mournful story
Of all that's gone before!
The wrecks of perished glory
Bestrewing every shore.
The shattered tower and palace,
That frown o'er every glen,
In broken language, tell us
Of the fleeting power of men.

Change! change! The scythe is sweeping
O'er many a cottage hearth;
The sickled hand is reaping
O'er some scene of household mirth.
The sheaf is bound where daughters
Round their mothers used to spin;
And where their little feet did patter
Full often out and in.

Change! change! for all things human!
Kingdoms, states of amplest wing,
Have their flight and fall, in common
With the meanest mortal thing:—
With beauty, love, and passion;
With all of earthly trust;
With life's smallest wavelet, rushing,
Curling, breaking into dust!

Where arose, in marbled grandeur,
The wall'd cities of the past,
The sullen winds now wander
O'er a ruin-huddled waste.
Rent is the palace splendid;
The owl, in silence, wings
O'er floors where, eye-attended,
Paced the sandalled feet of kings.

Still change! go thou and view it
All desolately sunk;
The circle of the Druid,
The cloister of the monk;
The abbey, boled and squalid,
With its grass-maned staggering wall;
Ask by whom these were unhallowed—
'Twas Change that did it all.

Yet, O Change! though the destroyer
Of earth's frail things, thou art not
The less the purifier
Of its ever-living thought:
The Druid star is shrouded,
The monkish overcast;
And the new, though still beclouded,
Is less clouded than the last.

Proud thrones, *now* ruling nations,
Ye would shun the common lot
Even *now*, at your foundations,
Works the worm that dieth not.
Ye will perish, like your brothers
Of the elder world, all
And others, and still others,
Will follow you and fall.

But Mind, the ever-living,
From Time's each succeeding birth,
Will receive some more of heaven,
Will retain some less of earth.
More of truth and less of error;
Less of hate and more of love;
Till the world below shall mirror
All the purity above.

A. M.

[ORIGINAL.]

LANGUAGE—AN ODE.

[Written for the Boston Notion.]

I

Soon as the brightening of the first-born day
Roused earth's glad animals to loving play;
That young Creation freely might rejoice,
Melodious Nature gave the world a voice.
Then first the rivers in their gurgling made
To lisping woods a nightly serenade;
Then the wild chorus of the breezy deep,
Gently disposed the nodding seas to sleep,
On every branch a rustling tune awoke,
The beasts all murmured and the ocean spoke;
Wherever life in any form was found
She fixed the resting place and realm of sound;
An utterance gave to all possessed of breath,
And exiled Silence to the courts of Death.
  But all was meaningless till Man
  To learn the use of Speech began,
  And with newly-granted words
  Called the bushes and the birds,
  And named the unbaptized herds.
Still in his midnight walks the Poet hears
The primal anthem of the chaunting spheres;
He knows how full the forests are of notes
In concord streaming from a thousand throats;
Hushed and adoring marks th' emboldened lays
Of insects worshipping their unknown king,
And counts the faint varieties of praise,
Their low—nocturnal paeans as they sing.
  But what joy-tumultuous air
  Lightly trembling—gaily sung
  From concealing thickets, where
  Orioles whistle the blossoms among,
  With the witchcraft can compare
  Of a man's expressive tongue?

II

One faculty by Heaven bestowed
Made man vicegerent of the world,
Soon as in Eden's bright abode
He walked where sacred Pison flowed,
And all the runnels of Euphrates purled;
  There a world of sounds was round him
  That in happy slumber bound him;
  Rivers rushing with a gushing
  Gladness through the solitudes—
  Cedars waking with their shaking
  Fitful echoes o'er the woods.
  Thrushes to the linnets calling,
  Through a labyrinth of trees,
  And the drone of water falling
  Drowning half, with drowsy brawling,
  The drawling—dim hum of the bees.
Yet in this harmonious home
Adam wandered with his flocks,
Pleased with the tame-eyed quadrupeds to roam
Through almond shades and over emerald rocks;
  Chasing now th' enraptured steeds
  Featly prancing—quickly glancing,
  Oft retreating and advancing
  O'er the hyacinthine meads.
  Now upon an ostrich mounted,
  Laughing at the antlered throng,
  That in harmless clans uncounted
  Drive the cheery chase along.
  Now reposing 'mid the troops
  Of slumb'rous elephants in lazy groups,
  Camels and oxen resting from their play,
  Scarcely more wise or beautiful than they.
  Such was our father's early state
  If holy legends truth relate,
  For horse and herd a fitting mate,
  Not yet a master whom the beasts obey.
But He, whose animating hand
Fashioned sky and sea and land,
With all their populace, and then
Shaped from himself the sire of men,
His own celestial handiwork refined,
And gave his favorite something more than mind.
A boon peculiar to the copied race
That shew the Godhead shadowed from their face:
Even by himself unshared—tis only theirs
Who tread the earth or mix in earth's affairs;
To mortals only and their genii given,
But never needed in the walls of heaven.

III

When the first made man received
This instrument divine,
His longing spirit was relieved
As by healing tears a bosom grieved,

Or weariness by wine.
And as regenerate, with a start
Up he sprang from his heathery banks,
Frosted with a dewy manna,
And in a long indulged hosanna
To shout his loud exulting thanks,
Was the first impulse of his new born art!
'Twas language! let it not be called
An art so instantly that flashed
On the wings of thought no more enthralled,
Or to brute silence like a felon lashed.
Speech! a minstrel that records
Fancy's pranks in fleeting words:
Alchymist! with wizard wand
Seeking, outward *ken* beyond,
For the secret ores that shine
In Conception's hearted mine.
As dives the oriental slave
For pearls that lurk in Ceylon's wave,
To grace the feet of jewelled kings;
Or as from Idria's poisonous cave
That sparkles, drenched with silver springs,
The serf, as from a miser's grave,
His medicinal treasure brings,
Thus Language with a touch divine,
All the bosom's wealth revealing,
Unfoldeth from its ruby shrine
Each fantastic form of feeling.
Sanctifying earthly passion,
With a seraph-toned expression;
Giving wishes deeply pent,
Fears and hopes harmonious vent,
Or with gentlest rise and fall
Making sorrow musical.
Adam slept—a hushed repose—
Not like our imperfect sleep
Where the dull day's imaged woes
Through the mist of slumber creep,
And in the dreaming mind uneasy vigil keep;
Or wherein some golden vision,
Fairy sights and sounds Elysian
Mock the sealed eye of those that daily weep.
For ah! how few that waken with the sun
Rejoice to find life's game afresh begun;
Start from the couch and would not linger still
In listless truce from cares that slowly kill.
How few that hail the sunrise with a song,
Or soon as daylight o'er the landscape streams,
And in the shining mart an early throng
Renew their trifles in the dawning beams,
How few, their down abandoning with scorn,
Rush to the ruddy bustle of the morn!
But Adam woke with rapture strange
And with joy delirious grew
When wildered—conscious of a change,
His new-born sister and his bride
Rosy—breathing at his side—
For the first time he knew!
And save he could not turn from her,
He would have raised his grateful gaze
To the All-giver throned above,
But ere his thanks unbosomed were,
Passion anticipated praise,
And thus of speech the second use was love.
So Language first as elder legends tell
On Adam's lips like drops of Music fell;
Music just melted from the living lyre
Which lulls the planets in their mazy round,
And young Hyperion's fingers tipped with fire,
In Pagan fables was believed to sound.
But not Apollo when he lay,
All a sunny summer day,
Hid among the dewy sedge
On Peneus' winding edge,
Teaching Thalia like himself to play:
Not Hermes when Cithaeron heard
The warbled lessons of his lute,
While not a fir-tree bough was stirred,
Rageless paused the wondering lion,
And coldly through Thessalian snows
The creeping streamlets loitered mute—
Not Arion nor—Amphion,
At whose creative call the Theban turrets rose:
Nor Calliope, descended
From her starry fount of song,
By celestial airs attended,
Tempe's echoing vale along;
Not all in one sweet diapason blended,
Swelling high—ascending strong—
Could in its forceful fury reach
The magic potency of speech.
As when a mother to her infant speaks
While from her breast his life the suckling sips;
Or a young virgin hears with blushing cheeks,
The words "I love you," from beloved lips.
What carolled measure could express
More than willing Beauty's "yes"
Now denying—half consenting—
Frowning first and then relenting—
Oft refusing—oft repenting—
In pain until the timid word relieves her coy distress.
'Go to the fight, Lysander's son!'
A Spartan mother said;
By thine own sure spear, be the battle won,
Come laurelled back! or dead—

'Go to the fight!' and a bugle's blast
Could not have stirred his blood,
Nor the tramp of the foe advancing fast,
As that mother's bidding could.
Though the clashing cymbal's brazen jar
And the quick tap of the drum,
And the lordly clarion sounding far
And the shrieking fife were dumb—
Though tuneless trod his troops—though mute
The trumpet and the Dorian flute,
That mother's voice to his ear should come,
Remembered—ringing in his brain,
And sound him o'er the mangled plain
A victor or a victim-corpse to swell the piles of slain.

A boy, beside his father's door
Is lingering still, though 'tis time to part;
He lingers to embrace once more,
With a farewell kiss, and an aching heart,
The darlings that around him press
To dally with his last caress.
And as their bosoms heave and swell,
He breathes the last fond word 'farewell.'
Farewell! ah, by whom was that word ever spoken
With a tearless eye and a voice unbroken?
January's hollow groan—
Ocean's long despairing tone—
In the gale the mainmast's moan—
The wailing of a twisted shell—
Or when is tolled a mother's knell,
The dismal, doleful, dying of a bell,
Are not more solemn than the word 'Farewell.'
Melancholy mingled sound,
Of a holy prayer profound!
Blessing blended with a fear,
Faint hope struggling with a tear!
Love and doubt and terror dwell
In the sad burden of the word 'farewell!'
Oh rapture! when from wand'ring far,
The pilgrim to his hearth returns,
And marks the light which like a star,
In his own casement burns.
Oh rapture! when again he listens
To each familiar fireside tongue,
And with an eye that fondly glistens,
Greets his own children beautiful and young!
If chance his feet on foreign soils have trod
Where by strange titles, strangers called on God;
And the gay chatter of a foreign crowd
Dinned in his homesick hearing—idly loud—
To him his mother's language heard again,
Shall seem the tongue of cherubim not men.
If through his vein an English current streams,
More sweet his native Saxon accent seems,
Than the soft cadence of a Roman mouth,
Or warbling daughters of the farther south.
Perhaps far distant from the parent isle,
His household fires by Susquehanna smile,
On Erie's breast a twinkling lustre shed
Or gild the snows on Alleghany's head;
But whether pitched on Hudson's clifted height,
His airy dwelling mocks the sea-gull's flight,
Or—within sound of lone Kaskaskia's flow,
He bid the lilacs round his threshold blow;
What then? his children lisp in Spenser's phrase,
And all is English wheresoe'er he strays:
His tongue was Dryden's—his th' immortal strain
That Avon heard, in chaste Eliza's reign;
He sees the *oak* beneath Ohio's heaven,
Hears English names to Indian brooklets given,
And in those names a fancied promise finds
That his own language soon shall be mankind's.

SONG—FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

I'm going, Jessie, far from thee,
To distant lands beyond the sea;
I would not, Jessie, have thee now
With anger's cloud upon thy brow.
Remember that thy mirthful friend
Might sometimes pique, but ne'er offend;
That mirthful friend is sad the while—
Oh Jessie, give a parting smile.

II.

Ah! why should friendship harshly chide
Our little faults on either side?
From friends we love we bear with those,
As thorns are pardon'd for the rose;
The summer bee, on busy wing,
Produces sweets—yet bears a sting;
The purest gold most needs alloy;
And sorrow is the nurse of joy.

III.

Then oh forgive me, ere I part;
And if some corner in thy heart,
For absent friend, a place might be,
Oh keep that little place for me!
'Forgive, forget,' we're wisely told,
Is held a maxim good and old;
But *half* the maxim's better yet,—
THEN OH FORGIVE—BUT DON'T FORGET.

MARRYAT'S NEW NOVEL.

"THE POACHER."

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THERE IS MORE ALE THAN ARGUMENT.

It was on a blusterous windy night in the early part of November, 1812, that three men were on the high road near to the little village of Grasford, in the south of Devonshire. The moon was nearly at the full, but the wild scud, and occasionally the more opaque clouds passed over it in such rapid succession, that it was rarely, and but for a moment or two, that the landscape was thrown into light and shadow;—and the wind which was keen and piercing, bent and waved the leafless branches of the trees which were ranged along the hedge-rows, between which the road had been formed.

The three individuals to whom we have referred, appeared all of them to have been indulging too freely in the ale which was sold at the public-house about half a mile from the village, and from which they had just departed. Two of them, however, comparatively speaking, sober, were assisting home, by their joint efforts, the third, who, supported between them, could with difficulty use his legs. Thus did they continue on; the two swayed first on the one side of the road and then on the other, by the weight of the third, whom they almost carried between them. At last they arrived at a bridge built over one of these impetuous streams so common in the country, when, as if by mutual understanding, for it was without speaking, the two more sober deposited the body of the third against the parapet of the bridge, and then for some time were occupied in recovering their breath. One of the two who remained leaning on their almost lifeless companion was a man of about forty years of age, tall and slender, dressed in a worn out black coat, and a pair of trousers much too short for him, the original color of which, it would have been difficult to have surmised; a sort of clerical hat, equally the worse for wear, was on his head. Although his habiliments were mean, still there was something about his appearance which told of better days and of having moved in a different sphere in society, and such had been the case. Some years before, he had been the head of a grammar school, with a comfortable income; but a habit of drinking had been his ruin, and he was now the preceptor of the village of Grasford, and gained his livelihood by instructing the children of the cottagers for the small modicum of two pence a head per week. This unfortunate propensity remained with him, and he no sooner received his weekly stipend than he hastened to drown his cares, and the recollection of his former position, at the ale-house, which they had just quitted. The second personage whom we shall introduce, was not of a corresponding height with the other; he was broad, square-chested, and short—dressed in knee-breeches, leggings, and laced boots—his coat being of a thick fustian, and cut short like a shooting jacket; his profession was that of a pedlar.

'It's odd to me,' said the pedlar, at last breaking silence, as he looked down upon the drunken man who laid at his feet, 'why ale should take a man off his legs; they say that liquor gets into the head, not the feet.'

'Well!' replied the schoolmaster, who was much more inebriated than the pedlar, 'there's argument even in that; and you see, the perpendicular deviation must arise from the head being too heavy—that's clear; and then, you see, the feet, from the centre of gravity being destroyed, become too light; and if you put that and that together, why, a man can't stand—you understand my demonstration.'

'It was heavy wet, that ale, and so I suppose it's all right,' replied the pedlar; 'but still ale an't poured into the head or into the feet of a man, but into the internals, which are right in the middle of a man—so how do you make out your case, Mr. Furness?'

'Why! Byres, you talk of the residuum.'

'Never said a word about it; and, as I stand here, never even heard the word before.'

'Perhaps not; the residuum is, you see, Byres, what is left.'

'If that's residguim, I didn't mean to say a word about it—there was none left, for you drained the pot.'

'Good Byres, you have never been to college, that's clear. Now, observe, when a man pours down into his stomach a certain quantity of liquor, the spirituous or lighter part ascends to his head, and that makes his head heavy. Do you understand?'

'No; what's light cant make things heavy.'

'Can't it?—you know nothing about the matter. Have you not a proof before you?' replied the schoolmaster, reeling and catching hold of the parapet for support, 'Look at that unfortunate man, who has yielded to excess.'

'Very true! I see that he's drunk, but I want to know how it is that he got drunk?'

'By drinking.'

'That I knew before.'

'Then why ask any more questions? Had we not better proceed, and take him home to his expectant and unhappy wife? 'Tis a sad thing, that a man should 'put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains:' '

'Half a pint will do that with Rushbrook,' replied the pedlar; 'they say that he was wounded on his head, and that half his brains are gone already, and that's why he has a pension.'

'Yes, seventeen pounds a year; paid quarterly, without deduction, and only to walk four miles to get it,' replied Furness, 'yet how misplaced is the liberality on the part of the government. Does he work? No; he does nothing but drink and lie in bed all day, while I must be up early and remain late, teaching the young ideas at two pence per week. Friend Byres, 'mercy is not itself which oft looks so.' Now, it is my opinion that it would be a kindness to this poor wretch if we were to toss him, as he now is, over the bridge into the rushing stream —it would end all his troubles.'

'And save us the trouble of getting him home,' replied Byres, who determined to humor his more inebriated companion. 'Well, Mr Furness, I've no objection. Why should he live? Is he not a sinecurist—one of the locusts who fatten on the sweat and blood of the people, as the Sunday paper says; don't you remember my reading it this morning?'

'Very true, Master Furness, what do you say, then? shall we over with him?'

'We must think a little,' replied the schoolmaster, who with his hand up to his chin, remained silent for a minute or two; 'No,' resumed he at last, 'on second thoughts I cannot do it. He halves his beer with me. No pension, no beer, that's a self evident proposition and conclusion. It were ingratitude on my part, and I cannot consent to your proposal,' continued the schoolmaster; 'nay, more, I will defend him against your murderous intentions to the very last.'

'Why, Master Furness, you must be somewhat the worse for liquor yourself; it was your proposal to throw him over the bridge, not mine.'

'Take care what you say,' replied the schoolmaster; 'would you accuse me of, or intent to murder?'

'No, not by no means—only you proposed heaving him over the bridge; I will say that.'

'Friend Byres, it's my opinion you'll say any thing but your prayers, but in your present state I overlook it. Let us go on, or I shall have two men to carry home instead of one. Come, now, take one of his arms, while I take the other, and raise him up. It is but a quarter of a mile to the cottage.'

Byres, who as we observed, was by far the most sober of the two, did not think it worth while to reply to the pedagogue. After a few staggers on the part of the latter, their comrade was raised up and led away between them.

The drunken man appeared to be so far aware of what was going on, that he moved his legs mechanically, and in a short time they arrived at the cottage-door, which the pedagogue struck with his fist so as to make it rattle on its hinges. The door was opened by a tall handsome woman, holding a candle in her hand.

'I thought so,' said she, shaking her head, 'the old story; now, he will be ill all night and not get up till noon. What a weary life it is with a drunken husband. Bring him in, and thank you kindly for your trouble.'

'It has been hard work and hot work,' observed the schoolmaster, sitting down in a chair, after they had placed their comrade on the bed.

'Indeed and it must be,' replied the wife.—'Will you have a drop of small beer, Mr. Furness?'

'Yes, if you please, and so will Mr Byres, too. What a pity it is that your good man will not keep to small beer.'

'Yes, indeed,' replied the wife, and went into the back premises, and soon returned with a quart mug of beer.

The schoolmaster emptied half the mug, and then handed it to the pedlar.

'And my little friend, Joey, fast asleep, I'll warrant.'

'Yes, poor child, and so should I have been by this time; the clock has gone twelve.'

'Well, Mrs. Rushbrook, I wish you a good night. Come, Mr. Byres, Mrs. Rushbrook must want to be in bed.'

'Good night, Mr Furness, and good night, sir, and many thanks.'

The schoolmaster and pedlar quitted the cottage. Mrs. Rushbrook, after having watched them for a minute, carefully closed the door.

'They're gone now,' said she, as she returned to her husband.

What would have created much astonishment could any body else have witnessed it, as soon as his wife had spoken, Rushbrook immediately sprang upon his feet, a fine looking man, six feet in height, and very erect in his bearing, and proved to be perfectly sober.

'Jane, my dear,' said he, 'there never was such a night; but I must be quick and lose no time. Is my gun ready?'

'Everything's ready; Joey is lying down on his bed, but all ready dressed, and he awakes in a minute.'

'Call him, then, for there is no time to lose.—That drunken fool, Furness, proposed throwing me over the bridge. It was lucky for them that they did not try it, or I should have been obliged to settle them both, that they might tell no tales. Where's Mum?'

'In the wash-house. I'll bring him and Joey directly.'

The wife left the room, while Rushbrook took down his gun and ammunition, and prepared himself for his expedition. In a minute or two a shepherd's dog, which had been released from the wash-house, made his appearance, and quietly laid down close to his master's feet; he was soon followed by Mrs. R. accompanied by Joey, a thin, meagre-looking boy of about twelve years old, very small for his age, but apparently as active as a cat, and with energy corresponding. No one would have thought he had been roused from his sleep; there was no yawning or weariness of motion—on the contrary, his large

eye was as bright as an eagle's as he quietly although quickly provided himself with a sack, which he threw over his shoulders, and a coil of line, which he held in his hand, waiting until his father was ready to start. The wife put out the lights, softly opened the cottage door, looked well round, and then returned to her husband, who, giving a low whistle as a summons to Joey and the dog, walked out of the door. Not a word was spoken—the door was softly shut to—and the trio stole stealthily away.

IN WHICH THE HERO OF THE TALE IS FORMALLY INTRODUCED.

Before we proceed with our narrative, perhaps it will be better to explain what may appear very strange to the reader. Joseph Rushbrook, who had just left the cottage with his son and his dog, was born in the village in which he was then residing. During his younger days, some forty years previous to his present introduction to the reader, the law was not so severe or the measures taken against poachers so strong as they were at the period of which we write. In his youth he had been very fond of carrying a gun—as his father had been before him—but he never was discovered; and after having poached for many years and gained a perfect knowledge of the country for miles round, he was persuaded in a fit of semi-intoxication, at a neighboring fair, to enlist in a marching regiment. He had not been more than three months at the depot, when he was ordered out to India, where he remained eleven years before he was recalled. He had scarcely been six months in England when the exigency of the war demanded the services of the regiment in the Mediterranean, where he remained for twelve years, and having received a severe wound in the head, he was then pensioned off and discharged. He resolved to return to his native village, and settle down quietly; by moderate labor and his pension he hoped to gain a comfortable living. On his return he was hardly known; many had emigrated to foreign climes; many had been transported for offences against the laws, particularly for the offence of poaching, and as most of his former allies had been so employed, he found himself almost a stranger where he expected to meet with friends. The property also about the village had changed hands. People recollected Squire so and so, and the Baronet, but now their lands were held by wealthy manufacturers or retired merchants. All was new to Joe Rushbrook, and he felt himself any where but at home. Jane Ashley, a very beautiful young woman, who was in service at the Hall, the mansion appertaining to the adjacent property, and the daughter of one of his earliest friends, who had been transported for poaching, was almost the only one who could talk to him after his absence of twenty four years; not that she knew the people at the time, for she was then an infant, but she had grown up with them after Joe had left, and could relate anecdotes of them and what had been their eventual destinies. Jane's having been the daughter of a man who had been transported for poaching, was to Joe a sort of recommendation, and it ended in his taking her for his wife. They had not long been settled in their cottage before Joe's former propensities returned; in fact he could not be idle; he had carried a musket too long, and had lived such a life of excitement in the service of his country, that he found it impossible to exist without shooting at something. All his former love of poaching came strong upon him, and his wife, so far from checking him, encouraged him in his feelings. The consequence was that two years after his marriage, Joe Rushbrook was the most determined poacher in the county. Although often suspected, he had never been detected; one great cause of this, was his appearing to be such a drunkard, a plan hit upon by his wife, who had observed that drunken men were not suspected of being poachers. This scheme had therefore been hit upon, and very successfully; for proving before a magistrate that a man was carried home dead drunk and speechless at midnight, was quite as good an *alibi* as could be brought forward. Joe Rushbrook had, therefore, the credit of being a worthless, drunken fellow, who lived upon his pension and what his wife could earn; but no one had an idea that he was not only earning his livelihood, but laying by money from his successful night labors. Not that Joe did not like a drop occasionally; on the contrary, he would sometimes drink freely—but, generally speaking, the wounds in his head were complained of, and he would, if the wind was fresh and set in the right quarter, contrive to be carried home on the night in which he had the most work to do. Such was the case, as we have represented in the first chapter.

Little Joey, who, as the reader may anticipate, will be our future hero, was born the first year after marriage, and was their only child. He was a quiet, thoughtful, reflective boy, for his years—and had imbibed his father's love of walking out on a dark night, to an extraordinary degree; it was strange to see how much prudence there was mingled with the love of adventure in this lad. True it is, his father had trained him early, first to examine the snares and conceal the game, which a little shrimp like Joey could do without being suspected to be otherwise employed that in picking blackberries. Before he was seven years old, Joey could set a spring as well as his father, and was well versed in all the mystery and art of unlawful taking of game.—Indeed he was very valuable to his father, and could do what his father could not have ventured upon without exciting suspicion. It was, perhaps, from his constant vigils, that the little boy was so small in size; at all events his diminutive size was the cause of there being no suspicion attached to him. Joey went very regularly to the day-school of Mr Furness; and, although often up the best part of the night, he was one of the best and most diligent of the scholars. None could have supposed that the little fair-haired, quiet-looking boy, who was so busy with his books or his writing, could have

been out half the night on a perilous excursion, for such it was at the time we are speaking of. It need hardly be observed that Joey had learned one important lesson, which was to be *silent*, —not even *Mum* the dog, who could not speak, was more secret or more faithful.

It is astonishing how much the nature and disposition of a child may be altered by early tuition. Let a child be always with its nurse, even under the guidance of a mother, regularly brought up as children usually are, and it will continue to be a child, and even childish after childhood is gone. But take the same child, put it by degrees in situations of peril, requiring thought and observation beyond its years, accustom it to nightly vigils, and to watching, and to hold its tongue, and it is astonishing how the mind of that child, however much its body may suffer, will develope itself so as to meet the demand upon it. Thus it is with lads who are sent early to sea, and thus it was with little Joey.—He was a man in some points, although a child in others. He would play with his companions, laugh as loudly as the others, but still he would never breathe a hint of what was his father's employment. He went to church every Sunday—as did his father and mother—for they considered that poaching was no crime, although punished as such by the laws, and he of course considered it no crime, as he only did what his father and mother wished Let it not be thought therefore, that the morals of our little hero were affected by his father's profession, for such was not the case.

Having entered into this necessary explanation, we will now proceed. No band of North American Indians could have observed a better trail than that kept by our little party. Rushbrook walked first, followed by our hero and the dog Mum. Not a word was spoken; they continued their route over grasslands and ploughed fields, keeping in the shade of hedge-rows; if Rushbrook stopped for awhile to reconnoitre, so did Joey, and so did Mum, at their relative distances, until the march was resumed. For three miles and a half did they continue, until they arrived at a thick cover. The wind whistled through the branches of the bare trees, chiefly oak and ash; the cold damp fog was now stationary, and shrouded them as they proceeded cautiously by the beaten track in the cover, until they had passed through it, and arrived on the other side, where the cottage of a game keeper was situated. A feeble light was burning, and shone through the diamond-paned windows. Rushbrook walked out clear of the cover, and held up his hand to ascertain precisely the direction of the wind. Having satisfied himself, he retreated into the cover in a direction so as to be exactly to leeward of the keeper's house, that the noise of the report of his gun might not be heard. Having broken through the hedge, he lowered his gun, so as to bring the barrel within two or three inches of the ground, and walked slowly and cautiously through the brushwood, followed, as before, by Joey and Mum. After about a quarter of a mile's walk, a rattling of metal was heard, and they stopped short; it was the barrel of the fowling-piece which had brushed one of the wires attached to a spring-gun, set for the benefit of poachers. Rushbrook lifted up his left hand, as a sign to Joey not to move, and following the wire, by continually rattling his barrel against it, he eventually arrived at the gun itself, opened the pan, threw out all the priming, and left it with the pan open, so that it could not go off in case they fell in with another of the wires. Rushbrook then proceeded to business; for he well knew that the gun would be set where the pheasants were most accustomed to roost; he put a small charge of powder in his fowling-piece, that, being so near, he might not shatter the birds, and because the noise of the report would be much less; walking under an oak tree, he soon discovered the round black masses which the bodies of the roosting pheasants presented between him and the sky, and raising his piece, he fired; a heavy bound on the earth at his feet followed the discharge. Joey then slipped forward and put the pheasant into his bag: another and another shot, and every shot brought an increase to Joey's load. Seventeen were already in it, when Mum gave a low growl. This was the signal for people being near. Rushbrook snapped his finger; the dog came forward to his side and stood motionless, with ears and tail erect. In a few minutes' time was heard the rustling of branches, as the party forced their way through the underwood. Rushbrook stood still, waiting the signal from Mum, for the dog had been taught that if the parties advancing had another dog with them, always to raise his fore feet up to Rushbrook's knees, but not otherwise; Mum made no such sign, and then Rushbrook laid down in the brushwood, his motions being closely followed by his son and his dog.

Voices in whispers were now heard, and the forms of two men with guns were to be seen not four yards from where they were lying.—'Somewhere about here, I'll swear,' said one. 'Yes, I think so; but it may be further on—the wind has brought down the sound.' Very true, let's follow them, and they may fall back upon the spring gun.' The parties then advanced into the cover, and were soon out of sight; after a time, Rushbrook held his ear to the wind, and satisfied that all was safe, moved homewards, and arrived without further adventure, having relieved Joey of the heavy sack as soon as they were in the open fields.

At three o'clock in the morning he tapped at the back door of the cottage. Jane opened it, and the spoils of the night having been put away in a secret place, they were all soon in bed and fast asleep.

CHAPTER III.

TRAIN A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO, AND HE WILL NOT DEPART FROM IT.

It is an old saying, that 'if there were no receivers there would be no thieves,' and it would have been of very little use for Rushbrook to

take the game if he had not had the means of disposing of it. In this point, Byres, the pedlar, was a valuable accessary. Byres was a radical knave, who did not admire hard work. At first he took up the profession of bricklayer's laborer, one that is of a nature only affording occasional work and moderate wages. He did this that he might apply to the parish for relief and do nothing for the major portion of the year. But even a few months' work would not suit him, and then he gained his sustenance by carrying on his head a large basket of crockery, and disposing of his wares among the cottagers. At last he took out a pedlar's license—perhaps one of the most dangerous permits ever allowed by a government, and which has been the cause of much of the ill will and discontent fomented among the lower classes. Lately, the cheapness of printing and of circulation have rendered the profession of less consequence—twenty years ago, the village ale houses were not provided with newspapers; it was an expense never thought of; the men went to drink their beer and to talk over the news of the vicinity, and if there was a disturbance in any other portion of the United Kingdom, the fact was only gained by rumor, and this vaguely and long after it had taken place. But when the pedlar Byres made his appearance, which he at last did, weekly or oftener, as it might happen, there was a great change; he was the party who supplied information, and in consequence, he was always welcome, and looked upon as an oracle; the best seat near the fire was reserved for him, and having deposited his pack upon the table or in a corner, he would then produce the *Propeller*, or some other publication full of treason and blasphemy, and read it for the benefit of the laborers assembled. A few months were more than sufficient to produce the most serious effects:—men who had worked cheerfully through the day, and retired to bed satisfied with their lot and thankful that work was to be obtained, now remained at the public house, canvassing the conduct of Government, and leaving the alehouse, satisfied in their own minds that they were ill-used, harshly treated, and in bitter bondage. If they met their superiors, those very parties to whom they were indebted for employment, there was no respect shown to them as formerly—or if so, it was sullen and forced acknowledgment. The church was gradually deserted—the appearance of the pastor was no longer a signal for every hat to be lifted from the head; on the contrary, boys of sixteen sat on the walls of the churchyard, with their hands in both pockets, and a sort of leer upon their faces, as though they defied the pastor on his appearance — and there would they remain outside during the service, meeting, unquailed and without blushing, his eyes, cast upon them as he came out again. Such was the state of things in the village of Grassford in one year after the pedlar had added it to his continual rounds—and Byres was a great favorite, for he procured for the women what they commissioned him to obtain — supplied the girls with ribbons and gewgaws—trusted to a considerable extent—and his re-appearance was always anxiously looked for. He lived scot-free at the public-house, for he brought so much custom, and was the occasion of the drinking of so much ale—that the landlord considered his coming as a god send. His box of ware was well supplied in the summer months, for the fine weather was the time for the wearing of gay ribbons;—but in the winter he travelled more to receive orders, or to carry away the game supplied to him by the poachers, with whom he was in league. Had his box been examined during the shooting season, it would have been found loaded with pheasants, not with the trinkets and ribbons. It need hardly be observed after this, that Byres was the party who took off the hands of Rushbrook all the game which he procured, and which he had notice to call for before daylight, generally, the second morning after it had been obtained; for Rushbrook was too cautious to trust Byres with his secret, that of never going out of a night without having previously pretended intoxication, and having suffered himself to be led or carried home.

Our readers will acknowledge that little Joey was placed in a very dangerous position; it is true that he was not aware that he was doing wrong in assisting his father; nevertheless, being a reflective boy, it did sometimes occur to him that it was odd, that what was right should be done so secretly; and he attempted to make out how it was that the birds that flew about everywhere, and appeared to belong to every one, might not be shot in the open day. He knew that the laws forbade it, but he inquired of himself why such laws should be. Joey had heard but one side of the question, and was therefore puzzled. It was fortunate for him that the pastor of the parish, although he did not reside in it, did at least once a week call in at Mr. F.'s school, and examine the boy. Mr Furness, who was always sober during the school hours, was very proud of these visits, and used to point out little Joey as his most promising scholar.—This induced the pastor to take more immediate notice of our hero, and the commendation which he received, and the advice that was bestowed upon him, was probably the great cause why Joey did attend assiduously to his lessons, which his otherwise vagrant life would have disinclined him to do; and also kept a character for honesty and good principle, which he really deserved. Indeed, his father and mother, setting aside poaching, and the secrecy resorted to in consequence, were by no means bad examples in the ordinary course of life; they did to their neighbors as they would be done by, were fair and honest in their dealings, and invariably inculcated probity and a regard to truth, to their son. This may appear anomalous to many of our readers, but there are many strange anomalies in this world. It may therefore be stated, in a very few words, that although our little hero had every chance of eventually following the road to ruin, yet, up to the present time, he had not entered it.

Such was the life led by little Joey for three years subsequent to our introduction of him to

the reader; every day he became more useful to his father; latterly he had not attended school but in the forenoon, for, as we have before observed, Joey could, from his diminutive size and unsuspicious appearance, do much that his father would not have ventured to attempt.—He was as well versed in the art of snaring as his father, and sauntering like a child about the fields and hedge rows, would examine his nooses, take out the game, and hide it till he could bring it home. Sometimes he would go out at night attended only by Mum, and the dog would invariably give him mute notice, by simply standing with his ears and tail erect, when the keepers had discovered the snares, and were lying in wait for the poacher, to lay hold of him when he came to ascertain his success.—Even in such a case, Joey very often would not retreat, but, crawling on his stomach, would arrive at the snare, and take out the animal without the keepers perceiving him, for their eyes were invariably directed to the horizon, watching the appearance of some stout figure of a man, while Joey crawled along bearing away the prize unseen. At other times, Joey would reap a rich harvest in the broad day, by means of his favorite game-cock. Having put on the animal his steel spurs, he would plunge into the thickest of the cover, and selecting some small spot of cleared ground for the combat, would throw down his gallant bird, and conceal himself in the brushwood; the game-cock would immediately crow, and his challenge was immediately answered by the pugnacious male pheasant who flew down to meet him; the combat was short, for the pheasant was soon pierced with the sharp steel of his adversary, and as one antagonist fell dead, again would the game-cock crow, and his challenge be accepted by another. In an hour or two the small arena was a field of blood; Joey would creep forward, put his victorious cock into his bag together with his many dead adversaries, and watch an opportunity for a safe retreat.

Such was the employment of our hero, and although suspicion had often been attached to his father, none had an idea that there had been a violation of the laws on the part of the son, when an event took place which changed our hero's destiny.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR HAS ENDEAVOURED WITH ALL HIS POWER TO SUIT THE PRESENT TASTE OF THE PUBLIC.

We have said that Byres was the receiver of the game obtained by Rushbrook. It so happened, that in these accounts Byres had not adhered to his duty towards his neighbor; in fact, he attempted to over-reach, but without success, and from this time Byres became Rushbrook's determined, but secret enemy. Some months had passed since their disagreement, and there was a mutual distrust, as both men were equally revengeful in their tempers; when they happened to meet late on a Saturday night at the ale-house, which was their usual resort, Furness, the schoolmaster, was there; he and many others had already drunk too much,---all were boisterous and noisy. A few of the wives of those drinking were waiting patiently and sorrowfully outside, their arms folded in their aprons, as a defence against the cold, watching for their husbands to come out, that they might coax them home before the major part of the week's earnings had been spent in liquor.—Byres had the paper in his hand—he had taken it from the schoolmaster, who was too far gone to read it, and was declaiming loudly against all governments, monarchy, and laws—when a stranger entered the tap-room where they were all assembled; Rushbrook was at the time sitting down, intending quietly to take a pint and walk home, as he had too much respect for the Sabbath to follow his profession of poacher on the morning of that day; he did not intend, therefore, to resort to his usual custom of pretending to be intoxicated; but when the stranger came in, to his great surprise, he observed a glance of recognition between him and Byres, after which they appeared as if they were perfect strangers. Rushbrook watched them carefully, but so as not to let them perceive he was so doing, when a beckon from the stranger to Byres was again made. Byres continued to read the paper and to harangue, but at the same time he took an opportunity of making a signal in reply. There was something in the stranger's appearance which told Rushbrook that he was employed as a keeper or something in that way, for we often single out our enemies by instinct. That there was mischief in the wind, Rushbrook felt sure, and his heart misgave him—the more so, as occasionally the eyes of both were turned towards him. After a little reflection, Rushbrook determined to feign intoxication, as he had so often done before; he called for another pint, for some time talked very loud, and at last laid his head on the table; after a time he lifted it up again, drank more, and then fell back on the bench. By degrees the company thinned, until there was no one left but the schoolmaster, the pedlar, and the stranger.—The schoolmaster, as usual, offered to assist the pedlar in helping Rushbrook to his cottage; but Byres replied that he was busy, and that he need not wait for Rushbrook; the friend he had with him would assist him in taking home the drunken man. The schoolmaster reeled home, leaving the two together. They sat down on the bench, not far from Rushbrook, who appeared to them to be in the last stage of inebriety. Their conversation was easily overheard The pedlar stated that he had watched several nights, but never could find when Rushbrook left his cottage, but that he had traced the boy more than once; that Rushbrook had promised to have game ready for him on Tuesday, and would go out Monday night for it.—In short, Rushbrook discovered that Byres was about to betray him to the man, who, in the course of their conversation, he found out to be a game-keeper newly hired by the lord of the manor. After a while, they broke up, Byres

having promised to join the keeper in his expedition, and to assist in securing his former ally. Having made these arrangements, they then took hold of Rushbrook by the arms, and shaking him to rouse him as much as they could, they led him home to the cottage, and left him in the charge of his wife. As soon as the door was closed, Rushbrook's long-repressed anger could no longer be restrained; he started on his feet, and striking his feet on the table so as to terrify his wife, swore that the pedlar should pay dear for his poaching. Upon his wife's demanding an explanation, Rushbrook, in a few hurried sentences, explained the whole. Jane, however she might agree with him in his indignation, like all women, shuddered at the thought of shedding blood; she persuaded her husband to go to bed; he consented, but she slept not; he had but one feeling, which was vengeance towards the traitor. When revenge enters into the breast of a man who has lived peaceably at home, fiercely as he may be impelled by the passion, he stops short at the idea of shedding blood. But when a man who had, like Rushbrook, served so long in the army, witnessed such scenes of carnage, and so often passed his bayonet through his adversary's body, is roused up by this fatal passion, the death of a fellow-creature becomes a matter of indifference, provided he can gratify his feelings. Thus it was with Rushbrook, who, before he rose on the morning of that Sabbath, in which, had he gone to church, he could have so often requested his trespasses might be forgiven, as he 'forgave them who trespassed against him,' had made up his mind that nothing short of the pedlar's death would satisfy him. At breakfast, he appeared to listen to his wife's entreaties, and promised to do the pedlar no harm; and told her that instead of going out on the Monday night, as he had promised, he should go out on that very night, and by that means evade the snare laid for him. Jane persuaded him not to go out at all, but this, Rushbrook would not consent to. He told her that he was determined to show them that he was not to be driven off his beat, and would make Byres believe on Tuesday night, that he had been out on the Monday night.—Rushbrook's object was to have a meeting with Byres if possible, alone, to tax him with his treachery and then take summary vengeance.—Aware that Byres slept in the ale-house, he went down there a little before dark, and told him that he intended going out on that night, that it would be better, if instead of coming on Tuesday, he were to meet him at a corner of one of the covers, which he described, at an hour agreed upon, when he would make over to him the game which he might have procured. Byres, who saw in this an excellent and easy method of trapping Rushbrook, consented to it, intending to inform the keeper, so that he should meet Rushbrook. The time of meeting was arranged for two o'clock in the morning. Rushbrook was certain Byres would leave the ale-house an hour or two before the time proposed, which would be more than sufficient for his giving information to the keeper. He therefore remained quietly at home till twelve o'clock, when he loaded his gun, and went out without Joey or the dog. His wife perceiving this, was convinced that he had not gone out with the intention to poach, but was pursuing his scheme of revenge. She watched him after he left the cottage, and observed that he had gone down in the direction of the alehouse, and she was afraid that there would be mischief between him and Byres, and she wakened up Joey, desiring him to follow and watch his father, and do all he could to prevent it. Her communication was made in such a hurried manner that it was difficult for Joey to know what he was to do, except to watch his father's motions and see what took place. This Joey perfectly understood, and he was off in an instant, followed as usual by Mum, and taking with him his sack. Our hero crept slowly down the pathway in the direction of the alehouse. The night was dark, for the moon did not rise until two or three hours before the morning broke, and it was bitter cold; but to darkness and cold Joey had been accustomed, and although not seen himself, there was no object could move without being scanned by his clear vision. He gained a hedge close to the alehouse; Mum wanted to go on, by which Joey knew that his father must be lurking somewhere near to him—he pressed the dog down with his hand, crouched himself, and watched. In a few minutes, a dark figure was perceived by Joey to emerge from the alehouse, and walk hastily over a turnip-field behind the premises; it had gained about half over, when another form, which Joey recognised as his father's, stealthily followed after the first. Joey waited a little time, and was then, with Mum, on the steps of both; for a mile and a half each party kept at their relative distances, until they came to a furze-bottom, which was about 600 yards from the cover—then the steps of Rushbrook were quickened, and those of Joey in proportion; the consequence was, that the three parties rapidly neared each other. Byres, for it was him who had quitted the alehouse, walked along leisurely, having no suspicion that he was followed. Rushbrook was now within fifteen yards of the pedlar, and Joey at even less distance from his father, when he heard the lock of his father's gun click, as he cocked it.

'Father,' said Joey, not over loud, 'don't'——

'Who's there?' cried the pedlar, turning round. The only reply was the flash and report of the gun; and the pedlar dropped among the furze.

'Oh, father! father! what have you done!' exclaimed Joey, coming up to him.

'You here, Joey!' said Rushbrook, 'why are you here?'

'Mother sent me,' replied Joey.

'To be evidence against me,' replied his father, in wrath.

'Oh no! to stop you. What have you done, father?'

'What I almost wish I had not done now,' replied he, mournfully; 'but it is done, and—'

'And what, father?'

'I am a murderer, I suppose,' replied Rushbrook. 'He would have peached, Joey—have had me transported, to work in chains for the rest of my days, merely for taking a few pheasants. Let us go home;' but Rushbrook did not move, although he proposed so doing. He leant upon his gun, with his eyes fixed in the direction where Byres had fallen.

Joey stood by him—for nearly ten minutes, not a word was spoken. At last, Rushbrook said—

'Joey, my boy, I've killed many a man in my time, and I have thought nothing of it; I slept as sound as ever the next night. But then, you see, I was a soldier, and it was my trade, and I could look on the man I had killed without feeling sorrow or shame; but I can't look upon this man, Joey. He was my enemy; but—I've murdered him—I feel it now. Go up to him, boy—you are not afraid to meet him—and see if he be dead.'

Joey, although, generally speaking, fear was a stranger to him, did, however, feel afraid; his hands had often been dyed with the blood of a hare or of a bird, but he had not yet seen death in his fellow-creatures. He advanced slowly and tremulously through the dark towards the furze-bush in which the body lay; Mum followed, raising first one paw and pausing, then the other, and as they came to the body, the dog raised his head and gave such a mournful howl, that it induced our hero to start back again. After a time Joey recovered himself and again advanced to the body. He leant over it, he could distinguish but the form; he listened, and not the slightest breathing was to be heard; he whispered the pedlar's name, but there was no reply; he put his hand upon his breast, and removed it, reeking with warm blood.

'Father, he must be dead, quite dead,' whispered Joey, who returned trembling. 'What shall we do?'

'We must go home,' replied Rushbrook; 'this is a bad night's work;' and without exchanging another word until their arrival, Rushbrook and Joey proceeded back to the cottage, followed by Mum.

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A NIGHT EXCURSION WITH MARTIN ZURBANO.

[From Blackwood's Magazine for December.]

During the late civil war in Spain, one of the means adopted by both parties, for their mutual annoyance, was the formation, or, more properly speaking, the permitting to be formed, of various 'Cuerpos Francos' or Free Corps, the men belonging to which generally partook in pretty equal proportions of the character of brigands and of soldiers. There was, however, a difference in the composition and nature of these bands, according as they belonged to the one or to the other of the two parties, who for seven years, made Spain the arena of their strife, and a land of bloodshed and desolation.

The Carlist free corps were in far greater number, and much less scrupulous than those of the Christinos; in fact, assimilating more to the robber. They were of many kinds. The *partida* or corps of several hundred men, usually from two hundred to a thousand, and commanded in most instances by chiefs who, in addition to great boldness and recklessness of character, had pretensions to some degree of military knowledge—these parties, augmented by volunteers and deserters, and driven by the Christinos from the district where they carried on their depredations, were not unfrequently formed into a regular battalion and attached to a Carlist *corps d'armee*. Sometimes beaten and decimated by the troops of the queen, and by the national guards, who waged a war of extermination with them wherever they appeared, the remnants of two or three *partidas* would unite under one leader and recommence their excursions. Besides these large bodies of men, there were smaller ones, chiefly of cavalry, and from fifty to two hundred horse, who would appear suddenly in villages where their coming was unexpected, and their very existence unknown, and after plundering the unfortunate inhabitants, contrive by forced marches, and an intimate acquaintance with the country, to baffle for the time the pursuit of the troops sent after them. The *volantes*, or flying guerilla parties, are hardly to be named, as, although they were to be found in most of the provinces of Spain during the war, they were seldom of more than from ten to twenty men, usually armed peasants; and, although calling themselves Carlists, were frequently disowned by the latter, and shot as robbers when taken by the queen's troops or authorities. The muleteer, unapprehensive of danger, and singing gaily as he guided his well-laden team; the solitary dragoon bearing a despatch; the foot-sore straggler from an escort party; the officer attended by his servant, and rejoining his regiment on horseback after a short leave of absence, dearly purchased by some severe wound; these were usually the prey sought after by the *volantes*. A gleaming of musket-barrels in the copse bordering the road, did not warn the lonely traveller sufficiently early to avoid the quickly following discharge, fatal to rider or horse, or both, and in an incredibly short time he was stripped of every thing worth taking, and the plunderers in full retreat to their fastnesses, or perhaps in ambush for another victim.

The *Cuerpos Francos* of the Christinos were better disciplined and organized, and most of the officers were allowed a rank in the queen's service, one grade below that which they held as free companions. In the course of the war more than one of these corps were made regiments of the line, being equal in discipline and appearance to nearly any of the Spanish regular infantry. But not any of the free corps have more distinguished themselves, or become more known throughout Spain, than that of the volunteers of La Rioja, under Martin Zurbano, called Barea.

This intrepid and fortunate adventurer is a native of the district of La Rioja, from which his corps takes its name, and which comprises small portions of the province of Alava and of the kingdom of Navarre. In time of peace a *contrabandista*, or smuggler, he soon after the commencement of the war sought and obtained permission to raise a body of men to act in conjunction with the queen's troops against the Carlists. His standard, once displayed, was resorted to by smugglers, robbers, and outcasts of all descriptions, attracted by the prospect of plunder and adventure. These were increased by deserters from the faction, until at last he numbered five or six hundred men under his orders. It is not intended at present to give a memoir of Zurbano, and we shall therefore not follow him through the numerous bold exploits, and daring and successful enterprises, which have raised him from chief of a handful of banditti-like guerillas, to be a general in the Spanish service, at the head of several thousand fine troops. His distinguishing characteristics are a reckless personal bravery, entire devotion to the cause he has espoused, and great conduct and cunning in carrying through his enterprises, which, whilst only in command of a small force, were necessarily limited to harassing the enemy, cutting off convoys and surprising detachments; exploits in which he was highly successful, greatly aided no doubt by his minute knowledge of the greater part of the Basque provinces, more especially of the Alava and Navarrese bank of the Ebro. It is one of these exploits that is about to be recounted: and the few observations that have preceded were necessary, in order to dispense with too great a detail in the narrative.

It was a gusty evening in the autumn of 1836. The gates of the city of Vittoria had been shut about an hour, when an orderly sergeant passed under the high, gloomy arch which, according to the fashion of building in most Spanish towns of a certain antiquity, forms the entrance to the narrow and dirty lane known as the Calle Nueva. From the dingy windows and half open doors of the wine-shops and less reputable places of resort, which abound in that street, issued forth sounds of boisterous merriment, united with the tinkling of cracked guitars and the rattling of castanets. An occasional deep oath and noisy scuffle betokened that the revellers were getting quarrelsome over their cups, and that the *cachillo** might chance to be brought into play. It was in these houses that were billeted the volunteers of La Rioja; and the sergeant, whose arrival we have noted, came charged with an order to march that night. His communication soon changed the occupations of the men. Glasses and bottles were deserted, guitars thrown aside, women dismissed with almost as little ceremony, and the careful examination of the musket, the changing of the damaged flint, the filling the leathern belt with cartridges, were the pressing cares of the moment. The soldiers of Zurbano were too well habituated to the sudden orders of their restless chief to be easily taken unprepared; and on this occasion Martyn had purposely kept his intended sortie a secret from all until the gates were closed, lest some spy or peasant might have conveyed the intelligence to the enemy.

The church clocks had chimed the eleventh hour of the night, and 'sentinels alerta'† was running round the line of the well guarded walls of Vittoria, when Martin Zurbano rode along the front of his little band, drawn up within the eastern gate of the city. Could an inhabitant of peaceful and highly-civilized countries, a London or Paris lounger, for instance, have been transported suddenly to the side of the guerilla chief, and have been induced to believe himself in the thirty-sixth century, and within a week's traveling of either of the above named capitals; still less would he have been inclined to account the title of soldiers to the wild-looking troops before him, whose only point of uniformity consisted in their arms.—Here were to be found the natives of every part of Spain; Basques and Navarrese, with their high, sharply-cut profiles, sinewy limbs, and spare bodies, side by side with the Andalusian and Valencian, easily distinguished by their delicate features, slight frame, and generally low stature, the beautifully-pencilled eyebrow and mustache setting off their clear but almost copper-colored skins; the Gallego, powerful and heavily limbed, but generally of a dull and inexpressive countenance; the grave Castilian, and the passionate Aragonese, Catalonians and Manchegos, and some few Portuguese and Frenchmen. So much for the varieties of race. Nor was their dress less motley and *bizarre*.—Some had the loose grey coat of a Christine infantry soldier; some the dark jacket, laden with metal buttons of a sugar-loaf shape, which was the uniform of the greater part of the Carlist army; and others again wore the Zumara, or sheepskin jacket, so generally used in the Basque provinces, and by the Pyrenean mountaineers. The *boina* or *beret*, *bonnets de police*, forage caps of every description, formed the head-dress of these desperadoes, some of whom had adopted also a sort of hussar cap, with bag and tassel of a red or yellow cloth, hanging on one side. On the extreme right of the line were from twenty to thirty cavalry, for the most part badly mounted and equipped, but fully armed with lance and sabre, carbine and pistol. On the

* Knife.

† On the summit of the highest church-tower in Vittoria was established, during the war, an observatory, for the purpose of noting the movements of the Carlists. It was fitted up with several telescopes, by means of which everything that occurred within some leagues around the town was discernible by the persons employed to keep a look-out, and to communicate to the governor of the town any movements they might observe among the enemy's forces. At night a watcher was stationed in this observatory with a speaking-trumpet, through which he bellowed, at the end of every half-hour, 'sentinels alerta,' literally, the sentinel is alert, equivalent to our 'all's well;' and this cry was immediately taken up by the whole of the sentries on the walls and fortifications, who were very numerous. The noise made by the man with the speaking-trumpet was prodigious, and sufficient to drive sleep from the pillow of any new-comer to that quarter of the town.

immediate left of these came the light company, composed of about forty of the finest men of the corps, amongst whom were some who might have served as models for the painter or the statuary. The light company was well and uniformly clothed with grey frock coats, secured round the middle by a belt, and having a short scarlet cape, which just covered the shoulders. On their heads they wore a scarlet cap, resembling the French cap of liberty, and fastened under the chin by a broad black velvet band, which completely encircled the face, and formed a sort of frame to their sunburned and frequently picturesque countenances. With *alpargatas** on their feet, and rifles in their hands, these men appeared and were the *beau ideal* of guerillas.

After entering into these details of the men, it is necessary to say a word of the appearance of their leader. Zurbano is a trifle under the middle size, and about forty-five to fifty years of age. Square-built, and muscular, he possesses all the activity and strength of a man of thirty, whilst the lines on his bronzed and weather-beaten countenance appear more the result of fatigue and anxiety, than indications of the approach of old age. His face is clean-shaven, with the exception of a short whisker, which as well as his hair, and thick, shaggy eyebrow, is of a dark-brown, or rather a tawny black. A deep set and very quick grey eye, and thin compressed lips, give something fierce and almost cruel to his aspect: which expression is, however, redeemed in a great measure by the frankness of his broad, open brow, and by a sunny smile, rendered more pleasing, perhaps, by the rarity with which it flits across his features. It is a countenance that would be judged differently by men of different parties. The Carlist, detesting the very name of Barea, would probably denounce his physiognomy as that of a savage and bloodthirsty assassin, and conveying the expression of every bad passion; whilst the Liberal, full of gratitude to the man, and mindful of the manifold services he has rendered the cause, would find much to admire in the soldier-like features and determined bearing of this hardy partisan. How often is judgment swayed by feelings and predilections!

Martin rode to the head of the column, mounted on a powerful black stallion, and followed by his son, a slight boy of fifteen, whose lance, at the period we now write of, had already been dyed by the blood of more Carlists than he had years over his head. The gate was opened, and the little troop filed through and advanced upon the high-road to Salvatierra.

After proceeding about a mile on this route, they inclined to the right, and struck off across the country nearly in as straight a line as the crow flies. And now the greatest caution was observed, in order that their advance might be unobserved by the enemy. Not a word was spoken, nor a cigar allowed to be alight; and in the deepest silence these five hundred men advanced across fields, over hedge and over ditch, into the very heart of the Carlist country.—They were greatly favored by the night, which was pitch dark, and a high wind rattled through the branches of the trees, and caused a rustling amongst the decayed leaves, which served in some degree to drown what little noise was unavoidably occasioned by the march.

At a lonely farm-house, about ten miles from Vittoria, they halted; and five or six men, opening the door, entered, and presently returned, bringing with them two peasants half clothed, and nearly dead with terror. These were to serve as guides, when Zurbano had drawn from them, by mingled threats and promises, whatever information they might possess as to the movements of the Carlists on the preceding day. After a few moments of interrogatory, the march was resumed. A couple of miles farther, the route led across large stubble fields, bordered on one side by a thick coppice and brushwood cover. A slight scuffle was heard, two lancers suddenly left the main body, and after galloping about a hundred yards, returned, bearing a man between them. It was one of the peasant guides, who had chosen, as he thought, a favorable moment, and had endeavored to make his escape.

'*Mi commandante*,' said one of the lancers who had brought him back, addressing himself to Zurbano, 'this prisoner was escaping.'

'*Mata le!*' (kill him) was the brief reply.

A lance-flag waved in the air—a 'Por Dios, senor, por la santissima virgen!'—the dull sound of the lance-thrust as it pinned the unhappy wretch to the ground—a stifled groan—and the body was left to the crows and the dogs.

After nearly five hours' march, at a pace that few but Spanish soldiers could have sustained,† the troops halted on a road which they had been for some time following. At scarcely musket-shot from the front rose the chain of mountains that form the southern boundary of the province of Guipuscoa; and at about a quarter of that distance was situated a small *aldea* or hamlet. Fif-

* A sort of sandal of plaited hemp, much used by the lower order of Spaniards, especially by the Basque peasantry.

† Whatever faults may be attributed to the Spanish troops of the present day, who, it must be confessed, are little more than half disciplined when compared with most other European armies, it would be most unjust to refuse them the credit they really deserve for their powers of enduring fatigue, even when accompanied by hunger and thirst. With a morsel of coarse brown, almost black, bread in their heaversack, they will march cheerfully a whole day, generally singing, and occasionally beguiling the weariness of the road with the favorite cigaritto. The pace they go at is really surprising. It is not exaggeration to say that four good miles an hour is less than their average rate; and pedestrians will acknowledge that to sustain this for the whole day, and day after day, with not more than one short halt in the twelve hours, it is necessary to have first-rate muscle and bottom. The writer has seen Spanish battalions, after a forty-five mile march, under a burning sun, and over uneven and often mountainous ground, arrive perfectly fresh, and with scarcely a straggler, and half an hour afterwards the same men would be dancing with the peasant girls as gayly, and apparently as little fatigued, as if returned from a short promenade.

ty men and two officers detached themselves from the main body, and spreading over the fields to the right and left, advanced stealthily, and availing themselves of the cover of hedges and trees, until they were lost in the gloom.—When sufficient time had elapsed to enable them to make the circuit and station themselves in the rear of the houses, Zurbano placed himself at the head of his handful of horse, and charged at full gallop into the village, followed at almost equal speed by the light company. He halted in front of a house which, although small, appeared superior to the other habitations of which the hamlet was composed. It was immediately surrounded by the riflemen so as to render escape impossible. The clatter of the horses' hoofs had alarmed the inmates; for a window was open and several heads appeared at it, apparently endeavoring to discover the nature of this noisy nocturnal visit. In reply to the summons of Zurbano, a man's voice inquired, *Quien esta ay? Luego sabras*,‡ was the laconic answer of the guerrilla. At the same moment the heavy oaken door gave way under the butt-ends of three or four muskets; and, springing from his horse, Martin rushed up the stairs, followed by half a dozen men. The whole had occurred in far less time than it takes to describe it, and sixty seconds had barely elapsed from the time the word gallop was given to the cavalry to the moment when Zurbano opened the door of the room where the occupants of the house were assembled. It was a large sitting-room, comfortably, almost elegantly, furnished in the French style, and presenting the appearance of far more luxury and refinement than would have been inferred from the exterior of the house. An open pianoforte, with music and lights placed upon it, some drawings suspended from the walls, a guitar, with a blue riband attached to it, and an embroidery frame, indicated feminine tastes and occupations. On a table in the centre of the room were a lamp, some cards, and a few books.

Grouped together in the recess of an open window, and with faces betokening alarm and anxiety, stood seven persons. An elderly man in plain clothes, but of military appearance, two very young officers in staff uniforms, three very beautiful girls, and a lady, who, from her mature age and a strong family resemblance, might be their mother, composed the party. These were the Carlist General, Ituralde,§ his wife, son, and daughters, and the lover and affianced husband of one of the girls. The two young men were quartered not far from the residence of Ituralde; and, having obtained a few hours leave, it was to make the most of their hurried visit that the family had remained till nearly four o'clock in the morning without retiring to rest.

'Mi general,' said Zurbano with mock respect, and preserving perfect gravity of muscle, although a laugh of exultation twinkled in his deep-set restless eyes, that this moment appeared to flash fire; 'mi general,' said he, ironically, raising his *boina* from his head, 'when your excellency is at leisure, I would venture to request you to accompany me below stairs, as there are persons outside waiting anxiously to see you.'

'Who and what are you?' said Ituralde, 'and what means this outrage and intrusion?'

'I am Martin Zurbano, called Barea,' was the reply.

At this name, so dreaded by every Carlist, a shriek of horror burst from the females, who crossed themselves as if they had beheld an evil spirit. Even the three men started, and a deep shade of gloom, almost of despair, came over their countenances.

'I am ready to accompany you,' said Ituralde, after a moment's pause; 'but I beseech you, if you have the heart of a man, protect my wife and daughters from outrage.'

'I do not make war upon women,' sternly answered Barea, 'and these are safe—but for yourself and those two young cubs of rebellion, make your peace with God, for in five minutes you die.'

It would be impossible to do justice to the heart-rending scene that followed this abrupt and cruel declaration of the Christino chieftain. The three daughters gave way to the most frantic sorrow, beating their bosoms, tearing their hair, and throwing their arms round their father, brother, and friend, as if to shield them from the clutch of the executioner. The grief of their mother, although perhaps stronger, was more subdued, and of another character. She threw herself on her knees before a crucifix that stood in a small niche of the apartment; and whilst the big tears streamed from her eyes, and an occasional deep and choking sob burst from her bosom, her lips moved in supplication to Him who alone could afford her aid in that dreadful moment.

Amidst all this confusion of tears and wailings the allotted five minutes slipped by, and on an intimation from Barea, Ituralde and the two young men tore themselves from the embraces of the fainting women, and mournfully, but firmly, descended the stairs. In the open air the scene was most picturesque, and worthy the pencil of an artist. The troop of cavalry were drawn up opposite the house, and four of them held large pine torches, which shed a glaring light for a few yards around, throwing into strong relief objects in the foreground, and causing the surrounding darkness to appear still blacker. The strongly marked features and fierce mustaches of the soldiers were seen in the red light, and formed a striking contrast with the pallid and terror-stricken visages of four or five peasants who had been taken prisoners.—The house was still surrounded by the riflemen, and every house in the village had in like man-

‡ Who is there? You will soon know.

§ Ituralde had been placed in non-activity a few months previously to his capture, by way of punishment for a blunder he had committed in Navarre, where he had allowed himself to be surprised, with 1200 men under his command, by 300 lancers of the guard, headed by Leon. The Carlists, consisting entirely of infantry, were reposing in the heat of the day with their arms piled, and quite unsuspicious of danger. They were taken prisoners to a man, Ituralde alone escaped with his staff and mounted orderlies.

ner had sentries placed round it, to prevent the escape of the inhabitants; for the Carlists were in considerable force at various neighboring points, and, had the alarm been given, they might have rendered the retreat of the adventurous little band exceedingly insecure, not to say impossible. At half-a-dozen yards from a dead wall was drawn up the firing party of twelve men, leaning on their muskets, and waiting to perform their sanguinary duty. Opposite to them, and close under the wall, the three Carlists were made to kneel down, their hands being bound behind them—and one word—the short word 'Fire,' was all that intervened between them and eternity. At the moment that word was about to be given, Madame Ituralde and her three daughters darted from the open door of the house and threw themselves between the prisoners and their executioners, sobbing forth supplications for mercy to Zurbano, who was standing on the right of the firing party with his naked sabre in his hand. He stamped with impatience at this fresh delay, and ordered some soldiers to remove the women; but the latter clung together so firmly to the victims as to render their removal imposible without the use of great violence. Whether the stern, but not callous nature of Zurbano was touched by the grief of these helpless creatures, or whether he reflected that the noise of the firing might alarm the Carlists, or whether he had no serious intention to shoot his captives, it would be difficult to say. Perhaps, too, it occurred to him that his entry into Vittoria would be more triumphant if graced with some prisoners of rank. However this may have been, he ordered his sentries and videttes to be called in, and the battalion to be drawn up; and in less than twelve minutes from the time he had entered the village he was on his march back to Vittoria, bearing with him as prisoners Ituralde, his son, and intended son-in-law, who was a captain in the Carlist service. Madame Ituralde chose to accompany her husband; but her daughters remained behind by the will of their parents, and in spite of their urgent entreaties to be allowed to share their imprisonment and sufferings.

At ten o'clock in the forenoon Zurbano marched into the plaza of Vittoria, and delivered up his prisoners to the military authorities of the town.* In the short space of twelve hours he had effected a march of fifty miles, not on a high-road, but over a rough and broken country. With a handful of men he had penetrated into the heart of the enemy's territory, passing within a mile or two of several strong bodies of Carlists, leaving in his rear, between him and the Christino lines, towns, villages, and fortifications occupied by the enemies' troops; and finally escaping all dangers, and returning with the object of his expedition fully accomplished.

* Ituralde was sent to the depot of prisoners at Burgos, and died soon after, it was said, of a broken heart.

LINES TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

BY MAURICE O'FOHERTY.

Och, blessins upon you, my swate little Highness,
Good luck to the day that you came to the fore;
But shure I've forgotten my national shyness,
Thus rhymin' away like my crony Tom Moore.

In Fraser's last Mag. there's Sir Morgan O'Doherty
Has tipped you some verses—and so has Leigh Hunt—
Thin why shouldn't I, Mr. Maurice O'Foherty?—
Be aisy, my darlin', I mane no affront.

Shure, havn't all heerd what the great Duke of Sutherland
Discoursed to the boys at some matin' one morn—
"I've seed her," (says he) "and troth in my motherland
A babby so beautiful nivir was born."

Och, bowld will ye prove, for you've come amidst fightin',
And powderin', and blazin', and all war's alarms—
Your nurse may look out for the squall day and night in,
For sure its yourself that is now up in arms.

Says the orders at Coort, 'Put no kiss, mind, upon her'—
Well, darlin', I'll make that no matter of strife,
For I'll just take it out from the first maid of honor—
There's nothing, my jewel, more aisy in life.

But, troth, in concaiving which way 'ud be betther
To sind you this poem, I'm bothered a'most—
Will I stick on a pictur, or pray pay the letther,
And slip it gintalely some day in the post?

Or will I, while walking down Lord street, make bowld of it,
And drop it by accident—that's by intint?
Them Editors, musha, are shure to git hold of it,
And whip it convanient, next mornin', in print.

It is thin your attindants, dames Lilly and Packer,
In the papers to see it will, faix, feel amazed;
Whew, maybe it won't be read off like a cracker,
And thin it's meself will be mightily plazed.

Now flourish, alanna, in years getting riper,
While we are divartin' at pattherns and rows—
A female John Bull as you are, by the piper,
No wonder your nurse was selected from Cowes.

That's all mighty well for a babby that's growin',
But whin a bit oulder, now listhen to me,
Just take the laste dhrop of the pure Innishowan,
For that's the thrue mother's-milk, cushla machree.

Tin stanzas complated;—troth, sorrow another
Will I add, plase the pigs, to this illigant song;
But jist tell me darlin', pray *How is your mother?*
We've not had a Bully Tin iver so long.

THE TWO FRIENDS

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

First American Re-print.

CHAPTER I.

"Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
More joy it gives to Woman's breast,
To make ten frigid Coxcombs vain,
Than one true manly Lover blest!"

MOORE.

It is said that no Portrait painter could hit the likeness of Garrick's varying features; but puzzling as their trained expressions must have been it were a harder task to paint the changeful face of young Caroline Merton. Her whole aspect was a riddle; she always pleased—often fascinated; but ever made you think, ponder, and doubt, if you had been delighted by a woman or a child. Young and beautiful she always seemed; but at one moment she looked a mere romping girl, at another a prudish but accomplished woman.—To see her playing at hide and seek with a few school girls; her tossing hair, flushed cheek, and sparkling eyes, with the wild buoyancy of her *petite* figure, and the cries of joy which she uttered ever and anon, would make you smile that you had ever for a moment treated her as a woman, then again to see her pensively seated, leaning her brow upon her hand, or conversing calmly with full grown men and women, her whole manner, expression of countenance, and even figure seeming to have changed to the aspect of womanhood, would make you feel that to address her in any other character would be almost insulting. And the suddenness of these metamorphoses perplexed one the more. In a moment, without giving the least warning, her little mouth, from smiling at the light badinage addressed to her as a girl, would suddenly assume a cold and haughty expression; her fine eyes and beautiful features look calm and staid, and what you uttered the instant before as an innocent raillery, now seemed, to your confusion, to have been an impertinence. Such a girl was Caroline Merton.

Frank Elton was nine and twenty, the heir to a good fortune, and endowed with most of those qualities of mind and body which serve to make a man shine in the world. He was accomplished, talented, and high spirited; had travelled, seen what is called 'life,' and indeed, on one or two occasions, almost 'death' as well; for in his early manhood his temper, naturally warm and petulant, had led him into quarrels both at home and abroad. His knowledge of the world amended this, but his natural character, united to great refinement of thought, changed his temper from petulance to fastidiousness—yet not to any offensive degree. It was, indeed, a disposition of feeling, rather than of character, for his good sense and generous sentiments alike prevented anything approaching to moroseness, peevishness, or any act, whether of impatience or deliberation, which selfishness could call her own.

Yet this feeling tempered his reflections more perhaps than he was aware of, and in no instance more so than in his ideas of the gentler sex. Like most young men he had his own peculiar thoughts regarding them, for this is a subject upon which, like religion, it is difficult to find two reflecting men who think alike. Frank had many serious cogitations on this subject;—the former one we mean—many doubts and difficulties as to the matrimonial venture, the greatest era of life. Being rich, he had no desire to marry wealth, being handsome, he wished for beauty, and being intelligent, he had a horror of uniting himself 'for the term of his natural life' to a fool.

Now it seemed easy for such a man as he to find a 'conjugal dove,' who was tolerably 'beautiful and wise,' but Frank wished for something more than that. His opinion of the sex was, perhaps, as little flattering to his own discernment as it was to them, but such as it was it made him jealous of their influence. His experience of the world made him regard them as light-headed and light-hearted, prone to love, and prone to forget. Frank Elton required perfect devotion of heart—the kind of love we read of in romances,—he scorned a place in a heart that ever harbored another guest; he wished for a first affection—like Adam to have a mate created for himself. He could not understand the give and take principle of flirtation; the eyes that had *ever* smiled kindly upon another, might just as well attempt to fascinate the Duke of York on the top of his monument, as to bring Frank Elton to their owner's feet.

He had a friend of exactly the same way of thinking. Both gentlemen had an excellent opinion of themselves and of each other, and matrimony by both was regarded in the light, rather of a surrender, than an acquisition. Harry Melford (such was the name of Frank's friend) was also blest with many advantages of nature and fortune. They had both a desire to marry, but in the meantime they did nothing but deliberate.

'Well now, Harry,' said Elton one gay evening, as they stood together commenting on the beauties that flitted past them in the brilliant saloon of the exclusive Lady N——. 'I declare that Caroline Merton improves every time I see her. What eyes! what a lovely head, and what a figure the fairy has. Don't you notice her, Hal?' continued he, keeping his eye glass fixed upon Caroline.

'Pshaw! a child, a bread-and-butter darling—a mere nursery beauty.'

'Nay, by my faith, but look at her! Heavens, she's an angel.'

'Why, Frank, you are mad; the girl is a child.'

'Only look at her.'

'Well—I had no idea she had grown a girl like that. Why yes, she *is* beautiful. But then she must be very young.'

'I wish to heaven,' resumed Elton, 'I knew her age. Let me see. I was a boy in the nursery when Colonel Merton married Lady Mary Singleton. I can remember it, Hal;—Now how old would that make her?'

'My dear fellow, what a foolish question?—How can I possibly tell her age from that? But I dare say,' continued Melford with a suppressed yawn, 'if you are very anxious to know the young lady's age, she will tell it you herself.'

'And I will ask it,' said Elton, resolutely. 'I was once a favorite with little Cary, and now that she has become a woman perhaps I may be a favorite still. Harry,' continued he, looking gravely towards his friend, 'I think I shall marry that girl.'

'You are mad, Frank, essentially mad. Marry a girl hardly emancipated from the nursery?'

'Nay, she is a woman—and the loveliest too in the room.'

'Well, Frank, if *you* think so, why—'

'Nay, but you must be blind not to admit it.'

'Ah well, marry then, by all means, marry; buy a new edition of 'Little Red Riding Hood,' for your bride to study; open an account with a confectioner, and advertise for a music master. But you're off. And as I live,' continued Melford, looking after his friend, 'he is at Caroline's side, and I declare she welcomes him with a smile, blushes too,—now they are walking together. Humph!' continued the soliloquist, walking slowly away, 'I wonder if there's madness in Frank's family?'

A brief hour had passed and Caroline Merton still hung on the arm of the fascinated Elton. He seemed anxious at every pause to ask her something, but as often found it impossible to pronounce the words. At length, almost trembling, he said with husky abruptness,—'Miss Merton, how old are you?'

Caroline neither frowned, pouted, nor appeared surprised, but looking calmly up to his face, answered—'Sixteen, and some few months.'

'Caroline,' said Elton fervently, 'I love you.'

The young lady blushed crimson at the words; the next moment looked as if she would give a laugh and rush from his side; but no, the little round arm still remained linked in his own—she hung her head, and had there been no one by, Caroline Merton would have wept.

It matters not to tell what, or how, she answered. On the following day Caroline looked sad; but her eyes brightened when she saw a handsome cab drive up to her father's door.—Then she blushed, and then again looked paler than before. These visits continued for a few months, and ended in Caroline Merton's leaving London as Frank Elton's bride.

CHAPTER II.

It was a fair May morning, a few years after his marriage, and Elton sat lolling in his easy chair in the breakfast parlor of his handsome mansion in G——— Square, looking listlessly over the columns of a newspaper, while his lady, who had not yet finished the morning repast, sat at the table, glancing sometimes at her husband, but more frequently at her own white and jewelled hands.

'Where do you go to-day, my dear?' enquired Frank Elton, allowing the paper to drop upon his knee.

'I accompany Lady Protege to Squelim's morning concert at two.'

'Humph. And after that?'

'I *think* I shall drive down to the Countess of Somerton's Fete Champetre.'

'And so end the day?'

'No, I cannot possibly stay long, as I must return to dress for the Opera, for I promised faithfully to meet Lucy Lennox there; and after the Opera we *may* look in at Mrs. Howard's rout.'

'Morning concert, fête, opera, and rout, all in one day—upon my word my dear, you are running a race of gaiety against time.'

'Why Frank, you know I married at sixteen. I am yet hardly twenty, and if I do not enjoy some little recreation now—pray when shall I?'

'Some *little* recreation?'

'I declare, Frank, you are grown so morose, there is no living with you.'

'I should think not, my dear, for you seldom do. But really, Caroline, I wish to heaven you would not run so much about.'

'My most sage Mentor, would you have one at my age coop herself up like a dowager of seventy?'

'Your age, humph!'

'And you know I never knew what gaiety, as you call it, was, until I was married.'

'Exactly, my love. It is all quite *true*—but exceedingly disagreeable to me, nevertheless—I have no domestic comfort, none in the world,' continued the disappointed husband.

Caroline's hand stopped in the act of lifting her coffee cup to her lips, and placing it again on the table, she burst into a fit of laughter—'Domestic comfort!' continued she still laughing. 'Domestic comfort.'

'Yes,' repeated Elton, 'domestic comfort, madam. But I have no doubt the words have a strange sound to you. There is no husband in England who would more gladly renounce all society than I; clubs, meetings, and race-course, I would give up all, could I but find that calm—'

'Nay, nay, nay, dear Frank, do not become sententious. I am sure you cannot say that I give you much trouble. There is Mrs. Colonel Lenox, now, who is always teasing that unfortunate husband of hers even before strangers, with, 'Where were you last night, my dear?' 'Where did you dine yesterday?' 'When shall you return this evening?' There is Lady Stuart, who gambles deeply, Mrs. Forrester, who

would lavish the wealth of Crœsus in dress and jewels—my old friend, Ellen Hamilton, who makes her husband mortgage his estate once a year to pay debts that I should be ashamed of—Lady Mary—'

'Ay, ay, Caroline, but what consolation is all this to me? Am I better for Col. Lenox being bored, and Tom Hamilton ruined? Seriously, Caroline, when you see that I go so little out, you really ought to—'

'But, Frank, you know that you are many years my senior, and you cannot expect that at my age I should shut myself up from all amusement.'

'Humph! Because *you* are a foolish girl, I am to be considered old before I am thirty-three. Well, well, my love, go on your own way, I hope my sorrows may be sanctified, that's all.'

Rap, rap, rap—rap, rap, rap!

'Who the deuce is this now? it is too early for your friends,' continued Frank, going to the window. 'Ah! it's Harry Melford.'

'By the bye, I hear he is on the eve of marriage with Clara Morley,' said Caroline rising. But good bye, now Frank. I *may* dine at home to-day—but—but—you needn't wait for me.' So saying the beautiful but thoughtless wife glided away, humming an Opera air.

'Ah, Frank, my dear fellow, how are you?' cried Melford, entering the room, holding out both hands, and shaking those of his friend heartily. 'How are you? But why should I ask that,' continued he as they seated themselves, 'with such a wife as you have, you *must* be happy. You are a lucky dog, Frank.'

'*Very*,' rejoined the other drily.

'Young, beautiful, and accomplished—a *first* love too. Egad now, Frank, I consider you to be the most fortunate man in England.'

Mr. Frank Elton threw himself back in his chair and looked at the ceiling.

'I presume,' continued Melford, 'you have heard that I too am about to become a Benedict. Deaths and marriages are public news, eh?'

'I have just this moment heard it.'

'And the lady?'

'Oh, the lady, yes, I heard that too, but I have forgot it—I have no curiosity in these matters now, Hal.'

'I dare say not. Envy no man, covet no man's possessions, happy in your own; but the lady's name is Clara Morley—you knew her once I think.'

'Ah, yes—yes, I think I remember the name.'

'You must remember the lady, too, for we both used to dance and flirt with her some years ago. No first love, I fear, mine Frank—but then few can hope to be so fortunate as yourself.'

'It is a modest wish,' rejoined Frank, thoughtfully.

'You remember you used to say that a woman's heart was worthless unless it gave you its first *love*.'

'If I said so, it was a grievous error, and 'grievously has Cæsar answered it.''

'How, now, Frank, what do you mean?'

'That you lose nothing by losing your bride's first love.'

'Ay, Frank, but Clara has flirted with half the town.'

'So much the better—had she flirted with half the country too.'

'By heaven, you surprise me, Frank. But I don't quite see your meaning.'

'It is this, Harry. All women flirt at some period of their lives, and if they have not done so before marriage, take my word for it they will after. It is a disease like the small pox, mildest when taken young—and not so apt to leave marks either. Thank your stars, Hal, that your bride's flirting fit will be over; she has learned enough of the worthlessness of conquest and the caprice of men's hearts to appreciate your affection—I—I am now convinced,' added poor Elton, 'there is no woman makes such a good wife as an old flirt.'

'Old! Ay there's another thing. Clara is rather passee—she's now six or seven and twenty—but then such eyes!'

'Oh, never mind her eyes. Six or seven and twenty! Harry give me your hand—you will be a happy man. I wish you joy sincerely—most sincerely.'

'But Frank.'

'Nay never mind, I'll tell you all about it. But I see your cab is at the door. Just wait till I draw on my boots, we'll take a drive together—and then come back here and have a tete-a-tete dinner.'

'A tete-a-tete dinner! Mrs. Elton, is not she—'

'She's gone to the dev— that is, I mean, I dont know where she is gone;—but,' continued Frank drily, 'but she told me—'not to wait.''

LINES FOR MUSIC.

The winds are hushed—the summer sky,
  Is cloudless and serene;
Each twinkling star its vigil keeps
  Around night's fairy Queen;
The sound of music, soft and clear,
  Steals o'er yon silver lake—
Such strains of sweetest melody,
  Can ne'er of earth partake.

O, yes, 'tis Zurich's sweetest song,
  That wakes the evening air,
The monks at yonder convent chant
  In solemn strains, their prayer;
Their mingling voices seem to vie
  With the Eolian lyre,
Such strains would surely well compare
  With the Angelic Choir.

L. B. B.

THE SAD BIRD OF THE ADRIATIC.—A TALE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

'I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart.'

No complacent hero of chivalric times ever sallied forth from his castle-domain with a more free or self-sustained feeling, than Giovanni Deltini left the Monforti Palace—the abode of a branch of his family, on a calm summer evening, at a period subsequent to the era when knightly enterprise was rife in Europe. It had been a day of festival in Venice; of which the young man was reminded by the unusual number of passing gondolas, indicating that their various occupants, wearied with the amusements of the Piazza, were hastening, at an unwontedly early hour, to enjoy the more rational delights of the *conversazione*. The exhilaration or rather hopefulness of his mood was not unobserved by one of his associates, whose gondola slowly approached the palace, while he stood in momentary hesitation upon the steps,—then pointing the expectant gondolier toward the grand canal, wrapt his light cloak about him, and disappeared beneath the awning. The aspect of Giovanni would not, indeed, have excited the notice of a less circumspect or interested observer; but this cavalier was not unread even in the conventional signs of success, and his own mind being filled with the image of the lovely heiress of the Monforti honors, it was not surprising that the happy aspect of his friend, as he made his egress from that lady's portal, should awaken his passing and perhaps painful attention. He remembered, also, Giovanni's habitually serious if not sad expression—a characteristic which in boyhood had obtained him the appellation of *Signor Preta*, and contrasting it with his present cheerfulness, he immediately, in accordance with his Italian philosophy, ascribed the miraculous change to the magic influence of the same passion which now possessed his own bosom. And a shade of displeasure darkened his brow, as his former intimate returned his formal greeting with familiar affability. Utterly without the least foundation, however, were the jealous thoughts awakened in the breast of Signorina Monforti's suitor by this casual meeting. No rival of his was Giovanni; not having even seen or sought to see, on the present occasion, the fair denizen of the palace. His frequent visits thither, however, were not without an object and an interest. His favorite recreation was discussion with Father Teodoro—the old confessor whom the duke of Monforti had, many years before, adopted as a friend and counsellor. Giovanni had been early attracted to the old man's side by the fund of story which he pictured out with dramatic effect, to the ardent imagination of the enthusiastic boy; and the fountain which had quenched his childish thirst for novelty, now ministered to his manly appetite for knowledge, and excited into pleasurable activity, the reflective sentiment, which was the deepest resource of his nature.

Giovanni had resided for several years in Padua, and at the then flourishing university of that city had obtained an education beyond that which many of his elders could boast, since it had subserved the acquisition of habits of mind and the formation of tastes of a high and felicitous character. He had been but a few days in his native city; and his family being at their estate on the borders of the Brenta, the young Venetian freely devoted the hours to reviving his acquaintance with the varied haunts of earlier years. With the exception of the good padre's society, his enjoyments had, thus far, been chiefly of a solitary kind.

The converse of this evening had been peculiarly happy. The young Deltini had passed the morning in the *regatta* sports and church ceremonies. He had entered cheerfully into the spirit of the day—for he was neither unsocial nor morose, although thoughtfully inclined, and ideal in his tendencies. The friend to whose companionship he had trusted, for his chief pleasure, during the festa, deserted him with a hasty apology, to follow in the train of a rich senator whom Giovanni despised for his arrogance. And the youth had passed the remainder of the day in a listless and dissatisfied state of mind, and retired from its festivities with scarcely an inkling of the alacrity which was fresh and eager within him at the morning hour. In a word, the sad recollection which the susceptible as well as the unrefined must endure, had began to dawn—we should rather say lower—upon him, even from what the unthinking would call the *trivial* experience of a day. He had felt, almost for the first time, the solitude of a crowd; he had deeply recognized the selfishness of the world. He was an incipient misanthrope. And yet from a communion with a kindred but more mature spirit, he came forth with the bearing of one who had something to live for, and much to hope. His Mentor had vividly suggested to him the idea of philanthropy, and excited a consciousness of personal capacity. A splendid vista was opening to his mind's eye; a beautiful spirit was rising from the subsiding tide of past emotion; a rich vision was shaping itself from the mists of futurity, and the sun of Hope was arraying it in its golden hues And the outward scene marred not the world of musing; for the gondola had

quietly shot out from among the buildings, and was gliding, almost alone, upon the moon-lit bay of Venice.

The epoch which preceded the downfall of the Adriatic Queen, although it witnessed the gradual resignation of her foreign conquests, was not, for a considerable period, marked by any prominent indications of decay within the boundaries of the Ocean City. The immense riches which the enjoyment of such noble commercial facilities had induced, still filled the coffers and displayed itself in the magnificent establishments of the Venetians. And their wealth was probably never more apparent to the stranger, than when the inactivity occasioned by the loss of external advantages, and the cessation of war, had prepared the way for that dire foe against which even the powers of imperial Rome proved unavailing —insidious Luxury. No entertainment commanded so high a price in proportion to its intrinsic excellence, or was more universally sought and enjoyed, than music. The fondness for the art which characterizes the Italians, was gratified to an extent easily imagined, at a period when the means of procuring it in perfection, were so abundant as among the wealthy children of the Sea-Cybele. Many a family who could not boast of a *casa granda* on the Great Canal, or whom circumstances had precluded from sharing the perils and profits of commerce, thanked the Virgin for the *dolce voce* with which one of its members was endowed, whereby the handsome support of all of them was secured.

Giovanni was not, therefore, surprised to see a small gondola propelled by a single gondolier, pass the silvery track several rods in advance of his prow. The size and equipment of the little bark, and the evident aim of the oarsman to keep at a little distance and in the line of the breeze, prepared him to expect a serenade, for which he was not, indeed, disinclined. His bargemen almost involuntarily slackened the sweep of the oars, and even repressed, as far as possible, their measured breathing, when the first notes were audible. The precise words of the *cavatina* may not, indeed, be given; but the idea has been happily embodied in a more modern form:—

Senza pace, e senza speme
Con un cor che troppo sente,
In vedro l' eta ridente
Consumarsi nel dolor,
Ah! per mi non v'e piu speme,
Non v'e pace, non v'amor!

These words, chanted by a voice modulated to the sweetest intonations, found their way directly to the hearts of the listeners. The oars were suffered to trail till the gondola became almost stationary. Giovanni leaned from the little window, and when the song ceased, cleared his gaze to mark distinctly the fair musician. The inimitable pathos of the vocalism had moved him deeply, and he was sensible of a spontaneous and respectful interest in the songstress. He could only discover, however, through the blinds of the opposite gondola, the folds of a white garment. Giving the signal to approach, and throwing a coin into the proffered cap of the gondolier, he bade him ask the sweet vocalist to come forth, that he might thank her for a more congenial melody than had blest him for years. That personage replied to his request only by a grave movement, intimating the impossibility of acceding to it; yet there was so much gentleness in the decisive refusal, that even one less kindly disposed than Giovanni could scarcely have been irritated thereby. The manner of the gondolier, therefore, only served to excite his interest more deeply; and now, for the first time, he bestowed upon him the attention his appearance was well calculated to awaken. He was somewhat above the medium height, and his figure so well proportioned and lightly framed as to convey the idea of youth—an impression which his white hair and the bland seriousness of his face at once dissipated. Instead of the decorated jacket, gay sash, and tasseled cap of the craft, his habiliments were of a dark hue; and but for his embroidered vest and the evidence his complexion and thin but muscular arms gave of his avocation, one might have taken the old man, as his form was half concealed in shadow, for a member of the present Armenian fraternity, as readily as for a gondolier of Venice in the days of her prosperity. Having surveyed him a moment, he was about to renew his request, when he was startled by the hurried whisper of his own gondolier at the stern. 'Pardon, signor,' said he, 'you are a stranger in Venice—we had better away.'

'*Pazienza*, Pietro,' replied his master. 'Old man' he continued, addressing the aged oarsman, 'I would see the melodist beneath the awning.'

'Thou knowest, signor, the finest warblers have not the richest plumage,' quickly again whispered his officious adviser. '*Signor mio*, this parley is dangerous. St. Mark protect us!—ah, he is off!'

'Follow!' was the reply; and the gondolas continued side by side.

'Speak, I pray you,' said the young man; but the veteran answered only by a sad smile and a gaze of anxious scrutiny directed toward the distant and fairy-like city.

'He is dumb, signor,' said one of the boat men with obvious awe.

'*Poverino*,' exclaimed Giovanni; 'friend, I desire to behold thy precious charge, because it would bring pleasure to one familiar with sorrow, to look upon the only vocalist, among the many whose voices have echoed beneath this sky to-day, whose music has proved a balm.'

A pause followed, broken only by the gentle splash of the oars, and the muttered invocations of those who manned the gondola of Giovanni. 'Father Teodoro was right,' at length he murmured; 'I must learn to be distrusted;' and he threw himself back upon the cushions, with the intention of directing Pietro to abandon the useless pursuit, when a slight noise made him hesitate: the oars were simultaneously lifted, their bearers hastily made the sign of the cross, and the gondolas swayed gently apart, and were at rest. Giovanni noted not

these phenomena. That low rattling sound so well known to his ear, was now electrical;—it was produced by slipping aside the blind of the opposite gondola. Thither, as to a revelation of wonder, his eyes were instantly turned. The face which appeared, produced, at first, simply a strong impression of surprise. He had anticipated the sight of beauty; and though his quick fancy had but vaguely imaged its details, the half-formed portrait which that active limner had already created, was naturally instinct with the peculiar species of loveliness that most commonly greeted him. He had unconsciously endowed his invisible consoler with eyes eloquently dark, and hair of the same hue. But these Italian characteristics he failed to discover. The hair of the sweet melodist was, indeed, dark, but not deeply so, and the eyes were Italian only in their expressiveness—so deep, full and varying, that the idea of ascertaining their color never obtruded itself upon his mind; all that was distinctly realized was their witchery—their mystic and moving power. Giovanni was, at the first glance, only surprised that they were not jet-black, like the eyes of Padua *donnas* he had heard sing, or the eyes of his sisters, who were doubtless then singing on the banks of the Brenta. It was not remarkable that fine vocalism and black eyes were nearly associated in his mind. Fond as he was of analyzing his feelings, and predetermined as he had been to make his gaze a searching one, the recurrence of those tones sent a new thrill to his heart, and banished his newly regained self-possession.

'Heard I not the name of Father Teodoro, signor?' asked the stranger.

'Thou didst, sweet lady.'

'Dost thou know him?'

'He is my friend—and perchance thine.'

The inquiry seemed to awaken her to a sense of indiscretion;—for she compressed her lips, seemed inwardly chiding herself, and moved as if about to cut short the interview. Giovanni hastened to check even the latent intention, and with respectful earnestness, thus addressed her:—'Lady—for it is in vain that thou appearest pursuing an avocation generally followed by peasant girls from the shore, or plebeians of the city—lady, let me thank thee for so sweet a serenade, and pardon one who deeply sympathizes with the sorrowful spirit thy melody indicates, for asking what motive induces thee thus richly to minister to the by-way pleasure of Venetians, when thou shouldst grace the innermost circle of their patrician society.'—She who was thus addressed, as the kindly words were uttered, leaned from her gondola, and the clear moonlight rendered beautifully apparent her regular features, calm and finely arched brow—the sweet smile which stole upon her lip, and the grateful tenderness which spoke in her eye. An instant elapsed after he had spoken, when in the same touching voice she pronounced the brief but meaning reply, '*The love of my mother.*' Then gracefully waving her hand, she drew back the lattice; and while Giovanni, completely lost in his own feelings, looked listlessly on—her light barge swiftly sped away in the direction of the nearest shore.

As his gondola approached the city, Giovanni emerged from beneath its sable covering, and leaning upon the frame-work, applied himself to elicit from Pietro intelligence which interested him to a degree of which he was, as yet, quite unaware. 'Thou wast wont to be faithful to me, Pietro, when thy fidelity was of little importance, and my favor of no advantage to thee; and methinks that *now* thou canst scarcely prove otherwise.'

'Will the signor question his noble father as to Pietro?' asked the old gondolier, with the confidence of one unjustly suspected.

'No, Pietro; 't is needless. I did but try thee. But hasten to inform me respecting the mysterious occupants of yon strange bark.'

'It is little more than a year, signor, since aught was known of them on the Quay or in the Piazza. She is called the Sad Bird of the Adriatic. One of those melancholy serenades which so much delighted you to-night, equally pleased one of the senators who encountered her gondola on his return, about this hour, from Fusina. His efforts to obtain a sight of her were without success, although it is said he proffered a treble salary if she would join his palace band. Many, after this, sought and enjoyed her music; but all attempts to invade her '*incognito* were avoided from the fact which was promulgated that she was performing a vow, being under the special protection of the church. Hence she is reverenced by every one. Her gondola glides about between the Lido and the Quay from sunset till dawn, in weather like this. She never enters the city. Where she abides we know not; although many say at St. Lazarus. Her *buonamanos* are very great, and I think this night, for the first time, has her face been seen on these waters. Ah, signor, I tremble for the consequences of this adventure. Nicolo, the most daring gondolier in Venice, is undergoing severe penance for having pledged himself to track out her retreat. St. Mark grant it may bode us no evil.'

'Amen,' exclaimed Giovanni; 'and remember, Pietro, this meeting is a secret.'

'Deep as mid-ocean, signor.'

'But the knaves yonder'—pointing to the other bargemen.

'Signor, they are mine!'

Pietro had merely imparted the tale which circulated among his fellows. Camilla Goretti, for such was the true name of the 'Sad Bird' was the only daughter of a Tuscan lady of noble origin, who had, a few months before the date of our story, followed her husband to Venice, to await with him the result of a commercial speculation—the last of a series of attempts to amend their fallen fortune. The experiment totally failed; and the depressed nobleman sank slowly to his grave. The fair mourners had since sojourned in one of the retired islands in the vicinity of Venice. The mother's afflictions and feebleness were obviously subduing her vital powers; and the daughter, in the pure spirit of filial devotion,

with the aid of the mute gondolier, who had been in the employ of the church, adopted the scheme we have seen she managed so successfully, and by this means ministered to her parent's every comfort, and yet preserved the seclusion so congenial to her sorrowing heart and native delicacy. She had but one relative in the neighborhood, of whose welfare she managed to keep herself informed, but whose society the stricken family had not sought since their arrival. He, therefore, remained ignorant of the abode of his relations, though aware of their misfortunes. Camilla was consoled by the title and story which the superstitious fancy of the Venetians had attached to her name, since they threw around her the protecting halo of a sacred mystery. She was only surprised that the mournful strain with which her oppressed feelings forced her to begin her enterprise, should have proved so effective, for she was well aware of the gaiety of the Venetian temperament. She might have understood the charm, however, by reverting to the peculiar interest which the human mind takes in deep feeling, however sad—especially when the prevailing language which addresses it is of a superficial kind, as was then the case in Venice. But unacquainted as she was, with the cause which rendered her airs so attractive, she rejoiced that it was so, since she could then sing from the heart. Joyful music was but mockery to one who was watching the departure from the world of the only being with whom she could claim near alliance. 'The love of her mother'—the beautiful motive she had designated as her inspiration—she believed the *last* which would excite her to effort on earth. It was not, however, the destiny of her house, that its last hope should be so speedily extinguished. And when a few months passed away, and the orphan lifted herself from the first despair of bereavement, she found one lingering and saving sentiment shining up, like a gem of light, from the troubled depths of her soul. Obeying its impulse, after weeks of lone mourning, a new day dawned upon her. But of this we must speak anon.

To a common observer, the life of the young Deltini, after the return of his family, was of the same tenor as that of the generality of noble Venetians whose youth prohibited their engaging in the state duties of the period, and whose frivolty rendered permanent mental application of any kind equally onerous. Giovanni was often encountered, at the usual hours, on the promenade beneath the arcades of St. Mark, and his gondola occasionally seen moored to the steps of the Rialto or at the entrance of one of the superior edifices. None of his gay acquaintances, however, were sufficiently interested to notice the regularity and length of his evening excursions; and if the thoughtfulness of his demeanor, now and then, drew a gaze after him, the spectator, if young, only thought what a marvel it was, that one so recently arrived should not be joyous in festive Venice—and, if old, shrugged meaningly at the idea of the early involvement in her political intrigues which the anxious though unruffled brow denoted. Giovanni *lived* only between morning and evening twilight. The setting sun called him to conscious and glad being. The long summer day was to him a season of dreaming; not that the levee, the feast, or the duties of citizenship were neglected; but their formal routine was formally gone through with, and gladly escaped. But the farewell rays of the orb of day seemed to awake the spirit of the Venetian, as they did, of old, the latent harmonies of Memnon's image. With the eagerness of a light-hearted boy, he entered his richly adorned gondola at sunset, gazed fondly over the waters and flitted from point to point, seemingly on the wings of caprice. But his erratic course was guided by Love and Prudence. He kept almost ever within sight and hearing of Camilla, and without seeming to do so. Thrice only had he approached sufficiently near, to throw a bunch of orange blossoms upon her awning; but these experiments had so evidently induced the venerable gondolier studiously to avoid him, that he long remained contented with nightly hearing, in common with others, the melody of the stranger, and watching her gondola till it disappeared in the gloom at midnight, or was veiled by the morning mist.

At length Giovanni declared to the alarmed Pietro his determination to seek a second interview at all hazards. The evening selected was unfortunate; gondola after gondola skimmed athwart the bay; each lingered as the voice of Camilla floated by; and from each her dumb boatman received tribute tendered without query or comment. Giovanni awaited comparative solitude till his patience was exhausted. Then motioning his gondolier to fall into the wake of a senatorial barge, he was soon within hail of the vocalist. Never did her voice sound so rich and moving. He longed, when it had ceased, to hear the broad sweep of the oars before him; but they fell gently, as if beguiled by the strain; and looking around, Giovanni beheld the calm surface of the water dotted with various craft, and heard the long nervous strokes of the dumb man's paddle. '*Restate!*' he exclaimed, but the skiff was soon contiguous to a long line of advancing prows. Giovanni, in despair, could only hurl his signet ring through Camilla's lattice, before twenty eyes were marking his movements.

Weeks passed away, and the mysterious melody which had charmed Venice was hushed. No one beheld the sacred frequenter of the Adriatic waters; and conjecture was busy in weaving fables which should explain, without accounting for her disappearance. The gondoliers doubted not that her vow was completed, and that she had gone home; many sagely suggested that she had descended into a marine abode; and not a few believed that her mystic bark was riding, under the protection of St. Theodore, upon other and far distant seas. But all that was known was the fact of her departure, and like every event of joy or sorrow of terrestrial occurrence, when wondered at a little time, it was seemingly uncared for and forgotten.

'Now Heaven grant that my learned cousin be not fearful of crossing the Bridge of Sighs to-night!' said the vivacious heiress of Monforti, as she encountered Giovanni in the corridor.

'And why should my fair Ellena dream of such a catastrophe?' inquired the youth.

'For want of any more probable way of accounting for thy sober visage,' she replied, in a rallying tone.

'Thou art ever thus sportive, *cara*,' he returned, oberving her with interest; '*Felice voi!*'

'Come to the saloon, and perchance my guests or poor self can cheer even thee.'

He smiled his thanks, and passing on, entered the cabinet of Father Teodoro.

'My son,' said the priest, after greeting his visitor, 'knowest thou how it fares with Foscarini now?'

'The fever has left him, I am told,' answered Giovanni.

'*Grazie a Deo!*' ejaculated the old man, as he drew aside the heavy folds of a curtain, and admitted the chastened light and soothing breeze of even-time into the apartment; 'but Giovanni thou art ill,' he continued, regarding the flushed countenance and troubled expression of his young friend; 'beware that thou art not added to the list.'

'Only fatigued. If I remember right, we were speaking yesterday of sympathy. Father I have thought much, in the night-watches, of thy theory One is not to expect to be understood by the multitude; some will be even misinterpreted by the few, thou sayest. I know how different thou art from thy brethren in many things, and therefore will I venture a question: Is what is called love-at-first-sight, one of the *dreams* thou spakest of?'

'What is thus called, Giovanni, is often but a fancy.'

'But is there a foundation for such an experience in the soul?'

'My son, there is deep affinity between spirits, even when humanly embodied. When two beings thus pre-united meet on earth, they spontaneously recognize their unity; and this is love in its purity and power.'

'And, father, suppose, from the intervention of circumstances, they follow not out the intimation; suppose they remain disunited, dissevered?'

'They irretrievably wrong themselves; their being wants completeness; there remains a void in their bosoms wealth and honors may occupy, qualified affection amuse, but neither can satisfy them.'

'But, father, are the indications sure?'

'Infallible to the unperverted; not indistinct to any who can feel or will think.'

Filled as was the breast of Deltini with the spirit of meditation, and necessary as repose had become to his languid though fevered frame, he was mindful of his cousin's invitation and wished not to leave her palace without indicating at least his remembrance of her wishes. Yet was he greatly indisposed for general society, and hoped, by stealing in at a side door, to hold a moment's parley with her, and retire. The first sound which struck his ear, as he entered unobserved, was his father's voice. He hesitated, and saw that a group, among which he recognized a brother of the sick Foscarini, and several senators, were engaged in a conference of great apparent interest. 'Yes, signor,' said the elder Deltini, addressing the latter personage, 'Giacomo's convalescence is truly a subject of congratulation among all who hold Venice dear. The time is coming when she will need the unimpaired energy of all her children. In the strength of her nobility at home, we are to trust, and not in the extent of her external possessions. With more care than ever should we consolidate the patrician power. I am already negociating an alliance for Giovanni, which even thou, signor, wilt deem no small effort of state policy.'

The individual most interested in this newly-broached design, paused only to note the complacency and determination with which the duty of the parent was thus lost in that of the patriot, and then hastened to cool his throbbing temples in the night air, and still, if possible, the tumult in his bosom. * * * *

The gray light of early morning revealed the kneeling figure of an aged servant of the cross, with his face buried in the drapery of a couch, on which one, stricken with disease, was restlessly extended, in the chamber of a Venetian palace. 'It is as I feared,' said the priest, rising. 'Giovanni, thou hast the infection!'

''Art thou still beside me, father?'

'Yes, my son, and if earnest prayers can carry thee safely through this trial, thou art safe.'

'Desire it not, father, as thou lovest me. Hear me ere this heated brain refuse its just office. Life is not desirable to Giovanni Deltini. I love; but days, weeks, months have past, and these eyes have not beheld the only being they can fondly contemplate. The weariness of disappointment has induced this malady. The same hour that revealed to me the justice of my passion, assured me it had been cherished in vain. Thy blessing and thy prayers, father, before this creeping lethargy overpowers me. I have thus spoken, that one may shed a tear over the tomb of the Deltinis for its new occupant, who knoweth something of the woes which reconcile him to death.'

From the deep sleep that succeeded the attack of this peculiar Levantine epidemic, the sole heir of the honors and wealth of the Deltini family awoke with a degree of physical energy, and an absence of unfavorable symptoms, which warranted the medical attendants in asserting that the prospect of his recovery was flattering. Their disappointment, however, was extreme, at finding no apparent improvement, after the lapse of several hours. The recurrence of strength and expressiveness, which had occurred at a similar stage in other instances, appeared not in this. Giovanni, indeed, gave evidence of consciousness, but the morbid apathy of sickness was alarmingly obvious.—Meantime the sudden illness of his child, the alternations of hope and fear, the mournful tone

of the invalid's ravings, and the settled indifference to life which he evinced in lucid intervals—the course of the malady—the expected catastrophe—all combined to work a revolution in the father's heart. He *knew* his son for the first time. He heard from Father Teodoro the last rational words he had uttered, and solemnly pledged himself to consult only the peace of his child, should he recover. Of this, however, there seemed less and less probability. And the afternoon of the third day since the cessation of the fever, found the inmates of the palace in the same state of quiet but deep despondency. The affectionate *padre* was in attendance while Count Deltini slept. He had musingly watched, for an hour, the play of the chequered light upon the variegated and marble-like floor, when the voice of Pietro caused him to raise his head. 'Father,' said the old servant, 'there is a youth in the hall—a Paduan, I think—who would fain look upon the face of our young master. Vainly have I told him that he is nigh unto death, and cannot be seen. He demands admittance as a near friend of Signor Giovanni.'

'It matters little,' replied the priest; 'the poor youth will soon be beyond the reach of disturbance. Let the Paduan enter.'

So intent was the afflicted confessor upon his own thoughts, that he was again lost in reverie in the lapse of a few moments, so that the visitor's step first aroused him to a consciousness of his presence. Notwithstanding the obscurity of the apartment, and the sadness of his spirit, the priest was struck with the gracefulness of the stranger's mein, and the delicate contour of his form. He bowed as the father turned toward him, but without doffing the cap of black velvet which shaded his face. Stealing, with an easy but subdued air, around the head of the couch, and taking a taper from the table, he slipped upon it a jewelled ring, and gently separating the curtains, passed it through upon the pillow, directly before the eyes of the sick man. The alarmed father had moved forward to check the proceeding, but was startled by a sudden movement and exclamation; and with no little surprise beheld his patient raise himself on his elbow, and glance inquiringly about the apartment.

'Thank Heaven! my son, thou appearest somewhat like thyself; what dost thou desire?'

'Father, are we alone?'

'There is a young man present, one of thy Paduan friends; but thou art not able to converse'———

'Good father, leave us, for a moment.'

His careful and devoted friend hesitated; but re-assured by the bright gleam of intelligence visible in his eye, he entered an adjoining oratory, there to invoke the blessing of Heaven upon the reviving son of his adoption.

The sound of the count's earnest voice recalled him to the sick room. And there a scene presented itself, which would have been rife with inspiration to a true votary of the rainbow art. The invalid was in a half-sitting posture, his cheek slightly colored, and his brilliant eye bent upon the rich tresses of one who kneeled beside the couch. His father stood by, glancing benignantly from one to the other figure. Upon the damask covering lay the taper, upon which glistened the signet ring of the Deltinis. And the flush of sunset threw over the dark furniture, rich paintings, and polished floor, a variety of mellowed tints, which enhanced without generalizing the combined effect. The 'Sad Bird of the Adriatic' had folded her wings in despair, and brooded over her desolate nest. The mother whose love sustained her was no more; and ere she followed her to her long rest, she went forth to behold once again the being of her dreams. Hoping to accomplish her object without being known, she sought him in disguise, in the public places of the city; but learning his sickness, and not doubting its fatal issue, she hastened to assure him how speedy would be their reunion. She had proved an angel of mercy. Count Deltini had joined the hands of the lovers. And on the succeeding moment of delight, the priest had intruded. 'It is a vision!' he exclaimed—'the daughter of my poor sister, and the son of my adoption!' He read an explanation in their eyes. 'My children,' he continued, 'my prayers are granted, but no part was allotted me in their fulfilment.'

'Father, thou errest,' exclaimed Giovanni; 'thy lecture on the affinity of spirit revealed to me my love.'

'And, uncle,' said Camilla, 'at the name of Father Teodoro, I slipped the blind of my gondola.'

It was the unhappiness of Giovanni to behold, and of his immediate descendants more nearly to realize the wane of Venetian glory. Yet many of his brother patricians, with less than his patriotic sensibility, as they walked away the night hours in their gorgeous halls, lamenting the vain sacrifice of their most individual prerogatives to ambitious policy, ardently longed for the lot of Deltini; for the grief of the citizen was neutralized by the happiness of the man;—and many an hour of joy was won to him by the melody and companionship of the the then blithe *Bird of the Adriatic.*

THE WIFE

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
The violet bed's not sweeter! MIDDLETON.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching, than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. 'I can wish you no better lot,' said he, with enthusiasm, 'than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you.' And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly, because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly, because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearment, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness.—My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex.—'Her life,' said he, 'shall be like a fairy tale.'

The very difference in their characters produced a harmonious combination; he was of a romantic, and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance.—When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burthen for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced to almost penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul.—The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow—and

the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I inquired, 'Does your wife know all this?' At the question he burst into an agony of tears. 'For God's sake!' cried he, 'if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that almost drives me to madness!'

'And why not?' said I. 'She must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve: it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it.'

'Oh, but my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar!—that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart!—How can she bear poverty? She has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? She has been the idol of society. Oh, it will break her heart—it will break her heart!'

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words.—When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

'But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living ——nay,' observing a pang to pass across his countenance, 'don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged: and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—'I could be happy with her,' cried he convulsively, 'in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!' cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

'And believe me, my friend,' said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, 'believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.'

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburthen his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark, downward path of low humility, suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which, in other ranks, it is a burden. In short, I could not meet Leslie, the next morning, without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

'And how did she bear it?'

'Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But, poor girl,' added he, 'she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial.'

'But,' said I, 'now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty, so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.' On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards, he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country a few miles from town. He had been busied all day, in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting

his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doating husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day, superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

'Poor Mary!' at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

'And what of her?' asked I, 'has any thing happened to her?'

'What,' said he, darting an impatient glance, 'is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?'

'Has she then repined at the change?'

'Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!'

'Admirable girl!' exclaimed I. 'You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman.'

'Oh! but my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience: she has been introduced into a humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has for the first time known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has for the first time looked around her on a home destitute of every thing elegant—almost of every thing convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty.'

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road, up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded by forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass-plot in front. A small wicket-gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel-walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window, and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles———I had never seen her look so lovely.

'My dear George,' cried she, 'I am so glad you are come; I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and every thing is so sweet and still here.—Oh!' said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, 'Oh, we shall be so happy!'

Poor Leslie was overcome.—He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms round her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE.

[Contributed to the Boston Notion.]

I.

When other friends are round thee,
And other hearts are thine,
When other bays have crown'd thee,
More fresh and green than mine;
Then think how sad and lonely
This doating heart will be,
Which, while it beats, beats only
Beloved one, for thee.

II.

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains:
I would not live without thee
For all the world contains.
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's troubled sea,
And, whatever fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.

New-York, Jan. 12, 1841. G. P. M.

IMAGINATION.

A TALE FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

BY J. FENNIMORE COOPER.

TO THE READER.

It is with unmingled feelings of pleasure that we this day present to our readers the following interesting tale from the pen of our talented countryman, Mr. Cooper. It is written in his best style, though among his earliest productions, is full of interest and incident; and though long, will, we are confident, be read by every one of our numerous readers. We ourselves have perused it, and were deeply interested in it; and we confidently assert that not one will be disappointed, who will but read it with attention.

Of Mr. Cooper, as a novelist, we shall not speak, as his reputation is known far and wide, he taking rank among the first of the living writers of fiction. A novel endorsed by his name full soon finds its way to the reading community.

IMAGINATION.

A TALE FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamored of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.
Midsummer Nights Dream.

"Do—do write to me often, my dear Anna!" said the weeping Julia Warren, on parting, for the first time since their acquaintance, with the young lady whom she had honored with the highest place in her affections. "Think how dreadfully solitary and miserable I shall be here, without a single companion, or a soul to converse with, now you are to be removed two hundred miles into the wilderness."

"Oh! trust me, my love, I shall not forget you now or ever," replied her friend, embracing the other slightly, and, perhaps, rather hastily, for so tender an adieu; at the same time glancing her eye on the figure of a youth, who stood in silent contemplation of the scene. "And doubt not that I shall soon tire you with my correspondence, especially as I more than suspect it will be subjected to the criticisms of Mr. Charles Weston." As she concluded, the young lady curtsied to the youth in a manner that contradicted, by its flattery, the forced irony of her remark. "Never, my dear girl!" exclaimed Miss Warren with extreme fervor. "The confidence of our friendship is sacred with me, and nothing, no, nothing, could ever tempt me to violate such a trust. Charles is very kind and very indulgent to all my whims, but he never could obtain such an influence over me as to become the depositary of my secrets. Nothing but a friend, like yourself, can do that, my dear Anna."

"Never! Miss Warren," said the youth, with a lip that betrayed by its tremulous motion the interest he took in her speech—"never includes a long period of time. But," he added with a smile of good humored pleasantry, "if admitted to such a distinction, I should not feel myself competent to the task of commenting on so much innocence and purity, as I know I should find in your correspondence."

"Yes," said Anna, with a little of the energy of her friend's manner, "you may with truth say so, Mr. Weston. The imagination of my Julia is as pure as—as"—but turning her eyes from the countenance of Julia to that of the youth, rather suddenly, the animated pleasure she saw delineated in his expressive, though plain features, drove the remainder of the speech from her recollection.

"As her heart!" cried Charles Weston with emphasis.

"As her heart, Sir," repeated the young lady coldly.

The last adieus were hastily exchanged, and

Anna Miller was handed into her father's gig by Charles Weston in profound silence. Miss Emmerson, the maiden aunt of Julia, withdrew from the door, where she had been conversing with Mr. Miller, and the travellers departed. Julia followed the vehicle with her eyes until it was hid by the trees and shrubbery that covered the lawn, and then withdrew to her room to give vent to a sorrow that had sensibly touched her affectionate heart, and in no trifling degree haunted her lively imagination.

As Miss Emmerson by no means held the good qualities of the guest, who had just left them in so high an estimation as did her niece, she proceeded quietly and with great composure in the exercise of her daily duties; not in the least suspecting the real distress that, from a variety of causes, this sudden separation had caused to her ward.

The only sister of this good lady had died in giving birth to a female infant, and the fever of 1805 had, within a very few years of the death of the mother, deprived the youthful orphan of her remaining parent. Her father was a merchant, just commencing the foundations of what would, in time, have been a large estate; and as both Miss Emmerson and her sister were possessed of genteel independencies, and the aunt had long declared her intention of remaining single, the fortune of Julia, if not brilliant, was thought rather large than otherwise Miss Emmerson had been educated immediately after the war of the revolution, and at a time when the intellect of the women of this country by no means received that attention it is thought necessary to bestow on the minds of the future mothers of our families at the present hour; and when, indeed, the country itself required too much of the care of her rulers and patriots to admit of the consideration of lesser objects. With the best of hearts and affections devoted to the welfare of her niece, Miss Emmerson had early discovered her own incompetency to the labor of fitting Julia for the world in which she was to live, and shrunk with timid modesty from the arduous task of preparing herself, by application and study, for this sacred duty. The fashions of the day were rapidly running into the attainment of accomplishments among the young of her own sex, and the pianoforte was already sending forth its sonorous harmony from one end of the Union to the other, while the glittering usefulness of the tambour-frame was discarded for the pallet and brush. The walls of our mansions were beginning to groan with the sickly green of imaginary fields, that caricatured the beauties of nature; and skies of sunny brightness, that mocked the golden hues of even an American sun. The experience of Miss Emmerson went no further than the simple evolutions of the country dance, or the deliberate and dignified procession of the minuet. No wonder, therefore, that her faculties were bewildered by the complex movements of the cotillon; and, in short, as the good lady daily contemplated the improvements of the female youth around her, she became each hour more convinced of her own inability to control, or in any manner to superinted, the education of her orphan niece. Julia, was, consequently, entrusted to the government of a select boarding-school; and, as even the morals of the day were, in some degree, tinctured with the existing fashions, her mind as well as her manners were absolately submitted to the discretion of an hireling. Notwithstanding this willing concession of power on the part of Miss Emmerson, there was no deficiency in ability to judge between right and wrong in her character; but the homely nature of her good sense, unassisted by any confidence in her own powers, was unable to compete with the dazzling display of accomplishments which met her in every house where she visited; and if she sometimes thought that she could not always discover much of the useful amid this excess of the agreeable, she rather attributed the deficiency to her own ignorance than to any error in the new system of instruction. From the age of six to that of sixteen, Julia had no other communications from Miss Emmerson than those endearments which neither could suppress, and a constant and assiduous attention on the part of the aunt to the health and attire of her niece.

Miss Emmerson had a brother residing in the city of New York, who was a man of eminence at the bar, and who, having been educated fifty years ago, was, from that circumstance, just so much superior to his successors of his own sex by twenty years, as his sisters were the losers from the same cause. The family of Mr. Emmerson was large, and, besides several sons, he had two daughters, one of whom remained still

unmarried in the house of her father. Katherine Emmerson was but eighteen months the senior of Julia Warren; but her father had adopted a different course from that which was ordinarily pursued with girls of her expectations. He had married a woman of sense, and now reaped the richest blessing of such a connexion in her ability to superintend the education of her daughter. A mother's care was employed to correct errors that a mother's tenderness could only discover; and in the place of general systems, and comprehensive theories, was substituted the close and rigorous watchfulness, which adapted the remedy to the disease; which studied the disposition; and which knew the failings or merits of the pupil, and could best tell when to reward, and how to punish. The consequences were easily to be seen in the manners and character of their daughter. Her accomplishments, even where a master had been employed in their attainment, were naturally displayed, and suited to her powers. Her manners, instead of the artificial movements of prescribed rules, exhibited the chaste and delicate modesty of refinement, mingled with good principles—such as were not worn in order to be in character as a woman and a lady, but were deeply seated, and formed a part, not only of her habits, but, if we may use the expression, of her nature also. Miss Emmerson had good sense enough to perceive the value of such an acquaintance, for her ward; but unfortunately for her wish to establish an intimacy between her nieces, Julia had already formed a friendship at school, and did not conceive her heart was large enough to admit two at the same time to its sanctuary. How much Julia was mistaken the sequel of our tale will show.

So long as Anna Miller was the inmate of the school, Julia was satisfied to remain also, but the father of Anna having determined to remove to an estate in the interior of the country, his daughter was taken from school; and while the arrangements were making for the reception of the family on the banks of the Genessee, Anna was permitted to taste for a short time, the pleasures of the world, at the residence of Miss Emmerson on the banks of the Hudson.

Charles Weston was a distant relative of this good aunt, and was, like Julia, an orphan, who was moderately endowed with the goods of fortune. He was a student in the office of her uncle, and being a great favorite with Miss Emmerson, spent many of his leisure hours, during the heats of the summer, in the retirement of her country residence.

Whatever might be the composure of the maiden aunt, while Julia was weeping in her chamber over the long separation that was now to exist between herself and her friend, young Weston by no means displayed the same philosophical indifference. He paced the hall of the building with rapid steps, cast many a longing glance at the door of his cousin's room, and then seated himself with an apparent intention to read the volume he held in his hand; nor did he in any degree recover his composure until Julia reappeared on the landing of the stairs, moving slowly towards their bottom, when, taking one long look at her lovely face, which was glowing with youthful beauty, and if possible more charming from the traces of tears in her eyes, he coolly pursued his studies. Julia had recovered her composure, and Charles Weston felt satisfied. Miss Emmerson and her niece took their seats quietly with their work at an open window of the parlor, and order appeared to be restored in some measure to the mansion. After pursuing their several occupations for some minutes with a silence that had lately been a stranger to them, the aunt observed—

"You appear to have something new in hand, my love. Surely you must abound with trimmings, and yet you are working another already?"

"It is for Anna Miller," said Julia, with a blush of feeling. "I was in hopes you would perform your promise to your cousin Katherine, now Miss Miller is gone, and make your portion of the garments for the Orphan Asylum," returned Miss Emmerson gravely.

"Oh! cousin Katherine must wait, I promised this trimming to Anna to remember me by, and I would not disappoint her for the world."

"It is not your cousin Katherine, but the Orphans, who will have to wait; and surely a promise to a relation is as sacred as one to an acquaintance."

"Acquaintance, aunt!" echoed the niece with displeasure. "Do not, I entreat you, call Anna an acquaintance merely. She is my

friend—my very best friend, and I love her as such."

"Thank you, my dear," said the aunt, dryly.

"Oh! I mean nothing disrespectful to yourself, dear aunt," continued Julia,—"You know how much I owe to you, and ought to know that I love you as a mother."

"And would you prefer Miss Miller to a mother, then?"

"Surely not in respect, in gratitude, in obedience; but still I may love her, you know.—Indeed, the feelings are so very different, that they do not at all interfere with each other—in my heart at least."

"No!" said Miss Emmerson, with a little curiosity—"I wish you would try and explain this difference to me, that I may comprehend the distinctions that you are fond of making."

"Why, nothing is easier, dear aunt!" said Julia, with animation. "You I love because you are kind to me, attentive to my wants, considerate for my good; affectionate, and—and—from habit—and you are my aunt, and take care of me."

"Admirable reasons!" exclaimed Charles Weston, who had laid aside his book to listen to this conversation.

"They are forcible ones I must admit," said Miss Emmerson, smiling affectionately on her niece; "but now for the other kind of love."

"Why, Anna is my friend, you know," cried Julia, with eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "I love her, because she has feelings, congenial with my own; she has so much wit, is so amusing, so frank, so like a girl of talents, so like—like every thing I admire myself."

"It is a pity that one so highly gifted cannot furnish herself with frocks," said the aunt, with a little more than her ordinary dryness of manner, "and suffer you to work for those who want them more."

"You forget it is in order to remember me," said Julia, in a manner that spoke her own ideas of the value of the gift.

"One would think such a friendship would not require any thing to remind one of its existence," returned the aunt.

"Why! it is not that she will forget me without it, but that she may have something by her to remind her of me ——" said Julia rapidly, but pausing as the contradiction struck even herself.

"I understand you perfectly, my child," interrupted the aunt, "merely as an unnecessary security, you mean."

"To make assurance doubly sure," cried Charles Weston, with a laugh.

"Oh! you laugh, Mr. Weston," said Julia, with a little anger; "but I have often said, you were incapable of friendship"

"Try me!" exclaimed the youth fervently. "Do not condemn me without a trial."

"How can I?" said Julia, laughing in her turn. "You are not a girl."

"Can girls then only feel friendship?" inquired Charles, taking the seat which Miss Emmerson had relinquished.

"I sometimes think so," said Julia, with her own good-humored smile. "You are too gross—too envious—in short, you never see such friendships between men as exist between women."

"Between girls, I will readily admit," returned the youth. "But let us examine this question after the manner of the courts——"

"Nay, if you talk law, I shall quit you," interrupted the young lady gaily.

"Certainly one so learned in the subject, need not dread a cross examination," cried the youth, in her own manner.

"Well, proceed," cried the lady. "I have driven aunt Margaret from the field, and you will fare no better, I can assure you."

"Men, you say, are too gross to feel a pure friendship; in the first place, please to explain yourself on this point."

"Why, I mean, that your friendships are generally interested; that it requires services and good offices to support it."

"While that of woman depends on —"

"Feeling, alone."

"But what excites this feeling?" asked Charles, with a smile.

"What? why sympathy—and a knowledge of each other's good qualities."

"Then you think Miss Miller has more good qualities than Katherine Emmerson," said Weston.

"When did I ever say so?" cried Julia, in surprise.

"I infer it from your loving her better, merely," returned the young man, with a little of Miss Emmerson's dryness.

"It would be difficult to compare them," said Julia, after a moment's pause. "Katherine is in the world, and has had an opportunity of showing her merit, that Anna has never enjoyed. Katherine is certainly a most excellent girl, and I like her very much; but there is no reason to think that Anna will not prove as fine a young woman as Katherine, when put to the trial."

"Pray," said the young lawyer, with great gravity, "how many of these bosom, these confidential friends, can a young woman have at the same time?"

"One, only one—any more than she could have two lovers," cried Julia, quickly.

"Why then did you find it necessary to take that one from a set, that was untried in the practice of well-doing, when so excellent a subject as your cousin Katherine offered?"

"But Anna, I know, I feel, is every thing that is good and sincere, and our sympathies drew us together. Katherine I loved naturally."

"How naturally?"

"Is it not natural to love your relatives?" said Julia, in surprise.

"No," was the brief answer.

"Surely, Charles Weston, you think me a simpleton. Does not every parent love its child, by natural instinct?"

"No; no more than you love any of your amusements, from instinct. If the parent was present with a child that he did not know to be his own, would instinct, think you, discover their vicinity?"

"Certainly not, if they had never met before; but then, as soon as he knew it to be his, he would love it from nature."

"It is a complicated question, and one that involves a thousand connected feelings," said Charles. "But all love, at least all love of the heart, springs from the causes you mentioned to your aunt—good offices, a dependence on each other, and habit."

"Yes, and nature too," said the young lady, rather positively; "and I contend, that natural love, and love from sympathy, are two distinct things."

"Very different, I allow," said Charles "only I very much doubt the durability of that affection which has no better foundation than fancy."

"You use such queer terms, Charles, that you do not treat the subject fairly. Calling innate evidence of worth, by the name of fancy, is not candid."

"Now, indeed, your own terms puzzle me," said Charles, smiling. "What is innate evidence of worth?"

"Why, a conviction that another possesses all that you esteem, yourself, and is discovered by congenial feelings and natural sympathies."

"Upon my word, Julia, you are quite a casuist, on this subject. Does love, then, between the sexes, depend on this congenial sympathy and innate evidence?"

"Now you talk on a subject that I do not understand," said Julia, blushing; and, catching up the highly prized work, she ran to her own room, leaving the young man in a state of mingled admiration and pity.

CHAPTER II.

An anxious fortnight was passed by Julia Warren, after this conversation, without bringing any tidings from her friend. She watched, with feverish restlessness, each steamboat that passed the door, on its busy way towards the metropolis, and met the servant, each day, at the gate of the lawn, on his return from the city; but it was only to receive added disappointment. At length, Charles Weston good-naturedly offered his own services, laughingly declaring, that his luck was never known to fail; Julia herself had written several long epistles to Anna, and it was now the proper time that some of these should be answered, independently of the thousand promises from her friend, of writing regularly from every post-office that she might pass on her route to the Genessee. But the happy moment had arrived when these disappointments were to cease. As usual, Julia was waiting with eager impatience at the gate, her lovely form occasionally gliding from the shrubbery, to catch a glimpse of the passengers on the highway, when Charles appeared, riding at full gallop towards the house; his whole manner announced success, and Julia sprang into the middle of the road, to take the letter which he extended towards her.

"I knew I should be successful, and it gives me almost as much pleasure as yourself, that I have been so," said the youth, dismounting from

his horse and opening the gate, that his companion might pass.

"Thank you—thank you, dear Charles," said Julia, kindly. "I never can forget how good you are to me—how much you love to oblige not only me, but every one around you. Excuse me now, I have this dear letter to read: another time I will thank you as I ought."

So saying, Julia ran into the summer house, and fastening its door, gave herself up to the pleasure of reading a first letter. Notes and short epistles from her aunt, with divers letters from Anna, written slyly in the schoolroom and slipped into her lap, she was already acquainted with; but of real, genuine letters, stamped by the post-office, rumpled by the mail bags, consecrated by the steamboat, this was certainly the first. This, indeed, was a real letter; rivers rolled, and vast tracts of country lay, between herself and its writer, and that writer was a friend selected on the testimony of innate evidence. It was necessary for Julia to pause and breathe before she could open her letter, and by the time this was done, her busy fancy had clothed both epistle and writer with so much excellence, that she was prepared to peruse the contents with a respect bordering on enthusiasm; every word must be true—every idea purity itself. That our readers may know how accurately at sixteen a brilliant fancy had qualified her to judge, we shall give them the letter entire:

"My Dearest Love,—

"Oh, Julia! here I am, and such a place!—no town, no churches, no Broadway, nothing that can make life desirable; and, I may add, no friend—no body to see and talk with, but papa and mama, and a house full of brothers and sisters. You can't think how I miss you, every minute more and more; but I am not without hopes of persuading pa to let me spend the winter with your aunt in town. I declare it makes me sick every time I think of her sweet house in Park-Place. If I ever marry, and be sure I will, it shall be a man who lives in the city; and next door to my Julia. Oh! how charming that would be. Each of us to have one of those delightful new houses, with the new-fashioned basement stories; we would run in and out at all hours of the day, and it would be so convenient to lend and borrow each other's things. I do not think there is any pleasure under heaven equal to that of wearing things that belong to your friend. Don't you remember how fond I was of wearing your clothes to school, though you were not so fond of changing as myself; but that was no wonder, for pa's stinginess kept me so shabbily dressed, that I was ashamed to let you be seen in them. Oh, Julia! I shall never forget those happy hours; nor you neither. Aprepos—I hope you have not forgot the frock you promised to work for me, to remember you by. I long for it dreadfully, and hope you will send it before the river shuts. I suppose you and Charles Weston do nothing but ride round among those beautiful villas on the island, and take comfort. I do envy you your happiness, I can tell you, for I think any beau better than none, though Mr. Weston is not to my taste. I am going to write you six sheets of paper, for there is nothing that I so delight in as communing with a friend at a distance, especially situated as I am without a soul to say a word to, unless it be my own sisters. Adieu, my ever, ever beloved Julia—be to me as I am to you, a friend indeed, one tried and not found wanting. In haste, your Anna.

"Genessee, June 15, 1816.

"P. S. Don't forget to jog aunt Emmerson's memory about asking me to Park Place.

"P. S. June 25th—Not having yet sent my letter, although I am sure you must be dying with anxiety to hear how we get on, I must add that we have a companion here that would delight you—a Mr. Edward Stanley. What a delightful name! and he is as delightful as his name; his eyes, his nose, his whole countenance are perfect. In short, Julia, he is just such a man as we used to draw in our imagination, at school. He is rich and brave, and I do nothing but talk to him about you. He says he longs to see you; knows you must be handsome, is sure you must be sensible; and feels that you are good. Oh! he is worth a dozen Charles Westons. But you may give my compliments to Mr. Weston, though I don't suppose he ever thinks it worth his while to remember such a chick as me. I should like to hear what he says about me, and I will tell you all Edward Stanley says of you. Once more, adieu. Your letters get here safe, and in due season. I let Edward take a peep at them."

The first time Julia read this letter she was certainly disappointed. It contained no description of the lovely scenery of the west.—The moon had risen, and the sun had set on the lakes of the interior, and Anna had said not one word of either. But the third and fourth time of reading began to afford more pleasure, and at the thirteenth perusal she pronounced it charming. There was evidently much to be understood; vacuums that the fancy could easily fill; and, before Julia had left the summer house, the letter was extended, in her imagination, to the promised six sheets. She walked slowly through the shrubbery towards the house, musing on the contents of her letter, or rather what it might be supposed to contain, and unconsciously repeating to herself, in a low tone—

"Young, handsome, rich, and sensible—just as we used to paint in our conversation. Oh, how delightful!"

"Delightful indeed, to possess all those fine qualities; and who is the happy individual that is so blessed?" asked Charles Weston, who had been lingering in the walks with an umbrella to shield her, on her return, from an approaching shower.

"Oh!" said Julia, starting, "I did not know you were near me. I have been reading Anna's sweet letter," pressing the paper to her bosom as she spoke.

"Doubtless you must be done by this time, Julia, and," pointing to the clouds, "you had better hasten to the house. I knew you would be terrified at the lightning, all alone by yourself in that summer house, so I came to protect you."

"You are very good, Charles; but does it lighten?" said Julia, in terror, and hastening her retreat to the dwelling.

"Your letter must have interested you deeply not to have noticed the thunder—you, who are so timid, and fearful of the flashes."

"Foolishly fearful, you would say, if you were not afraid of hurting my feelings, I know," said Julia.

"It is a natural dread, and therefore not to be laughed at," answered Charles, mildly.

"Then there is a natural fear, but no natural love, Mr. Charles; now you are finely caught," cried Julia, exultingly.

"Well, be it so. With me fear is very natural, and I can almost persuade myself love also."

"I hope you are not a coward, Charles Weston. A cowardly man is very despicable. I could never love a cowardly man," said Julia, laughingly.

"I don't know whether I am what you call a coward," said Charles, gravely; "but when in danger I am always afraid."

The words were hardly uttered before a flash of lightning, followed instantly by a tremendously heavy clap of thunder, nearly stupefied them both. The suddenness of the shock had, for a moment, paralyzed the energy of the youth, while Julia was nearly insensible. Soon recovering himself, however, Charles drew her after him into the house, in time to escape a torrent of rain. The storm was soon over, and their natural fear and surprise, were a source of mirth for Julia. Women are seldom ashamed of their fears, for their fright is thought to be feminine and attractive; but men are less easy under the imputation of terror, as it is thought to indicate an absence of manly qualities.

"Oh! you will never make a hero, Charles," cried Julia, laughing heartily. "It is well you chose the law instead of the army as a profession."

"I don't know," said the youth, a little nettled; "I think I could muster courage to face a bullet."

"But remember that you shut your eyes, and bent nearly double at the flash—now you own all this yourself."

"At least he was candid, and acknowledged his infirmities," said Miss Emerson, who had been listening.

"I think most men would have done as I did, at so heavy and sudden a clap of thunder, and so very near too," said Charles, striving to conceal the uneasiness he felt.

"When apprehension for Julia must have increased your terror," said the aunt kindly.

"Why, no—I rather believe I thought only of myself at the moment," returned Charles; "but then, Julia, you must do me the justice to say, that instantly I thought of the danger of your taking cold, and drew you into the house."

"Oh! you ran from another clap," said Julia, laughing till her dark eyes flashed with pleasure, and shaking her head until her glossy hair fell in ringlets over her shoulders; "you will never make a hero, Charles."

"Do you know any one who would have behaved better, Miss Warren?" said the young man, angrily.

"Yes—why—I don't know. Yes, I have heard of such an one, I think," answered Julia, slightly coloring; "but, dear Charles, excuse my laughter," she continued, holding out her hand; "if you are not a hero, you are very, very good."

But Charles Weston, at the moment, would rather be thought a hero than very, very good; he, therefore, rose and affecting a smile, endeavored to say something trifling as he retired.

"You have mortified Charles," said Miss Emmerson, so soon as he was out of hearing.

"I am sure I hope not," said Julia, with a good deal of anxiety; "he is the last person I would wish to offend, he is so very kind."

"No young man of twenty is pleased with being thought no hero," returned the aunt.

"And yet all are not so," said Julia.

"I hardly know what you mean by a hero; if you mean such men as Washington, Greene, or Warren, all are surely not so. These were heroes in deeds, but others may be equally brave."

"I mean by a hero, a man whose character is unstained by any low or degenerate vices, or even feelings," said Julia, with a little more than her ordinary enthusiasm; "whose courage is as natural as it is daring; who is above fear, except of doing wrong; whose person is an index of his mind, and whose mind is filled with images of glory; that's what I call a hero, aunt."

"Then he must be handsome as well as valiant," said Miss Emerson, with a smile that was hardly perceptible.

"Why that—is—not absolutely material," replied Julia, blushing; "but one would wish to have him handsome, too."

"Oh! by all means; it would render his virtues more striking. But I think you intimated that you knew such a being," returned Miss Emmerson, fixing her mild eyes on Julia in a manner that denoted great interest.

"Did I," said Julia, coloring scarlet; "I am sure I have forgotten—it must be a mistake, surely, dear aunt."

"Very possibly I misunderstood you, my dear," said Miss Emmerson, rising and withdrawing from the room, in apparent indifference to the subject.

Julia continued musing on the dialogue which had passed, and soon had recourse to the letter of her friend, the postscript of which was all, however, that she thought necessary to read: on this she dwelt until the periods were lengthened into paragraphs, each syllable into words, and each letter into syllables.

Anna Miller had furnished the outlines of a picture, that the imagination of Julia had completed. The name of Edward Stanley was repeated internally so often, that she thought it the sweetest name she had ever heard. His eyes, his nose, his countenance, were avowed to be handsome; and her fancy soon gave a color and form to each. He was sensible; how sensible, her friend had not expressly stated; but then the powers of Anna, great as they undoubtedly were, could not compass the mighty extent of so gigantic a mind. Brave, too, Anna had called him. This she must have learnt from acts of desperate courage that he had performed in the war which had so recently terminated; or perhaps he might even have distinguished himself in the presence of Anna, by some exploit of cool and determined daring.—Her heart burned to know all the particulars, but how was she to inquire them. Anna, dear, indiscreet girl, had already shown her letters, and her delicacy shrunk from the exposure of her curiosity to its object. After a multitude of expedients had been adopted and rejected as impracticable, Julia resorted to the course of committing her inquiries to paper, most solemnly enjoining her friend never to expose her weakness to Mr. Stanley. This, thought Julia, she could never do; it would be unjust to me and indelicate in her. So Julia wrote as follows, first seeking her own apartment, and carefully locking the door, that she might devote her whole attention to friendship, and her letter:

"Dearest Anna,—

Your kind letter reach'd me after many an anxious hour spent in expectation, and it repays me ten-fold for all my uneasiness. Surely, Anna, there is no one that can write half so agreeably as yourself. I know there must be a long, long epistle for me on the road, containing those descriptions and incidents you prom-

ised to favor me with; how I long to read them, and to shew them to my aunt Margaret, who, I believe, does not suspect you to be capable of doing that which I know, or rather feel you can. Knowing from any thing but feeling and the innate evidence of our sympathies, seems to me something like heresy in friendship. Oh, Anna! how could you be so cruel as to show my letters to any one, and that to a gentleman and a stranger? I never would have served you so, not even to good Charles Weston, whom I esteem so highly, and who really wants neither judgment nor good-nature, though he is dreadfully deficient in fancy. Yet Charles is a most excellent young man, and I gave him the compliments you desired; he was so much flattered by your notice that he could make no reply, though, I doubt not, he prized the honor as he ought. We are all very happy here, only for the absence of my Anna; but so long as miles of weary roads and endless rivers run between us, perfect happiness can never reign in the breast of your Julia. Anna, I conjure you, by all the sacred delicacy that consecrates our friendship, never to shew this letter, unless you would break my heart: you never will, I am certain, and therefore I will write to my Anna in the unreserved manner in which we conversed, when fate, less cruel than at present, suffered us to live in the sunshine of each other's smiles. You speak of a certain person in your letter, whom, for obvious reasons, I will in future call Antonio. You describe him with the partiality of a friend; but how can I doubt of his being worthy of all that you say, and more—sensible, brave, rich and handsome.—From his name, I suppose, of course, he is well connected. What a constellation of attractions to centre in one man! But you have not told me all—his age, his family, his profession; though I presume he has borne arms in the service of his country, and that his manly breast is already covered with scars of honor. Ah! Anna, "he jests at scars that never felt a wound." But, my dear creature, you say that he talks of me; what under the sun can you find to say of such a poor girl as myself? Though I suppose you have, in the fondness of affection, described my person to him already. I wonder if he likes black eyes and fair complexion.—You can't conceive what a bloom the country has given me; I really begin to look more like a milk-maid than a lady. Dear, good aunt Margaret has been quite sick since you left us, and for two days I was hardly out of her room; this has put me back a little in color, or I should be as ruddy as the morn. But nothing ought ever to tempt me to neglect my aunt, and I hope nothing ever will. Be assured that I shall beg her to write to you to spend the winter with us, for I feel already that without you, life is a perfect blank. You indeed must have something to enliven it with a little in your new companions; but here is nobody, just now, but Charles Weston. Yet he is an excellent companion, and does every thing he can to make us all happy and comfortable. Heigho! how I do wish I could see you, my Anna, and spend one sweet half hour in the confidence of mutual sympathy. But lie quiet, my throbbing heart, the day approaches when I shall meet my friend again, and more than receive a reward for all our griefs. Ah! Anna, never betray your Julia, and write to me, *fully*, *confidingly*, and often. Yours with all the tenderness of friendship that is founded on mutual sympathy, congenial souls, and innate evidence of worth,

JULIA.

"P. S. I should like to know whether Antonio has any scars on his face, and what battles he was in. Only think, my dear, poor Charles Weston was frightened by a clap of thunder—but Charles has an excellent heart."

This letter was written and read, sealed and kissed, when Miss Emerson tapped gently at the door of her neice and begged admission. Julia flew to open it, and received her aunt with the girlish pleasure her presence ever gave her. A few words of introductory matter were exchanged, when, being both seated at their needles again, Miss Emmerson asked—

"To whom have you been writing, my love?"

"To my Anna."

"Do you recollect, my child, that in writing to Miss Mellen you are writing to one out of your own family, and whose interests are different from yours?"

"I do not understand you, aunt," cried Julia in surprise.

"I mean that you should be guarded in your correspondence—tell no secrets out"—

"Tell no secrets to my Anna!" exclaimed the

niece in a species of horror. "That would be a death-blow to our friendship indeed."

"Then let it die," said Miss Emmerson, coolly; "the affection that cannot survive the loss of such an excitement, had better be suffered to expire as soon as possible, or it may raise false expectations."

"Why, dear aunt, in destroying confidence of this nature, you destroy the great object of friendship Who ever heard of a friendship without secrets?"

"I never had a secret in my life," said Miss Emmerson, simply, "and yet I have had many a friend"

"Well," said Julia, "yours must have been queer friends; pray, dear aunt, name one or two of them."

"Your mother was my friend," said Miss Emmerson, with strong emotion, "and I hope her daughter also is one"

"Me, my beloved aunt!" cried Julia, throwing herself into the arms of Miss Emmerson and bursting into tears; "I am more than a friend, I am your child—your daughter."

"Whatever be the name you give it, Julia, you are very near and dear to me," said the aunt tenderly kissing her charge; "but tell me, my love, did you ever feel such emotion in your intercourse with Miss Miller?"

It was some time before Julia could reply; when, having suppressed the burst of her feelings she answered with a smile—

"Oh! that question is not fair. You have brought me up; nursed me in sickness; are kind and good to me; and the idea that you should suppose I did not love you, was dreadful—But you know I do."

"I firmly believe so, my child; it is you that I would have know what it is that you love: I am satisfied for myself. I repeat, did Anna Miller ever excite such emotions?"

"Certainly not: my love to you is natural; but my friendship for Anna rests on sympathy and a perfect knowledge of her character."

"I am glad, however, that you know her so well, since you are so intimate. What testimony have you of all this excellence?"

"Innate evidence. I see it—I feel it—Yes, that is the best testimony—I feel her good qualities. Yes, my friendship for Anna forms the spring of my existence; while any accident or evil to you would afflict me the same as if done to myself—this is pure nature, you know."

"I know it is pleasing to learn it, come from what it will," said the aunt, smiling, and rising to withdraw.

CHAPTER III.

Several days passed after this conversation, in the ordinary quiet of a well regulated family.—Notwithstanding the house of Miss Emmerson stood in the midst of the numberless villas that adorn Manhattan Island, the habits of its mistress were retiring and domestic. Julia was not of an age to mingle much in society, and Anna had furnished her with a theme for her meditations, that rather rendered her averse to the confusion of company. Her mind was constantly employed in canvassing the qualities of the unseen Antonio. Her friend had furnished her with a catalogue of his perfections in gross, which her active thoughts were busily arranging into form and substance. But little practised in the world or its disappointments, the visionary girl had already figured to herself a person to suit these qualities, and the animal was no less pleasing, than the moral being of her fancy.—What principally delighted Julia in these contemplations on the acquaintance of Anna, was the strong inclination he had expressed to know herself. This flattered her tendency to believe in the strength of mutual sympathy, and the efficacy of innate evidence of merit. In the midst of this pleasing employment of her fancy, she received a second letter from her friend, in answer to the one we have already given to our readers; it was couched in the following words:

"My own dear Julia, my friend,

"I received your letter with the pleasure I shall always hear from you, and am truly obliged to you for your kind offer to make interest with your aunt to have me spend the winter in town. To be with you is the greatest pleasure I have on earth; besides as I know I can write to you as freely as I can think, one can readily tell what a tiresome place this must be to pass a winter in. There are, absolutely, but three young men in the whole county who can be thought in any manner as proper matches for us; and one has no chance here of forming such an association as to give a girl an opportunity of meeting with

her congenial spirit. So that I hope and trust your desire to see me will continue as strong as mine ever will be to see my Julia. You say that I have forgotten to give you the description of our journey and of the lakes that I promised to send you. No, my Julia, I have not forgotten the promise nor you; but the thought of enjoying such happiness without your dear company, has been too painful to dwell upon. Of this you may judge yourself. Our first journey was made in a steamboat to Albany; she is a moving world. The vessel ploughs through the billowy waters in onward progress, and the soul is left in silent harmony to enjoy the change. The passage of the Highlands is most delightful.—Figure to yourself, my Julia, the rushing waters, lessening from their expanded width to the degeneracy of the stagnant pool—rocks rise ón rocks, in overhanging mountains, until the weary eye, refusing its natural office, yields to the fancy what its feeble powers can never conquer.—Clouds impend over their summits and the thoughts pierce the vast abyss. Ah! Julia, these are moments of awful romance; how the soul longs for the consolations of friendship. Albany is one of the most picturesque places in the world; situated most delightfully on the banks of the Hudson, which here meanders in sylvan beauty through meadows of evergreen and desert islands. Words are wanting to paint the melancholy beauty of the ride to Schenectady, through gloomy forests, where the silvery pine waves in solemn grandeur to the sighings of Eolus, while Boreas threatens in vain their firm rooted trunks. But the lakes! Ah! Julia—the lakes! The most beautiful is the Seneca named after a Grecian King. The limpid water, ne'er ruffled by the rude breathings of the wind, shines with golden tints with the homage of the rising sun, while the light barque gallantly lashes the surge, rocking before the propelling gale, and forcibly brings to the appalled mind the fleeting hours of time. But I must pause—my pen refuses to do justice to the subject, and the remainder will furnish us hours of conversation during the tedious moments of the delightful visit to Park-Place. You speak of Antonio—dear girl, with me the secret is hallowed. He is yet here; his whole thoughts are of Julia—from my description only, he has drawn your picture which is the most striking in the world; and nothing can tear the dear emblem from his keeping. He called here yesterday in his phaeton, and insisted on my riding a few short miles in his company: I assented, for I knew it was to talk of my friend. He already feels your worth, and he handed me the following verses, which he begged me to offer as the sincere homage of his heart. He intends accompanying my father and me to town next winter—provided I go.

"Oh! charming image of an ardess fair,
Whose eyes, with lightning, fire the very soul;
Whose face portrays the mind, and ebon hair
Gives grace and harmony unto the whole.

"In vain I gaze entranc'd, in vain deplore,
The leagues that roll between the maid and me;
Lonely I wander on the desert shore,
And Julia's lovely form can never see.

"But fly ye fleeting hours, I beg ye fly,
And bring the time when Anna seeks her friend;
Haste—Oh haste, or Edward sure must die.
Arrive—and quickly Edward's sorrows end."

"I know that you will think with me, that these lines are beautiful, and merely a faint image of his manly heart. In the course of our ride, during which he did nothing but converse on your beauty and merit, he gave me a detailed narrative of his life. It was long, but I can do no less than favor you with an abridgement of it. Edward Stanley was early left an orphan; no father's guardian eye directed his footsteps; no mother's fostering care cherished his infancy.—His estate was princely, and his family noble, being a wronged branch of an English potentate. During his early youth he had to contend against the machinations of a malignant uncle, who would have robbed him of large possessions, and left him in black despair, to have eaten the bread of penury. His courage and understanding however, conquered this difficulty, and at the age of fourteen he was quietly admitted to an university. Here he continued peacefully to wander amid the academic bowers, until the blast of war rung in his ears, and called him to the field of honor. Edward was ever foremost in the hour of danger. It was his fate to meet the enemy often, and as often did "he pluck honor from the pale-faced moon." He fought at Chippewa—bled at the side of the gallant Lawrence—and nearly laid down his life on the ensanguined plains of Marengo. But it would be a fruitless task to include all the scenes of his danger and glory. Thanks to the kind fates which shield the life of the brave, he yet lives to adore

my Julia. That you may be as happy as you deserve, and happier than your heart-stricken friend, is the constant prayer of your

ANNA."

P. S. Write me soon, and make my very best respects to your aunt. It was laughable enough that Charles Weston should be afraid of a flash of lightning. I mentioned it to Antonio, who cried, while manly indignation clouded his brow, 'chill penury repressed his noble rage, and froze the genial current of his soul.' However, say nothing to Charles about it, I charge you."

Julia fairly gasped for breath as she read this epistle: her very soul was entranced by the song. Whatever of seeming contradiction there might be in the letter of her friend, her active mind soon reconciled. She was now really beloved and in a manner most grateful to her heart—by the sole power of sympathy and congenial feeling.—Whatever might be the adoration of Edward Stanley, it was more than equalled by the admiration of this amiable girl. Her very soul seemed to her to be devoted to his worship; she thought of him constantly, and pictured out his various distresses and dangers; she wept at his sufferings, and rejoiced in his prosperity—and all this in the short space of one hour. Julia was yet in the midst of this tumult of feeling, when another letter was placed in her hands, and on opening it she read as follows:

"DEAR JULIA.

I should have remembered my promise, and come out and spent the week with you, had not one of Mary's little boys been quite sick; of course I went to her until he recovered. But if you will ask aunt Margaret to send for me, I will come to-morrow with great pleasure, for I am sure you must find it solitary, now Miss Miller has left you. Tell aunt to send by the servant a list of such books as she wants froom Goodrich's, and I will get them for her, or indeed any thing else that I can do for her or you. Give my love to aunt, and tell her that, knowing her eyes are beginniug to fail, I have worked her a cap, which I shall bring with me. Mamma desires her love to you both, and believe me to be affectionately your cousin,

KATHERINE EMMERSON."

This was well enough,—but as it was merely a letter of business, one perusal, and that somewhat a hasty one, was sufficient. Julia loved its writer more than she suspected herself, but there was nothing in her manner or character that seemed calculated to excite strong emotion. In short, all her excellencies were so evident that nothing was left dependent on innate evidence; and our heroine seldom dwelt with pleasure on any character that did not give scope to her imagination. In whatever light she viewed the conduct or disposition of her cousin, she was met by obstinate facts that admitted of no cavil nor of any exaggeration.

Turning quickly, therefore, from this barren contemplation to one better suited to her inclinations, Julia's thoughts resumed the agreeable reverie from which she had been awakened.—She could also paint, and after twenty trials she at length sketched an outline of the figure of a a man that answered to Anna's description, and satisfied her own eye. Without being conscious of the theft, she had copied from a print of Apollo, and clothed it in the uniform which Bonaparte is said to have worn. A small scar was traced on the cheek in such a manner that although it might be fancied as the ravages of a bullet, it admirably answered all purposes of a dimple. Two epaulettes graced the shoulders of the hero; and before the picture was done, although it was somewhat at variance with republican principles, an aristocratical star glittered on its breast. Had he his birthright, thought Julia, it would be there in reality; and this idea amply justified the innovation. To this image, which it took several days to complete, certain verses were addressed also, but they were never submitted to the confidence of her friend. The whole subject was now beginning to be too sacred even for such a communication; and as the mind of Julia every hour became more entranced with its new master, her delicacy shrunk from an exposure of her weakness; it was getting too serious for the light compositions of epistolary correspondence.

We furnish a copy of the lines, as they are not only indicative of her feelings, but may give the reader some idea of the powers of her imagination.

"Beloved image of a god-like mind,
In sacred privacy thy power I feel;
What bright perfection in thy form's combined!
How sure to injure, and how kind to heal.

"Thine eagle eye bedazzles e'en the brain,
Thy gallant brow bespeaks the front of Jove;

While smiles enchant me, tears in torrents rain,
And each seductive charm impels to love.

"Ah! hapless maid, why daring dost thou prove
The hidden dangers of the urchin's dart;
Why fix thine eye on this, the god of love,
And heedless think thee to retain thy heart?"

This was but one of the fifty similar effusions, in which Julia poured forth her soul. The flame was kept alive by frequent letters from her friend, in all of which she dwelt with rapture on the moment of their re-union, and never failed to mention Antonio in a manner that added new fuel to the fire that had already began to consume Julia, and, in some degree, to undermine her health, at least she thought so.

In the mean time Katherine Emmerson paid her promised visit to her friends, and our heroine was in some degree drawn from her musings on love and friendship. The manners of this young lady were conspicuously natural; she had a confirmed habit of calling things by their right names, and never dwelt in the least in superlatives. Her affections seemed centered in the members of her own family; nor had she ever given Julia the least reason to believe she prefered her to her own sister, notwithstanding that sister was married, and beyond the years of romance. Yet Julia loved her cousin, and was hardly ever melancholy, or out of spirits when in her company. The cheerful and affectionate good humor of Katherine was catching, and all were pleased with her, although but few discovered the reason. Charles Weston soon forgot his displeasure, and with the exception of Julia's hidden uneasiness, the house was one quiet scene of peaceful content. The party were sitting at their work the day after the arrival of Katherine, when Julia thought it a good opportunity to intimate her wish to have the society of her friend during the ensuing winter.

"Why did Mr. Miller give up his house in town, I wonder?" said Julia; "I am sure it was inconsiderate to his family."

"Rather say, my child, that it was in consideration to his children that he did so," observed Miss Emerson; "his finances would not bear the expense, and suffer him to provide for his family after his death."

"I am sure a little money might be spent now, to indulge his children in society, and they would be satisfied with less hereafter," continued Julia. "Mr. Miller must be rich; and think, aunt, he has seven grown up daughters that he has dragged with him into the wilderness; only think, Katherine, how solitary they must be."

"Had I six sisters I could be solitary nowhere," said Katherine, simply; "besides, I understand that the country where Mr. Miller resides is beautiful and populous."

"Oh! there are men and women enough, I dare say," cried Julia; "and the family is large—eleven in the whole; but they must feel the want of friends in such a retired place."

"What, with six sisters!" said Katherine, laughing and shaking her head.

"There's a difference between a sister and a friend, you know," said Julia, a little surprised.

"I—indeed I have yet to learn that," exclaimed the other in a little more astonishment.

"Why you feel affection for your sisters from nature and habit; but friendship is voluntary, spontaneous, and a much stronger feeling—friendship is a sentiment."

"And cannot one feel this sentiment, as you call it, for a sister?" asked Katherine, smiling.

"I should think not," returned Julia, musing; "I never had a sister; but it appears to me that the very familiarity of sisters would be destructive to friendship."

"Why, I thought it was the confidence—the familiarity—the secrets—which form the very essence of friendship," cried Katherine; "at least so I have always heard."

"True," said Julia, eagerly, "you speak true—the confidence and the secrets—but not the—the—I am not sure that I express myself well—but the intimate knowledge that one has of one's own sister—that I should think would be destructive to the delicacy of friendship."

"Julia means that a prophet has never honor in his own country," cried Charles with a laugh—"a somewhat doubtful compliment to your sex, ladies, under her application of it."

"But what becomes of your innate evidence of worth in friendship," asked Miss Emmerson; I thought that was the most infallible of all kinds of testimony: surely that must bring you intimately acquainted with each other's secret foibles too."

"Oh! no—that is a species of sentimental knowledge," returned Julia; "it only dwells on the loftier parts of the character, and never descends to the minute knowledge which makes us suffer so much in each other's estimation; it

leaves all these to be filled by the—by the—by the—what shall I call it?"

"Imagination," said Katherine, dryly.

"Well, by the imagination then; but it is an imagination that is purified by sentiment, and———"

"Already rendered partial by the innate evidence of worth," interrupted Charles.

Julia had lost herself in the mazes of her own ideas, and changed the subject under secret suspicion that her companions were amusing themselves at her expense; she, therefore, proceeded directly to urge the request of Anna Miller.

"Oh! aunt, now we are on the subject of friends, I wish to request that you would authorize me to invite my Anna to pass the next winter with us in Park Place."

"I confess, my love," said Miss Emmerson, glancing her eye at Katherine, "that I had different views for ourselves next winter; has not Miss Miller a married sister living in town?"

"Yes, but she has positively refused to ask the dear girl, I know," said Julia. "Anna is not a favorite with her sister."

"Very odd that," said the aunt gravely: "there must be some reason for her dislike then; what can be the cause of this unusual distaste for each other?"

"Oh!" cried Julia, "it is all the fault of Mrs. Welton; they quarrelled about something, I don't know what, but Anna assures me Mrs. Welton is entirely in fault."

"Indeed!—and you are perfectly sure that Mrs. Welton is in fault—perhaps Anna has, however, laid too strong a stress upon the error of her sister," observed the aunt.

"Oh! not at all, dear aunt. I can assure you, on my own knowledge," continued Julia, "Anna was anxious for a reconciliation, and offered to come and spend the winter with her sister, but Mrs. Welton declared positively that she would not have so selfish a creature round her children; now this Anna told me herself one day, and wept nearly to break her heart at the time."

"Perhaps Mrs. Welton was right then," said Miss Emmerson, "and prudence, if not some other reason, justified her refusal."

"How can you say so, dear aunt?" interupted Julia with a little impatience, "when I tell you that Anna herself—my Anna, told me with her own lips, here in this very house, that Mrs Welton was entirely to blame, and that she had never done any thing in her life to justify the treatment or the remark—now Anna told me this with her own mouth."

As Julia spoke, the ardor of her feelings brought the color to her cheeks and an animation to her eyes that rendered her doubly handsome; and Charles Weston, who had watched her varying countenance with delight, sighed as she concluded, and rising, left the room.

"I understand that your father intends spending his winter in Carolina, for his health; said Miss Emmerson to Katherine.

"Yes," returned the other in a low tone, and bending over her work to conceal her feelings; "mother has persuaded him to avoid our winter."

"And you are to be left behind?"

"I am afraid so," was the modest reply.

"And your brother and sister go to Washington together?"

"That is the arrangement, I believe."

Miss Emmerson said no more, but she turned an expressive look on her ward, which Julia was too much occupied to notice. The illness of her father, and the prospect of a long separation from her sister, were too much for the fortitude of Katherine at any time, and hastily gathering her work in her hand, she left the room just in time to prevent the tears which streamed down her cheeks from meeting the eyes of her companions.

"We ought to ask Katherine to make one of our family, in the absence of her mother and sister," said Miss Emmerson as soon as the door was closed.

"Ah! yes," cried Julia, fervently, "by all means: poor Katherine, how solitary she would be any where else—I will go this instant and ask her."

"But—stop a moment, my love; you will remember that we have not room for more than one guest. If Katherine is asked, Miss Miller cannot be invited. Let us look at what we are about, and leave nothing to repent of hereafter."

"Ah! it is true," said Julia, re-seating herself in great disappointment; "where will poor Katherine stay then?"

"I know my brother expects that I will take her under my charge; and, indeed, I think he has a right to ask it of me."

"But she has no such right as my dear Anna,

who is my bosom friend, you know. Katherine has a right here, it is true, but it is only such a right———"

"As your own," interrupted the aunt gravely, "you are the daughter of my sister, and Katherine is the daughter of my brother."

"True—true—if it be right, lawful right, that is to decide it, then Katherine must come, I suppose," said Julia, a little piqued.

"Let us proceed with caution, my love," said Miss Emmerson, kissing her niece—"Do you postpone your invitation until September, when, if you continue of the same mind, we will give Anna the desired invitation; in the meanwhile prepare yourself for what I know will be a most agreeable surprise."

THE MONASTERY.

[Contributed to the Boston Notion.]

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

An ancient convent stands in tranquil grace
Beside the sea at Ætna's verdant base;
Wild heaps of lava this fair scene enfold
Like ebon billows frozen as they rolled:
The old volcano's snowy brow by day
Tempers the breezes in their sultry play;
Now the fierce crater-flames blaze high and far,
And now they sleep beneath the morning star,
While rising smoke-wreathes tinge the sunny glare,
And float like banners through the lucid air.
Down the wide slope arched by a cloudless sky,
Unnumbered hamlets cheer the stranger's eye,
While vineyards spread around, with yellow cane,
The straggling cactus and broad fields of grain;
Catania's domes thence stretch along the vale
To the blue waters, flecked with many a sail.

Science and Art in this serene retreat,
Weave varied charms to stay the wanderer's feet;
Here are rich tomes of quaint and sacred lore,
Rare trophies gleaned from distant sea and shore;
And men of noble birth and studious frame,
Blighted in love or sick of fortune's game,
Have gathered there to muse long years away,
And heal the chafing of their bonds of clay
With music, books and flowers,—converse sweet
Of bards whose wisdom makes the moments fleet,
Calm orisons at eve and break of day,
And peaceful graves where they were wont to pray.

You enter by a temple; down the aisles
Through painted glass the chastened sun-light smiles,
And its clear beams in full refulgence pour
From the high dome, upon the marble floor.
O'er every altar saintly legends glow,
By the soft gleam of silver lamps below,
From every gilded niche and pillared shrine
Starts the pale statue of some form divine;
Brave martyrs writhe, yet smile in patient love,
With fiends beside, and cherubims above;
Beneath, worn tablets, guard man's honored dust,
On high a cross proclaims his spirit's trust;
While from the organ solemn anthems roll
Through the vast pile, to wake the living soul.

Pass to the garden;—on the orange trees
Blossoms and fruit perfume the vagrant breeze;
The cassia's velvet leaves serenely wave
Over a sage's bust, the gold-fish lave
Their glistening scales in vases broad and clear,
And often to the mossy brim draw near,
To cluster gravely like a council band,
Or catch the crumbs from some old friar's hand.
Vistas of living green cool twilight keep,
Where chequered sunbeams tremulously sleep;
The grateful flutter of the citron trees,
The plash of founts and murmuring of bees,
Birds in the foliage and the passing song
Of the bland peasant carolling along,
With some faint echo of a vesper strain
Floating from cell or shrine,—no other sound
Invades the silence of this Floral ground.

I sat there in the noontide, and methought
There was a spell by gentle spirits wrought
To consecrate the place; such scenes will creep
Into the weary bosom like a sleep,
To nerve our fainting courage and impart
Primeval freshness to the baffled heart.
There is a wisdom in communion lone
With earth's enchantments, every hue and tone
Comes to the sense benignly, care is mute,
And Passion's trumpet yields to Fancy's lute.
O were it not for Love—that deepest thirst,
So slow to quench, and Hope's inciting trust,
To thoughtful souls how heavenly a lot
To dwell secluded in this pleasant spot,
Nursed in the lap of beauty and imbued
With all the mystic charms of solitude!

THE INTELLECTUAL REPUBLIC.

THE PRIZE POEM WRITTEN FOR AND DELIVERED BEFORE THE BOSTON LYCEUM.

BY THOMAS W. PARSONS, JR.

We have been favored by the officers of the Boston Lyceum,—an institution which takes a prominent rank among the literary societies of the city—with the poem which obtained the prize of fifty dollars offered by the Lyceum, for the best poetical production. The number of writers for the prize was thirty-one. Their poems were submitted to a committee of literary gentlemen consisting of Messrs. F. C. Gray, Geo. S. Hillard, and Charles Sumner, and the prize was unanimously awarded to Mr. Parsons, —his performance deserving, in their opinion, the highest rank, "from its vigor and originality of thought, its poetical tone, and the felicity of some of its illustrations." The poem was pronounced before the Lyceum at the commencement of its exercises this season, and a desire was expressed at the time that it should be published. We think that it will lose nothing by publication, and will amply repay perusal. The author evidently possesses a highly educated and classical mind, and will undoubtedly produce much which the public "will not willingly let die," if he continue his courtship of the muses. We would return our thanks to G. W. Coffin, Esq. the Secretary of the Lyceum, and the other gentlemen, who favored us with the copy.

Already graced with Bravery's martial crown,
Our young republic pants for fresh renown;
When idle Prowess finds no scene for fame,
Some loftier glory beams in Virtue's name;
Reposing valor wantons in a trance
Of calm philosophy, or gay romance;
Refinement blooms, and Wisdom claims the wreath
Which Nestor's hairs—not scars are hid beneath.
One intellectual, one heroic age,
Must shine on every state's historic page.
Now madd'ning nations quit their tranquil farms
To swell the fight—a universe in arms!
Now Strife, his work beginning to abhor,
Bids tired Augustus close the gates of War;
Hushed is the trump—a milder sway succeeds,
While peaceful Georgics wake the Mantuan reeds.
Such days beheld the stoic porch arise,
With Academia's garden of the wise;
Then Epicurus taught his gentle train
The dulcet musings of a doubtful brain,
And Plato—bee-lipped oracle! beguiled
His loved Lyceum, listening like a child.
Thus eras change, and such a change is ours;
So waning winter dies at last in flowers.
Forth springs the godlike intellect, unchained;
Guard it, good angels! keep it unprofaned;
Guide it, lest lured by politics or gold,
Its rights be bartered, and its empire sold.
Wide spreads the rule of educated men,
Swift as the conquests of the Corsican;
No let, no limit to its march sublime,
In space, save ocean—in duration, Time.
Haply some fearful prophet may contend,
So swift its progress that it soon must end;
No—like Niagara's changeless current whirled,
It moves—yet stays, eternal as the world;
That mighty torrent, in its angry play,
Forever flows, but never flows away;
Unaltered still, it rushes and it roars,
Each moment losing what the next restores;
The waves you gazed at yesterday, are gone,
Yet the same restless deluge plunges on.
As crumble Custom's mouldering chains away,
Power's gilded idol turns to common clay.
Heart flies to heart, no longer Reason heeds
The weak resistance of established creeds;
Tradition totters from her misty throne,
And all the impostures of the past are known.

Hardly can we lend credence to the tale
Of their long woes who first rent Error's veil;
What royal spite, what curses from the Church
Scared the pale scholar in his cloistered search;
How many from themselves their visions hid,
Or friendless, exiled, outcast and forbid,
Like Dante, scaling with dejected tread
A tyrant's staircase, broke a tyrant's bread!
Our tutored minds familiar ways explore,
Th' immortal pioneers have gone before.
As the worn bark, no more to storms a sport,
Just wins her entrance to the opening port,
Shallows and reefs the timid master fears,
And with contracted canvas anxious steers;
Till, to the pilot yielding up the helm,
He stands a subject in his floating realm:
Submiss, the seamen their new chief obey,
And wind confiding on their shoaly way.
Like them we wander, safely gliding by
Opinion's thousand wrecks that round us lie.
Not thus were you, ye leader spirits! taught
A pathway, beaconed through the wilds of thought.
For you no Newton yet had poised the world,
No sage La Place heaven's glittering leaves unfurled;
But each suspicion of the truth was born
A dim conjecture, heralding the morn.
Hence, from his height bewildered Kepler strayed,
To toy with vain Chaldaea's mystic trade,
And sought in yon blue labyrinth to behold
Man's life and fortunes lustrously foretold.
So Danish Tycho's heavenly city swarmed
With crudest phantasies and dreams deformed.
But now the Soul, from ancient falsehood woke,
Abjures old Superstition's rotten yoke:
No wrathful threat in Nature's thunder fears,
No fate foreboded in the falling spheres.
All fables, Fancy's fond impertinence,
Fade from the cold arithmetic of Sense:
No jocund Fauns through copse or prairie rove,
No dripping Naiads haunt the godless grove;
And had no holier, new Religion given
More certain tokens of a purer heaven,
By fount, and rock, and wave-complaining shore
Nothing were left to dream of and adore.
Now to Truth's courts, a never faltering throng
Thy torch, O Science! lights and leads along.
No sluggard sons this age of labor owns,
In earth's great workshop solitary drones,
But every mind the general task must share,
Brave the long toil and mingle in the care,
In love with Knowledge, that alone can be
Our country's hope—sole safeguard of the free.

FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

[Contributed to the Boston Notion.]

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Among the flowers of sentiment
Which forms this bright bouquet,
The humble tribute I present,
May claim a place—for it I meant
My friendship to pourtray.
But be it not, I pray, united
With hyacinth or yew,
Emblems, alas! of friendship slighted,
Of pure affection unrequited.
And cold indifference too.

But let the offspring bloom beside
The muse's eglantine,
Between the lilac's purple pride,
And one more delicately dyed,
The fragrant jessamine;
For me, in these, the emblem trace
Of poesy and youth,
And that inestimable grace
Which guards the heart, and lights the face
Of modesty and truth.

The constant myrtle may be near,
The timid violet too,
The amaranth to virtue dear,
And the sweet rose, which all revere,
Of thee, an emblem true.
But let no cold *Narcissus* bloom,
Dear maid, to blight the rest,
For ah! *self-love* is sure to doom
Our virtues to an early tomb,
If cherished in the breast.

A LEGEND OF THE SUSQUEHANNAH.

[Contributed to the Boston Notion.]

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

The sunset casts its farewell sheen
Upon a lovely forest scene:
The hill-slope shows its trunk strew'd mass
  Heap'd for the fallow-blaze;
Here is the hollow's lap of grass,
  And there the sprouting maize.
A cluster of low roofs are prest
Against the mountain's leaning breast,
But each rude porch is clos'd and barr'd:
  For tenderest Youth and Age alone
Are left those humble roofs to guard,
  Till day resumes his blazing throne.
Where deepest shade the forest flings,
  The hunters seek that forest's game,
Men, tireless as the eagle's wings,
  Of dauntless heart, and iron frame.

The sunset's golden colors fade,
Creeps o'er the sky Night's dark'ning shade,
Their pointed tops the cedars rear
Against the starlight bright and clear,
The fire-fly shuts and opes its gleam,
  The cricket chirps—the lizard whirrs,
And hark! the panther's distant scream
  Thrills from the mountain's topmost firs:
From the dead hemlock's cavern'd root
The grey owl sends his dismal hoot,
And melancholy on the hill
Whistles the sorrowing whippoorwill.

What forms are those that crouch and creep
Around those roofs of happy sleep?
The dim light falling from the sky
  Displays the tomahawk and knife:
Awake! awake! within, that lie
  In guardless rest, and arm for strife!
In vain—before each lowly porch
The savage grasps his glaring torch.
One moment—then the war-whoops swell
Wild, fierce, terrific, yell on yell—
With blood cold curdling to the heart,
The inmates from their slumbers start,
They wake, to hear the crackling flames
Climbing around their dwelling-frames,
To see within the ruddy glare,
The fierce foe mocking their despair:
The mother clasps her shrivelling child
And shrieks her anguish shrill and wild,
In strangling wreaths the old sire dies,
They hush the maiden's frantic cries,
And matron gray and youthful bride,
Burn in slow tortures side by side.

What mean those clouds of rising smoke
  That streak the morning's dappled sky?
Alas, the ghastly sight that broke
  Upon each hunter's home-turn'd eye!
A heap of smouldering ashes now
Is strew'd beneath the mountain's brow,
While cinder'd bones and limbs round spread
In blacken'd fragments tell the dead.

Another sunset's slanting beam
Glows on a swift and swollen stream,
Bearing along, huge, dark and grim,
The swept wrecks of its forest brim;
Whilst now and then a giant trunk
  With branching head and high fork'd roots,
Half in the boiling Waters sunk,
  Rocking and dashing, onward shoots;
In the strong eddies now it twirls
Held upright by the giddy whirls,
Then launch'd again, it forward leaps,
And down the madden'd current sweeps.

Above the rift, a fairy isle
  Sits green upon that angry flood,
It shines there like a pleasant smile,
  'Mid passion's fiercest mood:
In that wild river's summer flow,
When nought but ripples murmur low,
The otter seeks its shelving sides,
In its green nooks the muskrat hides,
The sheldrake shrouds his splendid plumes
Within its pools of leafy glooms,
While shows the marge its lily-robes
Of oval leaves and golden globes.

From that sweet isle the chant and shout
Upon the soft spring air, ring out;
The dance hath ceas'd—the sparkling bowl
Drowns in its tide each savage soul,
In their late deed of bloodiest hate
With joyful feast they celebrate.

Thick trees are on that islet green,
And tangled brushwood clothes the scene,
No verdure yet hath rob'd the sprays,
  The sun and wind their strength have dried,

Until a spark might whelm in laze
That fairy islet's forest pride.

Night darkly came—tall stalwart frames
To the stream's marge in silence drew,
And every brawny shoulder claims
Its burthen in a light canoe.
What though the floods are sweeping past
Like clouds before the whirling blast,
The hunters quail not to their rage,
Thoughts not of fear their minds engage,
But deep revenge on those that shed
Such bitter sorrow on their head.

The barks are launch'd—they plunge and toss—
Like bubbles on the wave are cast—
But strong arms urge their flight across
They reach the isle at last.
They listen—loud the ceaseless crash
With which the rapids onward dash,
And deep the rumbling steady roar
With which they plunge some barrier o'er,
But on that isle no human sound
Breaks the stern stillness brooding round,
At intervals the flitting breeze
Would draw low sobbings from the trees
And fitfully the tinkling note
Of the night-swallow by them float;
While ceasless groan'd the deep-mouth'd frog
From every marge and slimy log.

Exhausted with their orgies, prone
On earth each savage form is thrown,
With not a guardian eye to keep
Its watch above that helpless sleep.

At narrow spaces round the isle
Each wary hunter rears his pile;
Form'd of the leaves and branches cast
Beneath in myriads by the blast,
The loose dry masses stand on high,
The smitten flints the sparks supply;
Like lightning dart the kindled gleams,
Each pyre a glowing furnace seems,
And guided by the glare, once more
The barks are pointed to the shore.

High towers the smoke in black'ning clouds
They veil the clustering stars like shrouds;
Through that thick pall glow streaks of red,
To lurid masses quick they spread,
Each tree points up, a crimson spire.
Beneath fierce rolling surges gleam
Until a glaring isle of fire
Crackles and roars upon the stream.
Keen ears are listening on the shore
With vengeful joy to that dread roar,
And watchful eyes beholding there
Those billows tossing in the air.
Once to their sight a figure came,
Wrapp'd in a sheet of clinging flame,
And with a horrid piercing scream,
Plung'd headlong in the dashing stream.

Morn glows—there is a brooding pall
Over that islet shrouding all—
The pigeon from his perch on shore
His monotone coos o'er and o'er—
The thresher in the tamarack
Calls echo up in varied sound,
And gliding on his runway-track
The shy deer seeks his grazing-ground.
Tones on the sprays, scents on the winds,
Each thing of Nature, pleasure finds
In the bright beams—the sweet bla
Save that black smoking is
Which seems a spectre of deep
Amidst the general smile.

Albany, N. Y.

THE COQUETTE—A TRANSLATED SONG.

[Contributed to the Boston Notion.]

BY J. T. FIELDS.

So, gilded serpent! sting, and smile,
And charm, and cheat the lying world,
Which scorns thy power, yet dreads the while
That haughty lip with passion curled!

Away! there's one who will not bow,—
Though feeling mock, and spurn control,—
Hence! painted idol! even now
He tears thine image from his soul!

THE FREQUENT VISIT.

[Contributed to the Boston Notion.]

BY I. M'LELLAN, JR.

'I visit,' said the good Mr C— to the writer, 'I visit almost daily the grave of my beloved wife. I stand by the iron gate of the churchyard and look in upon the spot; now white with the snows of winter, which holds her remains. The snows all untrodden around, are emblems to me of her own purity. In my heart I never fail to thank God that he gave me so kind a companion for the long space of forty-three years. Although when I lost her I would have given worlds, were they in my gift, to have retained her here on earth, yet now when I reflect upon her present happiness, I would not for worlds reclaim her from the bright and better land to which she has journeyed.'—

Cold and white the snows are spread
Dearest! o'er thy narrow bed—
But the wintry hail and rain
O'er thy dwelling beat in vain.
In this bleak and frozen ground
Only thy poor dust is bound—
Thou art far beyond the skies,
In the walks of paradise.
Spotless spirit! bliss divine
In that better land is thine.

Now the shadows and the gloom
Of the earth and of the tomb
Once around thy spirit cast
Have forever from thee passed.
And methinks I see thee move
Thro' those golden gates above.
In that Heavenly City now
Shines thy brightly-beaming brow,
And the crown worn by the Blest
Closely to that brow is prest.

Round thee radiant garments flow
Purer than this gleaming snow.
Smiling, thou dost join the throng,
Moving with angelic song
Thro' the golden courts so fair
O'er the pearly pavements there!
Loud they strike their harps of praise,
Loud their choral anthems raise,
Swelling the melodious hymn
Of the winged Seraphim!

With the wise and with the good
Who have perished since the flood,
Prophets, Priests, and Kings of old,
Long since crumbled to the mould,
Martyrs, tortured with the steel,
Broken on the cross and wheel,
Saints of every clime and age
Stained by wild barbaric rage,
Thou dost now in glory meet
Mingling in communion sweet.

Dearest! still methinks I see
Thy soft smile cast down to me!
Thou dost wave thy angel hand,
Beckoning to the spirit-land.
Thou dost ever by me keep,
Watching when I wake or sleep,
Wafted from immortal streams
To commingle with my dreams,
Mourning o'er me sick or sad,
And rejoicing with me glad!

Gentle pilgrim of the sky!
Casting staff and burden by,
Thou exchangest life's hard road
For the presence of thy God.
But a few more years of life,
Earthly troubles, toils and strife,
And this body, freed from pain,
Will repose with thee again—
And this spirit will arise
To be with thine in the skies!

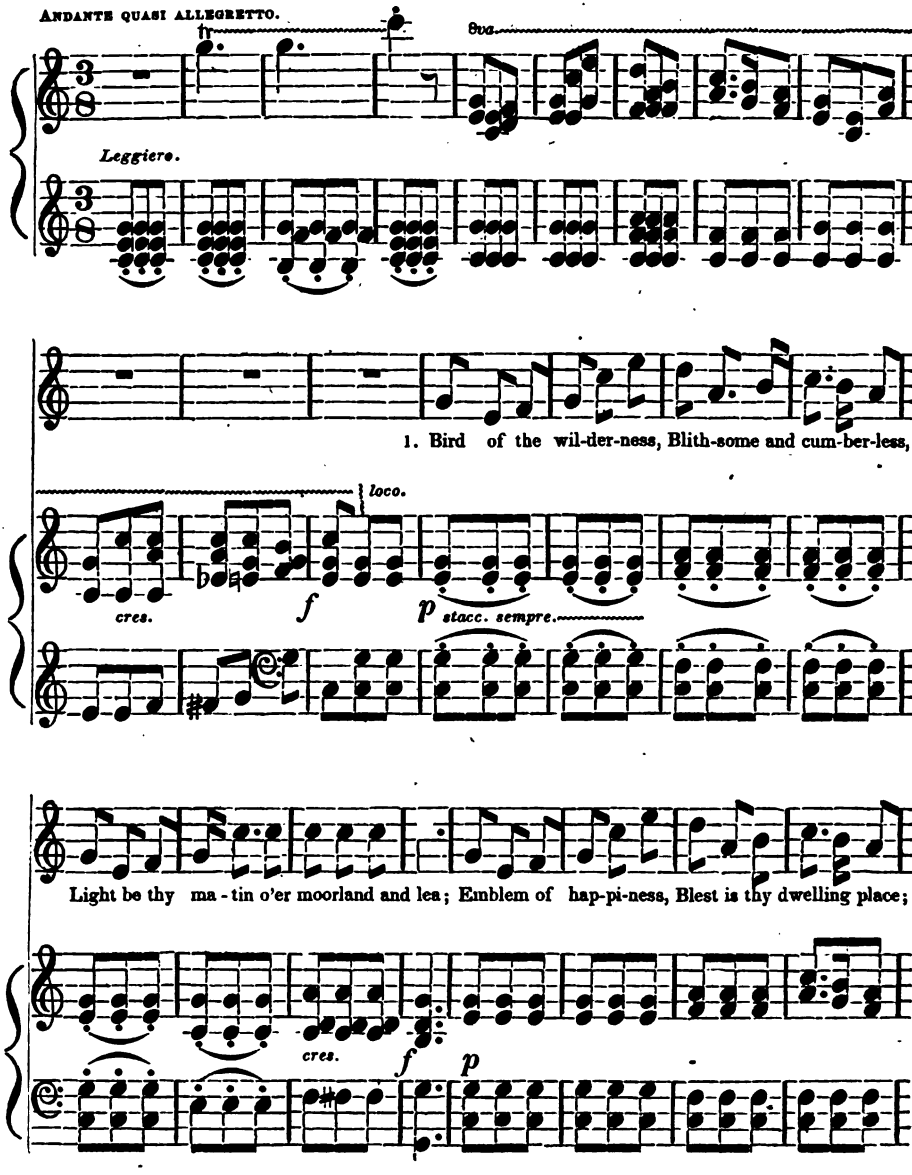
Dearest! when thou wast mine own,
Had I wealth—a world—a throne,
Wealth, and world, and throne I'd gave
To have kept thee from the grave.
All I'd give ere now I'd take
Thee from bliss for my poor sake.
Cold, and dark, and dull, and drear
Must this world to thee appear.
Full of sorrow, sin, and gloom
Seen from thy celestial home.

BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS,

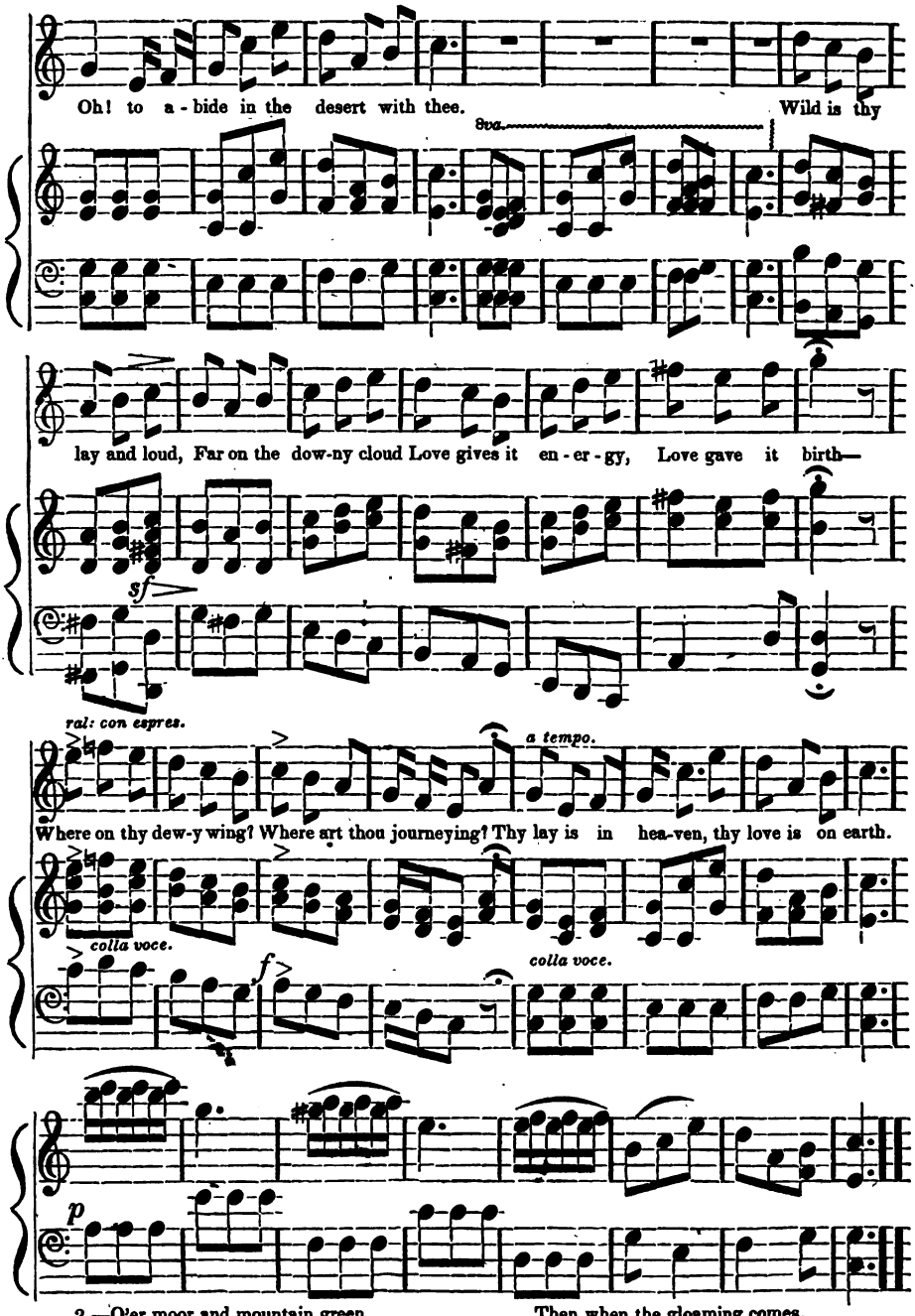
THE POETRY BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY PRESENTED TO THE BOSTON NOTION,

BY W. R. DEMPSTER.



BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS.



2.—O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day:
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away.

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be;
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

A CITY MARSHAL'S SPEECH.

[ORIGINAL.]

Authority is mine! Stand back I say!
Constables! Watchmen! Drag those rogues away.
King of the Lock-up am I! and I'll keep
That place well filled with covies, to wail and weep.
Down with those signs; the *times* no signs shall have—
Our fashion is to smell out, what we crave.
Watchmen attend! Ye blunder-headed throng,
If right, by accident, keep mostly wrong.
Poor pauper pensioners, on public plunder,
Scramble for fees, above the earth, and under.
Let costs accumulate. Multiply complaints,
But touch not one of all our holy saints.
If they turn sinners, why you must be winkers,
Or you will lose your offices, and chinkers.
Net small-fry, and get our praises too,
But the big fish will force a passage through.
Besides; to friends 'tis courteous to be partial,
A right of office, in a City Marshal.
Be busy constables; and prowl about,
Let no man's business 'scape each piercing snout,
So shall you thrive on fees; my boast and pride,
And I your leader, shall be glorified.

HEZE HUMBUG, ESQ.

As sung Down East with unbounded applause, by the late Timotheus Tuttle.

TUNE—*King and Countryman.*

There was a man, or I'm a liar,
Whose name was Heze Humbug, Esquire,
He was born, brought up, and settled, at least,
So I am informed, away Down East,
Fal la, &c.

Now Humbug's pockets, like some I know,
Had more of the ebb than of the flow,
And though he had acres of swamp and bog,
Unless he could sell, he must travel incog,
Fal la, &c.

He hit on a scheme—'twas to raise a breeze
About the value of Maine pine trees.
For though his own bogs were barren in facts,
He meant to sell all as a "Timber Tract."
Fal la, &c.

He painted his plan, red, blue and green,
And on it a noble stream was seen;
And there were the logs all floating down
Without any cost to the market town,
Fal la, &c.

Each acre, he swore if he could guess,
Would yield ten thousand, more or less;
There was nothing in Maine, 'twas true though strange,
Like "Number Six" on THE "Third Range,"
Fal la, &c.

It took, for timber was all the go,
And only ten dollars per acre—how low!
So low, that he said, though his portion was small,
He wouldn't "on any lay" part with it all,
Fal la, &c.

The bargain clos'd, Heze with a shrug,
Said, I think you will name it for me—"Humbug;"
For the stumpage alone is of wealth a mine,
At any rate, no one will ever re-*pine*.
Fal la, &c.

As Humbug took his leave, said he,
One word of advice—I'll give it free.
Should you intend to purchase more,
Don't down with the dust till you explore.
Fal la, &c.

Your fortune is made—for 'though 'tis clear
You'll hardly "operate" this year;
Yet should you discover a bog at hand,
You'll find, when on it, 'tis SETTLING land.
Fal la, &c.

Portland, Me. N. D.

A CITY MARSHAL.

[ENGRAVED FOR ROBERTS' SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

See last page.

ROBERTS'

SEMI-MONTHLY

MAGAZINE.

NO. III. FEBRUARY 15, 1841.

IMAGINATION.*

A TALE FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

BY J. FENNIMORE COOPER.

CHAPTER IV.

Although Julia spent most of her time with her aunt and cousin, opportunities for meditation were not wanting: in the retirement of her closet she perused and re-perused the frequent letters of her friend. The modesty of Julia, or rather shame, would have prevented her from making Anna acquainted with all her feelings, but it would have been treason to her friendship not to have poured out a little of her soul at the feet of Miss Miller. Accordingly, in her letters, Julia did not avoid the name of Antonio. She mentioned it often, but with womanly delicacy, if not with discretion. The seeds of constant association had, unknown to herself, taken deep root, and it was not in the power of Anna Miller to eradicate impressions which had been fastened by the example of the aunt, and cherished by the society of her cousin. Although deluded, weak, and even indiscreet, Julia was not indelicate. Yet enough had escaped her to have given any experienced eye an insight into the condition of her mind, had Anna chosen to have exposed her letters to any one. The danger of such a correspondence should alone deter any female from its indulgence. Society has branded the man with scorn who dares abuse the confidence of a woman in this manner; and the dread of indignation of his associates makes it an offence which is rarely committed by the other sex; but there is no such obligation imposed on woman, and that frequently passes for a joke which harrows every feeling that is dear to the female breast, and violates all that is delicate and sensitive in our nature. Surely, where it is necessary, from any adventitous circumstances, to lay the least open in this manner, it should only be done to those whose characters are connected with our own, and who feel ridicule, inflicted on us, as disgrace heaped upon themselves. A peculiar evil of these confidential friendships is, that they are most liable to occur when, from their youth, their victims are the least guarded; and, at the same time, from inconstancy, the most liable to change. Happily, however, for Julia's peace of mind, she foresaw no such dangers from her intimacy with Anna, and letter and answer passed between them, at short intervals, during the remainder of the summer. We shall give but one more specimen of each, as they have strong resemblance to one another—we shall select two that were written late in August.

*Continued from page 72.

"My own and beloved Julia,—

"Your letters are the only consolation that my anxious heart can know in this dreary solitude. O! my friend, how would your tender heart bleed did you but know the least of my sufferings; but they are all requited by the delightful anticipation of Park Place. I hope your dear aunt has not found it necessary to lay down her carriage in the change of the times; write me in your next about it. Antonio has been here again; and he solicited an audience with me in private—of course I granted it, for friendship hallows all that is done under its mantle. It was a moonlight night—mild Luna shedding a balmy light on the surrounding objects, and, if possible, rendering my heart more sensitive than ever. One solitary glimmering star showed, by its paly quiverings, the impress of evening, while not a cloud obscured the vast firmament of the heaven. On such an evening Antonio could do nothing but converse of my absent friends; he dwelt on the indescribable grace of your person, the lustre of your eye, and the vermilion of your lips, until exhausted language could furnish no more epithets of rapture; then the transition to your mind was natural and easy; and it was while listening to his honied accents that I thought my Julia herself was talking.

"Soft as the dews from heaven descend, his gentle accents fell."

"Ah, Julia! nothing but a strong prepossession, and my friendship for you, could remove the danger of such a scene. Yes! friend of my heart, I must acknowledge my weakness.—There is a youth in New York, who has long been master of my too sensitive heart, and without him life will be a burden. Cruel fate divides us now, but when invited by your aunt to Park Place, O, rapture unutterable! I shall be near my Regulus. This, surely, is all that can be wanting to stimulate my Julia to get the invitation from her aunt. Antonio says that if I go to the city this Fall, he will hover near me on the road to guard the friend of Julia; and that he will eagerly avail himself of my presence to seek her society. I am called from my delightful occupation by one of my troublesome sisters, who wishes me to assist her in some trifle or other. Make my most profound respects to your dear, good aunt, and believe me your own true friend, ANNA.

At length Julia thought she had made the discovery of Anna's reason for her evident desire to spend the winter in town—like herself, her friend had become the victim of the soft passion, and from that moment Julia determined that Katherine Emmerson must seek another residence, in order that Anna might breathe love's atmosphere. How much a desire to see Antonio governed this decision, we cannot say, but we are certain that, if in the least, Julia was herself ignorant of the power. With her, it seemed to be the result of pure, disinterested, and confiding friendship. In answer, our heroine wrote as follows:

"My beloved Anna,

"Your kind, consolatory letters are certainly the solace of my life. Ah! Anna, I have long thought that some important secret lay heavy at your heart. The incoherency of your letters, and certain things too trifling to mention, had made me suspicious that some unusual calamity had befallen you. You do not mention who Regulus is. I am burning with curiosity to know; although I doubt not that he is every way worthy of your choice.

"I have in vain run over in my mind every young man that we know, but not one of them, that I can find, has any of the qualities of a hero. Do relieve my curiosity in your next, and I may have it in my power to write you something of his movements. O! Anna, why will you dwell on the name of Antonio—I am sure I ought not to listen as I do to what he says—and when we meet, I am afraid that he will not find all the attractions which your too partial friendship has portrayed. If he should be thus disappointed, Oh! Anna—Anna—what would become of your friend—but I will not dwell on the horrid idea. Charles Weston is yet here, and Katherine Emmerson too: so that but for the thoughts of my absent Anna, and perhaps a little uneasiness on the subject of Antonio, I might be perfectly happy. You know how good and friendly Katherine is, and really Charles does all in his power to please. If he were only a little more heroical he would be a charming young man: for although he is not very handsome, I don't think you notice it in the least when you are intimate with him. Poor Charles,

he was terribly mortified about the flash of lightning—but then all are not brave alike.—Adieu, my Anna—and if you do converse more with a certain person about, you know whom, let it be with discretion, or you may raise expectations she will not equal. Your own

JULIA."

"P. S. I had almost forgotten to say that aunt has promised me that I can ask you to stay with us, if, after the 20th September, I wish it, as you may be sure that I will. Aunt keeps her carriage yet, and I hope will never want it in her old age."

About the time this letter was written, Miss Emmerson made both her nieces acquainted with the promised object that was to give them the agreeable surprise — she had long contemplated going to see "the Falls," and she now intended putting her plan in execution. Katherine was herself pressed to make one of the party, but the young lady, at the same time she owned her wish to see this far-famed cataract, declined the offer firmly, but gratefully, on account of her desire to spend the remaining time with her father and mother, before they went to the South. Charles Weston looked from Katherine to Julia during this dialogue, and for an instant was at a loss to know which he thought the handsomest of the cousins. But Julia entered into the feelings of the other so quickly, and so gracefully offered to give up the journey, in order that Miss Emmerson might continue with her brother, that, aided by her superior beauty, she triumphed. It was evident that the consideration for her niece was a strong inducement with the aunt for making the journey, and the contest became as disinterested as it was pleasing to the auditors. But the authority of Miss Emmerson prevailed, and Charles was instantly enlisted as their escort for the journey. Julia never looked more beautiful or amiable than during this short controversy. It had been mentioned by the aunt that she should take the house of Mr. Miller in her road, and the information excited an emotion that brought all her lustre to her eyes, and bloom to her cheeks. Charles thought it was a burst of generous friendship, and admired the self-denial with which she urged her aunt to relinquish the idea. But Julia was constitutionally generous, and it was the excess of the quality that made her enthusiastic and visionary. If she did not deserve all of Charles's admiration, she was entitled to no small share of it.

As soon as the question was determined in favor of going, Miss Emmerson and Katherine withdrew, leaving Charles alone with the heroine of our tale. Under the age of five-and-twenty, men commonly act at the instigation of sudden impulse, and young Weston was not yet twenty-one. He had long admired Julia for her beauty and good feelings; he did not see one half of her folly, and he knew all her worth; her enthusiastic friendship for Miss Miller was forgotten; even her mirth at his own want of heroism had at the moment escaped his memory—and the power of the young lady over him was never greater.

"How admirable in you, Julia," he said, seating himself by her side, "to urge what was against your own wishes, in order to oblige your aunt!"

"Do you think so, Charles?" said the other simply; "but you see I urged it feebly, for I did not prevail."

"No, for you mistook your aunt's wishes, it seems: she desires to go—but then all the loveliness of the act was yours."

At the word loveliness, Julia raised her eyes to his face with a slight blush—it was new language for Charles Weston to use, and it was just suited to her feelings. After a moment's pause, however, she replied—

"You use strong langnage, cousin Charles, such as is unusual for you."

"Julia, although I may not often have expressed it, I have long thought you to be very lovely!" exclaimed the young man, borne away with his ardor at the moment.

"Upon my word, Charles, you improve," said Julia, blushing yet more deeply, and, if possible, looking still handsomer than before.

"Julia—Miss Warren—you tear my secret from me before its time—I love you, Julia, and would wish to make you my wife."

This was certainly very plain English, nor did Julia misunderstand a syllable of what he said—but it was entirely new and unexpected to her; she had lived with Charles Weston with the confidence of a kinswoman, but had never dreamt of him as a lover. Indeed, she

saw nothing in him that looked like a being to excite or to entertain such a passion; and although from the moment of his declaration she began insensibly to think differently of him, nothing was farther from her mind than to return his offered affection. But then the opportunity of making a sacrifice to her secret love was glorious, and her frankness forbad her to conceal the truth. Indeed, what better way was there to destroy the unhappy passion of Charles, than to convince him of its hopelessness? These thoughts flashed through her mind with the rapidity of lightning—and trembling with the agitation and novelty of her situation, she answered in a low voice—

"That, Charles, can never be."

"Why never, Julia?" cried the youth, giving way at once to his long-suppressed feelings—"why never? Try me, prove me! there is nothing I will not do to gain your love."

O! how seductive to a female is the first declaration of attachment, especially when urged by youth and merit!—it assails her heart in the most vulnerable part, and if it be not fortified unusually well, seldom fails of success. Happily for Julia, the image of Antonio presented itself to save her from infidelity to her old attachment, and she replied—

"You are kind and good, Charles, and I esteem you highly—but ask no more, I beg of you."

"Why, if you grant me this, why forbid me to hope for more?" said the youth eagerly, and looking really handsome.

Julia hesitated a moment, and let her dark eyes fall before his ardent gaze, at a loss what to say—but the face of Apollo in the imperial uniform interposed to save her.

"I owe it to your candor, Mr Weston, to own my weakness—" she said and hesitated.

"Go on, Julia—my Julia," said Charles, in an unusually soft voice; kill me at once, or bid me live!"

Again Julia paused, and again she looked on her companion with kinder eyes than usual—when she felt the picture which lay next her heart, and proceeded—

"Yes, Mr Weston, this heart, this foolish, weak heart is no longer my own."

"How!" exclaimed Charles, in astonishment, "and have I then a rival, and a successful one too?"

"You have," said Julia, burying her face in her hands to conceal her blushes. "But, Mr. Weston, on your generosity I depend for secrecy—be as generous as myself."

"Yes—yes—I will conceal my misery from others," cried Charles, springing on his feet and rushing from the room; "would to God I could conceal it from myself!"

Julia was sensibly touched with his distress, and for an instant there was some regret mingled with self-satisfaction at her own candor—but then the delightful reflection soon presented itself of the gratitude of Antonio when he should learn her generous conduct, and her self-denial in favor of a man whom she had as yet never seen. At the same time she was resolutely determined never to mention the occurrence herself—not even to her Anna.

Miss Emmerson was enabled to discover some secret uneasiness between Charles and Julia, although she was by no means able to penetrate the secret. The good aunt had long anxiously wished for such a declaration as had been made to her niece, and it was one of the last of her apprehensions that it would not have been favorably received. Of simple and plain habits herself, Miss Emmerson was but little versed in the human heart; she thought that Julia was evidently happy and pleased with her young kinsman, and she considered him in every respect a most eligible connexion for her charge: their joint fortunes would make an ample estate, and they were alike affectionate and good-tempered—what more could be wanting? Nothing, however, passed in the future intercourse of the young couple to betray their secrets, and Miss Emmerson soon forgot her surmises. Charles was much hurt at Julia's avowal, and had in vain puzzled his brains to discover who his rival could be. No young man that was in the least (so he thought) suitable to his mistress, visited her, and he gave up his conjectures in despair of discovering this unknown lover, until accident or design should draw him into notice. Little did he suspect the truth. On the other hand, Julia spent her secret hours in the delightful consciousness of now having done something that rendered her

worthy of Antonio, with occasional regret that she was compelled by delicacy and love to refuse Charles so hastily as she had done.

Very soon after this embarrassing explanation, Julia received a letter from her friend that was in no way distinguishable from the rest, except that it contained the real name of Regulus, which she declared to be Henry Frederick St. Albans. If Charles was at a loss to discover Julia's hidden love, Julia herself was equally uncertain how to know who this Mr. St. Albans was. After a vast deal of musing, she remembered that Anna was absent from school without leave one evening, and had returned alone with a young man who was unknown to the mistress. This incident was said, by some, to have completed her education rather within the usual time. Julia had herself thought her friend indiscreet, but, on the whole, hardly treated—and they left the school together. This must have been Mr. St. Albans, and Anna stood fully exculpated in her eyes. The letter also announced the flattering fact that Antonio had already left the country, ordering his servants and horses home, and that he had gone to New York with the intention of hovering around Julia, in a mask, that she could not possibly remove during the dangers of their expected journey.—Anna acknowledged that she had betrayed Antonio's secret, but pleaded her duty to her friend in justification. She did not think Julia would be able to penetrate his disguise, as he had declared his intentions so to conceal himself by paint and artifice, as to be able to escape detection.

Here was a new source of pleasure to our heroine: Antonio was already on the wing for the city, perhaps arrived—nay, might have seen her, might even now be within a short distance of the summer house where she was sitting at the time, and watching her movements. As this idea suggested itself, Julia started, and unconsciously arranging her hair, by bringing forward a neglected curl, moved with trembling steps towards the dwelling. At each turn of the walk, our heroine threw a timid eye around in quest of an unknown figure, and more than once fancied she saw the face of the god of music peering at her from the friendly covert of her aunt's shrubbery; and twice she mistook the light green of a neighboring corn-field, waving in the wind, for the coat of Antonio. Julia had so long associated the idea of her hero with the image in her bosom, that she had given it perfect identity; but on more mature reflection, she was convinced of her error: he would come disguised, Anna had told her, and had ordered his servants home; where that home was, Julia was left in ignorance—but she fervently hoped, not far removed from her beloved aunt.

The idea of a separation from this affectionate relative, who had proved a mother to her in infancy, gave great pain to her best feelings; and Julia again internally prayed that the residence of Antonio might not be far distant.—What the disguise of her lover would be, Julia could not imagine—probably, that of a wandering harper: but then she rembered that there were no harpers in America, and the very singularity might betray his secret. Music is the "food of love," and Julia fancied for a moment that Antonio might appear as an itinerant organist—but it was only for a moment; for as soon as she figured to herself that Apollo form, bending under the awkward load of a music grinder, she turned in disgust from the picture. His taste, thought Julia, will protect me from such a sight—she might have added, his convenience too.

Various disguises presented themselves to our heroine, until, on a view of the whole subject, she concluded that Antonio would not appear as a musician at all, but in some capacity in which he might continue unsuspected, near her person, and execute his project of shielding her from the dangers of travelling. It was then only as a servant that he could appear, and, after mature reflection, Julia confidently expected to see him in the character of a coachman.

Willing to spare her own losses, Miss Emmerson had already sent to the city for the keeper of a livery-stable, to come and contract with her for a travelling carriage, to convey her to the Falls of Niagara. The man came, and it is no wonder that Julia, under her impressions, choose to be present at the conversation.

"Well then," said Miss Emmerson to the man, "I will pay you your price, but you must furnish me with good horses to meet me at Albany—remember that I take all the useless expense between the two cities, that I may know whom it is I deal with."

"Miss Emmerson ought to know me pretty

well by this time," said the man; "I have driven her enough, I think."

"And a driver," continued the lady, musing, "who am I to have for a driver?" Here Julia became all attention, trembling and blushing with apprehension.

"O, a driver!" cried the horse-dealer; "I have got you an excellent driver, one of the first chop in the city."

Although these were not the terms that our heroine would have used herself in speaking of this personage, yet she thought they plainly indicated his superiority, and she waited in feverish suspense to hear more.

"He must be steady, and civil; and sober, and expert, and tender hearted," said Miss Emmerson, who thought of any thing but a hero in disguise.

"Yes—yes—yes—yes—yes," replied the stable-keeper, nodding his head and speaking at each requisite, "he is all that, I can engage to Miss Emmerson."

"And his eyesight must be good," continued the lady, deeply intent on providing well for her journey; "We may ride late in the evening, and it is particularly requisite that he should have good eyes."

"Yes—yes, ma'am," said the man, in a little embarassment that did not escape Julia; "he has as good an eye as any man in America."

"Of what age is he?" asked Miss Emmerson.

"About fifty," replied the man, thinking years would be a recommendation.

"Fifty!" exclaimed Julia, in a tone of disappointment.

"'Tis too old," said Miss Emmerson; "he should be able to undergo fatigue."

"Well I may be mistaken. O, he can't be more than forty, of thirty," continued the man, watching the countenence of Julia; "he is a man that looks much older than he is."

"Is he strong and active?"

"I guess he is—he's as strong as an ox, and active as a cat," said the other, determined he should pass.

"Well, then," said the aunt, in her satisfied way, "let every thing be ready for us in Albany by next Tuesday. We shall leave home on Monday."

The man withdrew.

Julia had heard enough—for ox she had substituted Hercules, and for cat, she read the feathered Mercury.

CHAPTER V.

The long expected Monday at length arrived, and Miss Emmerson and Julia, taking an affectionate leave of their relatives in the city, went on board the steamboat under the protection of Charles Weston.

Here a new scene indeed opened for our heroine; for some time she even forgot to look round her in the throng in quest of Antonio. As the boat glided along the stream, she stood leaning on one arm of Charles, while Miss Emmerson held the other, in delighted gaze at the objects, which they had scarcely distinguished before they were passed.

"See, dear Charles," cried Julia, in a burst of what she would call natural feeling—"there is our house—here the summer house, and there the little arbour where you read to us last week, Scott's new novel—how delightful! every thing now seems and feels like home."

"Would it were a home for us all," said Charles, gently pressing her arm in his own, and speaking only to be heard by Julia, "then should I be happy indeed."

Julia thought no more of Antonio; but while her delighted eye rested on the well-known scenes around their house, and she stood in the world, for the first time, leaning on Charles, she thought him even nearer than their intimacy and consanguinity made them. But the boat was famous for her speed, and the house, garden, and every thing Julia knew, were soon out of sight, and she, by accident, touching the picture which she had encased in an old gold setting of her mother's, and lodged in her bosom, was immediately restored to her former sense of things. Then her eye glanced rapidly round the boat, but discovering no face which in the least resembled disguise, she abandoned the expectation of meeting her lover before they reached Albany. Her beauty drew many an eye on her, however, and catching the steady and admiring gaze of one or two of the gentlemen, Julia's heart beat, and her face was covered with blushes. She was by no means sure that Antonio would appear as a coachman—this was

merely a suggestion of her own; and the idea that he might possibly be one of the gazers, covered her with confusion: her blushes drew still more admiration and attention upon her; and we cannot say what might have been the result of her fascinations, had not Charles at this instant approached them, and pointing to a sloop they were passing at the time, exclaimed,—

"See, madam,—see, Julia—there is our travelling equipage on board that sloop, going up to meet us at Albany."

Our heroine looked as dircted, and saw a vessel moving with tolerable rapidity up the river, within a short distance from them. On its deck were a travelling carriage and a pair of horses, and by the latter stood a man who, by the whip in his hand, was evidently the driver. His stature was tall and athletic; his complexion dark, near to blackness; his face was buried in whiskers; and his employer had spoken the truth when he said he had as good an eye as any man in America—it was large, black, and might be peircing. But then he had but one—at least the place where the other ought to be, was covered by an enormous patch of green silk. This, then, was Antonio. It is true he did not resemble Apollo, but his disguise altered him so that it was difficult to determine. As they moved slowly by the vessel, the driver recognised Charles, having had an interview with him the day before, and saluted him with a low bow—his salutation was noticed by the young man, who slightly touched his hat, and gave him a familiar nod in return. Julia, unconsciously, bent her body and felt her cheeks glow with confusion as she rose again.

She could not muster resolution to raise her eyes towards the sloop, but by a kind of instinctive coquetry dragged her companion to the other side of the boat. As soon as she was able to recover her composure, Julia revolved in her mind the scene which had just occured. She had just seen Antonio—every thing about him equalled her expectations—even at the distance, she had easily discerned the noble dignity of his manners—his eye gave assurance of his conscious worth—his very attitude was that of a gentleman. Not to know him for a man of birth, of education and of fortune, Julia felt to her would be impossible; and she trembled lest others, as discerning as herself, should discover his disguise, and she in consequence be covered with confusion. She earnestly hoped his incog would ever remain unknown, for her delicacy shrunk from the publicity and notoriety which would then attend his attachment. It was certainly delightful to be loved, and so loved—to be attended, and so attended; but the heart of Julia was too unpractised to relish the laugh and observations of a malignant world. "No, my Antonio," she breathed internally, "hover around me, shield me from impending dangers, delight me with your presence, and enchant me with your eye; but claim me in the guise of a gentleman and a hero, that no envious tongue may probe the secrets of our love, nor any profane scoffer ridicule those sensitive pleasures that he is too unsentimental to enjoy."

With these, and similar thoughts, did Julia occupy herself, until Charles pointed out to her the majestic entrance to the Highlands. Our heroine, who was truly alive to all the charms of nature, gazed with rapture as the boat plunged between the mountains on either hand, and turned a wishful gaze down the river, in the vain hope that Antonio might, at the same moment, be enjoying the scene,—but the sluggish sloop was now far behind, and the eye of Antonio, bright as it was, could not pierce the distance. Julia felt rather relieved than otherwise, when the vessel which contained her hero was hid from view by a mountain that they doubled. Her feelings were much like those of a girl who had long anxiously waited the declaration of a favored youth, had received it, and acknowledged her own partiality. She felt all the assurance of her conquest, and would gladly, for a time, avoid the shame of her own acknowledgment. The passage up the Hudson furnishes in itself so much to charm the eye of a novice, that none, but one under the extraordinary circumstances of our heroine, could have beheld the beauties of the river unmoved. If Julia did not experience quite as much rapture in the journey as she had anticipated, she attributed it to the remarkably delicate situation she was in with her lover, and possibly to a dread of his being detected. An officer of his rank and reputation must be well known, thought she, and he may meet with acquaintances every where. However, by the attention of Charles, she passed the day with a very tolerable proportion of

pleasure. Their arrival at Albany was undistinguished by any remarkable event, though Julia looked in vain through the darkness of the night, in quest of the fertile meadows and desert islands which Anna had mentioned in her letters. Even the river seemed straight and uninteresting. But Julia was tired—it was night—and Antonio was absent.

The following morning Miss Emmerson and her niece, attended by Charles, took a walk to examine the beauties of Albany. It did not strike our heroine as being so picturesque as it had her friend; still it had novelty, and that lent it many charms it might have wanted on a more intimate acquaintance. Their forenoon, however, exhausted the beauties of this charming town, and they had returned to the inn, and the ladies were sitting in rather a listless state when Charles entered the room with a look of pleasure and cried, "he is here."

"Who!" exclaimed Julia, starting, and trembling like an aspen.

"He!—Tony," said Charles, in reply.

Julia was unable to say any more; but her aunt, without noticing her agitation, said mildly, "And who is Tony?"

"Why Anthony, the driver—he is here and wishes to see you."

"Show him up, Charles, and let us learn when he will be ready to go on."

This was an awful moment to Julia—she was on the eve of being confronted, in a room, for the first time, with the man on whom she felt her happiness or misery must depend. Although she knew the vast importance to her of her good looks at such a moment, she looked unusually ill—she was pale from apprehension, and awkward and ungraceful from her agitation. She would have given the world to have got out of the room, but this was impossible—there was but one door, and through that he must come. She had just concluded that it was better to remain in her chair than incur the risk of fainting in the passage, when he entered, preceded by Charles. His upper, and part of his lower lip, were clean shaved; a small part of one cheek and his nose were to be seen; all the rest of his face was covered with hair, or hid under the patch. An enormous colored handkerchief was tied, in a particular manner, round his neck, and his coat, made of plain materials, and somewhat tarnished with service, was buttoned as close to his throat as the handkerchief would allow. In short, his whole attire was that of a common driver of a hack carriage; and no one who had not previously received an intimation that his character was different from his appearance, would at all have suspected the deception.

"Your name is Anthony!" said Miss Emmerson, as he bowed to her with due deference.

"Yes, ma'am, Anthony—Tony Sandford,' was the reply—it was uttered in a vulgar nasal tone, that Julia instantly perceived was counterfeited: but Miss Emmerson, with perfect innocency, proceeded in her inquiries

"Are your horses gentle and good, Tony?" adopting the familiar nomenclature that seemed most to his fancy.

"As gentle as e'er lady in the land," said Tony, turning his large black eye round the room, and letting it dwell a moment on the beautiful face of Julia—her heart throbbed with tumultuous emotion at the first sound of his voice, and she was highly amused at the ingenuity he had displayed, in paying a characteristic compliment to her gentleness in this clandestine manner: if he preserve his incognito so ingeniously he will never be detected, thought Julia, and all will be well.

"And the carriage," continued Miss Emmerson, "is it fit to carry us?"

"I can't say how fit it may be to carry such ladies as you be, but it is as good a carriage as runs out of York."

Here was another delicate compliment, thought Julia, and so artfully concealed under brutal indifference, that it nearly deceived even herself.

"When will you be ready to start?" asked Miss Emmerson.

"This moment," was the prompt reply—"we can easily reach Schenectady by sun-down."

Here Julia saw the decision and promptitude of a soldier used to marches and movements, besides an eager desire to remove her from the bustle of a large town and thoroughfare, to a retirement where she would be more particularly under his protection. Miss Emmerson, on the other hand, saw nothing but the anxiety of a careful hireling, willing to promote the interest of his master, who was to be paid for his convey-

ance by the job—so differently do sixty and sixteen judge the same actions! At all events, the offer was accepted, and the man ordered to secure the baggage, and prepare for their immediate departure.

"Why don't you help Antonio on with the baggage, Charles?" said Julia, as she stood looking at the driver tottering under the weight of the trunks. Charles stared a moment with surprise—the name created no astonishment, but the request did. Julia had a habit of softening names, that were rather harsh in themselves, to which he was accustomed. Peter she called Pierre; Robert was Rubert; and her aunt's black footman Timothy, she had des gnated as Timotheus: but it was not usual for ladies to request gentlemen to perform menial offices—until, recollecting that Julia had expressed unusual solicitude concerning a dressing-box that contained Anna's letter; he at once supposed it was to that she wished him to attend. Charles left the room and superintended the whole arrangements, when once enlisted. Julia now felt that every doubt of the identity of her lover with this coachman was removed. He had ingeniously adopted the name of Anthony, as resembling in sound the one she had herself given him in her letters. This he undoubtedly had learnt from Anna—and then Sandford was very much like Stanley—his patch, his dress, his air—everything about him united to confirm her impressions; and Julia, at the same time she resolved to conduct herself towards him in their journey with a proper feminine reserve, thought she could do no less to a man who submitted to so much to serve her, than to suffer him to perceive that she was not entirely insensible to the obligation.

Our heroine could not but admire the knowing manner with which Antonio took his seat on the carriage, and the dexterity he discovered in the management of his horses—this was an infallible evidence of his acquaintance with the animals, and a sure sign that he was the master of many, and had long been accustomed to their service. Perhaps, thought Julia, he has been an officer of cavalry.

In the constant excitement produced by her situation, Julia could not enter into all the feelings described by her friend, during the ride to Schenectady. Its beauties might be melancholy, but could she be melancholy, and Antonio so near. The pines might be silvery and lofty, but the proud stature of majestic man, eclipsed in her eyes all their beauties. Not so Charles. He early began to lavish his abuse on the sterile grounds they passed, and gave any thing but encomiums on the smoothness of the road they were travelling. In the latter particular, even the quiet spirit of Miss Emmerson joined him, and Julia herself was occasionally made sensible that she was not reposing on "a bed of roses."

"Do I drive too fast for the ladies?" asked Antonio, on hearing a slight complaint, and a faint scream in the soft voice of Julia. O, how considerate he is! thought our heroine—how tender!—without his care I should certainly have been killed in this place. It was expected that as she had complained, she would answer; and after a moment employed in rallying her senses for the undertaking, she replied in a voice of breathing melody—

"O! no, Antonio, you are very considerate.'

For a world Julia could not have said more; and Miss Emmerson thought that she had said quite as much as the occasion required; but Miss Emmerson, it will be remembered, supposed their driver to be Anthony Sandford. The hero, himself, on hearing such a gentle voice so softly replying to his question, could not refrain from turning his face into the carriage, and Julia felt her own eyes lower before his earnest gaze, while her cheeks burned with the blushes that suffused them. But the look spoke volumes;—he understands my "Antonio," thought Julia, and perceives that, to me, he is no longer unknown. That expressive glance has opened between us a communication that will cease but with our lives. Julia now enjoyed, for the remainder of their journey to Mr. Miller's, one of the greatest pleasures of love—unsuspected by others, she could hold communion with him who had her heart, by the eyes, and a thousand tender and nameless little offices which give ininterest to affection, and zest to passion.

They had now got half way between the two cities, and Charles took a seat by the side of the driver, with the intention, as he expressed himself, of stretching his legs: the carriage was open and light, so that all the figures of the two young men could be seen by the ladies, as well as their conversation heard. Charles never appeared to less advantage in his person, thought

Julia, than now, seated by the side of the noble and manly Antonio. The figure of Charles was light, and by no means without grace; yet it did not strike the fancy of our heroine as so fit to shield and support her through life as the more robust person of his companion. Julia herself was, in form, the counterpart of her mind—she was light, airy, and beautifully softened in all her outlines. It was impossible to mistake her for any thing but a lady, and one of the gentlest passions and sentiments. She felt her own weakness, and would repose it on the manly strength of Antonio.

"Which do you call the best of your horses?" asked Charles, as soon as he had got himself comfortably seated.

"The off—both are true as steel," was the laconic reply.

The comparison was new to Julia, and it evidently denoted a mind accustomed to the contemplation of arms.

"How long have you followed the business of a driver, Tony?" said Charles, in the careless manner of a gentleman, when he wishes to introduce familiarity with an inferior by seeming to take an interest in the other's affairs.

Julia, felt indignant at the freedom of his manner, and particularly at the epithet of "Tony"—yet her lover did not in the least regard either—or rather his manner exhibited no symptoms of displeasure;—he has made up his mind, thought Julia, to support his disguise, and it is best for us both that he should

"Ever since I was sixteen I have been used to horses," was the reply of Antonio to the question of Charles;—Julia smiled at the ambiguity of the answer, and was confirmed in her impression that he had left college at that age to serve in the cavalry.

"You must understand them well by this time," continued Charles, glancing his eye at his companion as if to judge of his years—"You must be forty;"—Julia fidgeted a little at this guess of Charles, but soon satisfied herself with the reflection that his disguise contributed to the error.

"My age is very deceiving," said the man—"I have seen great hardships in my time, both of body and mind."

Here Julia could scarcely breathe through anxiety. Every syllable that he uttered was devoured with eager curiosity by the enamored girl—he knew that she was a listener, and that she understood his disguise; and doubtless meant, in that indirect manner, to acquaint her with the incidents of his life. It was clear that he indicated his age to be less than what his appearance would have led her to believe—his sufferings, his cruel sufferings, had changed him.

"The life of a coachman is not hard," said Charles.

"No, sir, far from it—but I have not been a coachman all my life."

Nothing could be plainer than this—it was a direct assertion of his degradation by the business in which he was then engaged.

"In what manner did you lose your eye, Toney," said Charles, in a tone of sympathy that Julia blessed him for in her heart, although she knew that the member was uninjured, and only hidden to favor his disguise. Antonio hesitated a little in his answer, and stammered while giving it;—"It was in the wars," at length he got out, and Julia admired the noble magnanimity which would not allow him, even in imagination, to suffer in a less glorious manner;—notwithstanding his eye is safe and as beautiful as the other, he has suffered in the wars, thought our heroine, and it is pardonable in him to use the deception, situated as he is—it is nothing more than an equivoque. But this was touching Charles on a favorite chord. Little of a hero as Julia fancied him to be, he delighted in conversing about the war with those men, who, having acted in subordinate stations, would give a different view of the subject from the official accounts, in which he was deeply read. It was no wonder, therefore, that he eagerly seized on the present opportunity to relieve the tedium of a ride between Albany and Schenectady.

"In what battle," asked Charles, quickly; "by sea or by land?"

"By sea," said Antonio, speaking to his horses, with an evident unwillingness to say any more on the subject.

Ah! the deception, and the idea of his friend Lawrence, are too much for his sensibility, thought Julia; and to relieve him she addressed Charles herself.

"How far are we from Schenectady, cousin Charles?"

Antonio, certainly, was not her cousin Charles,

but as if he thought the answering such questions to be his peculiar province, he replied immediately—

"Four miles, ma'am; there's the stone."

There was nothing in the answer itself, or the manner of its delivery, to attract notice in any unsuspecting listener; but by Julia it was well understood—it was the first time he had ever spoken directly to herself—it was a new era in their lives—and his body turned half round towards her as he spoke, showed his manly form to great advantage; but the impressive and dignified manner in which he dropped his whip towards the mile-stone, Julia felt that she should never forget—it was intended to mark the spot where he first addressed her. He had chosen it with taste. The stone stood under the shade of a solitary oak, and might easily be fancied to be a monument erected to commemorate some important event in the lives of our lovers. Julia ran over in her mind the time when she should pay an annual visit to that hallowed place, and leaning on the arm of her majestic husband, murmur in his ear, "Here, on this loved spot, did Antonio first address his happy, thrice happy Julia."

"Well, Tony," said the mild voice of Miss Emmerson, "the sun is near setting, let us go the four miles as fast as you please."

"I'm sure ma'am," said Antonio, with profound respect, "you don't want to get in more than I do, for I had no sleep all last night, I'll not keep you one minute after night,"—so saying, he urged his horses to a fast trot, and was quite as good as his word.

How delicate in his attentions, and yet how artfully has he concealed his anxiety on my account, under a feigned desire for sleep, thought Julia.

If any thing had been wanting either to convince Julia of the truth of her conjecture, or to secure the conquest of Antonio, our heroine felt that this short ride had abundantly supplied it.

CHAPTER VI.

The following day our travellers were on the road before the sun, and busily pursued their route through the delightful valley of the Mohawk. It was now that Julia, in some measure accustomed to her proximity to her hero, began to enjoy the beauties of the scenery; her eyes dwelt with rapture on each opening glimpse that they caught of the river, and took in its gaze, meadows of never failing verdure, which were beautifully interspersed with elms that seemed coeval with the country itself. Occasionally she would draw the attention of her aunt to some view of particular interest; and if her eager voice caught the attention of Antonio, and he turned to gaze, to ponder, and to admire, —then Julia felt happy indeed, for then it was that she felt the indescribable bliss of sharing our pleasures with those we love. What heart of sensibility has stood and coldly gazed on a scene over which the eye, that it loves to admire, is roving with delight? Who is there that has yet to learn, that if the strongest bond to love is propinquity, so its tenderest tie, is sympathy? In this manner did our heroine pass a day of hitherto untasted bliss. Antonio would frequently stop his horses on the summit of the hill, and Julia understood the motive; turning her looks in the direction in which she saw the eye of her lover bent, she would sit in silent and secret communion with his feelings. In vain Charles endeavored to catch her attention —his remarks were unnoticed, and his simple efforts to please disregarded. At length, as they advanced towards the close of their day's ride, Charles, observing a mountain obtruding itself directly across their path, and meeting the river, which swept with great velocity around its base, cried aloud with a laugh—

"Anthony, I wish you would remove your nose!"

"Charles!" exclaimed Julia, shocked at his familiarity with a man of Antonio's elevated character.

"Poh!" said the young man in an under tone, conceiving her surprise to be occasioned by his lowering himself to joke with an inferior, "he is a good honest fellow, and don't mind a joke at all, I assure you."

Charles was right, for Antonio, moving his face, with a laugh cried in his turn—"There, sir, my nose is moved, but you can't see no better, after all."

Julia was amused with his condescension, which she thought augured perfect good nature and affability.

After all, thought Julia, if noble and com-

manding qualities are necessary to excite admiration or to command respect, familiar virtues induce us to love more tenderly, and good temper is absolutely necessary to contribute to our comfort. On the whole, she was rather pleased than otherwise, that Antonio could receive and return what was evidently intended for a witticism, although as yet she did not comprehend it.

But Charles did not leave her long in doubt. On the north side of the Mohawk, and at about fifty miles from its mouth, is a mountain, which, as we have already said, juts, in a nearly perpendicular promontory, into the bed of the river; its inclination is sufficient to admit of its receiving the name of a nose. Without the least intention of alluding to our hero, the early settlers had affixed the name of St. Anthony, who appears to have been a kind of Dutch deity in this state, and to have monopolized all the natural noses within her boundaries to himself. The vulgar idiom made the pronunciation Anthony's nose—and all this Charles briefly explained to Miss Emmerson and her neice, by way of giving point to his own wit. He had hardly made them comprehend the full brilliancy and beauty of his application of the mountain to their driver, when they reached the pass itself. The road was barely sufficient to suffer two carriages to move by each other without touching, being from necessity dug out of the base of the mountain; a precipice of many feet led to the river, which was high and turbulent at the time; there was no railing nor any protection on the side next the water—and in endeavoring to avoid the unprotected side of the road, two wagons had met a short time before, and one of them lost a wheel in the encounter—its owner had gone to a distancee for assistance, leaving the vehicle where it had fallen. The horses of Antonio, unaccustomed to such a sight, were with some difficulty driven by the loaded wagon, and when nearly past the object, took a sudden fright at its top, which was flapping in the wind. All the skill and exertions of Antonio to prevent their backing was useless, and carriage and horses would inevitably have gone off the bank together, had not Charles, with admirable presence of mind, opened a door, and springing out, placed a billet of wood, which had been used as a base for a lever in lifting the broken wagon, under one of the wheels. This checked the horses until Antonio had time to rally them, and, by using the whip with energy, bring them into the road again. He certainly showed great dexterity as a coachman. But, unhappily, the movement of Charles had been misunderstood by Julia, and, throwing open the door, with the blindness of fear, she sprang from the carriage also; it was on the side next the water, and her first leap was over the bank; the hill was not perpendicular, but too steep for Julia to recover her balance—and partly running, and partly falling, the unfortunate girl was plunged into the rapid river. Charles heard the screams of Miss Emmerson, and caught a glimpse of the dress of Julia as she sprang from the carriage. He ran to the bank just in time to see her fall into the water.

"O, God!" he cried, "Julia!—my Julia!"—and without seeming to touch the earth, he flew down the bank, and threw himself headlong into the stream. His great exertions and nervous arms soon brought him alongside of Julia, and, happily for them both, an eddy in the water drew them to the land. With some difficulty Charles was enabled to reach the shore with his burden.

Julia was not insensible, nor in the least injured. Her aunt was soon by her side, and folding her in her arms, poured out her feelings in a torrent of tears. Charles would not, however, suffer any delay, or expressions of gratitude, but, forcing both aunt and niece into the carriage, bid Antonio drive rapidly to a tavern, known to be at no great distance.

On their arrival, both Julia and Charles immediately clad themselves in dry clothes—when Miss Emmerson commanded the presence of the young man in her own room. On entering, Charles found Julia sitting by the fire, a thousand times handsomer, if possible, than ever.—Her eyes were beaming with gratitude, and her countenance was glowing with the excitement produced by the danger that she had encountered.

"Ah! Charles, my dear cousin," cried Julia, rising and meeting him with both hands extended, "I owe my life to your bravery and presence of mind."

"And mine too, Charles," said Miss Emmerson; "but for you, we should have all gone off the hill together."

"Yes, if Anthony had not managed the horses admirably, you might have gone indeed," said Charles, with a modest wish to get rid of their praise. But this was an unlucky speech for Charles; he had, unconsciously presented the image of a rival, at the moment that he hoped he filled all the thoughts of Julia.

"Ah, Antonio!" she cried, "poor Antonio!—and where is he? Why do you not send for him, dear aunt?"

"What, my love, into my bed-chamber!" said Miss Emmerson, in surprise; fear has made the girl crazy! But Charles, where is Anthony?"

"In the stable, with the horses, I believe," said the youth—"no, here he is, under the window, leading them to the pump."

"Give him this money," said Miss Emmerson, "and tell him it is for his admirable skill in saving my life."

Julia saw the danger of an exposure if she interfered, yet she had the curiosity to go to the window, and see how Antonio would conduct in this mortifying dilemma.

"Here, Antony," said Charles, "Miss Emmerson has sent you ten dollars, for driving so well, and saving the carriage."

"Ah! sir, it's no matter—I can ask nothing for that, I'm sure."

But Charles, accustomed to the backwardness of the common Americans to receive more than the price stipulated, still extended his hand towards the man. Julia saw his embarrassment, and knowing of no other expedient by which to relieve him, said, in a voice of persuasion—

"Take it for my sake, Antonio, if it be unworthy of you, still, take it, to oblige me."

The man no longer hesitated, but took the money, and gave Julia a look and a bow that sunk deep into the tablet of her memory—while Charles thought him extremely well paid for what he had done, but made due allowances for the excited state of his cousin's feelings.

"You perceive," said Miss Emmerson, with a smile, as Julia withdrew from the window, "if Charles be a little afraid of lightning, he has no dread of water"

"Ah! I retract my error," cried Julia; "Charles must be brave, or he never could have acted so coolly, and so well."

"Very true, my love," said Miss Emmerson, excessively gratified to hear her niece praise the youth; 'it is the surest test of courage when men behave with presence of mind in novel situations. Those accustomed to particular dangers easily discharge their duties, because they know, as it were instinctively, what is to be done. Thus Tony—he did well, but, I doubt not, he was horribly frightened—and for the world he could not have done what Charles did."

"Not Antonio!" echoed Julia, thrown a little off her guard—"I would pledge my life, aunt, that Antonio would have done as much, if not more than Charles!"

"Why did he not, then? It was his place to stop the carriage—why did he not?"

"It was his place," said Julia, "to manage the horses, and you acknowledge that he did it well. Duties incurred, no matter how unworthy of us, must be discharged; and although we may be conscious that our merit or our birth entitles us to a different station from the one we fill, yet a noble mind will not cease to perform its duty, even in poverty and disgrace."

Miss Emmerson listened in surprise; but as her neice often talked in a manner she did not comprehend, she attributed it to the improvements in education, and was satisfied. But Julia had furnished herself with a clue to what had occasioned her some uneasiness. At one time she thought Antonio had ought to have left the carriage, horses, every thing, and flown to her rescue, as Charles had done; but now she saw that the probity of his soul forbade it. He had doubtless, by secret means, induced the owner of the horses to intrust them to his keeping—and could he, a soldier, one used to trust and responsibility, forget his duty in the moment of need? Sooner would the sentinel quit his post unrelieved—sooner the gallant soldier turn his back on the enemy—or sooner would Antonio forget his Julia!

With this view of the propriety of his conduct, Julia was filled with the desire to let him know that she approved of what he had done. Surely, if any thing can be mortifying to a lover, thought our heroine, it must be to see a rival save his mistress, while imperious duty chains him to another task.

Young as Julia was, she had already learnt that it is not enough for our happiness that we have the consciousness of doing right, but it is necessary that others should think we have done so too. Accordingly, early the following

morning she arose, and wandered around the house, in hopes that chance would throw her lover in her way, and give her an opportunity of relieving his mind from the load of mortification under which she knew he must be laboring. It was seldom that our heroine had been in the public bar-room of a tavern—but, in gliding by the door, she caught a glimpse of Antonio in the bar; and, impelled by her feelings, she was near him before she had time to collect her scattered senses. To be with Antonio, and alone, Julia felt was dangerous; for his passion might bring on a declaration, and betray them both to the public and vulgar notice.—Anxious, therefore, to effect her object at once, she gently laid her hand on his arm—Antonio started and turned, while the glass in his hands fell, with its contents untasted, on the floor.

"Rest easy, Antonio," said Julia, in the gentlest possible tones; "to me your conduct is satisfactory, and your secret will never be exposed." So saying, she turned quickly, and glided from the room.

"As I hope to be saved," said Antonio, "I meant nothing wrong—but should have paid the landlord the moment he came in"—but Julia heard him not. Her errand was happily executed, and she was already by the side of her aunt. On entering the carriage, Julia noticed the eye of Antonio fixed on her with peculiar meaning, and she felt that her conduct had been appreciated.

From this time until the day of their arrival at the house of Mr Miller, nothing material occurred. Antonio rose every hour in the estimation of Julia, and the young lady noticed a marked difference in her lover's conduct towards her.

A few miles before they reached the dwelling, Miss Emmerson observed—

"To-morrow will be the twentieth of September; when I am to know who will be my companion for the winter, Miss Miller or Katherine."

"Ah! aunt, you may know that now, if I am to decide," said Julia, "It will be Anna, my Anna, surely."

Her manner was enthusiastic, and her voice a little louder than usual. Antonio turned his head, and their eyes met. Julia read in that glance the approbation of her generous friendship. Miss Emmerson was a good deal hurt at this decision of her niece, who, she thought, knowing her sentiments, would be induced to have been satisfied with the visit to Anna, and taken Katherine for the winter. It was with reluctance that the aunt abandoned this wish, and, after a pause, she continued—

"Remember, Julia, that you have not my permission to ask your friend, until the twentieth—we can stay but one night at Mr. Miller's; but if Anna is to spend the winter in Park Place, we will return this way from the Falls, and take her with us to the city."

"Thank you, dear aunt," cried Julia, kissing her with an affection that almost reconciled Miss Emmerson to the choice—while Charles Weston whistled "Hail, Columbia! happy land!"

Julia saw that Antonio pitied her impatience—for the moment he arrived in sight of Mr. Miller's house, he put his horses to their speed, and dashed into the court yard in the space of a few minutes. For a little while all was confusion and joy. Anna seemed delighted to see her friend, and Julia was in raptures—they flew into each other's arms—and if their parting embrace was embalmed in tears, their meeting was enlivened with smiles. With arms interlocked, they went about the house, the very pictures of joy. Even Antonio, at the moment, was forgotten, and all devoted to friendship. Nay, as if sensible of the impropriety of his appearance at that critical instant, he withdrew himself from observation—and his delicacy was not lost on Julia. Happy are they who can act in consonance with their own delicate sentiments, and rest satisfied that their motives are understood by those whom it is their greatest desire to please! Such, too fortunate Antonio, was thy lot—for no emotion of thy sensitive mind, no act of thy scrupulously honorable life, passed unheeded by thy Julia!—so thought the maiden.

It has already been mentioned that the family of Mr. Miller was large; and amid the tumult and confusion of their guests, no opportunity was afforded the friends for conversation in private. The evening passed swiftly, and the hour for bed arrived without any other communication between Julia and Anna than whisperings and pressures of the hands, together with a thousand glances of peculiar meaning with the

eyes. But Julia did not regret this so much as if Antonio had been unknown—she had been in his company for four days, and knew, or thought she knew, already, as much of his history as Anna herself. But one thought distressed her, and that was, that his residence might be far from the house of her aunt. The reflection gave the tender-hearted girl real pain, and her principal wish to converse with Anna in private was, to ascertain her future lot on this distressing point. No opportunity, however, offered that night, and Julia saw that in the morning her time would be limited, for Miss Emmerson desired Mr. Miller to order her carriage to be in readiness to start as soon as they had breakfasted.

"When, dear aunt, am I to give Anna the invitation," said Julia, when they were left alone, "if you start so early in the morning?"

"The proper time will be, my child, immediately before we get into the carriage," said Miss Emmerson, with a sigh of regret at the determination of her niece; "it will then be more pointed, and call for an immediate answer."

This satisfied Julia, who knew that it would be accepted by her friend, and she soon fell asleep, to dream a little of Anna, and a great deal of Antonio.

The following morning Julia arose with the sun, and her first employment was to seek her friend. Anna had also risen, and was waiting impatiently for the other's appearance, in the vacant parlor.

"Ah! dear Julia," said she, catching her arm, and dragging her to a window, "I thought you would never come. Well, are we to spend the winter together? Have you spoken to your dear, dear aunt about it?"

"You shall know in good time, my Anna," said Julia, mindful of the wishes of her aunt, and speaking with a smile that gave Anna an assurance of success.

"O! what a delightful winter we will have!" cried Anna, in rapture.

"I am tongue-tied, at present," said Julia, laughing; "but not on every subject," she continued, blushing to the eyes; "do tell me of St. Albans—of Regulus—who is he?"

"Who is he?" echoed Anna—"why, nobody! one must have something to write about, you know, to a friend." Julia felt sick and faint—her color left her cheeks as she forced a smile, and uttered, in a low voice, "but Antonio—Stanley?"

"A man of straw," cried Anna, with unfeeling levity; "no such creature in the world, I assure you!" Julia made a mighty effort to conquer her emotions, and wildly seizing Anna by the arm, she pointed to her aunt's coachman, who was at work on his carriage at no great distance, and uttered "For God's sake, who is he?"

"He!" cried Anna, in surprise, "why, your driver—and an ugly wretch he is!—don't you know your own driver, yet?"

Julia burst from her treacherous friend—rushed into the room of her aunt, and throwing herself into the arms of Miss Emmerson, wept for an hour as if her heart would break. Miss Emmerson saw that something hurt her feelings excessively, and that it was something she would not reveal. Believing that it was a quarrel with her friend, and hoping at all events that it would interrupt their intercourse, Miss Emmerson, instead of trying to discover her niece's secret, employed herself in persuading her to appear before the family with composure, and to take leave of them with decency and respect. In this she succeeded, and the happy moment arrived. Anna in vain pressed near her friend to receive the invitation—and her mother more than once hinted at the thousand pities it was to separate two that loved one another so fondly. No invitation was given—and although Anna spent half a day in searching for a letter, that she insisted must be left in some romantic place, none was ever found, nor did any ever arrive.

While resting with her foot on the step of the carriage, about to enter it, Julia, whose looks were depressed from shame, saw a fluid that was discolored with tobacco, fall on her shoe and soil her stocking. Raising her eyes with disgust, she perceived that the wind had wafted it from the mouth of Antonio, as he held open the door—and the same blast throwing aside his screen of silk, discovered a face that was deformed with disease, and wanting of an eye!

Our travellers returned to the city by the way of Montreal and Lake Champlain; nor was it until Julia had been the happy wife of Charles Weston for more than a year, that she could summon resolution to own that she had once been in love, like thousands of her sex, with a "man of straw."

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

[Contributed to the Boston Notion.]

BY ISAAC F. SHEPARD, AUTHOR OF "PEBBLES FROM CASTALIA."

'Twas Autumn. Beauty dwelt upon the earth,
With such a garb as she doth love to wear
When summer days have waned, and the loved hearth
Lendeth its warmth to fond groups gathered there
At evening and at morn, and the cold breath
Of the hoar-frost among the forest boughs
Will move, leaving its stealthy kiss of death,
Like time upon an old man's hoary brows.

The lofty maple wore a diadem
Of gold; its foliage seemed a drapery
Of emerald hue, inwrought with many a gem,
As it did wave its giant arms and free,
Against the sapphire sky: a golden sheen
Upon the tall elms dwelt, and the ripe grain
O'er many a field, and garnered fruits were seen,
And harvest songs were echoing from each plain.

There is a spirit breathing in the gale
That lifts the frost-seared leaf, in unison
With voices of the soul; and the low wail
Of struggling winds, when Autumn's swift sands run,
Will wake vibrations there, whose solemn swell
Shall linger on the inward ear for aye,
And bid man note earth's change, and mark it well;
For like the leaf, he too shall pass away.

I love these solemn teachings, and I rove
Oft-times alone, in the dark forest wild,
To lay me down beneath some hidden grove,
And list to Nature's language, as her child:
I love her lessons! Garnered are they all
In Memory's store, nor can I e'er forget
The spell that bound me with its holy thrall,
Ere youth with manhood's sterner cares had met.

And I do well remember when my way,
Was by a babbling brook, whose dashing wave
Did drink the beauties of the dying day.
I sat me down to rest; a fresh-made grave
Was on the wavelet's bank, and o'er it bowed
Two gentle beings, and sad tears they wept,
But yet their grief was chastened and unloud,—
The only one who loved them, dreamless slept.

The elder was a boy—a noble one,
Whose very form a princely soul revealed,
And well his mother prized her dutcous son:
The younger was a girl;—a bud unsealed;
And beauty crowned her as a bride is crowned:
And when they two did range the summer woods
The half-charmed warblers ceased their music's sound,
As they were guardians of the solitudes.

They lingered by till twilight bade them go;
Then kneeling down, he said a parting prayer;
Nor dropped one word that told repining woe:
They kissed the grave, then left the slumberer there:
He with a steady pace and heavenward eye,
But she did bow her head upon his breast
O'ercome by grief; as when the wave beats high,
The folded lily hides beneath its crest.

My heart was moved by this sad, tearful scene,
And when their footsteps died away, I went
And stood beside the grave; the grass was green
Upon the broken sods; a monument
Had just been reared, a simple, lettered stone,
But not of Eulogy or filial praise;
Two simple words were chiselled there alone,
Two holy words,—MY MOTHER,—met my gaze!

I know not why, but I did bow and weep
Where I had seen these lovely orphans bend;
I knew my own dear mother did not sleep
In death's drear vault; her prayer would blend
With morning zephyr and with evening's breeze,
For me an absent son; my father's voice
Would rise, with brothers, sisters, round; and these
Should banish tears and bid the heart rejoice.

But yet full, gushing fountains there did fall,
And the strong sigh my inmost soul did heave;
And o'er the grave my lips on Heaven did call,
Ere the lone spot my lingering steps would leave:
And many a time, at midnight, when I lie
Upon my sleepless couch, that grave I see,
And those two lovely orphans lingering by,
Tracing their mother's name all silently.

"THE POACHER."*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

CHAPTER V.

THE SINS OF THE FATHER ARE VISITED ON THE CHILD.

Jane had remained in a state of great anxiety during her husband's absence, watching and listening to every sound; every five minutes raising the latch of the door, and looking out hoping to see him return. As the time went on, her alarm increased; she laid her head down on the table and wept; she could find no consolation, no alleviation of her anxiety; she dropped down on her knees and prayed.

She was still appealing to the Most High, when a blow on the door announced her husband's return. There was a sullen gloom over his countenance as he entered; he threw his gun carelessly on one side, so that it fell, and rattled against the paved floor; and this one act was to her ominous of evil. He sat down without speaking; falling back in the chair, and lifting his eyes up to the rafters above, he appeared to be in deep thought, and unconscious of her presence.

'What has happened?' inquired his wife, trembling, as she laid her hand on his shoulder.

'Don't speak to me now,' was the reply.

'Joey,' said the frightened woman in a whisper, 'what has he done?'

Joey answered not, but raised his hand, red with the blood which was now dried upon it.

Jane uttered a faint cry, dropped on her knees, and covered her face, while Joey walked into the back kitchen, and busied himself in removing the traces of the dark deed.

A quarter of an hour had elapsed—Joey had returned, and taken his seat upon his low stool, and not a word had been exchanged.

There certainly is a foretaste of the future punishment which awaits crime; for how dreadful were the feelings of those who were now sitting down in the cottage. Rushbrook was evidently stupified from excess of feeling; first, the strong excitement which had urged him to the deed; and now from the re-action, the prostration of mental power which had succeeded it. Jane dreaded the present and the future—whichever way she turned her eyes the gibbet was before her—the clanking of chains in her ears; in her vision of the future, scorn, misery, and remorse—she felt only for her husband. Joey, poor boy, he felt for both. Even the dog showed, as he looked up into Joey's face, that he was aware that a foul deed had been done. The silence which it appeared none would venture to break, was at last disolved by the clock of the village church solemnly striking two. They all started up—it was a warning—it reminded them of the bell tolling for the dead—of time and of eternity; but time present quickly effaced for the moment other ideas; yes, it was time to act; in four hours more it would be daylight, and the blood of the murdered man would appeal to his fellow-men for vengeance. The sun would light them to the deed of darkness—the body would be brought home—the magistrates would assemble—and who would be the party suspected?

'Merciful Heaven!' exclaimed Jane, 'what can be done?'

'There is no proof,' muttered Rushbrook.

'Yes, there is,' observed Joey, 'I left my bag there, when I stooped down to—'

'Silence!' cried Rushbrook. 'Yes,' continued he, bitterly to his wife, 'this is your doing, you must send the boy after me, and now there will be evidence against me; I shall owe my death to you.'

'O say not so! say not so!' replied Jane, falling down on her knees and weeping bitterly, as she buried her face in her lap; 'but there is yet time,' cried she, starting up, 'Joey can go and fetch the bag. You will, Joey: won't you dear; you are not afraid—you are innocent.'

'Better leave it where it is, mother,' replied Joey, calmly.

Rushbrook looked up at his son with surprise, Jane caught him by the arm; she felt convinced the boy had some reason for what he said—probably some plan that would ward off suspicion—yet how could that be, it was evidence against them, and after looking earnestly at the boy's face, she dropped his arm. 'Why so, Joey?' said she, with apparent calmness.

'Because,' replied Joey, 'I have been thinking about it all this time; I am innocent, and therefore I do not mind if they suppose me guilty.—The bag is known to be mine—the gun I must throw down in a ditch, two fields off. You must give me some money, if you have any; if not, I must go without it; but there is no time to be lost; I must be off and away from here in ten minutes; to-morrow ask every one if they have seen or heard of me, because I have left the house some time during the night. I shall have a good start before that; besides, they may not find the pedlar for a day or two, perhaps; at all events, not till some time after I am gone; and then you see, mother, the bag which is found by him, and the gun in the ditch, will make them think it is me who killed him; but they will not be able to make out whether I killed him by accident, and run away from fear, or whether I did it on purpose. So now, mother, that's my plan, for it will save father.'

*Continued from page 40.

'And I shall never see you again, my child!' replied his mother.

'That's as may be You may go away from here after a time, mother, when the thing has blown over. Come, mother, there is no time to lose.'

'Rushbrook, what say you—what think you?' said Jane to her husband.

'Why, Jane, at all events, the boy must leave us; for, you see, I told Byres, and I've no doubt but he told the keeper, if he met him, that I should bring Joey with me. I did it to deceive him; and, as sure as I sit here, they will have that boy up as evidence against his father.'

'To be sure they will,' cried Joey; 'and what could I do, I dare not—I don't think I could—tell a lie; and yet I would not peach upon father, neither. What can I do but be out of the way?'

'That's the truth—away with you then, my boy, and take a father's blessing with you—a guilty father's, it is true; God forgive me. Jane give him all the money you have; lose not a moment, quick, woman, quick.' And Rushbrook appeared to be in agony.

Jane hastened to the cupboard, opened a small box, and poured the contents into the hand of Joey.

'Farewell, my boy,' said Rushbrook, 'your father thanks you.'

'Heaven preserve you, my child,' cried Jane, embracing him, as the tears rained down her cheeks. 'You will write—no! you must not—mercy! mercy! I shall never see him again!' and the mother fainted on the floor.

The tears rose in our hero's eyes as he beheld the condition of his poor mother. Once more he grasped his father's hand, and then, catching up the gun, he went out at the back door, and driving back the dog, who would have followed him, made over the fields as fast as his legs could carry him.

CHAPTER VI.

'THE WORLD BEFORE HIM, WHERE TO CHOOSE.'

We have no doubt but many of our readers have occasionally, when on a journey, come to where the road divides into two, forking out in different directions, and, the road being new to them, have not known which of the two branches they ought to take. This happens, as it often does in a novel, to be our case just now. Shall we follow little Joey, or his father and mother—that is the question. We believe when a road does thus divide, the widest of the two branches is generally selected, as being supposed to be the continuation of the high road: we shall ourselves act upon that principle; and, as the hero of the tale is of more consequence than characters accessory, we shall follow up the fortunes of little Joey. As soon as our hero had deposited the gun, so that it might be easily discovered by any one passing by, he darted into the high road, and went off with all the speed that he was capable of; and it was not yet light when he found himself at least ten miles from his native village. As the day dawned, he quitted the high road, and took to the fields, keeping a parallel course, so as to still increase his distance; it was not until he had made fifteen miles that, finding himself exhausted, he sat down to recover himself.

From the time that he had left the cottage until the present, Joey had but one overwhelming idea in his head, which was, to escape from pursuit, and by his absence to save his father from suspicion; but now that he had effected that purpose, and was in a state of quiescence, other thoughts rushed upon his mind. First, the scenes of the last few hours presented themselves in rapid array before him—he thought of the dead man, and he looked at his hand to ascertain if the bloody marks had been effaced, and then he thought of his poor mother's state when he quitted the cottage, and the remembrance made him weep bitterly; his own position came next upon him—a boy, twelve years of age, adrift upon the world—how was he to live—what was he to do? This reminded him that his mother had given him money; he put his hand into his pocket and pulled it out, to ascertain what he possessed. He had £1 16s., to him a large sum, and it was all in silver. As he became more composed, he begun to reflect upon what he had better do; where should he go to? London. It was a long way, he knew, but the farther he was away from home, the better. Besides, he had heard much of London, and that every one got employment there. Joey resolved that he would go to London; he knew that he had taken the right road so far, and having made up his mind, he rose up and proceeded.—He knew that, if possible, he must not allow himself to be seen on the road for a day or two, and he was puzzled how he was to get food, which he already felt would be very acceptable; and then, what account was he to give of himself, if questioned? Such were the cogitations of our little hero, as he wended his way, till he came to a river, which was too deep and rapid for him to attempt to ford—he was obliged to return to the high road to cross the bridge. He looked around him before he climbed over the low stone wall, and perceiving nobody, he jumped on the footpath, and proceeded to the bridge, where he suddenly faced an old woman with a basket of brown cakes, something like gingerbread. Taken by surprise, and hardly knowing what to say, he inquired if a cart had passed that way?

'Yes, child, but it must be a good mile ahead of you,' said the old woman, 'and you must walk fast to overtake it.'

'I have had no breakfast yet, and I am hungry; do you sell your cakes?'

'Yes, child, what else do I make them for? three a penny, and cheap too'

Joey felt in his pocket until he had selected a sixpence, and pulling it out, desired the old woman to give him cakes for it, and taking the pile in his hand he set off as fast as he could.—As soon as he was out of sight he again made his way into the fields, and breakfasted upon

half his store. He then continued his journey until nearly one o'clock, when, tired out with his exertions, as soon as he had finished the remainder of his cakes, he laid down under a rick of corn and fell fast asleep, having made twenty miles since he started. In his hurry to escape pursuit, and the many thoughts which occupied his brain, Joey had made no observation on the weather; if he had, he probably would have looked after some more secure shelter than the lee-side of a haystack. He slept soundly, and he had not been asleep more than an hour, when the wind changed, and the snow fell fast; nevertheless, Joey slept on, and probably never would have awakened more, had it not been that a shepherd and his dog were returning home in the evening, and happened to pass close to the haystack. By this time Joey had been covered with a layer of snow, half an inch deep, and had it not been for the dog, who went up to where he laid, and commenced pawing the snow off him, he would have been passed by undiscovered by the shepherd, who, after some trouble, succeeded in rousing our hero from his torpor, and half dragging, half lifting him, contrived to lead him across one or two fields, until they arrived at a blacksmith's shop, in a small village, before Joey could have been said to have recovered his scattered senses. Two hours more sleep, and there would have been no further history to give of our little hero.

He was dragged to the forge, the fire of which glowed under the force of the bellows, and by degrees, as the warmth reached him, he was restored to self-possession. To the inquiries made as to who he was, and from where he came, he now answered as he had before arranged in his mind. His father and mother were a long way before him; he was going to London, but having been tired he had fallen asleep under the haystack, and he was afraid that if he went not on to London directly, he never might find his father or mother again.

'O, then,' replied the shepherd, 'they have gone on before, have they? Well, you'll catch them, no doubt.'

The blacksmith's wife, who had been a party to what was going on, now brought up a little warm ale, which quite re-established Joey; and at the same time a wagon drove up to the door, and stopped at the blacksmith's shop.

'I must have a shoe tacked on the old mare, my friend,' said the driver. 'You won't be long?'

'Not five minutes,' replied the smith. 'You're going to London?'

'Yes, sure.'

'Here's a poor boy that has been left behind by his father and mother somehow—you would not mind giving him a lift?'

'Well, I don't know; I suppose I must be paid for it in the world to come.'

'And good pay too, if you earn it,' observed the blacksmith.

'Well, it won't make much difference to my eight horses, I expect,' said the driver, looking at Joey; 'so come along, youngster; you may perch yourself on top of the straw, above the goods.'

'First come in with me, child,' said the wife of the blacksmith; 'you must have some good victuals to take with you—so, while you shoe the horse, John, I'll see to the boy.'

The woman put before Joey a dish in which were the remains of more than one small joint, and our hero commenced his attack without delay.

'Have you any money, child?' inquired the woman.

Joey, who thought that she might expect payment, replied, 'Yes, ma'am, I've got a shilling,' and he pulled one out of his pocket and laid it on the table.

'Bless the child! what do you take me for, to think that I would touch your money? you are a long way from London yet, although you have got such a chance to get there. Do you know where to go to when you get there?'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied Joey, 'I shall get work in the stables, I believe.'

'Well, I dare say that you will; but in the mean time you had better save your shilling—so we'll find something to put this meat and bread up for your journey. Are you quite warm now.'

'Yes, thank'ee, ma'am.'

Joey, who had ceased eating, had another warm at the fire, and in a few minutes, having bade adieu, and given his thanks to the humane people, he was buried in the straw below the tilt of the wagon, with his provisions deposited beside him, and the wagon went on its slow and steady pace to the tune of its own jingling bells. Joey, who had quite recovered from his chill, nestled among the straw, congratulating himself that he should now arrive safely in London without more questioning. And such was the case; in three days and three nights, without any further adventure, he found himself, although he was not aware of it, in Oxford-street, somewhat about eight or nine o'clock in the evening.

'Do you know your way now, boy?' said the carman.

'I can ask it,' replied Joey, 'as soon as I can go to the light and read the address. Good bye, and thank you,' continued he, glad at last to be clear of any more evasive replies.

The carman shook him by the hand as they passed the Boar and Castle, and bade him farewell, and our hero found himself alone in the vast metropolis.

What was he to do? He hardly knew—but one thought struck him, which was, that he must find a bed for the night. He wandered up and down Oxford-street for some time, but every one walked so quick that he was afraid to speak to them—at last a little girl, of seven or eight years of age, passed by him, and looked him earnestly in the face.

'Can you tell me where I can get a bed for the night?' said Joey.

'Have you any brads,' was the reply.

'What are those?' said Joey.

'Any money, to be sure; why, you're green—quite.'

'Yes, I have a shilling.'

'That will do—come along, and you shall sleep with me.'

Joey followed her very innocently, and very glad that he had been so fortunate. She led him to a street out of Tottenham court-yard, in which there were no lamps—the houses, however, were large, and many stories high.

'Take my hand,' said the girl, 'and mind how you tread.'

Guided by his new companion, Joey arrived at a door that was wide open; they entered, and assisted by the girl, he went up a dark staircase to the second story. She opened a room-door, when Joey found himself in company with about twenty other children, of about the same age, of both sexes. Here were several beds on the floor of the room, which was spacious. In the centre were huddled together on the floor, round a tallow candle, eight or ten of the inmates, two of them playing with a filthy pack of cards, while the others looked over them; others were lying down, or asleep on the several beds. 'This is my bed,' said the girl; 'if you are tired you can turn in at once. I shan't go to bed yet.'

Joey was tired and he went to bed; it was not very clean, but he had been used to worse lodgings lately. It need hardly be observed that Joey had got into very bad company, the whole of the inmates of the room consisted of juvenile thieves and pickpockets, who, in the course of time obtain promotion in their profession, until they are ultimately sent off to Botany Bay. Attempts have been made to check these nurseries of vice; but psuedo-philanthropists have resisted such barbarous innovation; and, upon the Mosaic principle, that you must not seethe the kid in the mother's milk, they are protected and allowed to arrive at full maturity, and beyond the chance of being reclaimed, until they are ripe for the penalties of the law.

Joey slept soundly, and when he awoke next morning found that his little friend was not with him. He dressed himself, and then made another discovery, which was, that every farthing of his money had been abstracted from his pockets. Of this unpleasant fact he ventured to complain to one or two boys, who were lying on other beds with their clothes on; they laughed at him, called him a green-horn, and made use of other language, which at once let Joey know the nature of the company with whom he had been passing the night. After some altercation three or four of them bundled him out of the room, and Joey found himself in the street without a farthing, and very much inclined to eat a good breakfast.

There is no portion of the world, small as it is in comparison with the whole, in which there is more to be found to eat and to drink, more comfortable lodgings, or accommodation and convenience of every kind as in the metropolis of England, provided you have the means to obtain it; but, notwithstanding this abundance, there is no place, probably, where you will find it more difficult to obtain a portion of it, if you happen to have an empty pocket.

Joey went into a shop here and there to ask for employment—he was turned away everywhere. He spent the first day in this manner, and at night, tired and hungry, he laid down on the stone steps of a portico, and fell asleep. The next morning he awoke shivering with the cold, faint with hunger. He asked at the areas for something to eat, but no one would give him any thing. At the pump he obtained a drink of water—that was all he could obtain, for it cost nothing. Another day passed without food and the poor boy again sheltered himself for the night at a rich man's door in Berkley square.

CHAPTER VII.

IF YOU WANT EMPLOYMENT, GO TO LONDON.

The exhausted lad awoke again, and pursued his useless task of appeals for food and employment. It was a bright day, and there was some little warmth to be collected by basking, in the rays of the sun, when our hero wended his way through St. James's Park, faint, hungry, and disconsolate. There were several people seated on the benches, and Joey, weak as he was, did not venture to go near them, but crawled along. At last, after wandering up and down, looking for pity in every body's face as they passed, and receiving none, he felt that he could not stand much longer, and emboldened by desperation, he approached a bench that was occupied by one person. At first he only rested on the arm of the bench, but, as the person sitting down appeared not to observe him, he timidly took a seat at the further end. The personage who occupied the other part of the bench, was a man dressed in a morning suit *a-la-militaire* and black stock. He had clean gloves and a small cane in his hand with which he was describing circles on the gravel before him, evidently in deep thought. In height he was full six feet, and his proportions combined strength with symmetry. His features were remarkably handsome, his dark hair had a natural curl, and his whiskers and mustachios (for he wore those military appendages) were evidently the objects of much attention and solicitude. We may as well here observe, that although so favored by nature, still there would have been considered something wanting in him by those who had been accustomed to move in the first circles, to make him the refined gentleman. His movements and carriage were not inelegant, but there was a certain *retinue* wanting. He bowed well, but it was not exactly the bow of a gentleman. The nursery maids as they passed by said, 'dear me what a handsome gentleman;' but had the remark been made by a higher class, it would have been qualified into 'what a handsome man.' His age was apparently about five-and-thirty—it might have been something more. After a short time he left off his mechanical amusements, and turning round, perceived little Joey at the farther end. Whether from the mere inclination to talk, or that he thought it presuming in our hero to seat himself upon the same bench, he said to him—

'I hope you are comfortable, my little man; but perhaps you've forgot your message.'

'I have no message, sir, for I know no one; and I am not comfortable, for I am starving,' replied Joey, in a tremulous voice.

'Are you in earnest now, when you say that, boy; or is it that you're humbugging me?'

Joey shook his head.

'I have eaten nothing since the day before yesterday morning, and I feel faint and sick,' replied he at last.

His new companion looked earnestly in our hero's face, and was satisfied that what he said was true.

'As I hope to be saved,' exclaimed he, 'its my opinion that a little bread and butter would not be a bad thing for you. Here,' continued he, putting his hand into his coat pocket, 'take these coppers, and go and get something into your little vitals.'

'Thank you, sir, thank you kindly. But I don't know where to go; I only came up to London two days ago.'

'Then follow me as fast as your little pins can carry you,' said the other. They had not far to go, for a man was standing close to Spring-garden-gate, with hot tea and bread and butter, and in a few moments Joey's hunger was considerably appeased.

'Do you feel better now, my little cock?'

'Yes, sir, thank you.'

'That's right, and now we'll go back to the bench, and then you shall tell me all about yourself, just to pass away the time. Now,' said he, as he took his seat, 'in the first place, who is your father, if you have any; and if you ha'nt any, what was he?'

'Father and mother are both alive, but they are a long way off. Father was a soldier, and he has a pension now.'

'A soldier! Do you know in what regiment?'

'Yes, it was in the 53rd, I think.'

'By the powers, my own regiment! And what is your name, then, and his?'

'Rushbrook,' replied Joey.

'My pivot man, by all that's holy. Now haven't you nicely dropped on your feet?'

'I don't know, sir,' replied our hero.

'But I do; your father was the best fellow I had in my company—the best forager, and always took care of his officer, as a good man should do. If there was a turkey, or a goose, or a duck, or a fowl, or a pig within ten miles of us, he would have it; he was the boy for poaching. And now tell me, (and mind you tell the truth when you meet with a friend) what made you leave your father and mother!'

'I was afraid of being taken up—' and here Joey stopped, for he hardly knew what to say; trust his new acquaintance with his father's secret he dare not; neither did he like to tell what was directly false; as the reader will perceive by his reply, he partly told the truth.

'Afraid of being taken up! why, what could they take up a spalpeen like you for?'

'Poaching,' replied Joey; 'father poached too; they had proof against me, so I came away—with father's consent.'

'Poaching! well, I'm not surprised at that, for if ever it was in the blood, it is in your's—that's truth. And what do you mean to do now?

'Any thing I can to earn my bread.'

'What can you do—besides poaching, of course. Can you read and write?'

'O, yes.'

'Would you like to be a servant—clean boots, brush clothes, stand behind a cab, run messages, carry notes, and hold your tongue?'

'I could do all that, I think—I am twelve years old.'

'The devil you are; well then, for your father's sake, I'll see what I can do for you, till you can do better. I'll fit you out as a tiger, and what's more, unless I am devilish hard up, I won't sell you. So come along. What's your name?'

'Joey.'

'Sure that was your father's name before you, I now recollect, and should any one take the trouble to ask you what may be the name of your master, you may reply with a safe conscience, that it's Captain O'Donahue. Now, come along, not close after me—you may as well keep open file just now, till I've made you look a little more decent.'

[To be continued.]

THE TRUANT HUSBAND.

[From "Chronicles of Life," by Mrs. C. B. Wilson.]

'The painful vigil may I never know
'That anxious watches o'er a wandering heart.'
MRS. TIGHIE.

It was past midnight, and she sat leaning her pale cheek on her hand, counting the dull ticking of the French clock, that stood on the marble chimney-piece, and ever and anon lifting her weary eye to its dial to mark the lapse of another hour. It was past midnight, and yet he returned not! She arose, and taking up the lamp, whose pale rays alone illumed the solitary chamber, proceeded with noiseless step to a small inner apartment. The curtains of his little bed were drawn aside, and the young mother gazed on her sleeping child! What a vivid contrast did that glowing cheek and smiling brow present, as he lay in rosy slumber, to the faded, yet beautiful face that hung over him in tears! 'Will he resemble his father?' was the thought that passed for a moment through her devoted heart, and a sigh was the only answer!

'Tis his well known knock—and the steps of the drowsy porter echoed through the lofty hall, as with a murmur on his lip, he drew the massy bolts and admitted his thoughtless master

'Four o'clock, Willis, is it not?' and he sprang up the staircase—another moment he is in her chamber—in her arms!

No reproaches met the truant husband, none—save those she could not spare him, in her heavy eye, and faded cheek—yet these spoke to his heart.

'Julia, I have been a wandering husband.'

'But you are come now, Charles, and all is well.'

And all was well, for, from that hour, Charles Danvers became an altered man. Had his wife met him with frowns and sullen tears, he had become a hardened libertine; but her affectionate caresses, the joy that danced in her sunken eye, the hectic flush that lit up her pallid cheek at his approach, were arguments he could not withstand. Married in early life, while he felt all the ardor, but not the esteem of love; possessed of a splendid fortune, and having hitherto had the entire command of his own pleasures, Danvers fell into that common error, of newly married men—the dread of being controlled. In vain did his parents, who beheld with sorrow the reproaches and misery he was heaping up for himself in after life, remonstrate; Charles Danvers turned a deaf ear to advice, and pursued, with companions every way unworthy of his society, the path of folly if not absolute guilt. The tavern, the club-room, the race-course, too often left his wife a solitary mourner, or a midnight watcher.

Thus the first three years of their wedded life had passed—to him in fevered and restless pleasure, to her in blighted hope or unmurmuring regret. But this night crowned the patient forbearance of the neglected Julia with its just reward, and gave the death blow to folly in the bosom of Danvers. Returning with disgust from the losses of the hazard table, her meekness and long-suffering touched him to the soul; the film fell from his eyes, and Vice, in her own hideous deformity; stood unmasked before him,

Ten years have passed since that solitary midnight, when the young matron bent in tears over her sleeping boy. Behold her now! still in the pride of womanhood, surrounded by their cherub faces, who are listening ere they go to rest to her sweet voice, as it pours forth to the accompaniment of her harp an evening song of joy and melody; while a manly form is bending over the music-page to hide the tear of happiness and triumph that springs from a swelling bosom, as he contemplates the interesting group. Youthful matrons! ye who watch over a wandering, perhaps an erring heart—when a reproach trembles on your lips towards a truant husband, imitate Julia Danvers, and remember, though hymen has chains, like the sword of Harmodius, they may be covered with flowers; that unkindness and irritability do but harden, if not wholly estrange the heart—while on the contrary patience and gentleness of manner (as water dropping on the flinty rock, will in time wear it into softness) seldom fail to reclaim to happiness and virtue the Truant Husband.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

BY S. F. STREETER.

"The Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings.

As in the east the Lord of day
Appears, and with enkindling ray,
Up the bright pathway springs;
So doth, to the believer's eyes,
The Sun of Righteousness arise,
And walk in light and love the skies,
With healing in his wings.

Not like the fabled sun of old,
That from its wonted orbit rolled,
And wrapped the world in flame;—
But like yon glorious orb of day,
It comes with mild and steady ray,
And drives the mist of doubt away,
In the Redeemer's name.

It is the Messenger of God!
It sends its healing light abroad,
To all, of every clime;—
Shines through the golden gates of pride,
And where the humble poor reside,
And sheds its glory far and wide,
Unto the end of time!

Beneath the Titian's ardent gaze,
Earth doth her fairest features raise,
And smile and blush by turns;
The flowers look upward one by one,
The streams with sweeter music run,
And dews are wept when day is done,
And the pale crescent burns:

So, on the spirit—soil divine,
With healing in his wings doth shine
The Sun of Righteousness;—
Soon as his rays the soul illume,
The flowers of Hope and Virtue bloom,
And shed around a pure perfume,
To soothe and heal and bless.

Straightway the streams of love break out,
And spread their crystal waves about,
The buds of Mercy blow;
Then Peace her olive branch doth lend.
The dews of heavenly Faith descend,
And Earth and Heaven their pleasures blend
In one meek breast below.

That Sun shall ever shine on high,
To cheer the watchful Christian's eye
Nought can its power destroy;
It cometh from the King of Kings,
It bears Salvation on its wings,
And healing for the nations brings,
And peace and perfect joy!

NEW WORK, BY THE AUTHOR OF VALENTINE VOX.

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,—THE PRINCE.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE HERO AND HIS AFFECTIONATE FAMILY ARE INTRODUCED.

Archibald Julian, the grandfather of George —who by his virtue of surpassing ingenuity acquired the aristocratic *sobriquet* of The Prince —was, in a commercial point of view, a remarkably successful, and therefore a highly respectable man. He married early and was then extremely poor, but his marriage, which then appeared to be most improvident, laid the foundation of that fortune which it prompted him to raise, and which, had it not been for that stimulus, would probably never have been raised by him at all.

Having acquired by experience a practical knowledge of the value of money, he proposed to himself at starting to realize ten thousand pounds, correctly calculating that it would yield five hundred a year, upon which he might live in a comfortable state of independence. The possession of ten thousand pounds formed, then, the very acme of his ambition. He wanted no more: he cared to realize no more: if he could but make that he would retire and gather happiness, not only from affluence *per se*, but from acts of benevolence to which, at that period his heart very strongly inclined.

With this laudable object in view, he accordingly, soon after his marriage, borrowed the sum of fifty pounds, and commenced on his own account. He was zealous, indefatigable, up at it early and late, and as he continued to adhere to those economic principles of which early adversity had taught him the worth, the effects of his zeal soon began to appear, and as the whole of his speculations were signally successful he in a few years became a ten-thousand-pound man.

While, however, this sum was being realized, his views on the subject materially changed; the ladder of his ambition grew higher; it had another step, which he did not see before, but which he saw then distinctly, and to gain which he perceived the possession of twenty thousand pounds to be essential. He therefore again set to work; he made twenty thousand pounds: he worked his way up to that, and then discovered another, which on being reached enabled him to see still another!—in short, the ladder grew with the growth of his wealth, keeping always one step in advance.

This was not however the only effect of his journey; when he arrived at the point he had first proposed, he lived at the rate of four hundred a year; on arriving at the second he brought his private expenditure down to three hundred; on reaching the third he reduced it to two; when the fourth was attained he brought it to one; and thus diminished his 'extravagances'—for that character, then, domestic comforts assumed —until he denied himself even the common necessaries of life.

In the early part of his career he was blessed with two sons, for whom he had the most ardent affection, and whom in due time he established in business, and endeavored to impress upon their minds the necessity for depending upon their own individual exertions alone. But this was a lesson they never could learn; the necessity contended for, they could not perceive; they cherished diametrically opposite opinions upon this important point, and wanted to know why they should trouble their heads about business when the Governor had plenty of money in store, and had no one to whom he could leave it but them; and it is an extraordinary and a most distressing fact, that when young men thus situated want to know this, there is no man who can satisfactorily tell them. It was beyond dispute proved in this case: they were consequently reckless and improvident; married penniless flirts in opposition to the will of the governor; neglected their business, and must have failed twenty times, had he not, for the sake of his own reputation, sustained them.

The thought of his having extravagant sons was a source of perpetual annoyance to him, of course; but that which more than all tended to alienate his fond affection from them was the bitter fact of their being extremely anxious to follow him as nominal mourners to the grave.—They made no attempt whatever to disguise their feelings on this point. It was manifested daily. They did not, it is true, give expression to this generous sentiment before him; but they made their impatience known to all with whom he was connected, and through them it soon reached his ears.

At first the old gentleman felt very wretched, for he had then the affectionate feelings of a father; but when those feelings had been, by the indignities they constantly lavished upon him, destroyed, bitterness succeeded, and after a time even that was commingled with mirth.

'You wish me dead!' the old man would exclaim with a chuckle, whenever they gave him fresh cause of annoyance. 'I am a long time dying, am I not? I keep you both out of the property, don't I? You are impatient to squander it!—to squander it!—to gamble!—to make it fly!—to live a life of extravagance and aristocratic profligacy! to trick out your wives like

dells at a fair;—to keep your carriages and your hunters! All in good time, my affectionate sons! I shall go by-and-by, and when I *do*—you'll know more!'

'What do you mean?' they would fiercely inquire.

'Live and learn,' the old man would reply; 'live and learn.'

And then he would chuckle again, as if he cherished some conception from which he derived inexpressible pleasure.

As he clung with greater tenacity to life, the nearer death approached him, and as he had been warned again and again that his devotion to business had a tendency to shorten its duration, he, on reaching the age of sixty, retired, and died on the following day.

The real cause of his mirth then appeared.—He had not left either of his sons a single shilling;—the whole of his property was bequeathed to the children of the one—whichever it might be—who died first.

This came like a thunderbolt upon them. It confused all their faculties. What could they do! They had not even a life-interest in the estate. They had nothing! They could not wish for each other's death; nor could either wish for his own. And yet, the property! Each of course, wished to secure it to his own children; but then they both wished to live!

This placed them in a position of which they did not approve. They thought deeply upon the matter, very deeply; and as neither seemed to relish the idea of a premature death, they conceived various schemes for getting possession of the estate without anything occurring of a character so unpleasant. Among the rest it was suggested that one of them should counterfeit death, and then divide the estate fairly between them; but on carefully perusing the will, they discovered that the executors were expressly directed to view the body!—which they thought very hard.

At this period George had reached the age of fourteen, and was a fine, tall, shrewd, handsome boy, who had from infancy developed a strong desire to understand all that occurred within his cognizance; and the first time he heard his father and uncle lamenting the peculiar perplexity of the position in which they stood, he started up and exclaimed, 'Father, let me see the will.'

'For what, George?' inquired his father, smiling.

'You appear to be in some sort of difficulty about this affair; I want to see if it cannot be in any way got over.'

Both his father and his uncle laughed loudly at this, and patted him playfully upon the head.

'Why do you laugh?' said George, gravely; for he felt most indignant. 'If you do not wish to get yourself out of it, why that's another thing; but if you do, you will let me see the will.'

The brothers, although they still smiled, were amazed; and a copy of the will was produced and perused by George with an expression of most intent thought. At length, placing his finger upon a particular line, he cried, 'That's the point; just as I imagined.'

Again the brothers laughed most heartily; and George, having looked at them for a moment as if he felt himself insulted, rolled up the will with the utmost deliberation, and told them they might find it out themselves.

'Nay, George,' said his uncle, encouragingly; 'come, show us the point.'

'What do you laugh at me for?' demanded George; 'I don't like to be laughed at.'

'Well, well: we'll not laugh. Come, now then, what is it?'

'Why look here,' said George, again unrolling the will. 'It says the executors must view the body. Now just suppose that you were to be drowned and never discovered: in that case how could they view the body?'

'Well done, Georgy!' cried his uncle; 'certainly if the body were not found they could not view it.'

'Very well, then; but don't call me Georgy; I don't like 'Georgy;' it sounds as if I were a child.'

'To be sure it does,' said his father; 'and you're getting to be a man now. But what has drowning to do with it, George? Would you recommend your uncle to drown himself?'

'No, I don't care much about that; but suppose he were reported to be drowned, wouldn't that do as well?'

'Bravo, George!' exclaimed his uncle.

'Capital!' cried his father, who was in raptures with his boy, whom he naturally thought the finest fellow in the world.

'Or if that will not do,' added George, 'there is yet another thing. I was reading it only the other day: stop; I'll find it.'

He hereupon went to the bookcase and brought down a volume of Shakspeare, and having hastily turned over the leaves, found and read the following passage:—

'And when thou art alone take thou this vial,
And this distilled liquor; drink them off
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat.
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st.
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes;
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.'

'Now,' said George, having read this passage with great deliberation and point, 'I should just like to know what this sleepy stuff was;—because that, you know, would be the very thing! Do you not think that the chemists could tell?'

'I fear not,' said his father; 'no, the other is the plan, if well managed.'

'I like that best myself,' observed George.—'You or uncle could easily go out of the way, and be reported as drowned; and it isn't to be supposed, although they are instructed to view the body, that if either of you really were drowned, they would keep this estate until the

body could be found, and if never found, for ever.'

Again George was highly applauded, not only by the brothers, but by his mother and aunt;—neither of whom for one moment considered that they were applauding him for suggesting a falsehood. As the plan seemed easy of accomplishment, the brothers consulted together privately, and the result was that they determined that the uncle of George should suddenly disappear; that the estate should be claimed for his children who were of age; that when the property had been securely made over, it should be equally divided, and that in the event of any stir they should proceed to America together.

The preparations were therefore made, and the uncle vanished; when a fellow, who had been employed for the purpose, reported, that while on his barge, he saw a gentleman struggling in the river, and ultimately sink; and as this report was raised simultaneously with that of the uncle's mysterious disappearance, it was at once inferred that he was that gentleman of course. The river was accordingly dragged with due zeal every day for a week, but no body could be found. He was advertised in all the local papers, for the purpose of making all sure, but as of course they received no answer to these advertisements, it was taken for granted that he was the man. The whole family in consequence went into mourning, and there was a great show of grief, and in the due course of time an application was made to the executors for the transfer of the property to the children of the deceased. The executors, who were honorable, straight-forward persons themselves, entertained no suspicion of the ruse; and therefore having heard the evidence of the person who gave an accurate description of the unfortunate individual, they felt certain that he was the man, and therefore did not feel justified in resisting the claim.

Just, however, as the business was about to be completed, the fellow who was to have been rewarded with five hundred pounds, communicated his great good fortune to his wife in strict confidence; and she being a very clever woman was so delighted, that she told her sister, in confidence, and her sister confidentially told her husband, and the true state of the case confidentially flew from one to another, until the executors were told in strict confidence themselves; which had a very great effect, for the estate was withheld, and the departed, feeling quite sure then that it was useless for him to keep any longer out of the way, took an early opportunity of returning to his wretched, disconsolate widow, of course in due form.

The failure of this scheme much affected the whole family; so much were they despised, that their business gradually dwindled away, until they thought it expedient to fail. A quarrel then ensued about the division of the property they had concealed. They became bitter enemies. They hated each other with a most cordial hate; yet neither could wish the other dead!

Reconciliation was quite out of the question; they never could be reconciled; they lived in a state of enmity for nearly eight years, when the uncle died—a circumstance which his brother so sincerely regretted, that in less than a week he died himself. This wounded the feelings of George deeply. If his father had but dropped off a week before, what a fortunate thing it would have been! Had he outlived his brother five years, or even six months, it would not have been half such a pity; but the idea of his dying within a little week, was held by both George and his mother to be very distressing indeed.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH GEORGE TAKES HIS FIRST IMPORTANT STEP.

As all that his mother had now to procure the means of existence was an annuity of a miserable amount, George saw that it was time for him to begin to do something for himself. He had calculated, with a feeling of certainty, upon having his grandfather's property. He felt sure that his uncle would outlive his father, not only because his uncle was older, but because he was far more abstemious and less passionate. The fact of his being left penniless was therefore a heavy blow, especially as he had no resource, no friend, no profession to fly to. He was an excellent commercial scholar, and a good linguist; he had read much, and could write a clear and expeditious hand; and as he thought that although there might be thousands equally accomplished unemployed, if he came up to London he should be certain to meet with something. He therefore decided at once upon leaving home. But, the day before that on which he intended to start, while passing the house of Sir Richard Roughall—who had been knighted for some signal services he had rendered during a riot, while serving the office of mayor of the town—he saw his daughter Julia playing on the lawn; and although he had seen her before, he had never experienced those feelings with which she inspired him then. On that occasion, he bowed and raised his hat, which she deemed a most extraordinary occurrence, and, ceasing to play with her spaniel, blushed deeply, and timidly drew near her maid.

Having passed, George immediately proceeded home to analyze the feelings which then possessed him, and to perfect the scheme which he had on the instant conceived, while Julia was discussing the merits of the case with her maid, who was the only creature near her in whom she could confide.

Julia had been from infancy secluded from the world; she was a finely-formed, beautiful girl, full of ruddy health and spirits, one who delighted to romp about the garden with her dog, while her fair hair wantonly luxuriated in ringlets upon her shoulders. Beyond this garden she was never permitted to go, under any pretence, unaccompanied by her father. She had seen no society. Sir Richard gave no parties, received no visits, and went to corporation

dinners only. He was a remarkably heavy, morose, selfish man, who prided himself upon his wealth and his title, and, although extremely vulgar, thought no man superior to himself.—He was incapable of much affection. He had treated his wife, whom he lost before he was knighted, most harshly; while his conduct to Julia, albeit his only child, was characterized by the most repulsive severity. He loved himself alone: he was a gross domestic tyrant: he kept Julia strictly from the society of men, that she might avoid the very snare into which he thus prepared her to fall. He would not have a man in the house. He would never allow her to accept an invitation. She had never been addressed on any occasion by a gentleman, for he had never suffered one to approach her She had acquired the various little accomplishments which country young ladies in general are taught; she could, as he termed it, 'jabber' French and Italian,—she could 'go ding-dong' upon the piano, she could 'hop,' and 'draw,' and 'squall;' but poor Julia knew as little of mankind as if there had been no other man upon earth than Sir Richard, and as he was a very unfavorable sample, her ideas of men in the aggregate, derived from studying him, were not of the most brilliant character. Her home was her world: she was a slave to her father, who harshly exacted the most implicit obedience, and was invariably most tyrannous when she tried most to please him.

That Julia, being in this unenviable position, should feel delighted when she beheld a fine handsome young fellow bow to *her* so respectfully, and with so much grace, is not strange. It inspired her at once with novel feelings, and filled her mind with new ideas. She was able to think of nothing but the elegant stranger, and during the day her father, noticing the change, struck her several times in consequence most severely.

In the mean time, George was laying out his plans to obtain an interview with her. He knew that Sir Richard was wealthy, having realized, as an iron founder, an immense sum of money during the war; but as he also knew his imperious, brutal disposition, he felt certain that he would never entertain his suit, and that therefore the only prospect he had was that of an elopement, trusting to time and circumstances to effect a reconciliation. His journey to London was therefore postponed, and the first step proposed was, to bribe Julia's maid to convey a letter to her mistress, couched in terms of the most ardent affection, and begging of Her in the most romantic strain, to save him from utter despair by granting him an interview for a few brief moments. This letter was written, and George the next morning proceeded towards the house which was situated a short distance out of the town. As he passed, he saw Julia again, and again he bowed gracefully, and Julia in her innocence returned the salute. She watched him anxiously until she could see him no longer, but felt so tremulous that she scarcely could breathe.

This of course inspired George with additional hope, and keeping within view of the gate, he remained in the full expectation of seeing the servant pass out. After watching impatiently for nearly an hour, his expectation was realized. He saw the servant leave the house alone, and he lost no time in approaching her.

'You are living with Sir Richard, I believe,' said he.

'Yes, sir,' replied the girl, respectfully.

'Your sweet young lady is quite well, I hope?'

'I thank you sir, quite.'

'I thought that I never saw her look so beautiful as when I passed yesterday morning.'

'Are you the gentleman that bowed to her when we were in the garden?'

'The same.'

'Dear! how she has been talking about you, to be sure.'

'Indeed!'

'Oh! you have never been out of her head.'

'I am delighted to hear it. You are her confidant, I presume?'

'Oh she never thinks of keeping any secret from me. We are like two sisters more than any thing else.'

'I am glad that she has one near her so worthy of her esteem.'

The girl acknowledged the compliment in silence.

'You have it in your power,' continued George 'to do me the highest favor I can ask.'

'What, me, sir?'

'You. And I feel that I can place implicit confidence in one in whom your charming young mistress confides.'

'You may, sir; but what can I do?'

'Deliver this letter on your return.'

'Oh, dear me, I mustn't. Sir Richard would kill me!'

'How is Sir Richard to know of it? I shall not tell him, and I am quite sure that you will not do so.'

'Oh, not for the world!'

'Why then need you fear?'

'Oh, *if* he should discover it, he'll surely be the death of us all.'

'If you were an ordinary person,' said George, with an irresistible expression, 'a person of no mind, of no soul, of no discretion, then, indeed, I should fear to trust you with this commission; but as I perceive—you will believe me when I state to you that I am not one who would for a moment descend to flattery—but as I perceive that you are a person of intellect, and superior altogether to the station you at present occupy in society, I must say that I have not the slightest hesitation in trusting you with that which is essential to the realization of my proudest hope, having the highest confidence in the superiority of your mind, and in the soundness of your judgment.'

'Well sir,' said the girl, who was highly delighted, 'I'll undertake to give it to Miss Julia, but—'

'You are a good, kind creature. I knew that you would. I could tell in a moment, for there

is always something in the expression of an intelligent countenance, by which confidence is created at once.'

Jane felt at this moment on the highest conceivable terms with herself, for there was not a single syllable in this speech, that failed to meet the approbation of her heart. She took the letter, and as George, with many appropriate expressions of gratitude, pressed her hand and left a sovereign therein, she said with the utmost generosity—

'Nay, sir, I do not wish this; upon my word I do not.'

'Keep it,' said George, 'for my sake, and as an earnest of the bright reward you may expect for your advice and assistance, for I shall have to solicit your advice, and I feel that I shall have your assistance.'

'You shall, sir; depend upon that.'

'You are a dear, good girl, and to prove how perfect is the confidence I repose in you, I will explain to you in substance the contents of that letter. I am desperately enamoured of your beautiful young mistress; how dearly, how passionately I love her, I need not describe to you, for I know that you have a fond heart, capable of understanding and appreciating the feelings with which I am inspired. My object is to obtain an interview with her in whom my hopes are concentrated. I have solicited that happiness, I must leave it with you to arrange.'

'I'll do my best, sir.'

'I know it; I feel that you will. You need not say that I have explained all this, she will probably show you the letter.'

'Oh, that she will; that she is certain to do.'

'I have said that I anxiously wait her reply; could I not have one to-day?'

'Come here this afternoon, say at four o'clock, precisely; I shall be able to run out then, and tell you all about it. I'll manage it. Depend upon me.'

'I do, I do depend upon you,' said George; who again pressed her hand very warmly, and then took his leave in the most graceful manner; as he walked from her, she turned twenty times to admire his figure, which in her view was elegant in the extreme.

As George had weighed every sentence he uttered, and watched its effect upon Jane, he felt convinced that he had propitiated her favor, and that therefore as an ambassadress, she would be most influential.

Nor was he deceived. Immediately on her return she delivered the letter, and portrayed his characteristics—not only as far as they had been developed, but as far as the power of her vivid imagination could extend—in colors the most brilliant and enchanting. He was a dear of a man. Oh! so handsome, so graceful, so affectionate, so elegant, none could surpass him! She was sure, that if he had solicited an interview with her, all the fathers in Christendom conjoined, should never prevent its being granted.

Poor Julia! She never before felt so confused. She trembled from head to foot Her heart throbbed audibly, while her breathing kept time with her pulse. She had never experienced feelings at all comparable with those with which her soul was then inspired; albeit her delight was mingled with apprehension. To be beloved! Oh! at the thought how her heart leaped with joy, how her bosom swelled with rapture! She had heard of love, she had read of love, and had felt that its power had been exaggerated; but now how strongly, how deeply did she feel that it was not. She had seen him who had declared his affection in a strain so passionate: she had not only seen him in reality, she had seen him in her dreams, and had heard him in imagination vow eternal love! It was but the previous evening that she had read the marriage service; it was but the previous night, that in a reverie she had heard him say that he would cherish her fondly and for ever. How then could she doubt his affection? Answer ye who will conceive the inmost feelings of one who having experienced peculiar harshness from infancy, hears for the first time that she is adored, and sees before her an avenue of happiness, leading to a diadem sparkling with joys.

And, yet, how could she act? She had never before felt confinement irksome. She had never deemed her father's tyranny tyrannous till then! What was to be done? What could she do?—What if she were to receive him? She dared not do it! The thought filled her guileless heart with alarm! Not all the entreaties of Jane could prevail; she could not, she dared not give her consent, although in withholding that consent she felt wretched.

The hours passed heavily both to her and to him whom she felt she loved dearly; but as four o'clock did at last arrive, Jane, as Sir Richard and Julia sat down to dine, ran out to meet George, who, of course, was there panting with suspense. To him she hastily communicated all that had passed, and made him truly dejected.

'Is there no hope, then?' he exclaimed.

'Yes, yes; come to-night, do not despair.—Between this and then I may manage to persuade her, at any rate, I'll do all I can.'

'A thousand thanks!' said George. 'At what hour shall I come?'

'At ten, you must not come before. At that time we all go to bed. You can get over the gate, don't be afraid, and never mind the board about man-traps and spring-guns, we have nothing of the sort; come you round to the back and I'll manage, at all events, to tell you whether Miss Julia will see you or not.'

George again and again thanked her, and having begged of her to use all the influence at her command, pressed her hand, sent his love to her gentle mistress, and they parted.

During this hasty interview, Sir Richard was pursuing his old brutal conduct. On sitting down to dinner, Julia was utterly unable to eat, which the gross knight no sooner perceived than he exclaimed, with a dark scowl, 'What's the matter now?'

'Nothing, papa,' replied Julia, tremulously.

'Nothing! then why don't you peck?'

Julia again tried, but as her progress was but slow, Sir Richard, who had been watching her, cried,

'Are you going to eat a little faster?'

'I have no appetite, papa, indeed I have not.'

'No appetite! You want to be locked up again, madam, and kept on bread and water for a month. I'll warrant that I'll bring back your appetite, do you hear! If you don't eat, I'll have the victuals crammed down your throat.—What do you mean?'

'Pray do not treat me ill, papa,' said Julia, bursting into tears. 'Indeed, indeed, I cannot help it.'

This appeal, mild and gentle though it was, made Sir Richard foam with rage. He had never before heard from her any thing like it. He was amazed! She had heretofore borne all in silence, and hence she had no sooner spoken than, with a most ferocious aspect, he struck the table with his knife and fork, and while maintaining them in an upright position, demanded fiercely to know what she meant.

'Treat you *ill!*' he cried, '*ill*'—I treat you—impudence! Out of my sight! If you stay another minute, I'll kick you out! Start!'

Poor Julia knowing the violence of his disposition, and that he seldom failed to carry his threats into execution, instantly left the room, sobbing.

She felt his unkindness then acutely, she had scarcely deemed it an unkindness before, for she had scarcely known what kindness in men was; but when she contrasted the treatment she received from her father with that which had been promised by George—and her imagination being unchecked by experience prompted her to regard ought but kindness from him impossible—it filled her heart with sorrow, and her eyes with scalding tears!

As Sir Richard, whenever he felt himself grossly offended, would sulk for a week or a month as it suited his fancy, and would not suffer his beautiful slave to come near him until she had written what he happened to consider at the time a sufficient number of penitential letters imploring his forgiveness, and begging to be restored to his favor, Julia knew that as this offence was deemed most gross, she should have for some considerable period no one to speak to but her maid; and when Jane, who immediately on hearing of the outburst, went to console her, her mind was well prepared to receive any favorable impression, and to entertain any pleasurable project. The occurrence was therefore deemed fortunate by Jane, who at once renewed her suit: denounced Sir Richard's unreasonable severity, applauded to the seventh heaven "the delightful young gentleman" by whom her mistress was adored, and eventually succeeded so well that Julia, on being informed that he would be there at the time appointed, tremblingly consented to see him one moment from the back-parlor window.

All being thus arranged, time seemed to rest or move so idly, that its progress could scarcely be perceived. It did progress, however, for eventually the clocks struck nine; and George, at that hour, wearied with the delay, which he deemed intolerable, leaped the garden-gate.

It was a hazy night, and the moon, having struggled for some time to pierce the mist, had succeeded just sufficiently to render perceptible the vapor which the meadow had exhaled; while, with the exception of the sheep-bells in the distance, all was silent as the tomb. In the drawing-room light was seen still. He knew that the hour appointed had not arrived, but he came thus early in the full conviction that his suspense would be less painful there. He soon, however, found the reverse to be the case; time hung with heaviness almost insupportable. He found a garden chair, upon which he sat for some minutes, and then arose; but as he dared not walk upon the paths,—for the night was so still that every step he took almost startled him—he was compelled to confine himself to this seat. And there he remained holding his watch, and feeling the minute hand ever and anon as it moved almost imperceptibly. At length having passed an hour in the most painful suspense, he was startled by the bolts of the front door being withdrawn, and immediately afterwards some one approached. The footsteps were heavy. They could not be those of a female! Had he been seen to enter? Had he been betrayed? Had he been induced to come there for the purpose of being violently ejected? The sound still approached. He could just discern the figure of a tall heavy man, when creeping beneath a currant bush he made up his mind to the worst. The figure reached the spot; it was Sir Richard, who had made a dead stand, and raising his gun, which had been already cocked, fired directly over the bush.—George was motionless: he scarcely breathed, he did not think that he had been hit: he felt no pain!

'It may be his custom,' thought he, 'to go round before he retires, and this supposition was strengthened when Sir Richard on the instant deliberately walked back. Still George attempted not to stir: he listened with the most intense interest to every sound, heard Sir Richard mount the steps, scrape his shoes, re-enter the house, close the door and fasten it, when as all became perfectly still again, he rose, and for the first time discovered that he had been thrown into a state of steaming perspiration.

This incident in some degree relieved him from his impatience, it caused a little time to fly quickly, and as his congratulations on his narrow escape occupied a little more, it did not seem long before he had heard the town clocks strike ten. He then became all anxiety again, the hour had arrived, and he felt more unnerved than even when he lay concealed beneath the bush. He listened to every breath and strained his eyes through the darkness to discover if possible the approach of a light; but no, all was silent and dark. Just, however, as he began to despair a window was opened cautiously, and he distinctly heard some one cry 'Hist.'

George listened for a moment, he felt reliev-

ed, and yet, as no light was to be seen, he could not but think it possible for it to be a *ruse* to bring him forward, in order that the worthy knight might have another shot.

'Hist, hist!' again cried the voice, when as at the moment he saw one female form attempting to draw another away, he approached.

'Be cautious,' said Jane, as she saw him approach, 'tread lightly, pray, don't speak a word, Miss Julia will see you, but only for two minutes.'

'Excellent girl!' said George in a whisper, and at the moment, the trembling Julia appeared.

'Did you wish to speak with me?' she inquired, although scarcely able to speak.

'My sweetest!' said George, passionately pressing her hand. 'I did wish to explain to you how ardently, how fondly I love you; yet now that you are before me, my heart is so full that I cannot express the joy I feel. Pardon me for presuming to seek an interview with you thus: believe me I would not have done so had I been in possession of any other means of securing this happiness.'

Poor Julia knew not what to say, she felt dreadfully alarmed; but feeling that she ought to make some observation, faltered out artlessly, 'I hope I have not kept you long?'

'Not long; no not very long, and yet it did—it did to me seem an age. I at one time feared that I had been discovered, for Sir Richard came into the garden with his gun, but he did not perceive me.'

'Thank Heaven!' exclamed Julia. 'What a mercy you escaped! Had he seen you, you would surely have been killed.'

'And you would not have had me killed?'

'Not for the world!' exclaimed Julia, fervently, 'I would not have any one,' she added, checking herself—'killed.'

'Bless you!' said George, as he kissed her trembling hand. 'You have made me so happy! You cannot imagine how happy I feel, I cannot speak, I am so happy!'

There was a pause. Julia's heart throbbed with violence, she knew not how she felt, she was now in a state of ecstasy, now in pain. She wished him to remain silent, yet she wished to hear him speak, for his voice was the sweetest she had ever heard; its music thrilled through her veins, vibrated through her heart, each syllable striking the tenderest chord. George felt enchanted, he held her hand in his, and pressed it and kissed it again and again.

At length he cried,

'My beautiful girl! I never before knew what it was to love, but now I feel that I could die in your presence with pleasure. You are not cruel, I know that you are not, you would not wish to see me wretched: something—indeed I know not what it is, but something tells me that the feelings which I experience are reciprocal—that you do not, I mean, absolutely hate me?'

'Oh no!' said Julia, with the innocence of a child, 'indeed,—indeed—indeed I do not—nay I love you—forgive me—I did not mean—but—I *do* love all who love me! I cannot help it.'

'You are an angel. You make me each moment admire you more and more.'

Again there was a pause, during which George held the hand of Julia to his heart; for although his views before were purely mercenary, he now felt that he did in reality love her, and that moreover, her happiness and his were inseparable. Still neither cared to speak. Their hearts were too full. They both felt that they loved and were beloved in return, and conceived that no happiness, no joy could be superior to that.

'Dear me, what dull lovers you are!' cried Jane, 'Why don't you rattle on? *I* could teach you to make love much better than that, I am sure!'

'Superficial love,' said George, 'may require words to denote its existence, as a shallow stream will perpetually ripple; but our love, my Julia, is deep, and flows calmly and in silence, and will in silence continue to flow, unless a storm should come to develope its power.'

'May that storm never arise!' said Julia.

'My sweetest! to that I will say amen; and yet, my dear Julia, I must expect it. My position in society, as you are probably aware, is not brilliant, I therefore felt that my address to her who is my soul's idol would never be sanctioned by Sir Richard.'

'Oh dear yes!' exclaimed Julia, 'why not?'

'Simply, my love, because I am not in a higher position.'

'But if you were to speak to him he would like you very much, I am sure that he would, and invite you to the house, and then we should pass many delightful days in each other's society.

'My gentle girl must not expect it. Were I to mention the subject to him, he would spurn me.'

'Oh dear me, no! he would like you exceedingly! I am sure of it!'

And it did appear to Julia to be impossible for him not to gain the esteem of her father. She could not conceive how he could fail indeed to love him; but George, whose policy it was to break to her his intentions by degrees, smiled, and continued to press her hand in silence.

To Jane all this was excessively tedious; for time, whose progress was imperceptible to them, hung heavily upon her. She could not enter into the merits of the case. It was not interesting to her. She was not at all amused: she conceived it in short to be dull work indeed; and therefore became rather fidgety, and bustled about the room and trimmed the lamp, and hemmed constantly, and was sure that Miss Julia would catch her death standing so long at the window, and intimated that it was getting very late, and that it was not impossible for Sir Richard to dream of the circumstance, and to come down and find his dream realized, which would be very dreadful!

Neither Julia nor George, however, had the smallest fear on either of these well-conceived grounds, nor were they at all in haste; but Jane did at length induce him to look at his watch,

when of course he was astonished to find it past midnight, Julia's two minutes having exceeded two hours.

'Envious Time!' said George. 'Taking no delight in happiness, it flies with eagle's wings when pleasure reigns, but scarcely moves when pain is in the ascendant. It grieves me to say farewell, my Julia; yet prudence as well as Jane prompts me now to take leave. Still neither Jane nor prudence must force me from you until you have consented to let me come again.

'It is not improper?' said Julia.

'I hope that you will never suppose me capable of suggesting—'

'No, no, believe me I would not for the world. But I should like it better if my papa were apprised of your visits.'

'If he were to know, if he were even to suspect, my dearest girl, that I love you, this visit would be my last.

'Then he must *not* know.'

'Let me then come to-morrow evening?'

'But do not, for heaven's sake come before the time. Papa invariably goes round the garden with his gun, and if he were to see you, the consequence, I am sure, would be dreadful; therefore pray do not come until ten;—but you will not be later than that?'

'I will not. And now, my sweetest love, good night! good night! You will think of me, Julia? I feel that you will, because I cannot but feel that you know I love you fondly, and shall be ever devoted and true. You do believe me?'

'I do, indeed I do.'

'Bless you, my Julia! bless you! *good* night! —good night!'

George again pressed her hand, and kissed it with ardor. Still he was not satisfied: he lingered even then!

'I have to whisper *one* word,' said he at length, and as Julia bent her ear towards him, he said again, 'God bless you!' and kissed her cheek.

He then left the garden and Julia listened until she was sure of his safety, and remained at the window even after that. She felt as if she wished to say good night once more, but as Jane, to whom the interview had not been very entertaining, soon broke the charm, she returned with her mind richly laden with the germs of a long enchanting dream.

[To be continued.]

OLD ST. PAUL'S—AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE GROCER OF WOOD-STREET AND HIS FAMILY.

One night, at the latter end of April, 1665, the family of a citizen of London, carrying on an extensive business as a grocer in Wood-street, Cheapside, were assembled, according to custom, at prayer. The grocer's name was Stephen Bloundel. His family consisted of his wife, three sons and two daughters. He had moreover, an apprentice; an elderly female serving as cook; her son, a young man about five-and-twenty, filling the place of porter to the shop and general assistant; and a kitchen maid. The whole household attended;—for the worthy grocer being a strict observer of his religious duties, as well as a rigid disciplinarian in other respects, suffered no one to be absent, on any plea whatever (except indisposition), from morning and evening devotions; and these were always performed at stated times. In fact, the establishment was conducted with the regularity of clockwork; it being the aim of its master not to pass a single hour of the day unprofitably.

The ordinary prayer gone through, Stephen Bloundel offered up a long and fervent supplication to the Most High for protection against the devouring pestilence with which the city was then scourged. He acknowledged that this terrible visitation had been justly brought upon it by the wickedness of its inhabitants; that they deserved their doom, dreadful though it was; that, like the dwellers in Jerusalem before it was given up to ruin and desolation, they 'had mocked the messengers of God and despised his word;' that, in the language of the prophet, 'they had refused to hearken, and pulled away the shoulder, and stopped their ears that they should not hear; yea, had made their heart like an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law and the words which the Lord of Hosts had sent in his spirit by the former prophets.'

He admitted that great sins require great chastisement, and that the sins of London were enormous; that it was filled with strifes, heresies, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and every kind of abomination; that the ordinances of God were neglected, and all manner of vice openly practised; that, despite repeated warnings, and afflictions less grievous than the present, these vicious practices had been persisted in. All this he humbly acknowledged. But he implored a gracious Providence, in consideration of his few faithful servants, to spare the others yet

a little longer, and give them a last chance of repentance and amendment. Or, if this could not be, and their utter extirpation was inevitable, that the habitations of the devout might be exempted from the general destruction—might be places of refuge, as Zoar was to Lot.

He concluded by earnestly exhorting those around him to keep constant watch upon themselves; not to murmur at God's dealings and dispensations; but so to comport themselves, that 'they might be able to stand in the day of wrath, in the day of death, and in the day of judgment.' The exhortation produced a powerful effect upon its hearers, and they arose,—some with serious, others with terrified looks.

And here, before proceeding further, it may be desirable to show in what manner the dreadful pestilence referred to by the grocer commenced, and how far its ravages had already extended. Two years before, namely—in 1663—more than a third of the population of Amsterdam was carried off by a desolating plague. Hamburg was also grievously afflicted about the same time, and in the same manner. Notwithstanding every effort to cut off communication with these states, the insidious disease found its way into England by means of some bales of merchandise, as it was suspected, at the latter end of the year 1664, when two persons died suddenly with undoubted symptoms of the distemper, in Westminster. Its next appearance was at a house in Long-acre, and its victims two Frenchmen, who had brought goods from the Levant. Smothered for a short time, like a fire upon which coals had been heaped, it broke out with fresh fury in several places.

And now the consternation began. The whole city was panic-stricken. Nothing was talked of but the plague—nothing planned but means of arresting its progress. One grim and ghastly idea possessed the minds of all. Like a hideous phantom stalking the streets at noonday, and scaring all in its path, Death took his course through London, and selected his prey at pleasure. The general alarm was further increased by the predictions confidently made as to the vast numbers who would be swept away by the visitation; by the prognostications of astrologers; by the prophesyings of enthusiasts; by the denunciations of preachers; and by the portents and prodigies reported to have occurred. During the long and frosty winter preceding this fatal year, a comet appeared in the heavens, the sickly color of which was supposed to forebode the judgment about to follow. Blazing stars, and other meteors of a lurid hue and strange and preternatural shape, were likewise seen. The sun was said to have set in streams of blood, and the moon to have shone without reflecting a shadow; grisly shapes appeared at night; strange clamors and groans were heard in the air; hearses, coffins, and heaps of unburied dead, were discovered in the sky; and great cakes and clots of blood were found in the Tower-moat; while a marvellous double tide occurred at London-bridge. All these prodigies were currently reported, and in most cases believed.

The severe frost, before noticed, did not break up till the end of February, and with the thaw the plague frightfully increased in violence.—From Drury-lane, it spread along Holborn, eastward as far as the Great Turnstile, and westward to St. Gile's Pound, and so along the Tyburn-road. St. Andrew's Holborn was next infected; and as this was a more populous parish than the former, the deaths were more numerous within it. For some time, the disease was checked by Fleet Ditch; it then leaped this narrow boundary, and ascending the opposite hill, carried fearful devastation into the parish of St. James Clerkenwell. At the same time, it attacked St. Bride's; thinned the ranks of the thievish horde haunting Whitefriars; and proceeding in an easterly course, decimated Saint Clement Danes.

Hitherto, the city had escaped. The destroyer had not passed Ludgate or Newgate, but environed the walls like a besieging enemy. A few days, however, before the opening of this history, fine weather having commenced, the horrible disease began to grow more rife, and laughing all precautions and impediments to scorn, broke out in the very heart of the stronghold—namely, in Bearbinder-lane, near Stocks Market, where nine persons died.

At a season so awful, it may be imagined how an impressive address, like that delivered by the grocer, would be received by those who saw in the pestilence not merely an overwhelming scourge from which few could escape, but a direct manifestation of the Divine displeasure.—Not a word was said. Blaize Shotterel, the porter, and old Josyna, his mother, together with Patience, the other woman-servant, betook themselves silently, and with troubled countenances, to the kitchen. Leonard Holt, the apprentice, lingered for a moment to catch a glance from the soft blue eyes of Amabel, the grocer's eldest daughter (for even the plague was a secondary consideration with him when she was present), and failing in the attempt, he heaved a deep sigh, which was luckily laid to the account of the discourse he had just listened to by his sharp-sighted master, and proceeded to the shop, where he busied himself in arranging matters for the night.

Having just completed his twenty first year, and his apprenticeship being within a few months of its expiration, Leonard Holt began to think of returning to his native town of Manchester, where he intended to settle, and where he had once fondly hoped the fair Amabel would accompany him in the character of his bride. Not that he had received sufficient encouragement to make it matter of certainty that if he did so declare himself, he should be accepted; but being both 'proper and tall,' and having tolerable confidence in his good looks, he had made himself, up to a short time prior to his introduction to the reader, quite easy on the point.

His present misgivings were occasioned by Amabel's altered manner towards him, and by a rival, who, he had reason to fear, had completely superseded him in her good graces. Brought

up together from an early age, the grocer's daughter and the young apprentice had, at first, regarded each other as brother and sister. By degrees, the feeling changed. Amabel became more reserved and held little intercourse with Leonard, who, busied with his own concerns, thought little about her. But as he grew towards manhood, he could not remain insensible to her extraordinary beauty—for extraordinary it was, and such as to attract admiration wherever she went, so that 'the grocer's daughter' became the toast among the ruffling gallants of the town, many of whom sought to obtain speech with her. Her parents, however, were far too careful of her to permit any such approach.—Amabel's stature was lofty; her limbs slight, but exquisitely symmetrical; her features small, and cast in the most delicate mould; her eyes of the softest blue; and her hair luxuriant, and of the finest texture and richest brown. Her other beauties must be left to the imagination, but it must not be omitted that she was barely eighteen, and had all the freshness, the innocence, and vivacity of that most charming period of woman's existence. No wonder she ravished every heart. No wonder in an age when love-making was more general even than now, that she was beset by admirers. No wonder her father's apprentice became desperately enamored of her, and proportionately jealous.

And this brings us to his rival. On the 10th of April, two gallants, both richly attired, and both young and handsome, dismounted before the grocer's door, and, leaving their steeds to the care of their attendants, entered the shop. They made sundry purchases of conserves, figs and other dried fruit, chatted familiarly with the grocer, and tarried so long that at last he began to suspect they must have some motive. All at once, however, they disagreed on some slight matter—Bloundel could not tell what, nor, perhaps, could the disputants, even if their quarrel had not been preconcerted—high words arose, and in another moment swords were drawn, and furious passages exchanged. The grocer called to his eldest son—a stout youth of nineteen—and to Leonard Holt to separate them. The apprentice seized his cudgel—no apprentice in those days was without one—and rushed towards the combatants, but before he could reach them, the fray was ended. One of them had received a thrust through the sword arm, and his blade dropping, his antagonist declared himself satisfied, and with a grave salute walked off. The wounded man wrapped a laced handkerchief round his arm, but immediately afterwards complained of great faintness. Pitying his condition and suspecting no harm, the grocer led him into the inner room, where restoratives were offered him by Mrs Bloundel and her daughter Amabel, both of whom had been alarmed by the noise of the conflict. In a short time, the wounded man was so far recovered as to be able to converse with his assistants, especially the younger one; and the grocer having returned to the shop, his discourse became so very animated and tender, that Mrs Bloundel deemed it prudent to give her daughter a hint to retire. Amabel reluctantly obeyed, for the stranger was so handsome, and so richly dressed, had such a captivating manner, and so distinguished an air, that she was strongly prepossessed in his favor. A second look from her mother, however, caused her to disappear, nor did she return. After waiting with suppressed anxiety for some time, the young gallant departed, overwhelming the good dame with his thanks, and entreating permission to call again. This, however, was peremptorily refused, but notwithstanding this interdiction, he came on the following day. The grocer chanced to be out at the time, and the gallant, who had probably watched him go forth, deriding the remonstrances of the younger Bloundel and Leonard, marched straight to the inner room, where he found the dame and her daughter. They were much disconcerted at his appearance, and the latter instantly arose with the intention of retiring, but the gallant caught her arm and detained her.

'Do not fly me, Amabel,' he cried, in an impassioned tone, 'but suffer me to declare the love I have for you. I cannot live without you.'

Amabel, whose neck and cheeks were crimsoned with blushes, cast down her eyes before the ardent regards of the gallant, and endeavored to withdraw her hand.

'One word only,' he continued, 'and I release you. Am I wholly indifferent to you? Answer me—yes, or no?'

'Do *not* answer him, Amabel,' interposed her mother. 'He is deceiving you. He loves you not. He would ruin you. This is the way with all these court butterflies. Tell him you hate him, child, and bid him begone.'

'But I cannot tell him an untruth, mother,' returned Amabel, artlessly, 'for I do *not* hate him.'

'Then you love me,' cried the young man, falling on his knees, and pressing her hand to his lips. 'Tell me so, and make me the happiest of men.'

But Amabel had now recovered from the confusion into which she had been thrown, and, alarmed at her own indiscretion, forcibly withdrew her hand, exclaiming in a cold tone, and with much natural dignity, 'Arise, sir. I will not tolerate these freedoms. My mother is right, you have some ill design.'

'By my soul, no!' cried the gallant passionately. 'I love you, and would make you mine.'

'No doubt,' remarked Mrs Bloundel, contemptuously, 'but not by marriage.'

'Yes, by marriage,' rejoined the gallant, rising. 'If she will consent, I will wed her forthwith.'

Both Amabel and her mother looked surprised at the young man's declaration, which was uttered with a fervor that seemed to leave no doubt of its sincerity; but the latter, fearing some artifice, replied,

'If what you say is true, and you really love my daughter as much as you pretend, this is not the way to win her, for though she can make no pretensions to wed with one of your seeming de-

gree—nor is it for her happiness that she should—yet, were she sought by the proudest noble in the land, she shall never, if I can help it, be lightly won. If your intentions are honorable, you must address yourself in the first place to her father, and if he agrees (which I much doubt) that you shall become her suitor, I can make no objection. Till this is settled, I must pray you to desist from further importunity.'

'And so must I,' added Amabel. 'I cannot give you a hope till you have spoken to my father.'

'Be it so,' replied the gallant, 'I will tarry here till his return.'

So saying, he was about to seat himself, but Mrs Bloundel prevented him.

'I cannot permit this, sir,' she cried. 'Your tarrying here may, for aught I know, bring scandal upon my house—I am sure it would be disagreeable to my husband. I am unacquainted with your name and condition. You may be a man of rank. You may be one of the profligate and profane crew who haunt the court. You may be the worst of them all, my Lord Rochester himself, for they say when he is about his devilish designs he can put on the garb of an angel of innocence. But whoever you are, and whatever your rank and station may be, unless your character will bear the strictest scrutiny, I am certain Stephen Bloundel will never consent to your union with his daughter.'

'Nay, mother,' observed Amabel, 'you judge the gentleman unjustly. I am sure he is neither a profligate gallant himself, nor a companion of such—especially the Earl of Rochester.'

'I pretend to be no better than I am,' replied the young man, repressing a smile which rose to his lips at Mrs Bloundel's address. 'But I shall reform when I am married. It would be impossible to be inconstant to so fair a creature as Amabel. For my rank I have none. My condition is that of a private gentleman—my name, Maurice Wyvil.'

'What you say of yourself, Mr Maurice Wyvil, convinces me you will meet with a decided refusal from my husband,' returned Mrs Bloundel.

'I trust not,' replied Wyvil, glancing tenderly to Amabel. 'If I should be so fortunate as to gain his consent, have I yours?'

'It is too soon to ask that question,' she rejoined, blushing deeply. 'And now, sir, you must go—indeed you must. You distress my mother.'

'If I do not distress you, I will stay,' resumed Wyvil, with an imploring look.

'You do distress me,' she answered, averting her head.

'Nay, then, I must tear myself away,' he rejoined. 'I shall return shortly, and trust to find your father less flinty-hearted than he is represented.'

He would have clasped Amabel in his arms, and perhaps snatched a kiss, if her mother had not rushed between them. 'No more familiarities, sir,' she cried, angrily—'no court manners here. If you look to wed my daughter, you must conduct yourself more decorously. But I can tell you, you have no chance—none whatever.'

'Time will show,' replied Wyvil, audaciously. 'You had better give her to me quietly, and save me the trouble of carrying her off—for have her I will.'

'Mercy on us!' cried Mrs Bloundel, in accents of alarm, 'now his wicked intentions are out.'

'Fear nothing, mother,' observed Amabel, coldly. 'He will scarcely carry me off without my own consent, and I am not likely to sacrifice myself for one who holds me in such light esteem.'

'Forgive me, Amabel,' said Wyvil, in a voice so penitent that it instantly effaced her displeasure. 'I meant not to offend you. I spoke only the language of distraction. Do not dismiss me thus, or my death will lie at your door.'

'I should be sorry for that,' she replied, 'but inexperienced as I am, I feel this is not the language of real regard, but of furious passion,—We must not meet again.'

A dark shade passed over Wyvil's handsome features, and the almost feminine beauty by which they were characterised gave place to a fierce and forbidding expression. Controlling himself by a powerful effort, he replied, with forced calmness,

'Amabel, you know not what it is to love.—I will not stir hence till I have seen your father.'

'We will see that, sir,' exclaimed Mrs Bloundel, angrily. 'What ho! son Stephen! Leonard Holt! I say. This gentleman will stay here whether I like or not. Show him forth.'

'That I will, right willingly,' replied the apprentice, rushing before the younger Bloundel, and flourishing his formidable cudgel. 'Out with you, sir! Out with you!'

'Not at your bidding, you saucy knave,' rejoined Wyvil, laying his hand upon his sword.—'And if it were not for the presence of your mistress and her lovely daughter, I would crop your ears for your insolence.'

'Their presence shall not prevent me from making my cudgel and your shoulders acquainted, if you do not budge,' replied the apprentice sturdily.

Infuriated by the retort, Wyvil would have drawn his sword, but a blow on the arm disabled him.

'Plague on you! fellow,' he exclaimed.—'You shall rue this to the last day of your existence.'

'Threaten those who heed you,' replied Leonard, about to repeat the blow.

'Do him no further injury,' cried Amabel, arresting his hand, and looking with the greatest commiseration at Wyvil. 'You have dealt with him far too rudely already.'

'Since I have your sympathy, sweet Amabel,' rejoined Wyvil, 'I care not what rude treatment I experience from this churl. We shall soon meet again.' And bowing to her, he strode out of the room.

Leonard followed him to the shop-door, hop-

ing some further pretext for a quarrel would arise, but he was disappointed. Wyvil took no notice of him, and proceeded at a slow pace towards Cheapside.

Half an hour afterwards, Stephen Bloundel came home. On being informed of what had occurred he was greatly annoyed, though he tried to conceal his vexation, and highly applauded his daughter's conduct. Without further comment he proceeded about his business, and remained in the shop till it was closed. Wyvil did not return, and the grocer tried to persuade himself they should see nothing more of him.—Before Amabel retired to rest he imprinted a kiss on her snowy brow, and said in a tone of the utmost kindness, 'You have never yet deceived me, child, and I hope never will. Tell me truly, do you take any interest in this young gallant?'

Amabel blushed deeply.

'I should not speak the truth, father,' she rejoined, after a pause, 'if I were to say, I do not.'

'I am sorry for it,' replied Bloundel, gravely. 'But you would not be happy with him. I am sure he is unprincipled and profligate. You must forget him.'

'I will try to do so,' sighed Amabel. And the conversation dropped.

On the following day, Maurice Wyvil entered the grocer's shop. He was more richly attired than before, and there was a haughtiness in his manner which he had not hitherto assumed. What passed between him and Bloundel was not known, for the latter never spoke of it, but the result may be gathered from the fact that the young gallant was not allowed an interview with his daughter.

From this moment the change, previously noticed, took place in Amabel's demeanor towards Leonard. She seemed scarcely able to endure his presence, and sedulously avoided his regards. From being habitually gay and cheerful, she became pensive and reserved. Her mother more than once caught her in tears, and it was evident, from many other signs, that Wyvil completely engrossed her thoughts.—Fully aware of this, Mrs Bloundel said nothing of it to her husband, because the subject was painful to him, and not supposing the passion deeply rooted, she hoped it would speedily wear away. But she was mistaken. The flame was kept alive in Amabel's breast in a manner of which she was totally ignorant. Wyvil found means to deceive the vigilance of the grocer and his wife, but he could not deceive the vigilance of a jealous lover. Leonard discovered that his mistress had received a letter. He would not betray her, but he determined to watch her narrowly. Accordingly, when she went forth one morning in company with her younger sister (a little girl of some five years old), he made an excuse to follow them, and keeping within sight, perceived them enter Saint Paul's Cathedral, the mid aisle of which was then converted into a public walk, and generally thronged with town gallants, bullies, bona-robas, cut-purses, and rogues of every description. In short, it was the haunt of the worst characters of the metropolis. When, therefore, Amabel entered this structure, Leonard felt certain it was to meet her lover. Rushing forward, he saw her take her course through the crowd, and attract general attention from her loveliness—but he nowhere discerned Maurice Wyvil.

Suddenly, however, she struck off to the right and halted near one of the pillars, and the apprentice, advancing, detected his rival behind it. He was whispering a few words in her ear, unperceived by her sister. Maddened by the sight, Leonard hurried towards them, but before he could reach the spot Wyvil was gone, and Amabel, through greatly confused, looked at the same time so indignant that he almost regretted his precipitation.

'You will, of course, make known to my father what you have just seen?' she said in a low tone.

'If you will promise not to see that youth again without my knowledge, I will not,' replied Leonard.

After a moment's reflection, Amabel gave the required promise, and they returned to Wood street together. Satisfied she would not break her word the apprentice became more easy, and as a week elapsed and nothing was said to him on the subject, he persuaded himself she would, not attempt to meet her lover again.

Things were in this state at the opening of our Tale, but upon the night in question, Leonard fancied he discerned some agitation in Amabel's manner towards him, and in consequence of this notion, he sought to meet her gaze, as before related, after prayers. While trying to distract his thoughts by arranging sundry firkins of butter, and putting other things in order, he heard a light footstep behind him, and turning at the sound, beheld Amabel.

'Leonard,' she whispered, 'I promised to tell you when I should next meet Maurice Wyvil. He will be here to-night.'

And without giving him time to answer she retired.

For a few minutes, Leonard remained in a state almost of stupefaction, repeating to himself, as if unwilling to believe them, the words he had just heard. He had not recovered when the grocer entered the shop, and noticing his haggard looks, kindly inquired if he felt unwell. The apprentice returned an evasive answer, and half determined to relate all he knew to his master; but the next moment, he changed his intention, and, influenced by that chivalric feeling which always governs those, of whatever condition, who love profoundly, resolved not to betray the girl, but to trust to his own ingenuity to thwart the designs of his rival, and preserve her. Acting upon this resolution, he said he had a slight headache, and instantly resumed his occupation.

At nine o'clock, the whole family assembled at supper. The board was plentifully though plainly spread, but the grocer observed with some uneasiness that his apprentice, who had a

good appetite in ordinary, até little or nothing. He kept his eye constantly upon him, and became convinced from his manner that something ailed him. Not having any notion of the truth, and being filled with apprehensions of the plague, his dread was that Leonard was infected by the disease. Supper was generally the pleasantest meal of the day, at the grocer's house, but on this occasion it passed off cheerlessly enough, and a circumstance occurred at its close which threw all into confusion and distress.—Before relating this, however, we must complete our description of the family under their present aspect.

Tall, and a spare frame, with good features, somewhat austere in their expression, and of the cast which we are apt to term precise and puritanical, but tempered with great benevolence, Stephen Bloundel had a keen deep-seated eye, overshadowed by thick brows, and suffered his long-flowing grey hair to descend over his shoulders. His forehead was high and ample, his chin square and well defined, and his general appearance exceedingly striking. In age he was over fifty. His integrity and fairness of dealing, never once called in question for a period of thirty years, had won him the esteem of all who knew him; while his prudence and economy had enabled him during that time to amass a tolerable fortune.

His methodical habits and strong religious principles have been already mentioned. His eldest son was named after him, and resembled him both in person and character, promising (alas! it was never realized) to tread in his footsteps. The younger sons require little notice at present. One was twelve, and the other half that age: but both appeared to inherit much of their father's good qualities. Basil, the elder, was a stout, well-grown lad, and had never known a day's ill health; while Hubert, the younger was thin and delicate, and constantly ailing.

Mrs Bloundel was a specimen of a city dame of the best kind. She had a few pardonable vanities, which no arguments could overcome—such as a little ostentation in her dress—a little pride in the neatness of her house—and a good deal in the beauty of her children, especially that of Amabel,—as well as in the wealth and high character of her husband, whom she regarded as the most perfect of human beings. These slight failings allowed for, nothing but good remained. Her conduct was exemplary in all the relations of life. The tenderest of mothers, and the most affectionate of wives, she had as much of genuine piety and strictness of moral principles as her husband. Short, plump, and well proportioned,—though somewhat, perhaps, exceeding the rules of symmetry,—she had a rich olive complexion, fine black eyes, beaming wirh good nature, and an ever-laughing mouth, ornamented by a beautiful set of teeth. To wind up all, she was a few years younger than her husband.

Amabel has already been described. The youngest girl, Christiana, was a pretty little, dove-eyed, flaxen-haired child, between four and five years old, and shared the fate of most younger children, being very much caressed, and not a little spoiled by her parents.

The foregoing description of the grocer's family would be incomplete without some mention of his household. Old Josyna Shotterel, the cook, who had lived with her master ever since his marriage, and had the strongest attachment for him, was a hale, stout dame, of about sixty, with few infirmities for her years, and with less asperity of temper than generally belongs to servants of her class. She was a native of Holland, and came to England early in life, where she married Blaize's father, who died soon after their union. An excellent cook in a plain way—indeed, she had no practice in any other—she would brew strong ale and mead, or mix a sack-posset, with any innkeeper in the city.—Moreover, she was a careful and tender nurse, if her services were ever required in that capacity. The children looked upon her as a second mother, and her affection for them, which was unbounded, deserved their regard. She was a perfect storehouse of what is termed 'old women's receipts,' and there were few complaints (except the plague) for which she did not think herself qualified to prescribe, and able to cure. Her skill in the healing art was often tested by her charitable mistress, who required her to prepare remedies, as well as nourishing broths, for such of the poor of the parish as applied to her for relief at times of sickness.

Her son, Blaize, was a stout, stumpy fellow, about four feet ten, with a head somewhat too large for his body, and extremely long arms.—Ever since the plague had broken out in Drury-lane it had haunted him like a spectre, and scattered the few faculties he possessed. In vain he tried to combat his alarm—in vain his mother endeavored to laugh him out of it. Nothing would do. He read the bills of mortality daily; ascertained the particulars of every case; dilated upon the agonies of the sufferers; watched the progress of the infection; and calculated the time it would take to reach Wood street. He talked of the pestilence by day, and dreamed of it by night; and more than once alarmed the house by roaring for assistance, under the idea that he was suddenly attacked. By his mother's advice, he steeped rue, wormwood, and sage, in his drink, till it was so abominably nauseous that he could scarcely swallow it, and carried a small ball in the hollow of his hand, compounded of wax, angelica, camphor, and other drugs. He likewise, chewed a small piece of Virginian snake-root, or zedoary, if he approached any place that he supposed infected. A dried toad was suspended round his neck, as an amulet of sovereign virtue. Every new nostrum sold by the quacks in the streets tempted him; and a few days before he had expended his last crown in the purchase of a bottle of plague-water.—Being of a superstitious nature, he placed full faith in all the predictions of the astrologers, who foretold that London should be utterly laid waste, that grass should grow in the streets, and that the living should not be able to bury the

dead. He quaked at the terrible denunciations of the preachers, who exhorted their hearers to repentance, telling them a judgment was at hand, and shuddered at the wild and fearful prophesyings of the insane enthusiasts who roamed the streets. His nativity having been cast, and it appearing that he would be in great danger on the 20th of June, he made up his mind that he should die of the plague on that day. Before he was assailed by these terrors he had entertained a sneaking attachment for Patience, the kitchen-maid, a young and buxom damsel, who had no especial objection to him; but of late, his love had given way to apprehension, and his whole thoughts were centered in one idea, namely, self-preservation.

By this time supper was over, and the family were about to separate for the night, when Stephen, the grocer's eldest son, having risen to quit the room, staggered, and complained of a strange dizziness and headache, which almost deprived him of sight, while his heart palpitated frightfully. A dreadful suspicion seized his father. He ran towards him, and assisted him to a seat. Scarcely had the young man reached it, when a violent sickness seized him; a greenish-colored froth appeared at the mouth, and he began to grow delirious. Guided by the convulsive efforts of the sufferer, Bloundel tore off his clothes, and, after a moment's search, perceived under the left arm a livid pustule. He uttered a cry of anguish. His son was plague-stricken.

[To be continued.]

AN EVENING WITH M. THIERS.

[From the London New Monthly for January.]

M. Thiers is out of favor just now, except with the ragamuffin-party in the French schools, who have done their little best to imitate the Robespierre faction of former days, and have been silly and wicked enough to cry 'Down with the English!' The same beardless ruffians who ejaculated, 'Death to the English!' at the interment of Napoleon, shouted 'Vive M. Thiers!' strange *melange*, indeed! and one not very much calculated to give satisfaction to the ex-president of the council, and minister of state for the foreign department. For M. Thiers has the utmost horror of being the idol of the mob; professes the most sovereign contempt for *vulgar* popularity; laughs by the hour together at the 'greasy hats,' and 'sweet voices' of the great 'unwashed;' and has no ambition whatever to be carried in triumph on the shoulders of Parisian workmen. And yet this little great man is so made up of inconsistencies, that whilst during six whole months he courted most assiduously the old families of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and tried to win over the legitimists to the 'moderate' revolution of 1830, by asserting the 'rights of the aristocracy,' the 'power of hereditary influence,' and the 'instability of the institutions which were not defended by the great, the titled, and the noble,'—only a few weeks afterwards arrested the Duchess of Berry in La Vendee, exposed a woman's secret, and a woman's frailty, and consigned the mother of the Duke of Bordeaux to a prison, near the city whose name she bore!

From the moment M. Thiers purchased, with a large bribe from a Jew traitor, the secret of the duchess's hiding-place, there was an end to all negotiations with the Fauxbourg St. Germain. The legitimists lamented over the error of their beloved princess, but they cursed in their hearts the man who had so publicly exposed it. They can never forgive him; and if the modern Demosthenes (Berryer) has appeared sometimes to support him in his foreign policy, he has only *appeared* to do so, for he has always had in view the overthrow of the new order of things in France, by urging M. Thiers to carry out the principles upon which the legitimists maintain the revolution of 1830 was founded.

'I love the English aristocracy,' said M. Thiers in a private circle at his house in the *Place St. George*. 'I love the old castles, dominating over tens of thousands of acres. I love the oaken halls of past centuries preserved with matchless polish and perfection in their former grandeur. I love the remnants of the better portions of feudal times, with all the rank and influence which hereditary names and worth can bestow; but without the subjection and vassalage of the darker ages. I love the inviolability of the throne, and the full understanding which there is in England of the maxim *le roi regne, mais ne gouverne pas.*'

M. Thiers is however *so* inconsistent, that he who thus professed his love of *hereditary* distinctions and honors was the first and foremost to destroy the *hereditary* peerage in France, the last bulwark left for the throne and the altar.

'*Vive la Republique!*' was a cry once uttered by M. Thiers in the saloons of M. Laffitte, when the *National* newspaper was being founded to aid the 'opposition of fifteen years' in its work of demolition! Yet this same M. Thiers four years afterwards, when informed that some of his former comrades in the *National* had uttered a similar cry, exclaimed,

'Brigands! what do they want? Fools! what do they desire? I know them well. They are cowards at heart, and are only clamorous and noisy for admission to power. That republic, indeed! The creatures do not know what a republic means. Their silly heads would warm the block with their life-blood, and prepare the way for wholesale murders. How dare they call out '*Vive la Republique!*' when

living under a constitutional monarchy? No, they shall *not* have a republic, but they shall have grape-shot to their heart's content, if such another cry is uttered.'

This was in 1834—and M. Thiers kept his word; for who can forget the storming of Lyons, and the *mitraille* at St. Etienne, and the scenes in the Rue Transnonain at Paris?'

'Peace for ever!' said M. Thiers at Liverpool; 'peace for ever between France and England. There is no reasons for their separation, either moral, or political, or commercial.'

How strange a contrast was such language with the acts of M. Thiers during the last six months, and with his declared policy at the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies! Yet this is M. Thiers; the man of the people—loathing the people: the admirer of the rank, and fortune, and talent of the aristocracy, destroying its hereditary privileges; the public declaimer for 'liberty,' and the inventor of new laws against the press; the exciter of popular movements: and the wholesale destroyer of the mob by congreve rockets, bombs, shells, and cannon-balls, the eulogist of the fidelity and honor of the legitimists and French nobles, and the gaoler of an unfortunate princess; the first to proclaim an English and French alliance, and yet the secret and most powerful agent in its destruction.

But though M. Thiers is now unpopular with nearly all the world, except the aspirants to fame at the law and medical schools of Paris, this was not always his case, nor will it continue to be so.

In France, every dog has peculiarly his day, and 'all come to be kings in their turn.' A little patience, and a good deal of decision—a little knowledge, and a great deal of assurance—a little wit, and a large portion of talking talent, amounting neither to eloquence nor to oratory, will effect wonders in France. These have made Adolphe Thiers twice prime minister of France—twice minister of state for foreign affairs—minister of the interior—minister of commerce and public works, and under-secretary of state even in the finance department, the one he most loves, and can, perhaps, best comprehend.

'All is finished now,' said M. Thiers, as we entered the reception-rooms in the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain, when that gentleman was minister of the interior;—'All is finished.'

He never looked so tall as he did on that occasion. Whether he had higher heels to his boots than usual, or stood more on his toes than even he is wont to do, or whether his own delighted soul had actually so operated on his animal frame as to have expanded it on that occasion, we know not. But this we can assert, we never saw him look so tall, or seem so excited.

Our reader will of course be anxious to know what it was that was 'finished,' and the termination of which gave such unqualified satisfaction to M. Theirs. It was the arrest and imprisonment of the Duchess of Berry.

This moment we have selected for a description of an evening with M. Thiers, because it was one of the most remarkable of his past life; and likewise was one in which he showed all his characters to all present, of personal vanity, undoubted talent, and changeful disposition.

M. Thiers is a very small man in stature and in limbs; but he is not badly made, and could be very easily mistaken for a gentleman. Yet there is something of 'priggishness' about him, which really cannot be explained by any other word, and which annoys you every five minutes that you are conversing with him.

M. Thiers, though a republic writer, and a democratic minister of state, has a great taste, not for the really *grandiose*, but for splendor, show, regal ornaments, baronial titles and equippages, and for a lavish expenditure of his own as well as of the public money. He was never satisfied at any of the official hotels of the ministries which he alternately occupied as minister of state in this or that department, with the furniture of his predecessor. More lights, more velvet, more gold, more drapery, more lustres and looking-glasses, were always wanted the instant he made his appearance; and when he was for the time minister for foreign affairs and president of the council, his apartments soon far outshone the state-rooms of that king who was decried by M. Thiers 'to reign, and not to govern.'

In the Rue de Grenelle, M. Thiers was only minister of the interior. There was far less of luxury than on the Boulevard des Capucines at the foreign office; but yet there was a marked difference between his evening parties and those of his predecessor. The wax-lights were more abundant, the refreshments were more varied, and more rapidly and more frequently served. There was no ease, but quantities of crowding; no dignity, but an amazing amount of heat; less of the air of the representative of the home and stable interests of a great nation, but buzzing, chatting, and emotion enough for some three hundred *soirees*.

It must certainly be admitted that this was no ordinary night, and that all who had the right of *entree*, rushed to see the little man who five years previously had eaten his twenty-penny dinner at a two francs per head eating-house in the Palais Royal, under the benignant sway of the House of Bourbon, but who now had effected her arrest by the employment of a Judas in her camp. No one would believe the announcement. All Paris was petrified. The gay, the charitable, the cheerful, the Paris-loving and beloved Duchess of Berry, arrested and imprisoned by Adolphe Thiers, seemed impossible; and so general and strong was this feeling, that peers, deputies, bankers, merchants, stock-brokers (a class dearly beloved by the ex-minister), *flaneurs*, *proletaires*, and *hommes de lettres*, all rushed to the Rue de Grenelle, to see and hear for themselves, with their own ears, and with their own eyes, that the thing was true.—O what an assemblage was there! 'All the world and his wife!' and M. Thiers was in his glory.

There is no such thing as keeping M. Thiers stationary for five minutes; we might say, per-

haps, for five seconds. He sits, he stands, he sits again, and all in half a minute. He walks up and down the room, runs, jumps, tilts on his toes, shrugs his shoulders, raises them almost to the top of his head, puts on his spectacles, takes them off again, and all with the rapidity of a sleight-of-hand man on the Place de la Bourse.

On the evening in question, M. Thiers spoke to every one as fast as he could; and perhaps in three hours said a greater number of words than any man who ever lived, from the time of Adam downwards.

'Que voulez vous, mon cher?' said M. Thiers to a member of the *centre droit*, who had some doubts as to the legality of arresting and imprisoning a princess, without putting her upon trial. 'Que voulez vous?' and then he went on to say, 'This state of things was impossible. We could not be bearded by the Duchess of Berry. God knows our revolution was moderate enough; we merely sent them out of France; and told them not to come back again; their property, their lives, their titles, all preserved to them, and yet they persist in coming back. I could endure it no longer; I could not see the throne of the king continually disputed by this heroine, as they call her. It became indispensable to terminate all these Chouan hopes and Vendean plunderings and rapine—and now all is finished.'

Every sentence pronounced by M. Thiers during the evening began or closed with 'Touest fini.' He rang the double changes on these phrases for three mortal hours.

M. Odilon Barrot made his appearance. This was a sort of event. He was at that time the political antagonist of M. Thiers; for the latter was then a conservative, and the former was, what he is still, the chief of the *gauche*.

M. Odilon Barrot was only a lawyer under the restoration, but the revolution of 1830 made him one of the commissioners charged to conduct Charles X., and the Duke and Duchess d'Angouleme, &c., to Cherbourg. He is a cold, calm, calculating man, enamored of his own views of a parliamentary government, and believes that every thing may be effected by the influence of the ballot. On the night in question he was more excited than he is wont to be, and appeared to regard M. Thiers as a sort of prodigy.

'Eh bien! M. Barrot,' said the host to him, as he entered the second saloon, 'que pensez vous maintenant?'

M. Barrot replied, 'C'est tres habile, M. le Ministre,' and M. Thiers was delighted.

He shuffled his spectacles a little nearer his eyes, doubtless that he might examine with more attention the movements of the face of M. Barrot, and then continued, 'Maintenant tout est fini.'

M. Barrot looked credulous, and simply said, 'Oui, tout est fini dans la Vendee.

This was not enough to satisfy M. Thiers.

'All is finished every where, M. Barrot, not only in La Vendee, but every where. The hopes of the legitimists are finished; the plots of all factions are finished; the opposition to our wise and moderate revolution is finished; the attacks to our form of government are finished; the secret enmities of foreign powers are finished; the reputation of the Bourbons is finished; the Henry V. party is finished; the hope of recognising the throne of France is finished; the Carlists are finished; they can exist no longer as a party; all predictions so injurious to a new throne and new institutions are finished; in one word, *tout est fini!*'

This was uttered with a rapidity almost inconceivable, and in an air of triumph almost burlesque. M. Barrot smiled—not acquiescence, but a little good-humored satire, and he seemed to say, 'I am glad you have finished your harangue.'

M. Barrot was not convinced by the flourish of drums and trumpets which had just reached his ear; but, as is the case with all who listen to M. Thiers, he was at least amused.

Few men can talk better, that is, more fluently and 'oozily' than M. Thiers. He goes on and on, and on and on, never hunting for a word, never seeking for a phrase; but manœuvring with his tongue so ably that he adopts all its accents and words, without your perceiving it, to the emotions depicted on your faces, or on the auditory he is addressing. Coleridge was more eloquent than Thiers, but by no means so persuasive.

Who is this that is talking with M. Thiers with great earnestness? It is Garnier Pages. He is the chief of the ultra-liberal party; the O'Connell of the French chamber. M. Garnier Pages laughs outright at the idea of any thing being finished by the arrest of the Duchess of Berry, but the hopes of herself and her party. He thinks the embarrassments of the government are increased by it, and asks,

'What is to be done with her now she is in custody? Is she to be brought up for trial before a court of assizes? No jury will convict her in the least, and to remove her to be tried at any other assizes would be unjust. Is she to be brought up for trial before the court of peers, the court would declare itself incompetent. Is she to be simply kept in prison as a state-prisoner without any trial? This is opposed to the charter and the laws. Is she merely to be kept in prison till her *accouchment* shall be over, and is then to be let out without being brought before any tribunal. This would be the most monstrous of all.'

And so he went on; but M. Thiers would have his will, and said, 'All is finished.'

M. Garnier Pages said, 'Thiers is a mountebank, a rope-dancer.' This was a few years ago, certainly; but to-day M. Garnier Pages is the idol of those luckless, witless students who exclaimed '*Vive M. Thiers!*' as they conducted the ashes of Napoleon to the *Invalides*. Garnier Pages is the Henry Hunt of former days; he swears by the people, and has done so for seven years—a very long apprenticeship in France to the same dogma. M. Garnier Pages is a clever man, a good speaker, very brave, and

personally courageous, and knows well the dialect of his party. When we have said that he is the Henry Hunt of former times, we do not speak of his personal appearance, manner, or bearing, for the Frenchman has all the advantage; but we allude to his mode of thinking and opinions.

M. Dupin now enters. How ugly he is! and how cross, severe, hard-lined! such wrinkles and such a frown! and such a scratch wig withal, so black and so ill-made, are not often seen in any part of the habitable globe. M. Thiers receives him with much joy. M. Dupin congratulates him on his success, forgetting his former obsequiousness to the unfortunate duchess. He once told the Duke of Bordeaux, 'that France centred all her hopes upon him;' but now he sees differently, and congratulates over and over again the Minister of the Interior on his ability, zeal, and devotedness. But M. Dupin is fond of '*quolibets*'—and, like Lord Brougham, says odd things in an odd way, making every one laugh, and causing his almost unintentional jokes to be a thousand times repeated. M. Dupin resembles in so many respects his friend Lord Brougham, and has done so many things which his lordship has done before or after him, that it would not be difficult to establish between them a complete parallel. M. Dupin, on the evening in question, was however, notwithstanding all his felicitations offered to M. Thiers, full of doubts and misgivings.—'What is to be done with her now she is arrested?' was his inquiry every where round the room. He loves to create embarrassments, as well as to ask questions, and he must have gratified himself to his heart's content on that evening. M. Thiers of course declined replying as to the intentions of the government. 'The event has but just occurred. This great deliverance is but this moment achieved. The government of the king deliberates. It acts and deliberates. It will know at all times how to put down factions, whether regal or republican. These last words were repeated round the room; and some smiled, others frowned, some doubted, whilst others swore then by Thiers, as they do now, and declared 'That he was the only man of any note produced by the revolution of 1830.' Garnier Pages thought this a falsehood, and we do not wonder he did so, for Garnier Pages belongs to the revolution himself.

'Where is Guizot? where is Guizot?' asked several persons at the *soires*. He was not there. He could not rejoice at the arrest and imprisonment of the duchess, the mother of the Duke of Bordeaux, and once the distributress of so much alms in the city of Paris, and at every place she visited. He was not a legitimist, and made some opposition to the measures of the ministers during the concluding years of the restoration; but he was no admirer of purchasing a princess's person by a huge bribe to a Jew traitor. So he stopped away.

But if Guizot was absent, there were plenty who were present, all of whom felicitated M. Thiers on his unparalleled success.

M. Barthe is a dull, heavy man, formerly one of the Carbonari, but now a fiery persecutor of all associations of a secret character. He has just come in, and looks as black as thunder, and as heavy as lead. He sees Odillon Barrot, Mauguin, and Garnier Pages conversing together, and heard his name mentioned as he trod along the room. He had been *charevaried* by some of the students coming out of the Palais de Justice, on that or the previous day, and he was full of sorrow and sadness.

'The arrest of the Duchess of Berry,' he said, 'would give him more to do, increase the number of the enemies of the government, and create many difficulties;' still he felicitated M. Thiers, and declared 'that it was high time now to finish with the Carlists and Republicans.'—M. Thiers repeated, '*Mais mon cher Barthe, je declare que maintenant tout* EST *fini.*'

There was no driving him from this: and he urged it with such apparent conviction that the funds rose next day some two or three per cent. This was anticipated by some who observed that M. Thiers conversed a good deal with his favorite *agent de change*, and with M. Dosne, the father of Madame Thiers. Of course Madame Thiers was not present. She is pretty and amiable, thinks her husband very talented and very lucky, but does *not* think him either the most agreeable or the most handsome man in the world. Her father has reason to bless the day he first saw Adolphic Thiers. The receiver-generalship of the North, which M. Dosne possesses, was conferred on him by M. Thiers, and some sad rogues, who like to take away very honest men's characters, have dared to say that the ex-minister of Foreign Affairs has shared in the profits of the post in question. M. Dosne was most assidious in his attentions to his son-in-law on the evening in question. If M. Thiers made any gesticulation of an extraordinary character, good M. Dosne appeared to stand in breathless admiration; and *mon gendre* and *mon beau fils* were tones which often escaped his lips, in order that no one might be in ignorance that the little man who arrested the duchess was really and truly his son-in-law!

Marshal Lobau was a great favorite of M. Thiers; and on the evening, whose transactions we are recording, the Minister of the Interior deigned to notice him with peculiar favor. That Lobau was an able and gallant officer none will venture to deny; but it was neither his ability nor his courage which called forth the eulogies of M. Thiers. The secret of the favoritism consisted in this: the marshal had invented a new method for quelling *emeutes* and dispersing mobs. It was not with bullets or with ball, with cartridge or cannon, with sabres or swords, with the prancing of the municipal cavalry, or the cutting down by the dragoons; but the new method of dispersing mobs was by pumping dirty water on the *canaille*. The good old marshal said that these *emeutiers* were not bad enough to shoot, and were too dangerous to let alone; so his plan was to wet and dirty them with foul water.

'Fill the engines for watering the streets,' said Lobau, 'with dirty water: apply a pump, a leathern hose, and a mouth-piece at the end.—Then pump away on the assembled throng, and in five minutes not a man or woman will be left on the field of drenching.' This stratagem was resorted to, and it fully succeeded. The Paris caricaturists set about humorizing this frolic, and painted Marshal Lobau in the form of a syringe. M. Thiers was joking the Marshal this evening about his dirty-water exploits, and poor Lobau enjoyed the fun quite as much as the minister. Lobau was an excellent fellow.

Of all the persons who crowded to the *soirees* of M. Thiers, none were ever received by him with such marked attention and respect, amounting to homage, as foreign ambassadors and ministers. With the exception of Lord Granville, whose amiable and accomplished manners are thrown away upon M. Thiers, the ex-minister always treated the members of the diplomatic circle even with obsequiousness. But he could not like Lord Granville—and his lordship is certainly *not* amongst his warmest admirers.—There was not so large an attendance of the members of the diplomatic circle that night at M. Thiers's as might have been expected; but those there were hopped round, and jumped round, and pulled about, and pawed, and made so much of by the Minister of the Interior, that it was clear to all he had some secret intention of one day taking the Foreign Department under his control. The ambassadors were amused at M. Thiers's antics, and laughed when his back was turned; but he was so civil, and so polite, and so fawning, that they could not insult him to his face, whatever might have been some of their secret inclinations. They looked at him sometimes as honest men are wont to look at sharpers—*rather* distrustfully;—but then his pineapple ices were the best in Paris, and his Tokay Sorbets were quite novel. As M. Thiers knows that his origin is more than suspected, he has a profusion of plate, liveried servants and equipages—but all is glare, stare, noise, and blaze. There is nothing of old English hospitality on the one hand, nor of French suavity and politeness on the other. It is all pomp and show, but of very *citizen-like character*. He is a sort of Lord-Mayor-man, and 'plenty of it' is the order of the day. No one can accuse him of meanness or closeness in his arrangements; but as the *telegraph* fills his pockets very rapidly, it is with him 'soon come—and soon gone.'

But though the *soiree* was chiefly political, it was not *wholly* so. There was Alexander Dumas, the novellist of the new school of 'raw-head-and-bloody-bones.' We wonder he never made a romance out of the citadel of Blaye, and the Iscariot of La Vendee. Then there was Hugo, with his wonderful head and his standing-up brain, full of ghosts, spectres, and devils of his own creation. Hugo has not sold himself to any party, for he is incapable of doing that; but he has forgotten too soon the first loves of his boyhood, and the kind band of that Duchess who brought him into notice. And Barthelemy was there, who once wrote satires by steam, and brought out with such rapidity his astounding compositions, that each week produced some new wonder. But 'every man has his price,' and the government purchased his silence. It did the same with the chiefs of the St Simonians and three of the ablest of their party are now defenders in the daily press of that government and of that throne they were formerly devoted to destroy.

Then there was Merilhon, the barrister and deputy, since a peer, a pauper in 1829, and a nobleman now. Merilhon is a great speculator. He was once also a Carbonaro with Barettie, and on the point of a poniard they swore 'death to kings.' But Monsieur Merilhon has changed his key-note now, and sings of thrones and sceptres more merrily and heartily than he ever did of scaffolds and revolutions. M. Merilhon is a fortunate man, but he is no great favorite of M. Thiers, and thus he has hitherto escaped the enjoyments and emoluments of minister of justice.

There likewise was M. Persil. He accosted M. Thiers with apparent friendliness, but he did this to save appearances. He knew M. Thiers was in heart a democrat, and that he was, and is, his opponent. Few men hate better than M. Persil. He is a fierce hater. He is therefore hated in return. Few speak to him at the soiree, but M. Thiers was most polite and attentive to him. M. Persil is one of the best lawyers in France; but as he is accustomed to regard all subjects with a legal view, he is dry and uninteresting in his conversation. We should think he might boast of never having read any other than a law book in his life, except his bible and his classics.

About eleven o'clock the rooms were crowded to suffocation, and to write down even the names of all who were there, would occupy many pages. M. Thiers was active to the last. '*Tout est fini*' was his first and last word. The fact was, he had made up his mind that the funds should rise, and that there should be no disappointment. So the next morning at nine o'clock every little jobber's clerk at Tortoni's, had the key-word, '*Tout est fini*;' whilst their masters declared 'that there was nothing now to prevent the funds rising ten per cent.' Poor dupes!—A week afterwards the funds were lower. But in the mean time fortunes had been made and lost—and certainly M. Thiers was not a loser.

At last the witching hour arrived. M. Thiers looked exhausted; and he sank down upon a sofa. Mignet was by his side. They had written up a revolution—and had made it together—and now they beheld their child before them. The very small men of giant times were very great men in times of pigmies, and Thiers and Mignet had a good laugh. We hope it was not at the duchess, and we believe not either; but we thought that there might be some allusions in their jokes to the gullibility of poor human nature, and to the assured rise in the funds of tomorrow. 'Good night, M. Thiers! Good night! Yours are *sure* to be *golden* dreams.' So we parted.

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"THE POACHER."*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

PART 3.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DISSERTATION UPON PEDIGREE.

Our readers will not perhaps be displeased if we introduce Captain O'Donahue more particularly to their notice; we shall therefore devote this chapter to giving some account of his birth, parentage, and subsequent career. If the father of Capt. O'Donahue was to be believed, the race of Donahue's were kings in Ireland long before the O'Connor's were ever heard of. How far this may be correct we cannot pretend to offer an opinion, further than that no man can be supposed to know so much of a family's history as the descendant himself. The documents were never laid before us, and we have only the positive assertion of the Squireen O'Donahue, who asserted that they were kings in Ireland before the O'Connor's, whose pretensions to ancestry he treated with contempt, but further, that they were renowned for their strength, and were famous for using the longest bows in battle that were ever known or heard of. Here we have circumstantial evidence, although not proof.—If strong, they might have been kings in Ireland, for there 'might has been right' for many centuries, and certainly their acquirements were handed down to posterity, as no one was more famous for drawing the long bow than Squireen O'Donahue.

Upon these points, however, we must leave our readers to form their opinions. Perhaps some one more acquainted with the archives of the country may be able to set us right if we are wrong, or to corroborate our testimony if we are right. In his preface to 'Anne of Geierstein, Sir Walter Scott observes, that 'errors, however trivial, ought, in his opinion, never to be pointed out to the author, without meeting with a candid and respectful acknowledgement.' Following the example of so great a man, we can only say, that if any gentleman can prove or disprove the assertion of Squireen O'Donahue, to wit, that the O'Donahue's were kings of Ireland long before the O'Connor's were heard of, we shall be most happy to acknowledge the favor, and insert his remarks in the next edition. We should be further obliged to the same party, if they would favor us with an idea of what was implied by a king of Ireland in those days; that is to say, whether he held a court, taxed his subjects, collected revenue, kept a standing army, sent ambassadors to foreign countries, and did all which kings do now-a-days? or whether his shillelah was his sceptre, and his domain some furze-crowned hills and a bog, the intricacies of which were known only to himself? whether he was arrayed in jewelled robes, with a crown of gold weighing on his temples? or whether he went bare legged and bare armed, with his bare locks flowing in luxurious wildness to the breeze? We request an answer to this in full simplicity. We observe that even in Ireland, now, a fellow six feet high, and stout in proportion, is called a 'prince of a fellow,' although he has not wherewithal to buy a paper of tobacco to supply his

*Continued from page 101.

dudeen: and arguing from this fact, we are inclined to think that a few more inches in stature, and commensurate muscular increase of power, would in former times have raised the 'heir apparent' to the dignity of the Irish throne. But these abstruse speculations have led us from our history, which we must now resume.

Whatever may have once been the importance of the house of O'Donahue, one thing is certain, that there are many ups and downs in this world; every family in it has its wheel of fortune which revolves faster or slower as the fates decree, and the descendant of kings before the O'Connors' time was now descended into a species of Viceroy, Squireen O'Donahue being the steward of certain wild estates in the county of Galway, belonging to a family, who, for many years, had shown a decided aversion to the natural beauties of the country, and had thought proper to migrate to where, if people were not so much attached to them, they were at all events more civilized. These estates were extensive, but not lucrative. They abounded in rocks, brushwood, and woodcocks during the season; and although the Squireen O'Donahue did his best, if not for his employer, at least for himself, it was with some difficulty that he contrived to support, with any thing like respectability (which in that part of the county means 'dacent clothes to wear,') a very numerous family, lineally descended from the most ancient of all the kings of Ireland.

Before the Squireen had obtained his employment, he had sunk his rank and travelled much —as a courier—thereby gaining much knowledge of the world. If, therefore, he had no wealth to leave his children, at all events he could give them that knowledge which is said to be better than worldly possessions. Having three sons and eight daughters, all of them growing up healthy and strong, with commensurate appetites, he soon found that it was necessary to get rid of them as fast as he could. His eldest, who, strange to say, for an O'Donahue, was a quiet lad, he had, as a favor, lent to his brother, who kept a small tobacconist and grocer's shop in Dublin, and his brother was so fond of him, that O'Carroll O'Donahue was bound to him as an apprentice. It certainly was a degradation for the descendant of such ancient kings to be weighing out pennyworths of sugar, and supplying halfpenny papers of tobacco to the old apple and fish-women; but still, there we must leave the heir-apparent while we turn to the second son, Mr Patrick O'Donahue, whose history we are now relating, having already made the reader acquainted with him by an introduction in St. James's Park.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH THE ADVICE OF A FATHER DESERVES PECULIAR ATTENTION.

It may be supposed that as steward of the estates, Squireen O'Donahue had some influence over the numerous tenants on the property, and this influence he took care to make the most of; his assistance in a political contest was rewarded by an ensignsy of one of his sons, in a regiment then raising in Ireland, and this offer was too good to be refused; so, one fine day, Squireen O'Donahue came home from Dublin, well bespattered with mud, and found his son Patrick also well bespattered with mud, having just returned home from a very successful expedition against the woodcocks.

'Patrick, my jewel,' said the Squireen, taking a seat and wiping his face, for he was rather warm with his ride, 'you're a made man.'

'And well made too, father, if the girls are anything of judges,' replied Patrick.

'You put me out,' replied the Squireen, 'you've more to be vain of than your figure.'

'And what may that be you're discoursing about, father?'

'Nothing more nor less, better nor worse, but you're an ensign in your Majesty's new regiment—the No. has escaped my memory.'

'I'd rather be a colonel, father,' replied Patrick musing.

'The colonel's to come, you spalpeen,' replied the Squireen.

'And the fortune to make, I expect,' said Patrick.

'You've just hit it; but hav'n't you the whole world before you to pick and choose?'

'Well,' said Patrick, after a pause; 'I've no objection.'

'No objection! why don't you jump out of your skin with delight! at all events you might jump high enough to break in the ceiling.'

'There's no ceiling to break,' replied Patrick, looking up at the rafters.

'That's true enough, but then you might go out of your seven senses in a rational sort of a way.'

'I really can't see for why, father dear. You tell me I'm to leave my poor old mother, who doats upon me; my sisters, who are fond of me; my friends here (patting the dogs), who follow me; the hills, that I love; and the woodcocks, which I shoot; to go to be shot myself, and buried like a dead dog, without being skinned, on the field of battle.'

'I tell you to go forth into the world as an officer, and make your fortune; to come back a general, and be the greatest man of your family.— And don't be too unhappy about not being skinned. Before you are older or wiser, dead or alive, you'll be skinned, I'll answer for it.'

'Well father, I'll go; but I expect there'll be a good deal of ground to march over before I'm a general.'

'And you've a good pair of legs.'

'So I'm told every day of my life. I'll make the best use of them when I start; but it's the starting I don't like, and that's the real truth, father.'

The reader may be surprised at the indifference shown by Patrick at the intelligence communicated by his father; but the fact was, Mr Patrick O'Donahue was very deep in love.—

This cooled his national ardor; and it must be confessed that there was every excuse, for a more lovely creature than Judith M'Crae never existed. To part with her was the only difficulty, and all his family feelings were but a cloak to the real cause of his unwillingness.

'Nevertheless, you must start to-morrow, my boy,' said his father.

'What must be, must,' replied Patrick, 'so there's an end of the matter. I'll just go out for a bit of a walk, just to stretch my legs.'

'They require a deal of stretching, Pat, considering you've been twenty miles, at least, this morning, over the mountains,' said the Squireen.

But Patrick was out of hearing; he had leapt over a stone wall which separated his father's potatoe ground from Cornelius M'Crae's, and had hastened to Judith, whom he found very busy getting the dinner ready.

'Judith, my dear,' said Patrick, 'my heart's quite broke with the bad news I have to tell you. Sure I'm going to leave you to-morrow morning.'

'Now, Patrick, you're joking, surely.'

'Devil a joke in it. I'm an ensign in a regiment.'

'Then I'll die Patrick.'

'More like that I will, Judith; what with grief and a bullet to help it, perhaps.'

'Now what do you mean to do, Patrick?'

'Mean to go, sure; because I can't help myself; and to come back again, if ever I've the luck of it. My heart's leaping out of my mouth entirely.'

'And mine's dead,' replied Judith, in tears.

'It's no use crying, mavourneen. I'll be back to dance at my own wedding, if so be I can.'

'There'll be neither wedding for you, Patrick nor wake either, for you'll lie on the cold ground, and be ploughed in like muck.'

'That's but cold comfort from you, Judith, but we'll hope for a better ending, but I must go back now, and you'll meet me this evening beyond the shealing.'

'Won't it be for the last time, Patrick?' replied Judith with her apron up to her eyes.

'If I've any voice in the matter, I say no.—Please the pigs, I'll come a colonel.'

'Then you'll be no match for Judith M'Crae,' replied the sobbing girl.

'Shoot easy, my Judith, that's touching my honor; if I'm a general it will be all the same.'

'O, Patrick! Patrick!'

Patrick folded Judith in his arms, took one kiss, and then hastened out of the house, saying —'Remember the shealing, Judith dear, there we'll talk the matter over easy and comfortable.'

Patrick returned to his house, where he found his mother and sisters in tears. They had received orders to prepare his wardrobe, which, by-the-bye, did not give them much trouble from its extent; they only had to mend every individual article. His father was sitting down by the hearth, and when he saw Patrick he said to him—

'Now just come here, my boy, and take a stool, while you listen to me and learn a little worldly wisdom, for I may not have much time to talk to you when we are at Dublin.'

Patrick took a seat and was all attention.

'You'll just observe, Pat, that it's a very fine thing to be an officer in the King's army; nobody dares to treat you ill, although you may illtreat others, which is no small advantage in this world.'

'There's truth in that,' replied Patrick.

'You see, when you get into an enemy's country, you may help yourself; and, if you look sharp, there's very pretty pickings—all in a quiet way, you understand.'

'That, indeed.'

'You observe, Pat, that, as one of his officers, the King expects you to appear and live like a gentleman, only he forgets to give you the means of so doing; you must, therefore, take all you can get from his Majesty, and other people must make up the difference.'

'That's a matter o' course,' said Patrick.

'You'll soon see your way clear, and find out what you may be permitted to do and what you may not; for the King expects you to keep up the character of a gentleman as well as the appearance.'

'O' course.'

'Mayhap you may be obliged to run in debt a little—a gentleman may do that; mayhap you may not be able to pay—that's a gentleman's case very often—if so, never go so far as twenty pounds; first, because the law don't reach; and, secondly, because twenty pounds is quite enough to make a man suffer for the good of his country.'

'There's sense in that, father.'

'And, Patrick, recollect that people judge by appearances in this world, especially when they've nothing else to go by. If you talk small, your credit will be small; but if you talk large, it will be just in proportion.'

'I perceive, father.'

'It's not much property we possess in this said county of Galway, that's certain; but you must talk of this property as if I was the squire, and not the steward; and when you talk of the quantity of woodcocks you have bagged, you must say on *our* property.'

'I understand, father.'

'And you must curse your stars at being a younger brother; it will be an excuse for your having no money, but it will make them believe that it's in the family, at all events.'

'I perceive,' replied Patrick.

'There's one thing more, Pat—it's an Irish regiment, so you must get out of it as soon as possible by exchange.'

'For why?'

'This for why; you will be among those born too near home, and who may doubt all you say, because your story may interfere with their own. Get into an English regiment, by all means, and there you'll be beyond the reach of contradiction, which an't pleasant.'

'True enough, father.'

'Treasure up all I have told you—it's worldly wisdom, and you have your fortune to make; so now recollect, never hold back at a forlorn hope—volunteer for every thing; volunteer to be blown from a cannon's mouth, so that they will give you promotion for that same; volunteer to go all over the world—into the other world—and right through that again into the one that comes after that, if there is any, and then one thing will be certain, either that you'll be a colonel or general, or else—'

'Else what, father?'

'That you won't require to be made either, seeing that you'll be past all making; but luck's all, and lucky it is, by-the-bye, that I've a little of the squire's rent in hand to fit you out with, or how we should have managed, the saints only know. As it is, I must sink it on the next year's account, but that's more easy to do than to fit you out with no money. I must beg the tenants off; make the potatoe crop fail entirely, and report twenty by name at least dead of starvation. Serve him right, for spending his money out of Old Ireland. Its only out of real patriotism that I cheat him—just to spend the money in the country. And now, Patrick, I've done; now you may go and square your accounts with Judith, for I know now where the cat jumps—but I'll leave Old Time alone for doing his work.'

Such was the advice of the Squireen to his son; and, as worldly wisdom, it was not so bad; and, certainly, when a lad is cast adrift in the world, the two best things you can bestow upon him is a little worldly wisdom and a little money, for, without the former, the latter and he will soon part company.

The next day they set off for Dublin, Patrick's head being in a confused jumble of primitive good feeling, Judith M'Crae, his father's advice, and visions of future greatness. He was fitted out, introduced to the officers, and then his father left him his blessing, and his own way to make in the world. In a fortnight the regiment was complete, and they were shipped to Liverpool and from Liverpool to Maidstone, where, being all newly-raised men, they were to remain for a time to be disciplined. Before the year had expired, Patrick had followed his father's advice and exchanged, receiving a difference with an ensign of a regiment going on foreign service. He was sent to the West Indies, but the seasons were healthy, and he returned home an ensign. He volunteered abroad again, after five years, and gained his lieutenant's commission, from a death vacancy, without purchase.

After a fifteen years' hard service, the desired captain's commission came at last, and O'Donahue having been so unsuccessful in his military career, retired upon half-pay, determined, if possible, to offer his handsome person in exchange for competence. But during the fifteen years which had passed away a great change had come over the ingenuous and unsophisticated Patrick O'Donahue; he had mixed so long with a selfish and heartless world, that his primitive feelings had gradually worn away. Judith had, indeed, never been forgotten, but she was now at rest, for, by mistake, Patrick had been returned home dead of the yellow fever, and at the intelligence she had drooped like a severed snowdrop and died. The only tie strong enough to induce him to return to Ireland was, therefore, broken; his father's worldly advice had not been forgotten, and O'Donahue considered the world as his oyster. Expensive in his habits and ideas, longing for competence, while he vegetated on half-pay, he was now looking out for a matrimonial speculation. His generosity and his courage remained with him,—two virtues not to be driven out of an Irishman, but his other good qualities lay in abeyance; and yet his better feelings were not wholly extinguished; they were dormant, but by favorable circumstances were again to be brought into action. The world and his necessities made him what he was, for many was the time, for years afterwards, that he would in his reveries surmise how happy he might have been in his own wild country, where half-pay would been competence, had his Judith been spared to him, and he could have laid his head upon her bosom.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH MAJOR M'SHANE NARRATES SOME CURIOUS MATRIMONIAL SPECULATIONS.

Our hero was soon fitted out with the livery of a groom, and installed as the confidential servant of Captain O'Donahue, who had lodgings on the third floor in a fashionable street. He soon became expert and useful, and as the Captain breakfasted at home, and always ordered sufficient for Joey to make another cold meal of during the day, he was at little or no expense to his master.

One morning, when Captain O'Donahue was sitting in his dressing-gown at breakfast, Joey opened the door, and announced Major M'Shane.

'Is it yourself, O'Donahue?' said the Major, extending his hand; 'and, now, what d'ye think has brought me here this fine morning? It's to do a thing that's rather unusual with me, neither more nor less than to pay you the £20 which you lent me a matter of three years ago, and which, I dare say, you never expected to see anything but the ghost of.'

'Why, M'Shane, if the truth must be told, it will be something of a resurrection when it appears before me,' replied O'Donahue; 'I considered it dead and buried; and, like those who are dead and buried, it has been long forgotten.'

'Nevertheless, here it is, in four notes—one, two, three, four; four times five is twenty; there's arithmetic for you, and your money to boot, and many thanks in the bargain, by way of interest. And now, O'Donahue, where have you been, what have you been doing, what are you doing, and what do you intend to do? That's what I call a comprehensive enquiry, and a very close one too.

'I have been in London a month, I have done nothing, I am doing nothing, and I don't know what I intend to do. You may take that for a comprehensive answer.'

'I'll tell you all about myself without your asking. I have been in London for nearly two years, one of which I spent in courting and the other in matrimony.'

'Why, you don't mean to say that you are married, M'Shane; if so, as you've been married a year, you can tell me; am I to give you joy?'

'Why, yes, I believe you may; there's nothing so stupid, O'Donahue, as domestic happiness, that's a fact; but, altogether, I have been so large a portion of my life doubtful where I was to get a dinner, that I think on the whole I have made a very good choice.'

'And may I inquire who is the party to whom Major M'Shane has condescended to sacrifice his handsome person?'

'Is it handsome you mane? As the ugly lady said to the looking-glass, I beg no reflections—you wish to know who she is; well, then, you must be content to listen to all my adventures from the time we parted, for she is at the end of them, and I can't read backwards.'

'I am at your service, so begin as soon as you please.'

'Let me see, O'Donahue, where was it that we parted.'

'If I recollect, it was at the landing made at ——, where you were reported killed.'

'Very true, but that, I give my honor, was all a lie; it was first Sergeant Murphy that was killed, instead of me. He was a terrible fellow, that Sergeant Murphy; he got himself killed on purpose, because he never could have passed his accounts; well, he fought like a devil, so peace be with him. I was knocked down, as you know, with a bullet in my thigh, and as I could not stand, I sat upon the carcase of Sergeant Murphy, bound up my leg, and meditated on sublunary affairs. I thought what a great rogue he was, that Sergeant Murphy, and how he'd gone out of the world without absolution; and then I thought it very likely that he might have some money about him, and how much better it would be that I should have it to comfort me in prison than any rascally Frenchman; so I put my hand in his pocket and borrowed his purse, which was, taking the difference of size, as well lined as himself. Well, as you had all retreated and left me to be taken prisoner, I waited very patiently till they should come and carry me to the hospital, or wherever else they pleased; they were not long coming for me; one fellow would have passed his bayonet through me, but I had my pistol cocked, so he thought it advisable to take me prisoner. I was taken into the town, not to the hospital or the prison, but quartered at the house of an old lady of high rank and plenty of money. Well, the surgeon came and very politely told me that he must cut off my leg, and I very politely told him to go the devil; and the old lady came in and took my part, when she saw what a handsome leg it was, and sent for another doctor at her own expense, who promised to set me on my pins again in less than a month. Well, the old lady fell in love with me, and although she was not quite the vision of youthful fancy, as the saying is, for she had only one tooth in her head, and that stuck out half an inch beyond her upper lip, still she had other charms for a poor devil like me; so I made up my mind to marry her, for she made cruel love to me as I laid in bed, and before I was fairly out of bed the thing was settled, and a week afterwards the day was fixed; but her relatives got wind of it, for, like an old fool, she could not help blabbing, and so one day there came a file of soldiers with a corporal at their head, informing me that as I was now quite well, and therefore if it was all the same to me, I must go to prison. This was any thing but agreeable, and contrary to rule; as an officer I was entitled to my parole, and so I wrote to the commanding officer, who sent for me, and then he told me I had my choice, to give up the old lady, whose friends were powerful, and would not permit her to make a fool of herself, (a personal remark, by-the-bye, which it was unhandsome to make to a gentleman in my circumstances) or to be refused parole, and remain in prison, and that he would give me an hour to decide, then he made me a very low bow and left me.—I was twisting the affair over in my mind, one moment thinking of her purse and carriage and doubloons, and another of that awful long tooth of hers, when one of her relatives came in and said he had a proposal to make, which was, that I should be released and sent to Gibraltar, without any conditions, with a handsome sum of money to pay my expenses, if I would promise to give up the old lady now and forever. That suited my book; I took the money, took my leave, and a small vessel took me to Gibraltar; so, after all, you see, O'Donahue, the thing did not turn out so bad. I lost only an old woman with a long tooth, and I gained my liberty.'

'No; you got out of that affair with credit.'

'And with money, which is quite as good; so when I returned and proved myself alive, I was reinstated, and had all my arrears paid up; what with Sergeant Murphy's purse, and the foreign subsidy, and my arrears, I was quite flush; so I resolved to be circumspect, and make hay while the sun shone, notwithstanding which, I was as nearly trapped by a cunning devil of a widow; two days more, and I should have made a pretty kettle of fish of it.'

'What, at your age, M'Shane?'

'Ah, bother! but she was a knowing one—a widow on a first floor, good-looking, buxom, a fine armful, and about thirty—met her at a party—pointed out to me as without encumbrance, and well off—made up to her, escorted her home—begged permission to call, was graciously received—talked of her departed husband, thought me like him—every thing so up comfortable—plenty of plate—good furniture—followed her up—received notes by a little boy in sky-blue and silver sugar-loaf buttons—sent me all her messages—one day in the week to her banker's

to cash a cheque. Would you believe the cunning of the creature? She used to draw out £25 every week, sending me for the money, and as I found out afterwards, paid it in again in fifties every fortnight, and she only had £50 in all. Wasn't I regularly humbugged? Made proposals—was accepted—all settled, and left off talking about her departed. One day, and only two days before the wedding, found the street door open, and heard a noise between her and her landlady at the top of the stairs, so I waited at the bottom. The landlady was insisting upon her rent, and having all her plate back again—my charming widow entreating for a little delay, as she was to be married—landlady came down stairs, red as a turkey-cock, so I very politely begged her to walk into the parlor, and I put a few questions, when I discovered that my intended was a widow, with a pension of £80 a year, and had six children, sent out of the way until she could find another protector, which I resolved, at all events, should not be Major M'Shane; so I walked out of the door, and have never seen her since.'

'By the head of St. Patrick, but that was an escape!'

'Yes, indeed, the she devil with six children, and £80 a year; it's a wicked world this, O'Donahue. Well, kept clear of such cunning articles, and only looked after youth and innocence in the city. At last I discovered the only daughter of a German sugar-baker in the Minories, a young thing about seventeen, but very little for her age. She went to a dancing school, and I contrived, by bribing the maid, to carry on the affair most successfully, and she agreed to run away with me; every thing was ready, the post-chaise was at the corner of the street, she came with her bundle in her hand. I thrust it into the chaise, and was just tossing her in after it, when she cried out that she had forgot something, and must go back for it; and away she went slipping through my fingers. Well, I waited most impatiently for her appearance, and last I saw her coming, and what d'ye think she'd gone back for? By the powers for *her doll*, which she held in her hand! And just as she came to the chaise, who should come round the corner but her father, who had walked from Mincing lane. He caught my mincing Miss by the arm, with her doll and her bundle, and bundled her home, leaving me and the post-chaise, looking like two fools. I never could see her again or her confounded doll either.'

'You have been out of luck, M'Shane.'

'I'm not sure of that, as the affair has ended. Now comes another adventure, in which I turned the tables, any how; I fell in with a very pretty girl, the daughter of a lawyer in Chancery-lane, who was said to have, and (I paid a shilling at Doctor's Commons and read the will) it was true enough, an independent fortune from her grandmother. She was always laughing—full of mischief and practical jokes. She pretended to be pleased, the hussy, with my addresses, and at last she consented, as I thought, to run away with me. I imagined that I had clinched the business at last, when one dark night I handed her into a chaise, wrapped up in a cloak, and crying. However, I got her in, and away we went as if the devil was behind us. I coaxed her, and I soothed her, and promised to make her happy, but she still kept her handkerchief up to her eyes, and would not permit me a chaste salute even pushed me away when I would put my arm round her waist—all which I ascribed to the extra shame and modesty which a woman feels when she is doing wrong. At last, when about fifteen miles from town, there was a burst of laughter, and 'I think we have gone far enough, Major M Shane.' By all the saints in the calendar, it was her scamp of a brother that had taken her place. 'My young gentleman,' said I, 'I think you have not only gone far enough, but, as I shall prove to you, perhaps a little too far,' for I was in no fool of a passion. So I set to, beat him to a mummy, broke his nose, blackened both his eyes, and knocked half his teeth down his throat, and when he was half dead, I opened the chaise door as it whirled along, and kicked him out to take his chance of the wheels, or any other wheels, which the wheel of fortune might turn up for him. So he went home and told his sister what a capital joke it was, I've no doubt.—I'll be bound the young gentleman has never run away with an Irishman since that; however, I never heard any more about him or his lovely sister.'

'Now then for the wind-up, M'Shane.'

'Courting's very expensive, especially when you order post-chaises for nothing at all, and I was very nearly at the end of my rhino; so I said to myself,—'M'Shane, you must retrench.' And I did so; instead of dining at the coffee-house I determined to go to an eating house, and walked into one in Holborn, where I sat down to a plate of good beef and potatoes, and a large lump of plum-pudding, paid 1s. 6d., and never was better pleased in my life; so I went there again, and became a regular customer;—and the girls who waited laughed with me, and the lady who kept the house was very gracious. Now, the lady was good-looking, but she was rather too fat; there was an amiable look about her even when she was carving beef, and by degrees we became intimate, and I found her a very worthy creature and as simple-minded as a child, although she could look sharp after her customers. It was, and is now, a most thriving establishment nearly 200 people dine there every day. I don't know how it was, but I suppose I first fell in love with her face and then with her fair self, and finding myself well received at all times, I one day, as she was carving a beef-steak pie which might have tempted a king, for its fragrance, put the question to her, as to how she would like to marry again. She blushed, and fixed her eyes down upon the hole she had made in the pie, and then I observed, that if there was a hole in my side as big as there was in the pie before her—she would see her image in my heart—This pretty simile did the business for me, and in a month we were married; and I

never shall want a dinner as long as I live, either for myself or friend. I will put you on the free list, O'Donahue, if you can condescend to a cook's shop; and I can assure you, that I think I have done a very wise thing, for I don't want to present my wife at Court, and I have a very comfortable home.'

'You have done a wise thing, in my opinion, M'Shane—you have a wife who makes money, instead of one to spend it.'

'And, morever, I have found my bargain better than I anticipated, which is seldom the case in this world of treachery and deceit. She has plenty of money, and is putting by more every year.

'Which you have the control of at your disposition, do you mean to say?'

'Why, yes, I may say that *now*—but, O'Donahue, that is owing to my circumspection and delicacy. At first starting I determined that she should not think that it was only her money that I wanted, so, after we were married, I continued to find myself, which, paying nothing for board and lodging, and washing, I could easily do upon my half-pay; and I have done so ever since, until just now.'

'I had not been married a week before I saw that she expected I would make inquiries into the state of her finances, but I would not; at last, finding that I would not enter into the business, she did, and told me that she had £17,000 Consols laid by, and that the business was worth £1000 per annum (you may fish at Cheltenham a long while, O'Donahue, before you get such a haul as that). So I told her I was very glad she was well off, and then I pretended to go fast asleep, as I never interfered with her, and never asked for money; at last she didn't like it, and offered it to me, but I told her that I had enough and did not want it; since which she has been quite annoyed at my not spending money; and when I told her this morning that there was a brother officer of mine arrived in town to whom I had owed some money for a long while, she insisted upon my taking money to pay it, put a pile of bank notes in my hand, and was quite mortified when she fonnd I only wanted £20.—Now you see, O'Donahue, I have done this from principle; she earns the money, and therefore she shall have the control of it as long as we are good friends; and upon my honor I really think I love her better than I ever thought I could love any woman in the world, for she has the temper the kindness, and the charity of an angel, although not precisely the figure; but one can't have every thing in this world: and so now you have the whole of my story—and what do you think of it?'

'You must present me to your wife, M'Shane.'

'That I will with pleasure: she's like her rounds of beef,—it's cut and come again—but her heart is a beauty, and so is her beef-steak pie—when you taste it.'

[To be continued.]

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

Moore. The following Song, whether we regard the sweetness of its versification or the plaintive spirit which runs through it, is almost inimitable, and if Tom Moore had written nothing else, it would be sufficient to immortalize his name. Who can help sympathising with the bard, and mourning for poor Ireland, when he reads this touching melody:

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
  Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
  His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.

The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
  Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
  Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas for his country!—her pride is gone by,
  And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
  For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.

Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
  Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch that would light them thro' dignity's way,
  Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream,
  He should try to forget what he never can heal:
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
  Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel.

That instant his heart at her shrine would lay down
  Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd;
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
  Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
  Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not ev'n in the hour when his heart is most gay,
  Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
  The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
  Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep!

PHRENOLOGY—A LETTER TO MY WIFE.

[Contributed to the Boston Notion.]

Dear M——tt in thy absence, slow move the tedious hours,
I miss thy prudent councils, and thy mild persuasive powers—
I miss my little Trio, my beautiful boquet,
Who were wont to cluster round me, and chase my cares away.
The home once fondly loved, is a home no more to me,
Where my sweet ones are, my home is, no matter where that be,
The room looks sad, and lonely, and vacant is thy chair—
I linger near thy portrait, but still thou art not there,
In dreams I oft enfold thee, with rapture to my breast,
And one by one, my children too, in fancy I have prest.

With sorrow I confess, dear, that I often go astray,
Do not always walk in wisdom's paths, nor choose the better way,
As an instance of my folly, and the weakness of my head,
I have been to a Phrenologist, and I'll tell you what he said,—
He received me very kindly, ran his fingers through my hair,
But the first word that he uttered, made your faithful husband stare,
For he said I loved the ladies! dear M——tt this is true!
I love the blessed creatures, but I worship only you;
Said I was fond of my own children, true again! and who is not?
The Arab of the desert, the Turk, the Hottentot—
The beasts that roam the fields, the birds that cleave the air,
All have the same affection, and the same parental care.
He said I was familiar, that I freely spoke my mind,
Was unusually benevolent, affectionate, and kind,
Soft soap at this rate must be cheap, for he only asked a dollar,
For making me a Gentleman, a Genius, and a Scholar.
He said that I was anxious to gather wealth, and fame,
But never at the sacrifice of my character and name.
Soft soap again! the price must fall, but wait awhile my dear,
'Till I tell you what he said about my music loving ear,
But blushes crimson both my cheeks, and I beg to be excused,
To sing my own self-praise, you know, I always have refused.
He said I was mercurial, that my feelings were too warm,
But remember dear, I was not born, in a January storm;
An August sun shines through my heart, and keeps my blood a boiling,
And to my sorrow, I admit that it keeps me always toiling.
He said too, that I was witty, and loved to crack a joke,
(I wonder when he told that *fib*, the fellow did not choke.)
And would you believe it M——tt, he said that I was brave,
That no earthly power could ever yet, make me another's slave.
Ah! little knew the simpleton, the slave I am to you,
And how easily you forge my chains, and keep them bright and new.

Enough of this dear M——tt, a cloud comes sweeping by,
And my late light hearted joyfulness, has vanished with a sigh,
I rest my cheek upon my hand, and think of thee and thine,
And of our dear departed babes, who in brighter realms shine;
Sweet tears of joy, and sorrow, unbidden seem to flow,
But they bring with them a solace, the bereaved can only know.
When our remaining babes caress thee, and thy bosom swells with pride,
Remember then, the happy ones, who smiled on us—and died.
Good night to thee, my sweet one, when on thy bended knee,
Do not forget to offer up, an orison for me;
Prayer from the fervid Christian, from a heart as pure as thine,
Will be acceptable in Heaven, even for a soul like mine.

A. H. S.

NEW WORK, BY THE AUTHOR OF VALENTINE VOX.

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,—THE PRINCE.

PART 2.

On the folllowing evening of course George was there, and on the evening which succeeded; after which, as Julia became more confiding, their interviews took place at the window no longer, the door was opened, and they conversed in one of the rooms; but George, in order as well to create still more confidence as to show that he placed the utmost reliance upon Jane, never allowed her to be absent for a moment. And thus things went on for three weeks, when Julia's consent to an elopement having been gained, the day was fixed, and they began to prepare.

The old maiden housekeeper, however, entertaining strong suspicions that something was afoot more than she had been informed of, and being an extremely discreet, prudent person, very correctly communicated her thoughts to Sir Richard, who immediately commenced a strict watch; for he himself very strongly suspected something, in consequence of his having received no penitential letters from Julia. Still, with all his zeal he was not able to discover any thing, and matters went on delightfully with the lovers up to the night previous to that on which the elopement had been fixed to take place

On that memorable night George of course came as usual, and had been for some time in Julia's sitting-room, vowing eternal fidelity and dwelling upon the prospect of permanent happiness which then brightly opened before them, when suddenly footsteps were heard upon the stairs.

'Hark!' cried George in a whisper, which chilled the blood both of Julia and of Jane; Julia clung to him as to her natural protector, exclaiming in alarm,

'We are lost!'

'What shall we do?'

'Oh, heavens!' cried Jane, as the footsteps passed the door.

'Hush!' whispered George, who on listening heard two persons cautiously creeping up stairs. 'They have passed us.'

'Oh!' cried Jane, 'what are we to do? We shall all be murdered! what are we to do?'

George raised his hand to enjoin silence, and presently the door of a room above was dashed open, and 'Julia!' was called by Sir Richard.

'They are now in your chamber!' cried Jane. 'Oh dear, oh dear, what shall we do?'

'Be calm,' said George, 'be calm. Put out the lights and appear to be asleep. I can drop from the window into the garden.'

'Oh! you will be killed!' exclaimed Julia.

'No, my love, no; believe me it is not very high!

'Julia! Julia!' shouted Sir Richard from above.

'Jane!' screamed the affrighted housekeeper. '*Jane!*'

The lights were extinguished, and as George was endeavoring to disengage himself from Julia, who still clung to him firmly that he might not take the dangerous leap, Sir Richard dashed into the room.

'Why!—what!—what!—' he convulsively shouted. 'Villain!—what right have you here?'

'Papa!—dear papa!' exclaimed Julia, frantically darting towards her father, as he was about to assail George. 'Oh! I am to blame! —I alone! Papa!—kill me, but do not injure him!'

'Baggage!' groaned the enraged knight, who raised his arm with a view of felling her to the ground: but that arm was arrested by George, who exclaimed fiercely,

'Hold!—you are her father; but even though you are, you must not strike her in my presence, I cannot bear it!'

'Villain!—Beggar!' cried Sir Richard! '*I* know you! What right have you here?'

'I am neither a villain nor a beggar,' retorted George; 'and although I have strictly no right to be here, sir, I'll not be maltreated, nor shall you strike her!'

'Are you married?' demanded the knight, who was awed by the manly, determined look of George; for although he was a gross, heartless tyrant, still was he a cowardly slave. 'Are you married?'

'If they are not,' interposed the ancient house keeper, 'they ought to be.

'They *shall* be!' cried Sir Richard; 'I'll not lose sight of him till they are!'

'I am willing to remain in your presence,' said George, coolly, but firmly, 'until the ceremony has been performed.'

'You shall remain, villain! I'll not be disgraced. *I'll* not support———Out of my sight!' he added, addressing Julia, fiercely, 'you *shall* have your *beggar!*'

George pressed Julia's hand as he resigned her to Jane, who was half dead with fright, but who led her from the room, closely followed by the old housekeeper, whose mouth was wide open, and whose hands and eyes were fervently upraised.

'Now, sir,' said George, when he and Sir Richard were alone, 'let me reason with you, calmly.'

'Silence!' cried Sir Richard,—'I'll not hear a word!'

As George happened to have no great desire

to speak, he *was* silent; when Sir Richard seized the poker, and having stirred the fire as if he had a strong inclination to break the back of the stove to atoms, turned towards him, and, with a ferocious expression, intimated that he had then a great mind to knock his brains out.

George smiled at this threat, and the poker was thrown with due violence beneath the grate; and when this noisy feat had been performed, the worthy knight sank back in his chair in a fit of sulks, to which he had long been accustomed, and which seemed to agree admirably with his fine constitution.

A dead silence ensued, and continued unbroken for hours. George at first wished to explain that the beautiful Julia was still virtuous, still guileless, still pure; but, on reflection, he conceived it to be better for him at present to hold his peace, lest the knight's resolution to have them married at once should be shaken. He therefore still preserved silence. The pacific intimation, which had reference as well to the poker as to his brains, kept him awake, while Sir Richard slept, or feigned to sleep, in his easy chair till morning.

When eight o'clock came, and George found the knight still very heavy, he began to get extremely impatient, and coughed with some violence, and went to the window and withdrew the curtains to let in the light, and made sundry other noises, which eventually had the effect of arousing Sir Richard, who, having looked at his watch, started up, exclaiming,

'Now, sir—now walk with me.'

George bowed, and followed him at once to the door, where Sir Richard took his arm and held it tightly; and thus they proceeded to the Registrar, and thence to the Surrogate, and having procured the licence, called upon the curate of the parish, fixed the hour and then returned; but not to breakfast—they had no breakfast: the carriage was ordered, and Julia was commanded to prepare, and at the appointed hour she and Jane entered the carriage with Sir Richard and George.

On their way to the church not a syllable was uttered. Poor Julia sobbed convulsively, which seemed to please her father, who acted as if the idea of getting rid of her filled him with delight. Jane, too, was deeply affected; but George preserved his calmness and self possession, although Julia's affliction gave him pain.

On arriving at the church Julia was conducted by Sir Richard and him whom he regarded as his prisoner still, and when the whole of the preliminaries had been arranged, they proceeded to the altar, and the ceremony commenced.

The solemnity with which it was performed, would have softened any man possessing the slightest proper feeling, but it had no effect upon Sir Richard. He alone stood unmoved.—Nor would he join in the prayers; instead of kneeling, he turned from the altar, and would have assuredly been reprimanded, had not the minister known him to have been a heartless wretch.

He, however, when the ceremony was completed, returned with them into the vestry, and dashed his name with violence upon the book as a witness of the marriage; while George, who maintained the most perfect self-possession throughout, paid the fees.

Of course both George and Julia expected, that on leaving the church, they should return with Sir Richard, if not indeed to spend a day of happiness with him, at least to pass it in endeavors to effect a reconciliation. On reaching the porch, however, Sir Richard, who preceded them, made a dead stop, and as Julia looked up to him imploringly, he with an aspect of a goaded savage said,

'Now, madam! here all connexion between us ends. That is your way, and may it lead to beggary! This is mine, and never from this hour let me see you again. Come to me in rags, and I'll disown you! Come to me in the most squalid wretchedness, for in that state you will come; beg but a morsel of bread when reduced to the very last stage of starvation, and I'll kick you from the door!'

'Papa! dear papa! oh! forgive me!' exclaimed Julia, frantically falling at his feet, and clasping her hands in an attitude of adoration.

'I am not the guilty wretch you imagine me to be; indeed, indeed, I am innocent. I swear to you in this sacred place that I am innocent! Pray, pray believe me!'

'Starve, baggage! starve!' exclaimed Sir Richard, as he cast her off with violence.

'Baggage she is not!' cried George, as he raised her, 'No other man dare apply that to her!'

'Beggar! I loathe you! I loathe you both!' Starve!'

When entering the carriage, which conveyed them to the church, he drove off, leaving Julia in the arms of George, fainting.

As the minister came up at this moment, he invited them into the vestry, where Julia was restored to a state of consciousness, when a carriage was sent for, and the party proceeded to Mrs Julian's cottage, where the day was passed by George in lavishing the most affectionate endearments upon his beautiful but almost distracted bride.

CHAPTER III.

GEORGE STARTS HIS FIRST SPECULATION.

Having remained a few days at the cottage of his mother, George, finding that all his efforts to propitiate Sir Richard were vain, came to town with his amiable wife.

He had but one letter of introduction; but he did not despair: on the contrary, he was sanguine of success, for what was he not prepared to undertake, and if not possible to accomplish, with the view of restoring to a position of affluence that gentle, devoted creature, to whom he felt more firmly than ever attached. His ambition was to raise her above her former station, make her more wealthy than her heartless fa-

ther, and with this view he resolved to achieve all of which he was capable, while he had neither by precept nor by example been taught to adhere to the strict rules of commercial honor.

On his arrival in London, he therefore called, without delay, upon the person to whom his introductory letter was addressed, and as it fortunately happened, that gentleman wanted a junior clerk, he, after many inquiries having reference to his general capabilities, engaged him at a salary of one pound per week.

This was thought by George, considering all things, to be a respectable beginning, and he returned with a light heart to his Julia, who was delighted, and on the following morning his duties commenced.

The gentleman, by whom he had been thus engaged, was a stock-broker, having an office in one of the darkest alleys in the vicinity of Cornhill. He was a wealthy man, and rather deep in nearly the whole of the important speculations of the day; and as his senior clerk—who was cognisant of the character of every speculation into which his employer entered—explained to George the various modes in which money was raised, and how rapidly fortunes were realized, George was not only astonished, but soon became dissatisfied with his one pound per week, and resolved to start some speculation of his own.

His imagination was rich. He conceived a thousand schemes, which, however, he found to be impracticable, seeing that he had then neither money nor credit to start with. He never felt the want of wealth so keenly; he never knew its value till then. It distressed him beyond measure; but he would not despair. He studied hard, both at the office—having little to do there—and at home; made himself conversant with the basis and bearings of every commercial transaction of importance, and in a short period few indeed more perfectly understood the hollow character of those schemes by which thousands were realized daily.

Still he was prohibited by the mean and hungry nature of his circumstances from entering into any speculation of his own, and for months he continued to draw his pound a week, which, albeit fully conscious of even that being essential to his existence, he received with a feeling of contempt.

At length, however, he was seized with a fit of philanthropy: he resolved to come out as a friend of the poor. It was a most bitter winter; coals were very dear, while the price of provisions of every sort was proportionably unreasonable. He felt deeply for those whom poverty pinched, for he felt most dreadfully pinched himself. Poor Julia, with all her economy, found it difficult indeed to make her allowance hold out, although frequently would she go without dinner herself, that her dear George might have a good tea on his return. This George well knew, notwithstanding she labored to conceal it, and he also knew that the evil ought, if possible, to be removed.

Accordingly, having arranged all his plans, he gave up his berth, took an office in the city, pledged his clothes to pay for the fixtures—which consisted of a desk, two stools, and a piece of floor-cloth, and advertised at once for six collectors and a cook.

The collectors were to be men of strict probity and honor, whose characters were expected to bear the strictest investigation; and whose ages were to fluctuate between forty and sixty. The cook was to be a man of great experience in his art, one whose character for honesty and zeal would bear scrutiny, and whose practice in the manufacture of soups had been extensive.

Having taken this advertisement, he went to a journeyman painter, upon whom he had for several days previously kept his eye, and agreed to give him eighteen-pence and a pint of porter, to write boldly upon the door of his office, 'The Royal East London Association for the Succor of the Destitute Poor.'

This, on being accomplished, had a striking effect. George expressed himself pleased with its appearance, and having paid the painter, set to work to write out his prospectus.

This, when completed, was an extremely well-directed appeal to the hearts of the benevolent. It set forth, in terms the most touching, the dreadful privations which the indigent classes of society were at that inclement season compelled to endure, and after dwelling with unexampled eloquence upon the beauty of charity, and upon that being peculiarly the period for its exercise, concluded by intimating that donations would be received by the agents of the Association, whose immediate object was to supply really destitute families with soup.

On the following day, in consequence of the advertisement, George had an immense number of personal applications. He was perfectly astonished to find so many respectable elderly men anxious to be employed. He also received a great number of letters, but these were unnoticed; he selected from his personal applicants, six of the most venerable individuals, the whole of whom gave most respectable references, and who were directed to call early the next morning. This delay was endured of course, solely to show that the Association, of which George was Hon. Sec., pro tem., were, as regarded the reputation of their agents, sufficiently particular. The Association had neither time nor inclination to call upon the parties to whom the candidates referred; nevertheless, when these candidates attended at the appointed hour in the morning, George, in the name of the Association, expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and having formally engaged them, despatched them without any further delay, with copies of the Association's powerful prospectus, duly printed in fine large type to suit the eyes, more especially of the aged.

He also concluded an engagement with a cook, a fine, corpulent, classical-nosed, duly accomplished Frenchman—whose salary was fixed at three guineas per week and the bones.

Having thus done all he could do to secure a fair start, he awaited the arrival of the hour of

six with the utmost impatience. At that auspicious hour, his agents had engaged to return, and in them all his hopes of success were centered. His suspense was painful; still he was sanguine; he would not allow himself to think even of failure, but walked round the eastern extremities of the metropolis with the view of fixing upon the most eligible neighborhood for the actual distribution of the Association's soup. While he was thus engaged, his agents were most zealous. Their commission—being twenty-five per cent upon all they collected—stimulated them to exertions almost beyond their strength, for they were getting rather old, and their stomachs had not for some time been over-loaded. They, notwithstanding, managed to keep up; they waited at first only upon those whose benevolence had long been conspicuous, and the result was that on their return to the office it was found that the nett produce of their exertions during the day amounted to upwards of two hundred pounds.

To explain how delighted George was with this result were supererogatory; it will be perhaps now quite sufficient to state that neither he nor Julia retired supperless that night.

He was nevertheless up before daybreak in the morning, and so were his agents, who were equally delighted with himself, and who in consequence of the profits of the previous day, renewed their exertions with increased zeal.

In the course of the morning George hired a house in the vicinity of Hoxton, and having purchased a board of extraordinary dimensions, which he directed to be put up, and handsomely repainted with all possible expedition, he sent for Junot the cook, whom he accompanied with the view of purchasing coppers and other culinary utensils, in order that the legitimate business of the Association might commence without delay.

All this was achieved with amazing despatch; and, as the agents that day had been equally successful, before twelve o'clock on the following morning, bullocks' heads and shins of beef were at a premium. George, accompanied by Junot—for Junot possessed a good nose and sound judgment—bought them all up: for miles round nothing in the shape of a shin of beef was to be had; and as Junot and a couple of scullery maids, whom he drove about dreadfully, were hard at work throughout the night; the next day at noon the soup was ready for distribution.

And excellent soup it was; Junot prided himself upon it, and George when he tasted it never enjoyed any thing more in his life.

Long before the hour appointed for its distribution, groups of miserable emaciated half-naked creatures assembled and stood shivering on the verge of starvation in the yard. Some had kettles, some sauce-pans, some jugs, and some pails, while their haggard looks proclaimed that hope had but just brightened up despair.

And when the hour came their eager haste to be supplied was distressing. It was tasted by all the very instant it was obtained, and appeared to be by all much approved; but while some drank it off with avidity on the spot, others hastened away, with their vessels well filled, to divide it with those who were perishing at home.

This of course cut up the alamode business completely: it was all round the neighborhood at an absolute stand still, for Junot, who entered into the spirit of the thing, continued to ladle out his savory decoction until his coppers were perfectly empty, which occupied nearly three hours.

At the expiration of that period Junot shut up shop and went to bed, being as he himself declared 'fatigue mosh, as the pepel came two tree times ovare;' but George leaving the premises in the care of a substantial looking person, whom he had engaged to see that nobody was served twice—went to the office to receive the subscriptions from his agents, who continued to be very successful.

Upon the most munificent of the donors, George in due time called in his character of Hon. Sec, to solicit permission to publish their names as patrons of the Institution, and as he convinced those who imagined that acts of benevolence ought to be concealed, that the publication of their example would prompt emulation, he succeeded in obtaining a long list of patrons who benevolently increased their donations, in order that in the eye of the public their names might stand well.

Having studied human nature rather deeply, George advertised these names in every paper of importance, and those advertisements had the effect of inducing many other benevolent persons to subscribe, with motives which probably could not be attributable to the spirit of benevolence alone. Their names, notwithstanding, appeared. George kept faith with all. He received the subscriptions of the rich and supplied the poor daily with excellent soup, and at the end of the season, which lasted three months, found a balance in his favor of one thousand pounds.

CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE'S SCHEME FOR TRANSMUTING QUICKSILVER INTO GOLD.

Being now in a position to speculate with effect, George directed his attention to various schemes, with a view to the rapid realization of a fortune. He felt perfectly sure that this was practicable, and had no apprehension that the sum he had made by starting the Soup Association—by which, he contended, he had injured no one, while he had benefited thousands—would be the germ of fruit that would approach perfection only to be blasted.

At this important period of our history it happened that the existence of various South American mining speculations created a mania in the public mind of a character so stubborn, that although the wild schemes were denounced by men of the most extensive experience, and highest standing in the commercial world, as

well as by the most important portion of the public press, that mania could not be subdued.

South America was at that particular time in a state of open rebellion; and it was of course the object and the policy of Spain to throw every possible obstacle in the way of the achievement of the independence of the revolted provinces.

Now of course, George knew all about this, and he at the same time strongly inclined to the belief, that he was able to make this lamentable state of things highly advantageous to himself.

He therefore watched with an eagle's eye the progress of events. He suffered nothing to escape him. He ascertained that quicksilver was essential to the separation of the precious metal from the ore in the process of amalgamation: he ascertained that this highly important article had been for some time previously neglected; that there was then comparatively a very small quantity of it in the United Kingdom; that it was principally in bond, and held by a few individuals; that nearly the whole of the supply was imported from Cadiz, and that it came from the mines of Almadon, in the province of La Mancha, which mines were the property of the crown: and having ascertained all this, George saw his way clearly.

His first object now was to obtain an interview with the Spanish ambassador, and in this he succeeded without much delay, when he submitted to his Excellency whether, in the event of the exportation of quicksilver from the port of Cadiz being strictly prohibited, it would not tend to check those speculations from which the rebellous provinces were deriving so much advantage.

The hint was taken in an instant. The effect was seen at a glance. His Excellency thanked him—heartily thanked him—as a friend of old Spain, and George left with the feelings of a man fully conscious of having gained a grand point, although he cared in reality no more for old Spain than he did for the rebels themselves.

This point having thus been accomplished, George waited not for the news of the prohibition to arrive in England, because he knew what effect it would have in the market; and feeling quite certain that the prohibition *would* be proclaimed and enforced, he made himself acquainted with the names of all the holders of quicksilver in the country, and just before—according to his calculation—the news ought to have arrived, he cautiously sent brokers into the market, with a commission to purchase at fourteen days prompt, and thus became the secret holder of all the quicksilver in the kingdom.

He then panted for the arrival of this glorious news. Day after day passed, and yet it did not come. Had he possessed sufficient means to pay for all he had purchased, at the expiration of the fourteen days, it would have been of slight importance, the holders being under contract to deliver; but he had not at his command a twentieth part of the sum required, and he could not endure the thought of selling it within the fourteen days, at the paltry profit, perhaps, of ten or fifteen per cent.

Still the news would not arrive! The time had more than half expired, and no syllable on the subject had been breathed.

At length, beginning to despair of full success, he resolved upon a plan by which he might secure two thirds, or at least, half the profits of the speculation; and, in pursuance of this resolution, he went at once to Bull, his old employer; and having explained to him candidly and fairly the position in which he stood, offered him a third of the profits of the transaction, if he would but have in readiness a sum sufficient to complete the purchase at the expiration of the fourteen days, in the event of the news not arriving.

Bull was delighted with the project, and rubbed his hands gleefully as the points were explained, and applauded George highly; when, after consulting with Jones, his chief clerk, by whose opinion he was invariably guided, and who had ten per cent. of the produce of all hits, he agreed to have in readiness whatever sum might be required; but he wanted half the profits. Oh! he couldn't think for a moment of having less than a fair half.

Well! George, having then no other alternative, consented to let him have half, while Jones was to have his per centage upon the whole.

'But,' said Bull, who continued to rub his hands in a state of ecstacy, 'whatever you do my dear fellow, for Heaven's sake, don't make a mess of it now.'

'Leave that to me,' said George

'Stick to it, my dear boy, stick to it. Get the earliest information. But,' he added, after a pause, 'how is that to be got.'

'I'll get it,' said George; 'do not fear.'

'But how are you to know before any one else.'

'That of course will be impossible; all I undertake to do is, to obtain the information before it reaches the market.'

'That's the point! that's the point! But how is it to be done?'

'It shall be done,' said George, 'if you'll leave me to manage it.'

'My dear boy! I have the utmost confidence in you. I leave the management in your hands entirely. I would not interfere with your arrangements for the world. I'll stake my life upon our success. We cannot fail, because I know that you *can* obtain the first information, but the question with me is simply, *how* are you to do it?'

George smiled, and proposed, that they should go to the west-end; a proposition which was immediately acceded to by Bull, and they started. It was then nearly eleven, and as George was determined to ascertain, if possible, whether the Spanish government had acted, or intended to act upon his suggestion' they entered the first coach they came to, and were driven to the residence of the ambassador.

On the way, George, wishing to conceal nothing from Bull, then explained the object of his visit, and suggested, that while he was with the ambassador, Bull should remain in the coach,

in order that, if any information was obtained, they might be driven back at once.

Accordingly, on their arrival at the house, George alighted alone, and having learned that the ambassador was within, sent up his card, and in a short time was ushered in due form into his Excellency's presence.

The ambassador received him with great cordiality; he was indeed excessively polite, and seemed much pleased to see him; for having taken the credit of the suggestion to himself, he had that very morning received from his government compliments which had raised his spirits to the highest pitch of ecstacy.

'I have to apologise,' said George, 'for having thus again presumed to intrude upon your Excellency's valuable time, but—'

'Pardon me, sare,' said his Excellency, bowing most profoundly; 'I most beg; no appollosha. I will be too happy for any sogestion you will have to make to me.'

'I am sorry,' said George, 'that I should have been so unfortunate as to have my former suggestion deemed unworthy of being acted upon by the Spanish government.'

'Ma tear sare,' cried his Excellency, 'it was nó sosh thing! It is acted upon! I receive an extraordinare *dis*patch this morning! The port is close fast, ma tear sir! The quicksilver was prohibit at vonce.'

'I beg your Excellency's pardon,' said George, rising on the instant. 'I of course, was not aware of that fact; if I had been, I certainly should not have troubled your Excellency again.'

'Ma tear sare,' said his Excellency, staring as if he really didn't exactly understand this sudden desire on the part of George to go; 'it is, believe a me, no trobel!—bot you have some othare sogestion to make to me—eh?'

'No,' replied George; 'I took the liberty of waiting upon your Excellency, simply to ascertain whether that which I suggested had been adopted or spurned.'

'Sparn, ma tear sare! no sosh thing! It gave very mosh delight? Bot ma tear sare!—you will not go zhist yet, directly! I will like to have some littel conversation with you!'

'Your excellency will pardon me,' said George, who had no wish whatever to remain. I am rather in haste; I called, but for a moment.

'Wale; bot what in your judgment will be the effect upon the rebels?' said his Excellency, anxious to bring George back to his seat.

'Precisely,' replied George, pretending to misunderstand him, and bowing with grace while approaching the door; 'I agree with you perfectly. It must have that effect. I have the honor to wish your Excellency good morning.

It was manifest that his Excellency did not much *like* this; however, he continued to be extremely polite, and bowed with striking profundity.

'All right,' cried George, on re-entering the coach in which Bull sat in a state of suspense, the most painful 'Drive, he added, addressing the coachman, 'like lightning to the Strand!—The great news,' he continued, 'has arrived!—just arrived! The prohibition is enforced!—not another pound will be allowed to be exported.'

'Well, my dear fellow?—Well?' cried Bull with almost breathless impatience.

'Well; go at once down to the city; commission at least half-a-dozen brokers to go openly into the market and to buy up quicksilver immediately at *any price*, while I am doing that which will give strength and color to the sudden demand, and I'll meet you at the office at three.'

'But do we want more?' inquired Bull.

'More! There's no more to be had! I am the holder of it all! don't you see? Let them try their hearts out, they cannot purchase a pound.'

'Aye! Then this is to create a demand?'

'Why, of course.'

'Excellent! Excellent! Nothing could be better! You're a clever fellow, Julian, a clever fellow. Jove! what a price it will be?'

'Now you understand perfectly?' said George, pulling the check-string. 'I get out out here. Let them buy all they can—no limit as to price!'

'I see, I see!' said Bull, in a state of rapture. 'I see my dear fellow, I see.'

George alighted, and as the coach drove off with all possible speed towards the city, he walked calmly into the office of an evening paper, which had been foremost in exposing and denouncing the speculative folly of the age.

'Can I see the editor?' inquired George of the person in attendance.

'He is very much engaged,' was the reply.

'Of course he must be I am aware at this hour; but will you do me the favor to tell him that I have something of the highest importance to communicate?'

'What name shall I say?'

George handed him his card, and the person proceeded to the sanctum.

At that period, editors of newspapers were almost invariably inaccessible to strangers, not only because they amazingly disliked being put out of their way, but because there were then many persons in the metropolis to whom the process of silencing an editor, engaged in the exposition of bubble speculations, would have imparted no pain.

The gentleman, however, connected with this particular paper, consented to see George, who was accordingly admitted.

'You have, I believe,' said George, 'constantly and strenuously endeavored to caution the public against the folly of entering into these miserable bubbles, these South American mining speculations?'

'We have,' replied the editor, solemnly and distinctly.

'It is with reference to that praiseworthy object that I have taken the liberty of calling upon you now. You are aware that in obtaining the pure gold, the use of quicksilver is absolutely necessary; you are also aware, that whatever the value of these mines may be, that value would be sensibly diminished if no quicksilver

were to be had; but you are not aware—I feel convinced that you are not, or you would have exposed it before now in your public-spirited journal—that there is at this time an attempt being made to monopolize secretly the whole of the quicksilver in the kingdom.'

'I certainly was not aware of that,' returned the editor, 'but if it be so, I cannot perceive that it will be of any great permanent importance, inasmuch as the supply is quite certain to be at least equal to the demand.'

'Not,' rejoined George, 'if the supply be prohibited.'

'I grant you! But *is* it prohibited?'

'It is.'

'Bless my life and soul!' exclaimed the editor, seizing the morning journals. 'It is strange that I should have heard nothing of it! There is nothing at all about it in any of the papers.'

'There is nothing about it in the papers of this morning; but the papers of to-morrow will be full of it.'

'Bless my life and soul! it's very strange, it is indeed very strange, that I should have received no information on the subject; but are you sure?'

'Quite sure.'

'I shouldn't wonder; I shouldn't be surprised; I shouldn't at all be astonished. I perceive its effect. Very likely. Dear me!—why the shares—sir! this will burst the bubble.'

'I imagined,' said George, 'that you, having exerted yourself so laudably, with the view of checking these ruinous speculations, would like to have the earliest information on the subject, and therefore—"

'I thank you, I feel extremely obliged. It shall certainly be noticed, sir. In the present commercial crisis, it is of the deepest importance. Of course I may depend upon the authenticity of this information?'

'You have the means at your command,' replied George, 'of ascertaining beyond all doubt. If you send to the Spanish ambassador you will find that the port of Cadiz is closed to the exportation of quicksilver: if you send to the city you will find the brokers most eager to buy up quicksilver at almost any price.'

'I am perfectly satisfied. I perceive the whole bearings of the question. Is this known to many, may I ask?'

'The prohibition is at present known but to three persons in England beside yourself.'

'And I presume you have no intention of imparting the information to any other evening paper?'

'Most certainly not. No;' added George, cavalierly, 'I thought it a thing which ought at once to be noticed, that the public might be put on their guard as soon as possible. I therefore just called in, although of course the morning papers will have it.'

'No doubt. I feel exceedingly obliged by your calling. It is, as you observe, highly important that it should be noticed as early as possible. I'll take care that the public *are* put upon their guard. You have my thanks.'

George then took his leave; and while he was hastening into the city, the editor, delighted with the opportunity of beating the whole of his evening contemporaries, set to work and wrote a powerful leading article, wherein he spoke of the proverbial priority of his intelligence, gave extracts from sundry slashing articles, which had previously appeared in his paper, with the view of proving to demonstration the surpassing correctness and full realization of his predictions; dwelt at large, and with eloquence and strength, upon the palpably unprecedented knowledge he possessed of human nature in general, and South American mining speculations in particular; illustrated divers abstruse propositions, by bringing to bear heavily upon his points, certain singularly interesting geological phenomena, and after walking rather deeply into the science of mineralogy, and showing precisely how the balance of gratitude stood between him and the nation, he denounced with unparalleled power the supineness of his contemporaries in the aggregate, and wound up brilliantly by giving the information imparted by George.

The effect of this excoriating article, appearing as it did simultaneously with the sudden demand for quicksilver, was electric. The price immediately rose one hundred per cent.; but buyers only were to be heard of!—not a seller could be met with in the market!—which was deemed most extraordinary. Where was all the quicksilver? Who were the holders? No one could tell, for George had taken the precaution to commission his brokers to purchase in small quantities, in order that no suspicion might be created. Never was there any thing so palpable, to the view of those who were anxious to monopolize the article, as the existence of a monopoly. But who were the monopolists?—the holders of Spanish bonds?—the loan contractors?—the directors of the mining speculations?—the rebels themselves? All in turn were suspected; all in turn were emphatically declared to be the monopolists. Scores of strictly honorable men, who were positively shocked at the idea of so monstrous a monopoly, and who were therefore extremely eager to secure it themselves, most loudly denounced those who had it. They would have bought it all up at an advance of two hundred per cent. with great pleasure, but being utterly unable to do this, it was dreadful. They were even prepared, so comprehensive was their philanthropy, and so purely patriotic their spirit—to purchase the whole at an advance of *three* hundred per cent., and to hold it until it reached five or six hundred; but as the monopolists held it themselves, of course in the judgment of these patriots, their conduct was gross.

It is amazing how nice and fine the honor of an experienced commercial man is, while others are doing that which he cannot do himself. A *sub rosa* transaction of profit, in which he is not concerned, cuts his principles to the quick: as an honest man he must expose it; as an enemy to fraud he must denounce it; as a friend to vir-

tue he must, if possible, thwart it; as a sound and useful member of society, he must hold it up to universal scorn.

In this particular instance, the complaints of the immaculate persons on 'Change were heart-rending; and while the bosoms of some swelled with the fraught of virtuous indignation, others silently established their hands in their pockets, and seemed half gnawed away by the morbid worms engendered by mental distress. They could hardly endure it. There was the price going up almost hourly without being of the slightest advantage to them. It was touching. Why were they not in it? Why in the whole of their experience did they never think of quicksilver before? That was the grand point: it was that which hurt their feelings, and they really were affected very deeply.

And so indeed was Bull. While standing he was constantly rubbing his hands, and as constantly, while sitting, was he rubbing his knees; he polished up his trousers to such an extent, that they shone with as much lustre as if they had been glazed. He was quite in a fever. He felt very nervous. He couldn't write, and wouldn't talk lest any thing should drop. During the day he would scarcely suffer George to be absent from him a moment. He called for him in the morning, went with him on 'Change, dined with him in the city, and walked home with him at night, although he himself resided at Stamford Hill, while his dear friend lived near the Elephant-and-Castle.

During the whole of this time, George was perfectly tranquil; he astonished both Bull and Jones, he was so very calm. He watched the progress of the speculation unceasingly, and if any report arose which in his judgment tended to any point save that of success, he would instantly check it.

When the price had been raised four hundred per cent, he thought it high time to think about selling. But Bull would not hear of it:—he had the highest respect for the judgment of George, and protested that he would not oppose him for the world; but he thought to sell then would be such a pity.

George then consented to wait another day, and the price then rose to five hundred per cent.

'You see,' cried Bull, smiling with rapture, 'you see my dear boy, I was right!'

'Well, now let us sell.'

'No, no, no, no; not to-day, my dear boy; not to-day! Say to-morrow. There! only let us wait until to-morrow, and then we'll sell at whatever the price happens to be.'

'We shall play with this thing until we lose it.'

'Lose it! my dearest friend, how can we lose it?'

'I am disposed,' said George, 'to trust to the chapter of accidents no longer.'

'Accident! Impossible! What accident can occur? Besides, look you, it's sure to be higher to-morrow! Why throw a chance away?'

'Why not secure the chance we have? We shall now make a hundred thousand pounds by the transaction.'

'No, not a hundred thousand: not quite a hundred thousand. You forget the ten per cent.—Ten per cent is too much. Jones ought to be satisfied with five, or two and a half—eh?—it is not compulsory?'

'He shall have ten per cent upon mine.'

'Ten is a great deal too much: now I think five, you know, would be nothing but fair!—What do you think?'

'That we ought to keep faith with him certainly.'

'Very true:—but consider the amount! You forget that ten per cent will be ten thousand pounds! And what does a fellow like that want with ten thousand pounds? Why, he'll be so independent I shall never be able to get him to come to business before twelve o'clock in the day! He'd lie in bed till the sun scorched his eyes out, he would. No, I think that five would be very fair; I do, indeed; and he ought to think himself monstrous lucky to get that, he ought.'

'I shall oppose,' said George, 'any diminution. Let us do what we may, we should always keep faith with those with whom we are connected.'

'Well, then, I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll just make this ten per cent extra, in order that we may have our fifty thousand a-piece clear.'

'Be guided by me,' said George; let us sell at once'

'Nay, nay, let us cover the drawback! Oh, do let us cover the drawback. It'll be like throwing ten thousand pounds into the gutter. It is sure to be that at least in the morning.—Say the morning—oh, come, say the morning.'

'If I do, and I shall do so unwillingly, I'll not consent to wait another hour.'

'I'll not ask you, my friend, I'll not ask you. Upon my honor I'll not, if you'll only wait till then.'

When the honor of Bull had been pledged, why George at once of course consented, and having done all that was necessary to ensure an early sale, went home in the highest spirits.

'Julia, my love,' said he, when they had been sitting for some time in silence, for Julia never interrupted the current of his thoughts, but sat watching the various changes of his countenance, happy if he looked happy, and very sad if he betrayed sadness. 'Julia, my love to-morrow will be to me a glorious day.'

'Dear George; I am overjoyed to hear it.'

'To-morrow, my girl, I shall have made a splendid fortune.'

'You delight me,' said Julia, who flew to him, and kissed him, and threw her arms fondly round his neck, as he pressed her to his heart.

'Why,' he continued, 'I shall be worth, my girl, fifty thousand pounds!'

'Fifty thousand pounds, dear!'

'Fifty thousand!—what think you of that?'

'I am glad; I am too full of gladness!—papa will be also glad.'

'I fear not,' said George.

'Oh, yes, dear; I know he will; he must be. And then he'll receive us.'

'Not he. *He* would be delighted only to see his predictions fulfilled.'

'His predictions—What were they, dear?'

'It's unimportant,' returned George, who had no desire to wound her feelings. 'Think, my love, of the brilliant position we shall be in. I would not name it to you before, it being possible that you might have experienced disappointment, but all is secure now.'

'Dear George, I could have borne disappointment. I am happy—you know that I shall ever be happy in any state with you. But papa, dear, will he not receive us when he knows that we are rich?'

'We shall see,' replied George, not wishing to pursue the subject farther. 'Time will show.'

'Oh, but I feel quite sure that he will, and then we shall be all so happy together.'

George kissed her, for he did love her fondly; and in order that the subject might not be pursued, he proposed that she should read to him, a proposition to which she acceded on the instant, with pleasure.

Now, while they were thus engaged, Jones, who never had been a very abstemious man, was smoking his pipe at a celebrated tavern in the vicinity of Cornhill, to which a number of brokers and others nightly resorted. Jones, who perfectly well knew the state of the markets, of course calculated upon being in the morning ten thousand pounds richer than he was then, and while engaged in the inspiring process of conceiving the details of the course he proposed to pursue in his new position, he smoked so fast and sipped so deeply, that long before his usual time for starting, his customary quantity was gone. He was somewhat amazed at this for a moment, but being in excellent spirits, he ordered another glass, which, strange to say, went more quickly than the last. He seemed to enjoy it much more than he had ever done previously; he could not tell exactly how it was; but the ideas induced by his brilliant position imparted a zest to the grog. It was somehow beautiful; and he had another glass. This was still more delicious—which was very extraordinary, and he sipped and sipped, and smacked his lips, and praised it, and began to chat a little to those around, which for him was more extraordinary still; it was in fact his *debut*, for although he had been in the habit of attending the same room for years, he had never before joined in the general conversation.

Now, it happened, that immediately around him sat certain drug-brokers, shrewd, wily individuals, who seldom indeed impart any secret themselves, but who open their ears widely, whenever any thing bearing the semblance of a secret is about to be imparted. These persons had been talking about the unprecedented rise in the price of quicksilver among themselves; for they were all deeply interested in the matter, seeing that they had all been commissioned to purchase; and noticing certain mysterious observations, having reference to the subject, which inadvertently fell from Jones, resolved, if possible, to bring him out; shrewdly conceiving that he knew more, much more, than at any other time they could induce him to unfold.

They accordingly became very ardent in their friendship; listened attentively to every thing he said, and laughed heartily at every ghost of a joke he attempted to utter. One of them had known him for a great number of years, and had always respected him highly; another rose to propose his health, and thus entailed upon him the necessity of acknowledging the honor, while the third proposed to have, with the view of cementing their friendship, a bowl of punch at parting. Jones offered not the slightest opposition; he met their views precisely, and declared that he had not the least objection to any thing in life.

Having, by virtue of these delicate attentions, succeeded in raising the self-esteem of Jones to an extremely high pitch, they reverted to the extraordinary high state of the quicksilver market; but with infinite caution, and without appearing to imagine that Jones knew any thing about it at all.

One indulged in a series of the most absurd conjectures having reference to the cause of the sudden rise in price; the whole of which were heartily laughed at by Jones; another pretended to be intimately acquainted with the whole of the monopolists, and named them; which was pronounced to be too good by Jones; a third—feeling convinced by the confident spirit which characterized the prompt observations of Jones, declared that they who were at the bottom of it were extremely clever fellows, let them be whosoever they might.

'Do you think so?' said Jones with a peculiarly self-satisfied smile.

'Do I think so? There never was a thing better managed in this world! It has been carried on admirably from the commencement. I don't care who they are, but I will say this without fear of contradiction, that whoever they may be, or wherever they may come from, they are decidedly the cleverest fellows in Europe.'

'There is but one,' observed Jones, still complacently smiling.'

'But one! Then I don't know what to call him. The term 'clever' is too poor and mean to apply to such a man. What *must* be his general character! Of course you are acquainted with him?'

'I am,' replied Jones.

'I am at a loss to conceive what sort of a man he can be! I'd give the world to know him.'

'You have seen him,' said Jones.

'Is it possible!' exclaimed the broker. 'Is it, can it be possible. Do I know him? Has he ever been here?'

'He is invariably here when I am.'

'Dear me, you amaze me! In what part of the room does he usually sit?'

'He always sits where I sit,' said Jones, when leaning back pompously in his chair, he added, 'I am the man!'

'You astonish me, perfectly astonish me!'

'You would be,' said Jones, with drunken satisfaction, for then he was very far gone. 'You

would be more astonished still, if I were to explain to you how it was accomplished.'

'Aye! that indeed would be a treat,' returned the broker; 'nothing in the world could give me greater delight than that.'

'Well, you know,' said Jones, 'it must be in the strictest possible confidence.'

'Of course! of course!' they all exclaimed.—'We are friends!'

Jones then drank another glass of punch, and taking to himself the entire credit of the transaction, absolutely exposed the whole affair from first to last!

The brokers, having learned all they desired to learn, suddenly took leave of Jones and retired. They felt piqued, for they with others had been made perfect tools of, and therefore in the morning they caused the whole scheme to fly like wildfire through the city, and the consequence was, that sellers not only refused to deliver, but threatened proceedings against all concerned!

Thus a scheme, by which a hundred thousand pounds, at least, would have been realized, was in one hour of drunken vanity destroyed; but although Jones, in consequence, entertained thoughts on the subject of suicide, and Bull was for some time confined to his bed, the failure had no other effect upon George than that of raising his ambition, and of laying the bases of those extensive schemes which he subsequently conceived and carried into execution.

[To be continued.]

LEGEND OF THE SACRED BELL.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

There was a grand procession through the streets of the two towns of Perth and Dundee. The holy abbots, in their robes, walked under gilded canopies; the monks chanted; the censers were thrown; flags and banners were carried by seamen; lighted tapers by penitents. St. Antonio, the patron of those who trust to the stormy ocean, was carried in all pomp through the streets; and, as the procession passed, coins of various value were thrown down by those who watched it from the windows, and as fast as thrown were collected by little boys dressed as angels, and holding silver vessels to receive the largesses. During the whole day did the procession continue its course, and large was the treasure collected. Every one gave freely, for there were few who, if not in their own family, at least among their friends, had not to deplore the loss of some one dear to them or those they loved, from striking on the dangerous rock, which lay in the very track of all the vessels entering the Frith of Tay. These processions had been arranged by the authorities, that a sufficient sum of money might be collected to enable them to put in execution a plan proposed by Andrew McClise, an adventurous and bold young seaman, in a council held for that purpose, namely, of placing a bell on the rock, which could be so arranged that the slightest brack of wave would cause the hammer of it to sound, and thus, by its tolling, warn the mariner of his danger; and the sums given were more than sufficient. A meeting was then held, and it was unanimously agreed that Andrew McClise should be charged with the commission to go over to Amsterdam, and purchase of a merchant residing there, a bell, which Andrew stated him to have in his possession, and which, from its fine tone and size, was exactly calculated for the purpose to which it was to be appropriated.

Andrew McClise embarked with the money, and made a prosperous voyage. He had often been at Amsterdam, and had often traded with the merchant, whose name was Vandermaelen; and the attention to his affairs, the elasticity and rapidity of his movements, had often elicited the warmest encomiums from Mynheer Vandermaelen; and many evenings had Andrew passed with him, drinking in moderation their favorite *schedam*, and indulging in the meditative meershaum. Vandermaelen had often wished that he had a son like Andrew McClise, to whom he could leave his property, with the full assurance that the heap would not be scattered, but greatly added to. Vandermaelen was a widower.—He had but one daughter, who was now just arrived at an age to return from the convent, and take upon herself the domestic duties. McClise had never yet seen the beautiful Katerina, who had, during his last absence, been established in her father's house.

'And so, Mynheer McClise,' said Vandermaelen, who was sitting in the warehouse, on the ground floor of his tenement, 'you come to purchase the famous Bell of Utretch, with the intention of fixing it upon that rock, the danger of which we have so often talked over, after the work of the day has been done. I, too, have suffered from that same rock, as you well know; but still I have been fortunate. The price will be heavy, and so it ought to be, for the bell itself is of no small weight.'

'We are prepared to pay it, Mynheer Vandermaelen.'

'Nevertheless, in so good a cause, and for so good a purpose, you shall not be overcharged. I will say nothing of the beauty of the workmanship, or even of the mere manufacture.—You shall pay but its value in metal, the same value which Isaacs, the Israelite, offered me for it, but four months ago. I will not ask what the

Israelite would ask, but what the Israelite would give, which makes no small difference. Have you ten thousand guilders?'

'I have, and more.'

'That is my price, Mynheer McClise, and I wish for no more, for I, too, will contribute my share to the good work. Are you content, and is it a bargain?'

'It is, Mynheer Vandermaelen, and the holy abbots will thank you on vellum for your generosity.'

'I prefer the thanks of the bold seamen to those of the idle churchmen; but never mind; it is a bargain. Now we will go in. It is time to close the doors. We will now take our pipes, and you shall make the acquaintance of my fair daughter, Katerina.'

At the time we are speaking of, McClise was about six-and-twenty years of age. He was above the middle size, elegant in person, and with a frankness in his countenance, which won all who saw him. His manner was like that of most seamen, bold, but not offensively so. His eye was piercing as an eagle's, and it appeared as if his very soul spoke out of it. At the very first meeting between him and the daughter of Vandermaelen, they both felt as if their destinies were decided. They loved, not as others love, but with an intensity which it would be impossible to portray; but they exchanged not a word. Again, and again they met; their eyes spoke, but their lips were closed. The bell was put on board of the vessel; the money had been paid down, and McClise could no longer delay. He felt as if his heart-chords were severed, as he tore himself away from the land where remained all that he now coveted. And Katerina, too, felt as if her existence was a blank; and as the vessel sailed from the port, she breathed short; and when not even her white and lofty top-gallant-sail could be discovered, as a speck upon the blue line of the horizon, she threw herself on her couch and wept. And McClise, as he sailed away, remained for hours leaning on the taffrail, calling to mind, over and over again, every lineament and feature of the peerless Katerina.

Two months passed away, during which McClise was busied, every ebb of the tide, in superintending the work on the rock. At last all was ready, and once more was to be beheld a gay procession—but this time it was on the water. It was on a calm and lovely summer morning, that the abbot and the monks attended by the authorities, and a large company of others, who were so much interested in the work, started from the shore of Aberbrothwick, in a long line of boats, some decorated with holy banners, and all with gay flags and devices.—The music floated along the wide waters, and the solemn chants of the monks were heard, where never yet they had been before, or ever will again. McClise was at the rock, in a small vessel, purposely constructed to carry the bell, and with shears, to hang it on the supporters imbedded in the solid rock. In an hour the bell was fixed in its place, and the abbot blessed it, and holy water was sprinkled on the metal, which, for the future, would be washed by the waves of the salt sea. The music and the chanting were renewed: and, as it continued, the wind gradually rose, and, with the rising of the wind, the bell tolled loud and deep. The tolling of the bell was the signal for return; it was a warning that the weather was about to change; and the procession pulled back to the shore of Aberbrothwick, and landed in good time; for one hour more, and the rocky coast was again lashed by the waves, and the bell tolled loud and quick, although there were none there but the sea-gull, who screamed with fright as he wheeled in the air, at this unusual noise upon the rock, which, at the ebb, he had so often made his resting-place.

McClise had done his work. The bell was fixed, and once more he hastened with his vessel to Amsterdam. Once more was he an inmate of Vandermaelen's house—once more in the presence of the idol of his soul. This time they spoke: this time their vows were exchanged for life and death; yet Vandermaelen knew not the state of their hearts. He looked upon the young seaman as too low, too poor, to be a match for his daughter; and as such an idea never entered his head, so did he never imagine that he would have presumed to love. But he was soon undeceived, for McClise frankly stated his attachment, and demanded the hand of Katerina; and, at the demand, Vandermaelen's face was flushed with anger.

'Mynheer McClise,' said he, after a pause, as if to control his feelings, 'when a man marries, he is bound to show that he hath wherewithal to support his wife—to support her in that condition, and to afford her those luxuries, to which she has been accustomed in her father's house. Show me that you can do so, and I will not refuse you the hand of Katerina.'

'As yet I cannot,' replied McClise: 'but I am young, and can work. I have money, and will gain more. Tell me what sum do you think that I should possess, to warrant my demanding the hand of your daughter.'

'Produce twelve thousand guilders, and she is yours,' replied the merchant.

'I have but three thousand,' replied McClise, mournfully.

'Then think no more of Katerina. It is a foolish passion, and you must forget it; and, Mynheer McClise, I must not have my daughter's feelings tampered with. She must forget you, and that can only be effected by your not meeting again. I wish you well, Mynheer McClise, but I must request your absence.'

McClise departed from the presence of the merchant, bowed down with grief and disappointment. He contrived that a letter, containing the result of his application, should be put in the hands of Katerina; but Vandermaelen was informed of this breach of observance, and Katerina was sent to a convent; there to remain until the departure of her lover; and Vander-

maelen wrote to his correspondents at Dundee, requesting that the goods forwarded to him might not be sent by the vessel commanded by the young Scotchman. Of this McClise received information. All hope was nearly gone—still he delayed his departure. He was no longer the active, energetic seaman—he neglected all, even his attire. He knew in which convent his fair Katerina had been immured, and often would he walk round its precincts with the hope of seeing her, if it were but for a moment; but in vain. His vessel was now laden, and he could delay no longer. He was to sail the next morning, and once more did the unhappy young man take his usual walk, to look at those walls which contained all that was dear to him on earth.—His reverie was broken by a stone falling close to his feet. He took it up—there was a small piece of paper attached to it with a silken thread. He opened it—it was the hand-writing of Katerina, and contained but two words, 'THE BELL.'

The Bell! McClise started, for he immediately comprehended what was meant. The whole plan ran like electricity through his brain. Yes, then, there was a promise of happiness.—The Bell was worth twelve thousand guilders—that sum had been offered, and would now be given by Isaacs, the Israelite. He would be happy with his Katerina, and he blessed her ingenuity for devising the means. For a minute or two he was transported, but the reaction took place. What was he about to attempt?—Sacrilege! cruelty! The Bell had been blessed by the holy church—it had been purchased by holy and devout alms; it had been placed on the rock to save his brother seamen, and were he to remove it, would he not be responsible for all the lives lost? Would not the wail of the widow, and the tears of the orphan, be crying out to heaven against him? No, no—never! The crime was too horrible, and McClise stamped upon the paper thinking he was tempted by Satan in the shape of a woman. But when woman tempts, man is lost. He recalled the charms of Katerina—all his repugnance was overcome, and he resolved that the deed should be accomplished, and that Katerina should be gained, even if he lost his soul.

Andrew McClise sailed away for Amsterdam, and Katerina recovered her liberty. Vandermaelen was anxious that she should marry, and many were the suitors for her hand—but they sued in vain. She reminded her father that he had pledged himself, if McClise counted down twelve thousand guilders, that she should be his wife, and to that pledge she insisted that he was bound fast—and Vandermaelen, after reasoning with her, and pointing out to her that twelve thousand guilders was a sum so large, that McClise might not procure it until his old age, even if he were fortunate, acknowledged that such was his promise, and that he would, like an honest man, abide by it, provided that McClise should fulfil his part of the agreement in the space of two years, after which he should delay her settlement no longer, and Katerina raised her eyes to heaven, and whispered as she clasped her hands, 'The Bell.' Alas! that we should invoke heaven when we would do wrong—but mortals are blind, and none so blind as those who are impelled by passion.

It was in the summer of that year that McClise had made his arrangements. Having procured the assistance of several lawless hands, he had taken the advantage of a smooth and glassy sea, and high tide, to remove the Bell on board of his own vessel, a work of little difficulty to him, as he had placed it there, and knew well the fastenings. He sailed away for Amsterdam and was permitted to arrive safe with his sacrilegious freight. He did not, as before, enter the canal opposite the house of Vandermaelen, but one that ran behind the habitation of Isaacs, the Israelite. At night he went into the house and reported to Isaacs what he had for sale, and the keen grey eyes of the bent double little man sparkled with delight—for he knew that his profits would be great. At midnight the bell was made fast to the crane, and safely deposited in the warehouse of the Jew, who counted out the twelve thousand guilders to the enraptured McClise, whose thoughts were wholly on the possession of his beloved Katerina, and not upon the crime he had committed. But, alas! to conceal one crime we are too often obliged to be guilty of even deeper, and thus it was with Andrew McClise. The ruffians who had assisted, on a promise of a thousand guilders being divided among them, now murmured at their share, and insisted on a equal division of the spoils; if not, they threatened him with an immediate confession of the black deed. McClise raved, and cursed, and tore his hair—promised to give them the money as soon as he had wedded Katerina, but they would not consent.—Again the devil came to his assistance, and whispered how he was to act. He consented; the next night the division was to be made.—They met in his cabin. He gave them wine, and they drank plentifully—but the wine was poisoned, and they all died before the morning. McClise tied weights to their bodies and sank them in the deep canal—broke open his hatches, to make it appear that his vessel had been plundered, and then went to the authorities, impeaching his crew. Immediate search was ordered, but they were not to be found, and it was supposed they had escaped in a boat.

Once more McClise, whose conscience was seared, went to the house of Vandermaelen, counted down his twelve thousand guilders, and claimed his bride; and Vandermaelen, who felt that his daughter's happiness was at stake, now gave his consent. As McClise stated that he was anxious to return to England and arrange with the merchants whose goods had been plundered, in a few days the marriage took place, and Katerina clasped the murderer in her arms. All was apparent joy and revelry, but there was anguish in the heart of McClise who, now that he had gained his object, felt that it had cost him much too dear, for his peace of mind was

gone for ever. But Katerina cared not; every spark of feeling was absorbed in her passion, and the very guilt of McClise but rendered him more dear—for was it not for her that he had done all this? McClise received her portion, and hastened to sail away, for the bodies were still in the canal, and he trembled every hour lest his crimes should be discovered; and Vandermaelen bade farewell to his daughter; and he knew not why, but there was a feeling he could not suppress, that they should never meet again.

'Down, down, below, Katerina, this is no place for you!' cried McClise, as he stood at the helm of the vessel, 'down, dearest, down, or you will be washed overboard—every sea threatens to sweep our decks; already have we lost two men! Down Katerina, down, I tell you!'

'I fear not—let me remain with you!'

'I tell you, down!' cried McClise in wrath, and Katerina cast upon him a reproachful look and obeyed.

The storm was at its height—the sun had set—black and monstrous billows chased each other, and the dismasted vessel was hurled on towards the land. For three days had they fought the gale, but in vain. Now it continued, all chance was over, for the shore was on their lee, distant not many miles. Nothing could save them but gaining the mouth of the Frith of Tay, and then they could bear up for Dundee. Now they contended against the boiling surge, and a dark night, and the howling of the wind, and their masts were floating far away; and McClise stood at the helm, keeping the broadside of the vessel to the sea—his heart was full of bitterness, his guilty conscience bore him down; he looked for death and he dreaded it; for was he not a sacrilegious murderer, and was there not an avenging God above!

Once more Katerina appeared on the deck, clinging for support. 'Andrew, I cannot stay below. Tell me, will it soon be over?'

'Yes,' replied McClise, gloomily: 'it will soon be over—with all of us.'

'How mean you? you told me there was no danger.'

'I told you false—there is death soon and—damnation afterward—for you I have lost my soul!'

'O! say not so.'

'I say it! Leave me—leave me, woman, or I curse thee!'

'Curse me, Andrew? Oh, no! Bless me, Andrew; and if we are to perish, let us perish in each other's arms.'

'Never—you have dragged me to perdition! Leave me, I say, for you have my bitter curse.'

Thus was the guilty love turned to hate, now that death was staring him in the face. Katerina made no reply. She threw herself on the deck, and abandoned herself to her feelings of bitter anguish; and as she laid there, McClise stood at the helm, and the wind abated. The vessel was no longer borne down as before, although the waves were still mountains high.—The seamen on board rallied. Some fragments of sail were set on the remnants of the masts, and there was a chance of being saved. McClise spoke not, but watched the helm. The wind shifted in their favor, and hope was in every heart. The Frith of Tay was now open, and they were saved. Light was the heart of McClise, when he kept away the vessel and gave the helm up to the mate. He hastened to Katerina, who still remained on the deck, raised her up, whispered comfort and returning love. But his curse was on her heart; she could not forget; and she wept bitterly.

'We are saved, dear Katerina.'

'Better that we had been lost,' replied she mournfully.

'No, no! say not so—with your own Andrew pressing you to his bosom!'

'Your bitter curse—'

''Twas madness—nothing—I knew not what I said.'

But the iron had entered into her soul; her heart was broken.

'You had better give orders for them to look out for the Bell Rock,' observed the man at the helm to McClise.

The Bell Rock! McClise shuddered, and made no reply. Onward flew the vessel, impelled by the sea and wind—one moment raised aloft, and towering over the surge—at another, deep in the hollow trough, and walled in by the convulsed element. McClise still held his Katerina in his arms, who responded not to his endearments, when a sudden shock threw them on the deck. The crushing of timbers, the rushing of waves over the stern, the parting and filling of the vessel, was but the work of a few seconds. One more furious shock, she separates, falls over, and the raging seas sweep over her. McClise threw from him her whom he had so madly loved, as he struggled in the wave—Katerina shrieked as she sunk beneath—and all was over.

When the storm rises, and the screaming seagull seeks the land, and the fisherman hastens his bark towards the beach, there is to be seen, descending from the dark clouds with the rapidity of lightning, the form of Andrew McClise, the heavy bell, to which he is attached by the neck, bearing him down to his doom. And when all is smooth and calm—when, at the ebbing tide, the wave but gently strikes the rock, then, by the light of the silver moon, the occupants of the vessels who sail from the Frith of Tay have often beheld the form of the beautiful Katerina, waving her white scarf, as a signal that they should approach and take her off from the rock on which she is seated. At times she offers a letter for her father, Vandermaelen, and she moans and weeps as the wary mariners, with their eyes fixed on her, and with folded arms, pursue their course in silence and in dread.

THE MERRIMACK.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

'The Indians speak of a beautiful river far to the South, which they call Merrimac.'—SIEUR DE MONTS: 1604.

I.

Stream of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.
I see the winding Powwow fold
The green hill in its belt of gold,
And following down its wavy line,
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
There's not a tree upon thy side,
Nor rock, which thy returning tide
As yet hath left abrupt and stark,
Above thy evening water-mark;
No calm cove with its rocky hem,
No isle whose emerald swells begem
Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;
No small boat with its busy oars,
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,
Or rigid poplar colonnade,
But lies distinct and full in sight,
Beneath this gush of sunset light.

II.

Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,
Stretching its length of foam afar,
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,
And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail,
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale;*
And o'er these woods and waters broke
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,
As brightly on the voyager's eye,
Weary of forest, sea, and sky,
Breaking the dull continuous wood,
The Merrimack rolled down his flood;
Mingling that clear pellucid brook
Which channels vast Agiocochook—
When spring-time's sun and shower unlock
The frozen fountains or the rock,
And more abundant waters given
For that pure lake, 'The Smile of Heaven,'†
Tributes from vale and mountain side—
With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

III.

On yonder rocky cape, which braves
The stormy challenge of the waves,
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,
Planting upon the topmost crag
The staff of England's battle-flag;
And, while from out its heavy fold
St. George's crimson cross unrolled,
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,
And weapons brandishing in air,
He gave to that lone promontory
The sweetest name in all his story;‡
Of her—the flower of Islam's daughters,
Whose Harems look on Stamboul's waters—
Who, when the chance of war had bound
The Moslem chain his limbs around,
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,
Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,
And fondly to her youthful slave
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

IV.

But look!—the yellow light no more
Streams down on wave and verdant shore;
And clearly on the calm air swells
The distant voice of twilight bells.
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin
The mists come slowly rolling in;
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,
Amidst the sea-like vapor swim,
While yonder lonely coast-light set
Within its wave-washed mariner,
Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil!

V.

Vale of my fathers!—I have stood
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood;
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning Palisade;
Looked down the Appalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak;
Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly-winding stream;
The setting sun, his axle red
Quench darkly in Potomac's bed;
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;
Yet, wheresoe'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child looked back to thee!
Heard in his dreams thy river's sound
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
The unforgotten swell and roar
Of waves on thy familiar shore;
And seen amidst the curtained gloom
And quiet of my lonely room,
The sunset scenes before me pass;
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,
The loved and lost arose to view,
Remembered groves in greenness grew;
And while the gazer leaned to trace,
More near, some old familiar face,
He wept to find the vision flown—
A phantom and a dream alone!

* The celebrated Captain Smith, after resigning the government of the colony in Virginia, in his capacity of 'Admiral of New England,' made a careful survey of the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, in the summer of 1614.

† Lake Winnipiseogee—'*The Smile of the Great Spirit*'—the source of one of the branches of the Merrimack.

‡ Captain Smith gave to the promontory now called Cape Ann, the name of Tragabizanda, in memory of his young and beautiful mistress of that name, who, while a captive at Constantinople, like Desdemona, 'loved him for the dangers he had passed.'

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

BY THE COUNTESS D'AUTICHAMP.

The political dissensions that have agitated Spain for more than twenty years, have forced many families to leave their country, and seek a more tranquil home elsewhere. Bordeaux for instance, contains more than twenty thousand Spaniards; and in this city a happy sympathy exists between the indigenous population and strangers.

The Gascon character, quick, light, and resolute, blends easily with the violent passionateness of the Spaniard; and Castilian gravity equally accommodates itself with the vain frankness of the Bordelais. The demands of society and the interests of commerce have done the rest; and therefore have arisen frequent marriages, and bonds, which have all the permanency of friendship.

In 18— the Countess of Alcantara came to reside at Bordeaux. It was not asked whether a political or any other cause obliged her to leave Madrid, where it appeared she was little known. She was rich, and by the retired way in which she lived, and the care she bestowed on a young infant, she was imagined to be a widow. Her beauty, however, caused her soon to be remarked; and after she had formed some acquaintances in the town, she found it difficult to withdraw from the pursuits that await a young woman, rich withal, of whom no duty, or no protector, seems to limit the admiration. The Countess, however, conducted herself with so much circumspection, that for three years not the remotest scandal was entertained on her account. During that period she dressed herself in mourning, as well as all her household; but, a few months afterwards, she appeared to prefer the society of one of her more persevering admirers, a certain Count de Bougignon, rich, handsome, and five-and-thirty. On a certain day, as one spoke of love, and the other rejoiced at the happiness of being beloved—

'In,' observed the Count, using one of those charming diminutives which give so much grace to the Spanish language,—'you love me, I know; why prolong what your poets and ours would call my martyrdom? You are a widow, and independent. What withholds you? Can it be your child? You know I love that sweet creature; and besides, *mothers*-in-law are alone to be feared; fathers never are. I love, and cannot be happy a single moment without you; and you *must* know, that to love you, and see you as often as I do, are things which must be obnoxious to your reputation.'

She blushed, and smiled, as though partially in disdain.

'Shall I shut my door on you?' said she.

'No, In; I ask to marry—'

The Countess took up a guitar, and played awhile after which, throwing the instrument aside, she passed her delicate fingers through a string of castanets, and agitated them.

'Let us speak about something else,' said she, at last. 'Pray yield in this; you will oblige me. Isabella! Isabella! (addressing herself to the child) go and play in another room; you make too much noise. My friend,' said she again, 'these castanets—that guitar—have reminded me of Madrid, and of a story. It rains; we cannot to-day walk on the *Alees de Tourny*. I will tell it you. What say you?'

This mode of deferring her answer did not please the Count; but there was something so sweet in the voice of the Countess, something so attractive in her manner, that he submitted, and the young lady began thus:—

'There lived in Madrid, about four years ago, a government contractor, whose fortune was so large that his only daughter was the best match in the city. Dolores was also very beautiful.—A young cavalier—one of the flowers of the Spanish nobility, Don Antonio de Villa Real—fell deeply in love with her. I will not enumerate all the means he employed to make himself beloved by her; enough that she was not backward in returning his affection. The period of marriage was fixed, and celebrated at Villa Real's own palace. The night was already advanced; Dolores had been led to the nuptial chamber, where her maids, after having taken off her rich vestments, and having put in their cases her rubies and diamonds, were dressing her in the night robe, when the door was abruptly opened, and every voice exclaimed—'Stop, Don Antonio!—the bride is not yet in bed!'

'Alas! it was not Villa Real who entered: it was La Esmeralda, the *premiere danseuse* of Madrid. She was young, beautiful; (a dark beauty,) and capable of all the devotion and tenderness of love—a disinterested love, which requires but return of the sentiment. Woe, nevertheless, to him who deceives such an one. Your *danseuses* usually console themselves, and sometimes forgive; but ours invariably revenge injuries. Fancy this fond and ardent young woman, with her hair in disorder, her face wildly pallid, her eyes sparkling with fever and anger, and carrying in her arms, a child less than three months old, which, with extended arms and tears, implored its mother's breast!

''Where is the bride?' asked Esmeralda, in a sharp voice.

''Esmeralda,' cried Dolores, who knew her, 'I am the bride! I am the Dona! and thou shalt have solid proof of my friendship.'

''It is *you*,' asked the *danseuse*, 'whom he marries!'

''That he *has* married, Esmeralda! But wherefore this visit, at such an hour?'

''The traitor!' said Esmeralda. 'Look at this child—it is his own! It is *our* child!' she added, sobbing violently. 'If you knew with what art he seduced me! if you knew how many oaths of love he made! I required nothing, I only asked to see *him!* He told me I should be his wife, that he never would forsake Esmeralda; I believed him. It was impossible to hide my shame from my mother; and he then behaved as a Castilian nobleman ought,—went to my mother, pacified my old father, renewed his oaths, and I was happy once more. Two months ago, when my child was born, he spent three days near my bed, without leaving me one moment. But the traitor loved *you* even then! I did not suspect that he was but near me to deceive me the better!

''The child asks sustenance,' said one of the maids; 'give him your breast.'

''God forbid! God forbid!' exclaimed she, throwing herself back. 'Only this day—two hours ago—I heard he was married. I have seen the priest who united you. I had a wish to kill him—I abandoned myself to desperate thoughts; but I have prayed the Virgin and all the saints to aid me; I have embraced my child, and my anger has been calmed. Poor dear! what would have become of him? the father killed,—the mother dead! Take care of him; be his mother. If, after such a treacherous act, you *can* love Don Antonio, do so,—you will not find Esmeralda in your way. But by all the saints of heaven,—by that Virgin who, young and innocent as I was, abandoned me to a traitor, take care of my son!'

'At that moment there were three or four light knocks at the door; it was Don Antonio.

''Dolores! soul of my life! precious flower of my existence! open to your husband—to the man who so deeply loves you! Maria, Isolina, Seraphina, come, ladies, how long you are with the Countess!'

''Open *not* the door!' said Dolores, sternly.

'During Don Antonio's first words, Esmeralda had extended herself on an arm-chair, and the child slipped from her knees on those of Dolores.

''Thou shalt not leave me, my child!' said the bride. 'Oh God! she is fainting away! help, help, for Heaven's sake!'

'The child was taken care of; the mother undressed and placed in the nuptial bed.

''Esmeralda,' said the bride, leaning over her, 'I have seen enough of him; you are not the only one he has deceived.'

''Do you find yourself ill, madam?' asked Antonio from without: and receiving no answer, he returned to the ball-room.

'Esmeralda was expiring; a few minutes more and the nuptial bed was to contain a corpse; the unhappy wretch had poisoned herself. Dolores, leaning over her, wiped with her handkerchief the cold perspiration and the rime which covered her lips, her breath becoming shorter every moment.

''I told you, you would not find me in your way,' said she, concentrating her strength; 'I knew that I should die in his bed.'

''Open the door,' said Dolores; 'let all enter!'

'You know the curiosity with which, at a Spanish wedding, people remark the most trifling incidents concerning the ceremony; they watch narrowly the moment when the bride leaves the ball-room, and the time for the spouse to join her. Don Antonio had been followed; some of the curious had seen him refused at the door of the nuptial chamber. The guests were laughing among themselves, and wished to know how the joke would end. The door was now wide open; the crowd precipitated itself into the room, and the first, of course, who approached the bed, was Don Antonio, who *knew but too well the features of that livid face!* Esmeralda was still alive; she saw her seducer, and the child's screams told but too well to those present the truth of this fearful scene.

''Miserable wretch!' said she, pointing at Antonio, I forgive thee! but take care; my father will—*must* kill thee!'

'These were her last words. Ah me! in that cursed chamber were met two betrayed women, the one to die, the other to flee away for ever! When the first moments of excitement and commiseration were over, Dolores was universally inquired for,—but she had gone, as well as the child. My friend, dost thou know *who* was that *Dolores* so cruelly betrayed in her first love?—'Twas *I!*

'I took the child in my arms to a convent, where my father visited me next day; and we found ways and means to escape from my husband's power. He, however, never claimed me; and, shortly after, I crossed over to France. It is now a year since the father of Esmeralda killed Don Antonio,—as she had intimated. The child I have adopted. That child has saved me from a melancholy fate. But now, my friend, *you* want to marry me. I love you; but are you sure that you have not some remains of the affections of other days? Come, be sincere, and instead of marrying a widow you shall possess an old maiden of twenty-nine.'

The Count was thirty-five ere he knew the Countess; he had lived at Bordeaux as most young men do. Rich, and good looking, he had twice had a journey to Paris to complete his education. Official affairs had sent him to Italy, where he had seen the beauties of Rome and Florence. He was not, like Don Antonio, able to swear that he had never loved before; but he could, at all events, say, that he was *free from any former engagement.*

Ere long, he led the beautiful Dolores to the altar; and it is well authenticated, that no Esmeralda troubled the evening of *their* bridal.

SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

By the Author of "Random Recollections," "The Great Metropolis," "Portraits of Public Characters," &c.

M. GUIZOT.

The prominent position which M. Guizot now occupies in the eyes of Europe, and the influence which he is, in all probability, destined to exert on the well-being or otherwise, of the civilized world, render him an object of peculiar interest not only to his own countrymen, but to mankind generally. Of his career, since he entered public life, very little is known in England; of his early history, still less. It will therefore be my object to blend a few biographical particulars respecting the Prime Minister of France, with my estimate of his mental resources and the sketch I shall endeavor to give of his personal appearance.

M. Guizot's father was a distinguished advocate at the French bar. When in the height of his reputation, and in the full tide of professional success, he was suspected of being opposed to Robespierre and the other leading revolutionists, who were then (early in the spring of 1794) deluging France with the blood of her children.—To be suspected was, with these civilized savages, synonymous with being convicted; and accordingly, M. Guizot perished on the scaffold, at Nismes, on the 8th of April, in that memorable year.

Francois Pierre Guillaume Guizot, the subject of my sketch, was then in his seventh year, but so remarkable was he for the precocity of his understanding, that he is said to have had as clear a comprehension of the causes, tendencies, and necessary effects of the revolution then marching with such fearful strides and carrying death and devastation wherever it went, as if he had reached the years of maturity. It is mentioned in proof of the precocity of his intellect, as well as of his judgment, that when only in the tenth year of his age, he read with facility in the original, the works of the most celebrated Greek and Roman writers, and the productions of the most philosophical authors of England and Germany.

His mother, after the execution of her husband, removed to Geneva, where he received the more advanced branches of his education. He evinced, when at college, a marked predilection for history and philosophy—the two departments of literature in which he has acquired the most brilliant reputation; though as a man of general information he occupies a distinguished place among the learned men of Europe.

In early life, M. Guizot is said to have exhibited a reserve in his deportment, amounting in many cases to positive rudeness. He shunned society whenever practicable, and sought no other companion than his books. Even after he had quitted college and repaired to Paris, with the view of qualifying himself for the bar, the gaieties and pleasures of that frivolous metropolis presented no attractions to his mind. The seclusion or isolation for which he had manifested so marked a partiality when a boy, he continued to court with an undiminished fervency of affection, now that he was treading on the precincts of manhood.

At this period he suffered considerable inconvenience from the pressure of pecuniary wants; and yet his spirit was too proud to solicit the temporary assistance of friends. The austerity of manner which had characterised him, when a comparative child, was still visible, mingled with an air of melancholy, whenever forced by circumstances into intercourse with his fellow-men.

When he had completed, as far as circumstances enabled him to complete them, his preparations for the bar, he entered a distinguished family in the capacity of a private tutor. In that situation he remained for some time with much comfort to himself and satisfaction to his employer.

M. Guizot, when about in his twentieth year, made his literary debut in the pages of a Paris periodical, then under the editorial care of a young lady of noble family, but who having lost her father and her most influential relatives—some of them by natural death, and others by the guillotine,—was obliged to employ her talents and learning, which were great, in writing for the support of herself and those who were dependent on her. To the publication conducted by this lady, M. Guizot sent contributions every month. These elicited expressions of warm admiration from the pen of the fair editress, and were read with gratification by the public. Still no one had the slightest idea from what quarter they proceeded. It so happened, that about this time, the lady was taken seriously ill, and, of course, obliged to suspend for a time all literary labor. M. Guizot having accidentally become aware of the circumstances, conveyed an anonymous intimation to her, that he (the correspondent whose writings she had so often praised) would furnish all the requisite matter for the publication, until she had sufficiently recovered to be able to resume her editorial duties. And most ably and faithfully did he fulfil his promise. The lady felt, on her restoration to health, that her noble-minded unknown friend had been the salvation of her work, and in some measure of her fortunes. Soon afterwards, they chanced to meet in the house of a mutual friend, but without the lady having the slightest idea that the correspondent to whom she felt so deeply indebted was present. In the fullness of her heart she then and there,

as she was in the habit of doing in every company in which she chanced to mix, gave utterance to her gratitude, accompanying it with expressions of the deepest regret that she had not the happiness of knowing the generous individual to whom she was laid under such infinite obligations. The reader is left to imagine what must have been M. Guizot's feelings, while all this was passing in his presence. The lapse of time, so far from deadening the lady's sense of gratitude to the friend who had so gallantly rushed to her aid in the hour of need, only served to deepen the feeling, and to impart an additional intensity to her desire to have an opportunity of thanking him in person. With this view, she inserted a paragraph in her publication, imploring her benefactor—for such as well as friend she considered him to be—to communicate his address to her. The notice appeared at certain intervals, without eliciting the desired information. At length, however, seeing she persisted in repeating it, as if resolved not to be defeated in an object so dear to her heart, M. Guizot forwarded his address to the office of the lady's publication. A personal interview between the parties was the result. The formation of a mutual friendship followed; that friendship soon ripened into reciprocal love; and that love after the lapse of a limited period, was crowned and consummated at the hymeneal altar. One would explore in vain the almost boundless regions of romance, in quest of a matrimonial union having been formed under more singular circumstances.

For some years after his marriage, M. Guizot applied himself exclusively to literary pursuits. Until an advanced period of his life, he knew comparatively little of politics. Accident, rather than choice, eventually induced him to launch on that stormy and perilous ocean—perilous to one's mental peace, and often to his public character. This was in 1814, when he was appointed Secretary to the new Minister of the Interior. Circumstances concurring to afford him an opportunity of displaying his wonderful and varied talents, he rose step by step, until he reached the highest pinnacle of distinction to which a subject can attain—that of Prime Minister to his Sovereign.

For the last ten or twelve years, M. Guizot has acted so prominent a part in the drama of French politics, as to leave him but little leisure for application to literary or philosophical pursuits. The most remarkable production which, in the course of that period, has proceeded from his pen, is his celebrated treatise on European Civilization; in which he advances the extraordinary and startling theory, that in order to the social regeneration of Europe, there must be an amalgamation of the three great religions, Protestantism, Catholicism, and Infidelity. Some may demur to the class of opinions represented by the latter term being regarded as a religion at all. My own impression is, that infidelity ought to be looked on as a system based on the entire absence of religion. But on a theme so fertile and important I must not enter now;—other opportunities for recurring to it may soon present themselves.

M. Guizot's works are voluminous in number and varied in character. His earliest avowed production appeared in 1809; its subject will be inferred from the title—'A Dictionary of Synonymes.' A translation into French, of Gibbon's 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' speedily followed. Shortly after the appearance of the latter work, he brought out his 'Lives of the French Poets.' M. Guizot's next work of any extent and importance, was his 'Memoirs of the Revolution in England.'—This work was published in 1825, and was followed, after a short interval of time, by his 'Memoirs of the Kings of France.' The latter production was soon succeeded by his 'Essays on the History of France;' in which a flood of new light is poured on the origin and early annals of the French nation. Among the latest of his literary productions, are his 'Essays on Calvin and Shakspeare.' The very choice of such dissimilar subjects as the character and works of Calvin and Shakspeare, furnishes of itself presumptive proof of the versatility of Guizot's genius.

During his short residence in England, M. Guizot repeatedly appeared in public. I chanced to sit for several hours, within two or three yards of him, on the occasion, in June last, on which Prince Albert presided at Exeter Hall, at the great meeting for promoting commerce and civilization in Africa. He sat nearly all the time with folded arms, and with one knee thrown carelessly over the other. He listened with the greatest seeming attention to the different speeches delivered on the occasion; and appeared to take no ordinary interest in the proceedings. When Sir Robert Peel rose to address the meeting, he instantly fixed his eye on the right hon. baronet, and did not withdraw it for a moment, until the latter resumed his seat. If the expression of Guizot's countenance, on that occasion, furnished a correct index to what was passing in his mind, he must have listened with an admiration bordering on ecstacy, to the eloquent address, most chastely and impressively delivered, of the leader of the Conservative party.

But though on this occasion M. Guizot was a silent spectator of the proceedings, he has, on other occasions, in the same place, countenanced by a speech as well as by his presence, the Society whose interests the meeting had assembled to promote. He some time ago, addressed, at considerable length, in the same hall, a meeting of a Society, the name of which I forget at the moment, which has for its object to promote the cause of Protestantism on the continent. And so correctly does M. Guizot speak English, that but for the peculiar way in which he pronounced the letter *r*, a person previously unacquainted with the fact, might have quitted the meeting without discovering that he was a foreigner.—He has a singularly fine, clear, sonorous voice, and remarkably little of the nasal twang so characteristic of the pronunciation of Frenchmen.—He speaks with a facility and fluency which are surprising in a foreigner. His enunciation is

deliberate, and his manner calm and dignified. Unlike most of his countrymen, he is sparing of his gesture. Now and then, when referring to the warmth of his attachment to a principle or a cause, he slowly places his hand on his heart,—which when naturally done, usually carries with it a more complete conviction of the sincerity of the speaker, than the vehement utterance of mere words.

In the Chamber of Deputies, however, M. Guizot is represented by those who have often seen him mount the rostrum, as somewhat prodigal of gesticulation, when excited by opposition or by other causes. On such occasions, his dark piercing eye acquires an aspect of peculiar quickness; the muscles of his face are put in motion; and his arms are seen cleaving the air with no ordinary rapidity.

The countenance of M. Guizot has a mingled expression of thoughtfulness and dignity. You imagine you clearly discern in it indications of habits of profound meditation, blended with a decided consciousness of his intellectual superiority. Nor does this conviction vanish or become less confident, when he rises to speak — His speeches are instinct with philosophical matter, and are delivered with the aspect and manner of one who feels his mental superiority to most of those, if not to all of them, by whom he is surrounded. His manner is, as already remarked, calm and dignified; and the dignity of his aspect and delivery is not diminished by the smallness of his person. I know of no member of either House of Parliament, equally short and slender, whose appearance and manner of speaking are so much calculated to inspire respect. But though M. Guizot usually speaks in a subdued tone, and in a calm and dignified manner, no man can feel more acutely, or resent with greater warmth, any personal attack which may be made upon him.

Naturally proud, as has before been remarked, his pride on such occasions triumphs over the cold composure of which his philosophy is at other times the parent; and he retaliates on his opponent with a bitterness of spirit, and a violation of the courtesies of society, which but ill consort with the demeanor expected from one who is so ambitious of being considered beyond the reach of those feelings, resentments, and passions, which influence the generality of mankind. He glories in his stoicism. There are no two incidents in his life on which he affects to look back with greater self-gratulation, than on reading with unmoved feelings, Bossuet's Sermons to his wife in her dying moments, and being the first to throw, without experiencing the least emotion of soul, a handful of earth on the coffin of his son, as the coffin containing that son's remains, was consigned to the tomb. And yet the man who prides himself on the stoical philosophy which could extinguish every vestige of tender or sorrowful feeling, on such affecting occasions, has not stoicism or philosophy enough to steel his mind against the attacks of an opponent in the chamber of Deputies, or to control his temper when he rises to repel such attacks.

Let me here by way of parenthesis contrast the overwhelming grief which Burke felt, when death deprived him of his son, and the absorbing and settled sorrow which poor Lord Brougham still feels at the loss of his daughter, with the cold, heartless philosophy with which M. Guizot regarded the death of his son. How beautiful and lovely the spectacle of the two former illustrious individuals in tears! How repulsive the unmoved bosom—how unamiable the heartless indifference of the latter!

In his political opinions, M. Guizot seeks to steer a middle course between an absolute monarchy and a pure democracy. He is what in this country would be called a liberal conservative or moderate whig. Imitating, however, the memorable avowal of Earl Gray, when he proclaimed, that should a struggle ever take place between the people and his order, he would stand by his order,—M. Guizot has declared, that in the event of a deadly combat occurring between a pure democracy and an absolute monarchy, he would at once identify himself with the latter cause, as being of the two evils incomparably the least.

M. Guizot is a man of the strictest integrity as a public character. It will therefore surprise no one to be told that he is very poor. His habits, however, are simple, and his expenditure is of course very limited. He lives in a small homely house, and glories in the humble aspect which his establishment presents. His age is fifty-one.

MADAME GUIZOT.

The history of this lady and her husband is somewhat singular, and in both cases presents a pleasing example of the employment of cultivated talent. The following particulars, (which we abridge from a number of the *Revue Encyclopedique)* will be read with interest:—

The name of Madame Guizot was Elizabeth Charlotte Pauline de Meulan, and she was born November 2, 1773. Her father held an important office under government, and her mother, Madame Meulan, was Jeanne de Saint Chamans.

The education of Mademoiselle de Meulan was carefully conducted; and, as she was quick of apprehension and acquired knowledge with facility, her progress might have been rapid, but her studies neither excited in her mind curiosity nor interest. She was destitute of self-knowledge; and her mind continued long in a state of infancy.

At length the revolution took place, and M. de Meulan suffered the destruction of his fortune, in the wreck of individual property which took place; he died shortly after, in 1790. His daughter saw private misery succeeded by public misfortunes. It was then that her moral education commenced; and sorrow and indignation were

the feelings which contributed to render effective the mental discipline of which she became the subject. Thirty years after the revolutionary storms had subsided, she could not speak of them without emotion; and it required all the authority of reason over her mind to enable her to judge the period when they occurred with historical impartiality.

Under the dominion of an emotion thus continued, the powers of her mind were rapidly developed. The situation of her family was difficult and distressing. The young Pauline exercised over those around her the influence of a mind not less remarkable for strength than sensibility. It gave her pleasure to relate that in 1794, being in the country, at a small village whither the revolutionary laws had banished her family—one morning, while she was drawing, she perceived all at once the number of ideas and the energy of the faculties which had been excited in her mind; and for the first time, as she said, she thought she might perhaps possess some abilities.

That moment fixed her destiny, and thenceforward she became irrevocably devoted to a state of moral activity. Exercised in the school of misfortune and retirement, she relied on her own resources for strength and for happiness. Reflection was her constant refuge from the annoyance of vexation and dulness. On every point which did not interfere with her duty she asserted her independence; and a spirit of resistance to wrong from that time determined all her opinions.

Order at length was restored, and society resumed a state of comparative peace and security. Those who had suffered from the revolution perceived, for the first time, the magnitude of the losses which they had experienced. Mademoiselle de Meulan saw with anxiety her mother, her sister, and all her family subjected to those privations which ever attend a reverse of fortune; and something inspired her with the apprehension that she alone could provide for their wants. Till then she had never written but for her own amusement or convenience, now she conceived the idea of writing for the public. In her first attempts, she was guided by the advice of M. Suard and of M. Devaines. Their approbation encouraged her; and consulting the necessity of her circumstances more than her taste, she published a gay and piquant novel, entitled "The Contradictions." Her second production, "Ayton Chapel," was founded on an English work of fiction, which she intended to have translated; but, in the progress of the undertaking, being struck with the mediocrity of her model, and the interest of some of the situations it presented, she resolved to re-write the story. Both these novels had considerable success.

She also wrote in the public journals, particularly in "The Publicist," a paper edited by M. Suard, the literary success of which might be said to be the result of her exertions. Her articles on the theatres, on books, and on manners, attracted great public attention. Some of these were collected and re-printed under the title of "Essays on Literature and Morality."

In all that Mademoiselle de Meulan had hitherto written she had displayed as much genius as in any of her works; but some deficiency of judgment was observable in the occasional inaccuracy and unsettled state of her opinions.—The improvement of her intellectual faculties, and the attainment of more correct habits of thinking, were chiefly attributable to an interesting occurrence in her personal history, which procured her an intimacy with one who acquired a powerful influence over her mind.

In the month of March, 1807, she was obliged to submit to a temporary suspension of her labors. Having scarcely any other resources for the support of herself and part of her family, she was thrown into a state of anxiety which tended to prolong her illness. At this time she received a letter from a person who concealed his name, and who offered to write for her in "The Publicist" as long as she pleased. Though much affected by a proposal which showed that the writer was interested in her favor, she at first refused; yet on the offer being renewed she accepted it, and shortly after received, by a secret communication, several articles, in which her style and sentiments were so happily imitated that they might have passed for her own. The author remained concealed; and no light could be attained on the subject. At length she addressed her mysterious correspondent through the medium of the paper, entreating that he would make himself known. He obeyed, and came forward.

The unknown proved to be M. Guizot, a gentleman of a Protestant family, who was a native of Nismes. He was at that time only twenty years of age, and the fruits of his serious studies were only the preludes of those works by which he has since acquired renown. His connection with Mademoiselle de Meulan had a natural tendency to cause a more intimate union.—In 1812, they were married. During the fifteen years which followed their union, they exhibited a striking example of felicity.

Madame Guizot discovered her husband to be possessed of wisdom and courage. She was now, under such a tutor, enabled to give her talents the direction most agreeable to her character. Moral philosophy excited her attention, and especially that branch of it which relates to education. M. Guizot had undertaken the publication of a periodical miscellany, entitled 'Annals of Education.' His wife enriched this magazine with a number of articles, including the 'Journal of a Mother,' which contains the germ of her last work, the finest monument of her talents. About the same time she published two volumes of tales, entitled 'The Children.'

Till 1814, M. Guizot was only known as a literary man; but after the restoration of the royal family, he obtained, under the patronage of the Abbe Montesquieu, the office of secretary-general to the minister of the interior; and after the return of the king from Ghent, he was made secretary-general to the minister of justice.—He likewise held the post of royal censor till that office was suppressed. His entrance into

public life afforded his wife a season of repose, which she had long been anxious to obtain.—Activity indeed was congenial to her, but labor was irksome. She had never, till now, tasted the sweets of repose, or been entirely mistress of her time and talents.

In 1820, her husband relinquished his connection with public affairs, and again had recourse to that literary exertion which circumstances rendered necessary. Our authoress now resumed her pen to obtain the means of providing for her child. In 1821, she published 'The Scholar,' a romance of education, (which was rewarded with a prize from the French Academy,) deserving a place among the best books on education. The same kind of merit belongs to the 'New Stories,' which appeared in 1823. The tale entitled 'Nadir' is one of Madame Guizot's compositions, a work in which imagination renders important services to the cause of truth.

But these various publications could only be considered as a kind of fragments. From Madame Guizot might be expected a theory of education; it was promised in each of her works; and in her 'Family Letters on Domestic Education' (1826) she fulfilled her engagement. There, without any systematic stiffness, under a form which admits readily of examples, details, and digressions, she treated of the most important questions of moral philosophy, and indicated by their application, how the most absolute truths ought to regulate the conduct of life, and be impressed on the minds of children.

This work was composed with rapidity, and under a debilitated state of health. Attacked by a slow disease, she appeared to become weaker, but without losing her mental activity. During more than a year, she strove against illness, animated by exertion to a sense of duty. At length she became convinced of the vanity of her efforts; she felt that her fate was inevitable, and submitted to it with resignation. Receiving those attentions which were prompted by the most devoted affection, she confined her thoughts to approaching death. In the intervals of her sufferings, she discoursed concerning those truths which had regulated her life.

On the 30th of July, 1827, she tenderly and tranquilly took leave of her husband, her son, and her family; and said that she felt herself near her end. On the morning of the 1st of August, at ten o'clock, she requested her husband to read to her. He read a letter of Fenelon, for a person laboring under sickness; then he commenced a sermon of Bossuet, on the immortality of the soul; and whilst he was reading the sermon, she expired. Madame Guizot was buried according to the rites of the Reformed Church—the religion of her husband—and the only form of worship, the funeral ceremonies of which presented nothing contrary to the tenets of her belief.

M. Guizot is now the Prime Minister of France.

MEMOIR OF BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR.

This writer is best known, both at home and in foreign countries, by the appellation of Barry Cornwall, usually prefixed to his works for reasons known only to himself. No plausible excuse has been given for his concealment of his real name. No biography of this poet has yet appeared, and little respecting his early life is known, even by his friends. Bryan Waller Proctor was born in London, and is of a respectable family in the northern part of England.—He received the first rudiments of his education at Ealing, a village near London, and was removed from thence to Harrow Grammar School, where he remained four years, and numbered among his school-fellows Lord Byron, Mr Peel, the minister for the home department, and several individuals who subsequently became noted in the world. Dr. Drury was head-master of Harrow, at that time; and his encomiums have been sounded in high terms by more than one of his scholars. This Dr. Drury it was who became the means of the introduction of Kean the actor on the London stage, having seen him acting in Devonshire, and conceived a high opinion of his talents.

From the school at Harrow, Proctor was sent to the town of Calne, in Wiltshire, where he was placed with a solicitor to learn his business. The solicitor's name was Atherston, a clever and excellent man. With this master, he re-

mained four years, and then proceeded to London.

At the time Proctor resided at Calne, several characters well known to the literary world dwelt in the neighborhood; among them were Crabbe, Moore, and Bowles. Dr. Priestly, the philosopher, once occupied a house opposite to that in which Mr. Atherston resided. 'Coleridge, after Mr. Atherston quitted it, dwelt in the house where Proctor had undergone his legal probation. This is not a little curious as a coincidence, for it does not appear that any of these celebrated men were natives of the town of Calne, the very aspect of which is as little poetical or literary or philosophic as it can well be.

On leaving Calne and the drudgery of the initiatory part of his profession, the poet became the pupil of a conveyancer in one of the inns of court, it is generally reported of Lincoln's-Inn. He had also determined to go to the bar, but circumstances intervening to change this resolution, Proctor pursued his original profession of a conveyancer.

The models on which Barry Cornwall has founded his poetic style may be found among the older lyric and dramatic poets of England. Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Decker, Marlow, and Massinger, among our writers on the drama, and Milton in the epic walk, he seems to have read with more than common care, and to have studied some portions of their works so closely as to have imitated them unconsciously, as may be observed in his printed works. In stature Proctor is below the middle height rather than above. His physiognomy is mild, and displays, with that sedateness and melancholy cast which is observable in his poetry, the indications of kindness of heart and an amiable, although somewhat of a feeble, rather than masculine, character. He is married recently, and much of his time is necessarily occupied with the affairs of business. It is probably owing to this that his appearance before the public has been so rare of late. A page or two in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' or an occasional contribution to some of the literary annuals, are all in which, for several years, his pen is to be recognised by the public.

The poetry of Barry Cornwall, is built entirely upon the dramatists of the sixteenth century, and all he writes is deeply imbued with their spirit. There is little or none of their energy, it is true, but there is much of their fine character, their pathos, their sadness, and their gentle passion. There is a propensity in Barry Cornwall to select subjects from among the morbid feelings of our nature, or from her erratic wanderings, rather than from her master-pieces in intellect and passion. Of the most perfect humanity he is shy; and even prefers to revel, in one instance, amid the dreams of an insanity which is not the offspring of calamity, but inherent from his heroine's birth, born with her and part of her being. Perhaps such a subject is not the happiest for poetry; yet no one can deny, that in 'Marcian Colonna' as much has been made of it, without shocking the feelings of the reader or violating propriety, as it was possible to make. There are passages in the works of Barry Cornwall which will bear comparison with any others of our later poets, when read detached from their immediate connection, their antecedent or subsequent verses. In some of his works the poet falls into scenes of calm, contemplative, philosophical feeling, which afford materials for thinking, as well as yield a fund of high amusement and deep interest. He seems to feel all he writes; and so feeling every thing, he has an earnestness which is rarely to be found, so sustained any where, as in his unruffled and tranquil poetry. His variations are less than those of most contemporary writers;—he pursues his course unbrokenly along, in gentle, chaste beauty.

It has been observed that the variety of the human countenance is so great, it is probable no two persons ever existed exactly like each other, if placed side by side. The same variety seems to hold good in respect to the variety of style and difference among writers. There are no two

so much alike that a practised reader can be mistaken, judging from their entire works. Barry Cornwall stands out as distinctly from his contemporaries, and has his features of difference from them as clearly distinguished, as the poetry of Byron is to be distinguished from the prosaic rhymes or hexameters of Southey. His character as a poet is precisely that of the man, and there is no difficulty therefore, with his works before a stranger, for him to appreciate justly one by the other. Of all the living poets of England, not one has carried himself more blamelessly, or pursued his course through life's journey with more honor and credit to himself, with less assumption and more claim to honest praise, than Barry Cornwall.

Miscellaneous Poems.

A VISION.

This is little more than the recollection of an actual dream.

The night was gloomy. Through the sky of June
Roll'd the eternal moon,
'Midst dark and heavy clouds, that bore
A shadowy likeness to those fabled things
That sprung of old from man's imaginings.
Each seem'd a fierce reality: some wore
The forms of sphinx and hippogriff, or seem'd
Nourish'd among the wonders of the deep,
And wilder than the poet ever dream'd:
And there were cars—steeds with their proud necks bent,
Tower, and temple, and broken continent:
And all, as upon a sea,
In the blue ether floated silently.

I lay upon my bed and sank to sleep:
And then I fancied that I rode upon
The waters, and had power to call
Up people who had lived in ages gone,
And scenes and stories half forgot, and all
That on my young imagination
Had come like fairy visions, and departed.
And ever by me a broad current pass'd
Slowly, from which at times up started
Dim scenes and ill-defined shapes. At last
I bade the billows render up their dead,
And all their wild inhabitants; and I
Summoned the spirits who perish'd,
Or took their stations in the starry sky,
When Jove himself bow'd his Saturnian head
Before the ONE DIVINITY.
First, I saw the landscape fair
Towering in the clear blue air,
Like Ida's woody summits and sweet fields,
Where all that Nature yields
Flourishes. Three proud shapes were seen,
Standing upon the green
Like Olympian queens descended.
One was adorn'd, and one
Wore her golden tresses bound
With simple flowers; the third was crown'd,
And from amidst her raven hair,
Like stars, imperial jewels shone.
—Not one of those figures divine
But might have sate in Juno's chair,
And smiled in great equality
On Jove, though the blue skies were shaken:
Or, with superior aspect, taken
From Hebe's hand nectarean wine.
And that Dardanian boy was there
Whom pale Œnone loved: his hair
Was black, and curl'd his temples 'round;
His limbs were free and his forehead fair,
And as he stood on a rising ground,
And back his dark locks proudly toss'd
A shepherd youth he look'd, but trod
On the green-sward like a god;
Most like Apollo when he play'd
('Fore Midas), in the Phrygian shade,
With Pan, and the Sylvan host.

And now from out the watery floor
A city rose, and well she wore
Her beauty, and stupendous walls,
And towers that touch'd the stars, and halls
Pillar'd with whitest marble, whence
Palace on lofty palace sprung;
And over all rich gardens hung,
Where, amongst silver waterfalls,
Cedars and spice-trees and green bowers,
And sweet winds playing with all the flowers
Of Persia and Araby,
Walked princely shapes: some with an air
Like warriors, some like ladies fair,
Listening, and, amidst all, the king
Nebuchadnezzar rioting
In supreme magnificence.
—This was famous Babylon.

That glorious vision pass'd on,
And then I heard the laurel-branches sigh
That still grow where the bright-eyed muses walk'd
And Pelion shook his piny locks, and talk'd
Mournfully to the fields of Thessaly.
And there I saw, piercing the deep blue sky,
And radiant with his diadem of snow,
Crown'd Olympus: and the hills below
Look'd like inferior spirits tending round
His pure supremacy; and a sound
Went rolling onwards through a sunny calm,
As if immortal voices then had spoken,
And, with rich noises, broken
The silence which that holy place had bred.
I knelt—and as I knelt, haply in token
Of thanks, there fell a honey'd shower of balm,
And the imperial mountain bow'd his hoary head.

And then came one who on the Nubian sands
Perish'd for love; and with him the wanton queen
Egyptian, in her state was seen;
And how she smiled, and kiss'd his willing hands,
And said she would not love, and swore to die,
And laugh'd upon the Roman Antony.
Oh, matchless Cleopatra! never since
Has one, and never more
Shall one like thee tread on the Egypt shore,
Or lavish such royal magnificence:
Never shall one laugh, love, or die like thee,
Or own so sweet a witchery:
And, brave Mark Antony, that thou couldst give
Half the wide world to live
With that enchantress, did become thee well;
For love is wiser than ambition.—
Queen and thou, lofty triumvir, fare ye well.

And then I heard the sullen waters roar,
And saw them cast their surf upon the strand,
And then rebounding toward some far-seen land,
They wash'd and wash'd its melancholy shore:
And the terrific spirits, bred
In the sea-caverns, moved by those fierce jars,
Rose up like giants from their watery bed,
And shook their silver hair against the stars.
Then, bursts like thunder—joyous out-cries wild—
Sounds as from trumpets, and from drums,
And music, like the lulling noise that comes
From nurses when they hush their charge to sleep,
Came in confusion from the deep.
Methought one told me that a child
Was that night unto the great Neptune born;
And then old Triton blew his curled horn,
And the Leviathan lash'd the foaming seas,
And the wanton Nereides
Came up like Phantoms from their coral halls,
And laugh'd and sung like tipsy Bacchanals,
Till all the fury of the ocean broke
Upon my ear————I trembled and awoke.

CROMWELL.

Somewhat apart, but undistinguish'd all
From those around, sate Cromwell. In his eye
Collected, peer'd deceit: yet withal blazed
A stern and steady fire: half hypocrite
And zealot half was he, and had become
Perchance, but that the dawning light then shone,
A dark inquisitor, and fit to share
Those works of fire, whereby the cowled monk
Was wont *convince* the writhing heretic.
At last he slowly rose.—Silent at first
He stood as night: gloomy his brow, but touch'd
And elevate by fanatic flame, that rose
Far from the heart. Like some dark rock, whose rifts
Hold nitrous grain, whereon the lightning fires
Have glanced, and left a pale and livid light,
So he, some corpor'al nerve being struck, stood there
Glaring, but cold and pitiless. Even hope
(The brightest angel whom the heavens have given
To lead and cheer us onwards) shrank aghast
From that stern look, despairing.

SONG.

Here's a health to thee Jessy.—BURNS.

Here's a health to thee, Mary,
Here's a health to thee;
The drinkers are gone,
And I am alone,
To think of home and thee, Mary.

There are some who may shine o'er thee, Mary,
And many as frank and free,
And a few as fair,
But the summer air
Is not more sweet to me, Mary.

I have thought of thy last low sigh, Mary,
And thy dimm'd and gentle eye;
And I've call'd on thy name
When the night winds came,
And heard my heart reply, Mary.

Be thou but true to me Mary,
And I'll be true to thee;
And at set of sun,
When my task is done.
Be sure that I'm ever with thee, Mary.

THE MAGDALEN.

And woman who had wept her loveliest dower,
There hid her broken heart. PARIS, st. 15.

I do remember it. 'Twas such a face
As Guido would have loved to dwell upon;
But oh! the touches of his pencil never
Could paint her perfect beauty. In her home
(Which once she did desert) I saw her last;
Propp'd up by pillows, swelling round her like
Soft heaps of snow, yielding and fit to bear
Her faded figure. I observed her well:
Her brow was fair, but very pale, and look'd
Like stainless marble; a touch methought would soil
Its whiteness. O'er her temple one blue vein
Ran like a tendril; one through her shadowy hand
Branch'd like the fibre of a leaf—away.
Her mouth was tremulous, and her cheek wore then
A flush of beautiful vermillion,
But more like art than nature; and her eye
Spoke as became the youthful Magdalen,
Dying and broken-hearted. .....

"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"

When shall we three meet again?
We will meet when the storms and rain
Of Autumn come, and the winds go by
Our dwelling with a fearful cry,
And shake the red leaves from the trees;
And when they say that the year must die,
Amongst their dreary harmonies
We 'll mingle a wild but livelier strain;
And sing "We three HAVE met again."

Three sprightly spirits are we now:
One upon her maiden brow
Bears life and beauty, and her smile
Shall cheer me on for many a mile;
For I am going far away,
To see the blue and cloudless day
Shine on the fields of Italy:
What though full many a heavy hour
May press me with its silent power,
And I upon a foreign shore
A stranger, feel that touch the more?
Yet, from amidst thy sadness, I
Will look upon futurity,
And half forget my moody vein,
In the thought that "We SHALL meet again."

When the Autumn nights are long
We will sing some pleasant song;
And you, my friend, whose silver tone
Makes Music's very voice your own,
You shall pour your richest numbers,
And 'wake the silent night from slumbers;
And, gentle Helen, thou shalt be
Queen of the hour to him and me,
And we will braid amidst thy hair
Roses like thy bosom fair,
And we will laugh and worship thee,
As the spirit of poetry.
Away, away—for I must go
Over the wild and bounding waters;
But amongst the Roman daughters
I shall think of thee, as now:
And——if a lofty line
Remind me of thy verse divine,
Or if some sweet melody
Should bring a thought of home to me,
I will neglect the soothing strain,
To sigh "Oh! MAY we meet again."

WISHES.

Now, give me but a cot that's good,
In some great town's neighborhood:
A garden, where the winds may play
Fresh from the blue hills far away,
And wanton with such trees as bear
Their leads of green through all the year,
Laurel, and dusky juniper:
So may some friends, whose social talk
I love, there taking their evening walk
And spend a frequent holiday.

And may I own a quiet room,
Where the morning sun may come,
Stored with books of poesy,
Tale, science, old morality,
Fable and divine history,
Ranged in separate cases round,
Each with living marble crown'd.
Here should Apollo stand, and there
Isis, with her sweeping hair:
Here Phidian Jove, or the face of thought
Of Pallas, or Laocoon,
Or Adrian's boy Antinous,
Or the winged Mercurius,
Or some that conquest lately brought
From the land Italian.

And one I'd have whose heaving breast
Should rock me nightly to my rest,
By holy chains bound fast to me,
Faster by Love's sweet sorcery.
I would not have my beauty as
Juno or Paphian Venus was,
Or Dian with her crested moon
(Else, haply, she might change as soon),
Or Portia, that high Roman dame,
Or she who set the world on flame,
Spartan Helen, who did leave
Her husband-king to grieve,
And fled with Priam's shepherd-boy,
And caused the mighty tale of Troy.
She should be a woman who
(Graceful without much endeavor)
Could praise or excuse all I do,
And love me ever.
I'd have her thoughts fair, and her skin
White as the white soul within;
And her fringed eyes of darkest blue,
Which the great soul looketh through,
Like heaven's own gates cerulean:
And these I'd gaze and gaze upon,
As did of old Pygmalion.

SONG.

Thou shalt sing to me
When the waves are sleeping,
And the winds are creeping
'Round the embowering chestnut-tree.

Thou shalt sing by night,
When no birds are calling,
And the stars are falling
Brightly from their mansions bright.

Of those thy song shall tell,
From whom we've never parted,
The young, the tender-hearted,
The gay, and all who loved us well.

But we'll not profane
Such a gentle hour,
Nor our favorite power,
With a thought that tastes of pain.

SERENADE.—(TWILIGHT.)

The western skies are no longer gay,
For the sun of the summer has died away,
Yet left no gloom:
For ere the Spirit of heaven went,
He strung night's shadowy instrument,
And hung on every leaf perfume.

To each sweet breeze that haunts the world,
And sleeps by day in the rose-leaf curl'd,
A warmth he gave:
He has left a life in these marble halls,
And beauty on yon white water-falls,
And still at his bidding these dark pines wave.

Rich is the sun with his golden hair,
And his eye is too bright for man to bear;
And when he shrouds
His brow in vapor and all the west
Strews gold, as to welcome a kingly guest,
He looks like a god on his throne of clouds.

Yet—I know an eye as bright as his,
And a smile more soft, and lips of bliss,
Oh! lovelier far:
And arm as white as the milk-white dove,
And a bosom all warm and rich with love,
And a heart—as the hearts of angels are.

She listens now to my wild guitar,
And she hides her beyond yon lattice bar
(A girl's delight):
Yet she never will let me linger long,
But comes and rewards my twilight song,
And treats her love with—a kiss by night.

MELANCHOLY.

There is a mighty spirit, known on earth
By many names, though one alone becomes
Its mystery, its beauty, and its power.
It is not Fear—'tis not the passive fear
That sinks before the future, nor the dank
Despondency that hangs upon the past;
Not the soft spirit that doth bow to pain,
Nor that which dreads itself, or slowly eats
Like a dull canker till the heart decays.
But in the meditative mind it lives,
Shelter'd, caress'd, and yields a great return.
And in the deep silent communion
Which it holds over the poet's soul,
Tempers, and doth befit him to obey
High inspiration. To the storm and winds
It giveth answer in as proud a tone;
Or on its seat, the heart of man receives
The gentler tidings of the elements.
I—often home returning from a spot
Holy to me from many wanderings,
Of fancy, or in fact, have felt the power
Of MELANCHOLY stealing on my soul
Mingling with pleasant images, and from
Sorrow dividing joy; until the shape
Of each did gather to a diviner hue,
And shone unclouded by a thought of pain.
Grief may sublime itself, and pluck the sting
From out its breast, and muse until it seem
Ethereal, starry, speculative, wise.
But then it is that Melancholy comes.
Out-charming grief—(as the grey morning stills
The tempest oft) and from its fretful fire
Draws a pale light, by which we see ourselves,
The present, and the future, and the past.

TO ——.

Beauty! never more shalt thou
Gently speak unto me,
Nor the smile undo me
(I may tell thy witchery now).

Like the lips of love
Came thy sweet caressing,
Grateful as a sudden blessing
Falling from the skies above.

And is thy beauty gone—
And thy voice departed?
And is thy bright eye bright no more?
Oh! why were we for ever parted?

Thou art lying now alone,
Chain'd in thy lasting sleep,
In those low chambers of the deep,
Where sea-nymphs are dreaming,
And the under-waters streaming
Silently by the coral shore.
And not a wind that wantons here
With the upper billow,
Can reach thee on thy sandy pillow:
So thou wilt slumber quiet, dear.

Thou wast buried nobly; all
The elements in their pomp attended,
And their various music blended
To grace thy funeral.
The thunder mutter'd along the sky,
And the lightning lit his torch on high;
The tempest blew his trumpet o'er thee,
And the ocean rose and sunk before thee,
And its mountains roar'd harmoniously.

For me—I do believe that we
Shall meet again in after days,
And I shall once more, see
The smile I used to praise,
And touch the roses of those lips,
And in the splendor of thine eye
(Now shrouded in a cold eclipse),
Bask as beneath a sunny sky.
I would not lose the thought that flies
By me, that I shall see thee dear,
In the bright bowers of Paradise,
As sweet (no more) as thou wast here,
For all the promised joys that man
Hath gather'd from the Ottoman.

Once, in a dream, I saw a shape of power
And unimaginable beauty, clad
In a vest of brightness star-dropt, armed with
A spear (celestial temper) while around
Blazed circling light—intense—and far beyond
Those sheeted lightnings, that, by night, cast out
Their splendors near the line. The vision spoke
Cheering, and as it spoke, the air became
Painfully sweet. Such odours as the rose
Wastes on the summer air, or such as rise
From beds of hyacinths, or from jasmine flowers,
Or when the blue-eyed violet weeps upon
Some sloping bank remote, while the young sun
(Creeping within her sheltering bower of leaves)
Dries up her tears, were nought—fantastical.
It spoke—in tones cathedral organs (touched
By master hands) ne'er gave—nor April winds,
Wandering through harps Æolian—nor the note
Of pastoral pipe, heard on the Garonne banks
At eventide—nor Spanish youth's guitar,
Night-touched—nor strains that take the charmedear,
Breathed by the 'witching dames of Italy.

LINES
ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND, WHO DIED AT ROME OF THE MAL' ARIA.

O Rome! amongst thy temples high,
And columns with the wild weed crown'd,
And sculptured capital, that lie
Struck down, and in the grasp of Time,
How many a mighty heart sublime
Lies dead and stripp'd of all its fame,
Like those who never earn'd a name,
Or play'd a base or vulgar part;
And now—thou hast another heart
(No better in the wide world found)
Buried in thy immortal ground.
For thou—(although thy works of stone,
All in their times renowned known
As things of mere mortality,
Must perish—) THOU canst never die.

But he, the burthen of my song,
Who came, but might not tarry long,
In summer strength had perish'd.
Oh! many a thing beside the grave
Whom few could love and none could save,
Hath he, with weak but hurrying tread
Pass'd.——And he is with the dead!
"The dead"—whom now 'twere vain to call
While lying in their silent sleep.
And yet we cannot help but weep,
Albeit 'tis idle, idle all.
Then let this poor memorial
Remind some of his early day,
And to all who loved him, say,
Though gone, he is not quite forgot.
While to those who knew him not
It is enough to tell that he
Was such a man as men should be;
That pray'r, nor act, nor love could save;
And that he lies in a foreign grave.

A STORMY NIGHT.

It is a stormy night, and the wild sea
That sounds for ever, now upon the beach
Is pouring all its power. Each after each
The hurrying waves cry out rejoicingly,
And crowding onwards, seem as they would reach
The height I tread upon. The winds are high,
And the quick lightnings shoot along the sky,
At intervals. It is an hour to teach
Vain man his insignificance; and yet,
Though all the elements in their might have met,
At every pause comes ringing on my ear
A sterner murmur, and I seem to hear
The voice of Silence sounding from her throne
Of darkness, mightier than all—but all alone.

FLOWERS.

There the rose unveils
Her breast of beauty, and each delicate bud
O' the season comes in turn to bloom and perish.
But first of all the violet, with an eye
Blue as the midnight heavens, the frail snow-drop,
Born of the breath of winter, and on his brow
Fix'd like a pale and solitary star:
The languid hyacinth, and wild primrose,
And daisy trodden down like modesty:
The fox-glove, in whose drooping bells the bee
Makes sweet her music; the narcissus (named
From him who died for love), the tangled woodbine,
Lilacs, and flowering limes, and scented thorns;
And some from whom the voluptuous winds of June
Catch their perfumings.

TO A CONQUEROR'S WIFE ON HIS RETURN.

Divine lady, who hast been,
Like a young and widowed queen,
Pining for thy husband dear
Twice the months that fill the year;
And, as Dian waxed and waned,
Even to her light complain'd,
And to the Siberian North,—
Smile, and put thy beauty forth;
For upon the wings of war,
Amidst pennons flying far,
Trumpets and the stormy drums,
Arm'd with his fame, he comes
Homewards, having swept the seas:—
Homewards, for a little ease,
After all his toil, he comes,—
For thy home-sweet looks of beauty,
For the smiles that lighten duty,
For the love which absence measures,
And the hoarded wedded treasures,
Such as hang upon a kiss,
Tender words and questions—pleasures
Where the last the sweetest is:
He cometh from the Indian shores,
Where the lashing lion roars,
By the tusked elephant,
And the cruel tigers pant
In the watery jungles near.

Husband!—laurell'd conqueror!
To thy wife, who hath no peer,
Welcome!—welcome unto her
From the parched Indian shore,
From the land where lions roar,
Welcome to a peaceful clime.
Oh, how long hath patient Time
Waited for thee; and how long
Echo, with her silver song
(Mocking all the notes of pain,)
Hath allured thee back again.
Husband, thou art come at last,
And the present and the past
Shall put out their blossoms, both;
And the future shall be loath
To look dark or perilous.
Joy alone shall tend on us;
Saving him we'll nothing see
In the fair futurity.

Thou, to whom, through toil and war,
Thy great husband cometh far,
Fail not at this joybright hour;
Re-array thy holiest bower,
Now, with every fragrant leaf,
Every odor-winged flower,
Though its life be frail and brief,—
All which may be symbols fair:
Roses, in their many ranks,
Fit to wind through Juno's hair;
Violets which, from Southern banks,
Breathe into the languid air
Sweetness, when the morn is near;
And the yellow saffron, dear
To Hymen, and the poppy red;
Let the last adorn his bed,
And the rich nepenthe's bloom
Fill his cup with strange perfume.
Haste thee, beauty, haste thee now,
Bind the myrtle on thy brow
(Venus loved it—so must thou,)
And with thy adorned charms,
In thy white embracing arms,
Clasp him as the ivy,—no,
That doth prey upon the tree;
Never like the ivy be:
Like the green and curling vine,
In thy purest arms entwine
Him to whom thy heart was given;
And bid him (when upon thy breast,
Still a victor, he is prest)
Welcome to his own sweet heaven.

ROSAMUND GRAY.—(A FRAGMENT.)

Once—but she died—I knew a village girl
(Poor Rosamund Gray), who, in my fancy, did
Surpass the deities you tell me of.
Maply you may have pass'd her; and indeed
Her beauty was not made for all observance,
If beauty it might be call'd. It was a sick
And melancholy loveliness, that pleased
But few; and somewhat of its charm, perhaps,
Owed to the lonely spot she dwelt in.—I
Knew her from her infancy; a shy, sad girl;
And gossips when they saw her, oftentimes
Would tell her future fortunes. They would note
Her deep blue eyes, which seem'd as they already
Had made fast friends with sorrow, and would say
Hers was an early fate: that she would pine
From grief—neglect—or cast her youth away
On love without requital.—She grew a woman:
Yet, when from some long absence I return'd,
I knew again the pretty child I left.
Her hair of deepest chesnut (that which once
Fell in thick shining clusters), 'round a brow
Pale as Greek marble, wander'd tastefully:
But still there was the same blue eyes, and still
Their melancholy splendor; bearing now
Proof of the gossip's prophecy.———

SONNET.

TO MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael! thou wast the mightiest spirit of all
Who taught or learn'd Italian art sublime:
And long shall thy renown survive the time
When Ruin to herself thy works shall call.
One only (and he perish'd in his prime),
Could mate with thee; and in one path alone.
THOU didst regenerate art; and from the stone
Started the breathing image, perfect great;
And such as haply, in his after state,
Man shall attain: and thou couldst trace the rhyme
That lifts its parent to the skies, thus bending
To thy resistless powers the sisters three,
Painting, and Sculpture, and wing'd Poetry.
—Whom can I place beside thee—not descending?

SONNET.

WINTER.

I love to listen when the year grows old,
And noisy: like some weak life-wrinkled thing,
That vents his splenetic humors, murmuring
At ills he shares in common with the bold.
Then from my quiet room the Winter cold
Is barr'd out like a thief: but should one bring
A frozen hand, the which December's wing
Hath struck so fiercely, that he scarce can hold
The stiffen'd finger tow'rd the grate, I lend
A double welcome to the victim, who
Comes shivering, with pale looks, and lips of blue.
And through the snow and splashing rain could walk,
For some few hours of kind and social talk:
And deem him, more than ever, now—my friend.

HEREAFTER.

The glory and the freshness of a dream.—WORDSWORTH.

I saw a shape of beauty in a dream
Gazing on me. I saw her bright eyes gleam
Like planets when the waned Moon is gone
Out of the skies. We two were quite alone;
But 'tween us there was drawn an icy bar,
That shone and sparkled like a streaming star,
And daunted me, for all the air around
Was like the coldest springs. There was no sound
Or motion from the sight that met my eye;
Yet I sat mute, and listen'd painfully
To catch the faintest whisper from the form.
Oh! I could have endured the wildest storm
Better than the bright silence of those eyes.
They froze my soul. At last she seem'd to rise,
And opening her white bosom, bade me come
Unto her heart, and dwell in that calm home
For ever. How I flew! the bar was shatter'd
To fragments in a moment, and I scatter'd
The bonds that bound me, as the Hebrew tore
The puny cords which in his sleep he wore.
---I flew on, gasping, through the chilling air,
Which like a winter evening glimmer'd there---
A grey and melancholy light that seems
Born only for those dim mysterious dreams
That haunt the speculator's brain, and grows
At last to darkness, and begets repose.

I stood beside her, (there was mighty space
Between us, though I seem'd to touch the place
Whereon she was,) and she put forth her hand,
And with a look of most supreme command
But mild as morning, took me to her heart.
---I fainted, died---I know not what;---the smart
Of death methought was on me; but she smiled,
Like a fond mother o'er her fainting child,
And I arose. I heard that beauty call
Upon me, with a voice so musical,
So deep, and calm, and touching, that had I
Been buried in the chambers of the earth,
I had awoke; and claim'd a lovelier birth.
I listen'd to the music of her sigh
That came across me like a summer shower
Freshening the waters, and I blest the power,
Whate'er it was, that drew me to that place,
And let me gaze upon so fair a face.

"Youth!"---as she spoke I gloried; "Thou shalt see
The secrets of the dead. This golden key
Opens the wide doors of yon pyramid,
Where all the goodness of the past is hid.
Wickedness sleeps: but here, beneath my reign,
There's much of happiness, and nought of pain.
What there is after, yet you may not know,
Nor may I be allow'd---*can* I show.
Oh! fear me not; my heart hath lost its chill
Towards thee now, but I will love thee still."
I am not dreadful, youth; I——stay your breath
And listen to me!——I am called 'Death.'
I am belied, and mock'd, and masqued in bones,
And hated by the bad, and with deep groans,
Am worshipp'd like a demon, and with tears,
And all the horrid host of human fears.
Yet some for me, will lose themselves in war,
And some in revelry, and some in crime,
And some in youth, will court me from afar,
Striking the spirit down before its time.

"I love more gentle visitings, when the Good
(Aged and young, in numbers---like a flood
Majestically flowing in its course,)
Come to my shadowy dwellings, without force.
These hide I amongst flowers that bloom forever,
Or lay them down by yonder pleasant river,
That wanders to the land oblivious.
Here shall you rest for ages; even by us
Time passes in his round, although his power
May not be felt here till the final hour,
When this dim land shall vanish, and the sight
Open again upon some world of light.

"Come, thou mayst taste of purer pleasures yet,
Although thine iced limbs have lost their motion;
And every sorrow thou wilt here forget
(Thou hast forgot already, while I speak.)
---Here lie, and round thy head the violet
Shall spring, and in the distance, the blue ocean
Shall roll, and there the moon shall seem to break
From out the clouds, and (for I know the sights
That do delight thee) that fair scene shall change
From time to time; and then thine eye shall range
And revel all amongst the etherial lights
That star the blue skies upon moonless nights;
And brightest colors shall gleam before thine eye,
And flowers arise and soft shapes pass thee by;
And perfumes shall exhale o'er thee, and here
Are songs to charm thy melancholy ear,
As dim and distant as the "cuckoo-bird"
To whom no mate replies, or that sad tone
Of love, in deep untrodden forests heard,
That cometh from the nightingale alone."

How fearful were the words the lady spoke!---
At first, her voice upon my sense had broke
So sudden that I started, but at last
It fell and fainted, and, like music past,
Hung in my ear---or some memorial song,
That will not leave us while we walk among
Old scenes---although they whom we prized of yore
Now live or haunt those pleasant spots no more.

What further?---nothing. The fair shape was gone;
And I was on my couch, awake, alone.

THE LAST SONG.

Must it be!—Then farewell,
Thou whom my woman's heart cherished so long:
Farewell, and be this song
The last, wherein I say 'I loved thee well.'

Many a weary strain
(Never yet heard by thee) hath this poor breath
Uttered, of Love and Death,
And maiden grief, hidden and chid in vain.

Oh! if in after years
The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,
Bid not the pain depart;
But shed, over my grave, a few sad tears.

Think of me—still so young,
Silent, though fond, who cast my life away,
Daring to disobey
The passionate Spirit that around me clung.

Farewell again; and yet,
Must it indeed be so—and on this shore
Shall you and I no more
Together see the sun of Summer set?

For me, my days are gone:
No more shall I, in vintage times, prepare
Chaplets to bind my hair,
As I was wont: oh 'twas for you alone.

But on my bier I'll lay
Me down in frozen beauty, pale and wan,
Martyr of love to man,
And, like a broken flower, gently decay.

DERWENT-WATER AND SKIDDAW.

Deep stillness lies upon this lovely lake.
The air is calm: the forest trees are still:
The river windeth without noise, and here
The fall of fountains comes not, nor the sound
Of the white cataract Lodore. The voice,
The mighty mountain voice—itself is dumb.
Only, far distant and scarce heard, the dash
Of waters, broken by some boatman's oar,
Disturbs the golden, calm monotony.
The earth seems quiet, like some docile thing
Obeying the blue beauty of the skies;
And the soft air, through which the tempest ran
So lately in its speed, rebels no more:
The clouds are gone which but this morning gloom'd
Round the great Skiddaw; and he, wide reveal'd,
Outdurer of the storms, now sleeps secure
Beneath the watching of the holy moon.

But a few hours ago and sounds were heard
Through all the region: Rain and the white hail sang
Amongst the branches, and this placid lake
Teased into mutiny: its waves (these waves
That lie like shining silver motionless)
Then shamed their gentle natures, and rose up
Lashing their guardian banks, and, with wild cries
Complaining, call'd to all the echoes round,
And answer'd rudely the rude winds, which then
Cast discord in the waters, until they
Amongst themselves waged wild and glittering war.

Oh! could imagination now assume
The powers it lavish'd in the by-gone days
On Fauns and Naiads, or in later times
Village religion or wild fable flung
O'er sylphs, and gnomes, and fairies, fancies strange,
Here would I now compel to re-appear
Before me,—here, upon the moon-lit grass,
Titania, blue-eyed queen, brightest and first
Of all the shapes which trod the emerald rings
At midnight, or beneath the stars drank merrily
The wild-rose dews, or framed their potent charms:
And here should princely Oberon, sad no more,
Be seen low whispering in his beauty's ear,
While round about their throne the fays should dance.
Others the while, tending that peerless pair,
Should fill with odorous juices cups of flowers—
Here—yet not so: from out thy watery home,
Deep sunk beneath all storms and billows, *thou*
Shouldst not be torn: Sleep in thy coral cave,
Lonely and unalarm'd, for ever sleep,
White Galatea! for thou wast indeed
The fairest among all the forms which left
Their haunts—the gentle air, or ocean wide,
River, or fount, or forest,—to bestow
High love on man; but, rather let me now
From these so witching fancies turn away,
Lest I, beguiled too far, forget the scene
Before me, bright as aught in fairy land.

Skiddaw! Eternal mountain, hast thou been
Rock'd to thy slumber by the howling winds,
Or has the thunder or the lightnings blue
Scared thee to quiet? To the sounding blast
Thou gavest answer, and when thou didst dash
The white hail in its puny rage aside,
Thou wast not dumb, nor to the rains when they
Ran trembling from thee:—me thou answerest not.

Art thou indignant then, or hear I not?
Or, like the double-visaged god who sate
Within the Roman temples, dost thou keep
High watch above the northern floods to warn
Lone ships from erring, while thy southern front
Is sealed in sleep? Thy lofty head has long
Stood up an everlasting mark to all
Who wander: haply now some wretch, whose bark
Has drifted from its path since set of sun,
Beholds thee shine, and kneeling pours his soul
In thanks to heaven, or towards his cottage home
Shouts amidst tears, or laughter sad as tears.

—And shall I, while these things may be, complain?
Never: in silence as in sound thou art
A thing of grandeur; and throughout the year
Thy high protecting presence (let not this
Be forgot ever) turns aside the winds
Which else might kill the flowers of this sweet vale.

NIGHT.

Now, to thy silent presence, Night!
Is this, my young song offer'd; Oh! to thee,
Down-looking with thy thousand eyes of light—
To thee, and thy starry nobility,
That float, with a delicious murmuring
(Though unheard here) about thy forehead blue;
And as they ride along, in order due,
Circling the round globe in their wandering,
To thee, their ancient queen, and mother, sung.

Mother of beauty! veiled queen!
Fear'd and sought, and never seen
Without a heart-imposing feeling,
Whither art thou gently stealing?
In thy smiling presence I
Kneel in star-struck idolatry,
And turn me to thine eye (the moon,)
Fretting that it must change so soon,
Toying with this idle rhyme,
I scorn that bearded villain, Time,
Thine old remorseless enemy
And build my linked verse to thee.

Not dull and cold and dark art thou:
Who that beholds thy clearer brow,
Endiadem'd with the gentlest streaks
Of fleecy-silver'd cloud, adorning
Thee, fair as when the young Sun wakes
And from his cloudy bondage breaks,
And lights upon the breast of morning,
But must feel thy powers—
Mightier than the storm that lowers,
Fairer than the virgin Hours,
That smile when Titan's daughter scatters
Her rose-leaves on the valleys low,
And bids her servant breezes blow.

Not Apollo when he dies
In the wild October skies,
Red and stormy; nor when he
In his meridian beauty rides
Over the bosom of the waters,
And turns the blue and burning tides
To silver, is a peer for thee,
In thy full regality.

SONG.

My love is a lady of gentle line,
Tow'rds some like the cedar bending,
Tow'rds me she flies—like a shape divine
From Heaven to Earth descending.

Her very look is life to me,
Her smile like the clear moon rising,
And her kiss is as sweet as the honey'd bee,
And more and more enticing.

Mild is my love as the summer air,
And her cheek (her eyes half closing)
Now rests on her full-blown bosom fair,
Like Languor on Love reposing.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Lawrence!—although the muse and I have parted
(She to her airy heights, and I to toil,
Not discontent, nor wroth, nor gloomy-hearted,
Because I now must till a rugged soil,)
Although self-banished from the peerless Muse,
Banish'd from Art's gay groups and blending hues,
I still gaze on thy lines, where Beauty reigns,
With pleasure which rewards mine errant pains.
Thus, though I con no more the common page,
With learned Milton still and Shakspeare sage
I commune, when the laboring day is over,
Fill'd with a deep delight, like some true lover
Whom frowning fate may not entirely sever
From her whose love, perhaps, is lost forever.

Even now thy potent art witches my sight,
I see it still (with all my old delight,)
With rainbows o'er thy beaming figures flung,
Still bright, and, like Lyæus 'ever young.'
For thou, as Raffaelle and Correggio smiled
On beauty in the bud, and made the child
Immortal as the man of thoughtful brow,
By dint of their sweet power,—so dost thou.
And who, whilst those fair matchless children* are,
Which, with thy radiant pencil, like a star,
Thou broughtest into light and pictured grace,
Shall dare assign to thee a second place?
Yet,—thou so lovest the aft thou dost profess,
(I know,) that thou wouldst rather be deem'd less
Than thine own stature, so that they who first
Gave art nobility, and burst
Like dawn upon the world to shine and reign,
Sole homage of men's souls may still retain.

—With whom dost thou now commune—night by night,
When Nature, lady thine, withdraws her light,
And even thou must cease to charm all time?
Is it with Michael and his stern sublime?
With Rembrandt's riddles dark—a 'mighty maze?'
Carracci's learned lines?—or Rubens' blaze?
With hoary Leonardo, great and wise?
With Parma's painters and their angel eyes?
Or Raffaelle, sent us down from out the sunny skies?
Or, leavest thou these to their immortal rest,
Turning unto some youthful artist guest?
Or with some high mind or accomplish'd friend
Dost thou delight the evening hours to spend
By thine own fire, where proud shapes stand around,
Deathless and eloquent, though without sound,—
All in the poet's dreams and fancies born,
But wrought by sculptor-poets like the morn?
Dost thou with Ottley talk, a spirit learn'd,
In whom so long the smother'd fire has burn'd—
Who should have been what many hope to be,
A painter stamp'd with immortality?
Speak—or is 't all enough that thou canst dream
Of ages when thyself must be the theme
Of praise unmix'd, from rival envy free
(If rival envy ever aim'd at thee;—)
Not that all those around thee (thou the sun)
Shall perish when their beauteous toil is done:
For some there are whose works are wrought for time,
For future wonder, and eternal rhyme;
Good Stothard—old, but in his youth of fame;
Who is, and must survive—a potent name!
Chantrey—and Flemish Wilkie,—Landseer young
(Whose skill hath given the very beast a tongue—
Life, motion—till it chains the admiring eyes;)
And Turner, famous for his Claudian skies;
Hilton, Dewint, (rare brothers) form'd to last;
And Collins, with his landscape unsurpass'd;
Callcott, whom river gods should all adore;
Westall,—and Leslie,—perhaps many more,
Who now expand their wings, and strive and hope to soar.

The great live free from envy, free from hate,
Born or self-raised beyond that puny state
Where warfare frets the heart, and shrinks the soul,
Which else all grandly might itself unroll
Like morning in the east, when summer skies
Grow bright with beauty as the darkness dies.
Though near them wars and tempests shake the clime,
They live unvanquish'd through the storms of time,
Like the centurion oak, whose tower of grey
Endureth age, but scarcely owns decay!
Thus free dost thou live, Lawrence!—and thus free
From hate, from wrong, envy and calumny,
Free from the pain thou givest not—may thy life
Glide onward without taint of care, or strife!
Meantime, with every grace, and many a friend,
Continue still thy evening time to spend,
Feeding on lovely scenes and lofty shapes,—
Pondering on thoughts, while not a charm escapes,—
Sitting 'midst all the gods whom painters own,
Each standing on his pale and sculptured throne;
Sitting and sharing all: No miser thou,
Who hoard'st the wealth that may be useful now;
But to the artist young and yet refined,
Unbaring thoughts of many a master mind,—
Tracing the learned lines,—and sweet'ning all
With graceful converse, never known to pall.
Even I, deserter from the muse's bowers,
Have shared with thee some pleasant, pleasant hours!
Since when—(those winter evenings fair and few,)
I see thy spells have raised sweet shadows new.

* The children of Mr. Calmeady.

SONNET.

SPRING.

It is not that sweet herbs and flow'rs alone
Start up, like spirits that have lain asleep
In their great mother's iced bosom deep
For months, or that the birds, more joyous grown,
Catch once again their silver summer tone,
And they who late from bough to bough did creep,
Now trim their plumes upon some sunny steep,
And seem to sing of winter overthrown.
No—with an equal march the immortal mind,
As though it never could be left behind,
Keeps pace with every movement of the year;
And (for high truths are born in happiness)
As the warm heart expands, the eye grows clear,
And sees beyond the slave's or bigot's guess.

WOMAN.

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her lip has lost all its faint perfume:
And the gloss has dropp'd from her golden hair,
And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye,
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that play'd round her lip has fled,
And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obey'd her in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour;
And the crowd that swore for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her last faint sigh.
—And this is man's fidelity!

'Tis Woman alone, with a purer heart,
Can see all these idols of life depart,
And love the more, and smile and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

SONNET.

A FRESH MORNING.

It is a noisy morning: yet the sky
Looks down as bright as on a summer's day.
The ocean curling as in wanton play,
Doth bare her bosom to Apollo's eye,
And every whispering wind that flutters by
Seems like a spirit charged to greet the day,
And duly hurries tow'rd the East—away:
For there the sun, seen o'er the mountain high,
Comes smiling on the world. The fruit, the flower,
Earth, heaven, the sea, and oh! the heart of man,
And all that came within His mighty plan
Fling back the glance in joy: and from her bower
The spirit of MEDITATION comes, to see
All nature join in social jubilee.

SONG.

Sleep, my Leila: do not fear;
Close thine eyes; thy Hassan's here.
Thy lover 's still beside thee:
Then how can harm betide thee?

Sleep, my rose of beauty, sleep,
And I will hush thy murmurs deep,
And watch thee while thou sleepest,
And kiss thee if thou weepest.

Yet, may no fears, nor aught that seems
Evil ever haunt thy dreams.
Dream thou of love and flowers,
Blue skies and happier hours.

And I, beneath this summer moon,
Will sing an old remember'd tune,
Such as the winds awaken
When slumbering leaves are shaken.

Such as comes when o'er rude sands
The sea-maid spreads her silver hands,
And sinks, with scarce a motion,
Back in the calm green ocean.

Sweet as when the star-light goes,
Thy dark eyes now begin to close
On all, on me thy lover:
They're shut: my song is over.

SONG.

A MAID TO HER LOVER.

Where's the ring I gave to thee,
Juan, when our love was young,
And I upon thy bosom clung
With all a girl's credulity?

In the narrow circlet lay
An emblem as I thought (ere fears
And doubt sprung up in after years)
Of endless love, that mock'd decay.

And its golden round contain'd
For gentle hearts a silent spell,
Within whose magic we might dwell,
I hoped, as long as life remain'd.

And am I then forgot by YOU?
Oh! then send back the idle token,
For rings are naught when vows are broken,
And useless all while love is true.

A SEA-SHORE ECHO.

I stand upon the wild sea-shore—
I see the screaming eagle soar—
I hear the hungry billows roar,
And all around
The hollow answering caves out-pour
Their stores of sound.

The wind, which moaneth on the waves,
Delights me, and the surge that raves,
Loud-talking of a thousand graves—
A watery theme!
But oh! those voices from the caves
Speak like a dream!

They seem long hoarded—cavern-hung—
First uttered ere the world was young,
Talking some strange eternal tongue
Old as the skies!
Their words unto all earth are flung:
Yet who replies?

Large answers when the thunders speak
Are blown from every bay and creek,
And when the fire-tongued tempests speak
The bright seas cry,
And when the seas their answer seek
The shores reply.

But Echo from the rock and stone
And seas earns back no second tone;
And silence pale, who hears alone
Her voice divine,
Absorbs it, like the sponge that's thrown
On glorious wine!

—Nymph Echo,—elder than the world,
Who wast from out deep chaos hurl'd,
When beauty first her flag unfurl'd,
And the bright sun
Laugh'd on her, and the blue waves curl'd
And voices run.

Like spirits on the new-born air,
Lone Nymph, whom poets thought so fair,
And great Pan wooed from his green lair,
How love will flee!
Thou answeredst all; but none now care
To answer thee!

None—none: Old age has sear'd thy brow;
No power, no shrine, no gold hast thou:
So Fame, the harlot, leaves thee now,
A frail, false friend!
And thus, like all things here below,
Thy fortunes end!

SONNET.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING MR. MACREADY IN ROB ROY.

MACREADY, thou hast pleased me much; till now
(And yet I would not thy fine powers arraign)
I did not think thou hadst that livelier vein,
Nor that clear open spirit upon thy brow.
Come, I will crown thee with a poet's bough:
Mine is an humble branch, yet not in vain
Given, if the few I sing shall not disdain
To wear the little wreaths that I bestow.
There is a buoyant air, a passionate tone
That breathes about thee, and lights up thine eye
With fire and freedom: it becomes thee well.
It is the bursting of a good seed, sown
Beneath a cold and artificial sky;
'Tis genius overmastering its spell.

STANZAS.

Farewell!—You have banish'd me then
From my home, and the language of men
Must come foreign and chill to my heart!—
But you scorn'd—and 'twas time to depart.

I go, like the shadow that flies,
When night and her darknesses rise,
And there is not a star in the sky,
To light me on—even to die.

You have slighted me, cruel! and yet
I cannot disdain or forget,
For in hate you still keep your control,
And it lies like a chain on my soul.

And now for the storm and the breeze,
And the music that lives on the seas,
And the ever-green valleys that lie
('Midst the Alps) in the smile of the sky!

I shall stand on the mountain, and shout
To the stars as they wander about,
And perhaps they may stop at my call—
But thou wilt be brighter than all.

Oh, then why do I strive to remove
Thee? I lived on the thought of thy love
Once, and never must think ('tis my fate)
Of thee—though I think of thy hate.

Farewell! Thou hast struck in thy pride
A heart that for thee would have died!
Yet I bear the reproach, as I go,
Of filling thy bosom with woe.

No matter! I have, and 'tis well,
A spirit that nothing shall quell!
And I know that, whatever my doom,
The laurel must spring from my tomb.

MR BRAHAM, THE VOCALIST.

(AS HARRY BERTRAM, IN GUY MANNERING.)

ROBERTS'

SEMI-MONTHLY

MAGAZINE.

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MARRYAT'S NEW NOVEL.

"THE POACHER."

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

PART 4.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH AN INTERCHANGE AND CONFIDENCE TAKES PLACE.

'And now, O'Donahue,' said M'Shane, 'if you are not yet tired of company, I should like to hear what you have been doing since we parted: be quite as explicit, but not quite so long winded as myself, for I fear that I have tired you.'

'I will be quite as explicit, my good fellow, but I have no such marvellous adventures to relate, and not such a fortunate wind up.

'I have been to Bath, to Cheltenham, to Harrowgate, to Brighton, and everywhere else where people meet, and people are met with, and who would not meet or be met with elsewhere. I have seen many nice girls, but the nice girls were like myself, almost penniless: and I have seen many ill-favored, who had money; the first I could only afford to look at, the latter I have had some dealings with. I have been refused by one or two, and I have married seven or eight, but somehow or other, when it came near the point, the vision of a certain angel now in heaven has risen before me, and I have not had the heart or the heartlessness to proceed. Indeed I may safely say, that I have seen but one person since we parted, who ever made the least impression on me, or whom I could fancy in the least degree to replace he, whom I had lost, and she, I fear, is also lost; so we may as well say no more about it. I have determined to marry for money, as you well know; but it appears to me as if there was something which prevents the step being taken; and, upon my honor, fortune seems so inclined to balk me in my wishes, that I begin to snap my fingers at her, and am becoming quite indifferent. I suffer now under the evil of poverty, but it is impossible to say what other evils may be in store, if I were to change my condition, as the ladies say. Come what will, in one thing I am determined, that if I marry a girl for money, I will treat her well, and not let her find it out; and as that may add to the difficulty of a man's position when he is not in love with his wife, why, all I can say is, Captain O'Donahue don't go cheap—that's decided.'

'You're right, my jewel, there's not such a broth of a boy to be picked up every day in the week. Widows might bid for you, for, without flattery, I think you a *moral* of a man, and an honor to Ireland. But, O'Donahue, begging your pardon, if it's not a secret, who may have been this lady who appears to have bothered your brains not a little, since she could make you forget somebody else?'

'I met her at the Lakes of Cumberland, and being acquainted with some of the party, was invited to join them; I was ten days in her company at Windermere, Ambleside, Derwentwater, and other places. She was a foreigner, and titled.'

'Murder and Irish! you don't say so?'

'Yes, and moreover, as I was informed by those who were with her, has large property in Poland. She was, in fact, every thing that I could desire—handsome, witty, speaking English, and several other languages, and about two or three and twenty years old.'

'And her name, if it's no offence to ask it?'

'Princess Czartorinski.'

'And a Princess in the bargain? And did you really pretend to make love to a Princess?'

'Am not I an Irishman, M'Shane? and is a Princess anything but a woman, after all? By the powers! I would make love to, and run away with, the Pope himself, if he were made of the same materials as Pope Joan is said to have been.'

'Then upon my faith, O'Donahue, I believe you—so go on.'

'I not only made love to her, but in making love to her I got most terribly singed myself, and I felt before I quitted her, that if I had ten thousand a year, and she was as poor as my dear Judith was, that she should have taken her place—that's the truth. I thought that I never could love again, and that my heart was as flinty as a pawnbroker's; but I found out my mistake when it was too late.'

'And did she return you the compliment, O'Donahue?'

'That I was not indifferent to her, I may without vanity believe. I had a five minutes alone with her, just before we parted, and I took that opportunity of saying, how much pain it was to part with her, and for once I told the truth, for I was almost choking when I said it. I'm convinced that there was sincerity in my face, and that she saw that it was there; 'If what you say is true, we shall meet at St. Petersburgh next winter; good bye, I shall expect you.'

'Well, that was as much as to say come at all events.'

'It was; I stammered out my determination so to do, if possible; but I felt at the time, that my finances rendered it impossible—so there was an end of that affair. By my hopes of salvation, I'd not only go to Petersburgh, but round the whole world, and to the north pole afterwards, if I had the means only to see her once more.'

'You're in a bad way, O'Donahue; your heart is gone and your money too. Upon my soul, I pity you; but it's always the case in this world. When I was a boy, the best and ripest fruit was always on the top of the wall and out of my reach. Shall I call to-morrow, and then, if you please, I'll introduce you to Mrs. M'Shane?'

'I will be happy to see you and your good wife, M'Shane; health and happiness to you.—Stop, while I ring for my little factotum to let you out.

'By-the-bye, a sharp boy that, O'Donahue, with an eye as bright as a hawk. Where did you pick him up?'

'In St James's Park.'

'Well, that's an odd place to hire a servant in.'

'Do you recollect Rushbrook in my Company?'

'To be sure I do—your best soldier, and a famous caterer he was at all times.'

'It is his son.'

'And now I think of it, he's very like him, only somewhat better looking.'

O'Donahue then acquainted M'Shane with the circumstances attending his meeting with Joey, and they separated.

The next day, about the same time, M'Shane came to see his friend, and found O'Donahue dressed and ready to go out with him.

'Now O'Donahue, you mustn't be in such a hurry to see Mrs. M'Shane, for I have something to tell you, which will make her look more pretty in your eyes than she otherwise might have done upon first introduction. Take your chair again, and don't be putting on your gloves yet, while you listen to a little conversation took place between us last night, just before we dropped into the arms of Murfy. I'll pass over all the questions she asked about you, and all the compliments I paid you behind your back; because, if I didn't, it would make you blush, Irishman, as you are,—that it was a great kindness on your part to lend me that money, and she loved you for it; upon which I replied, I was sorry you was not easy in your mind, and so very unhappy: upon which she, in course, like every woman, asked me why; and then I told her merely that it was a love affair, and a long story, as if I wished to go to sleep. This made her more curious, so, to oblige her, I stayed awake, and told her just what you told me, and how the winter was coming on and you not able to keep your appointment. And what d'ye think the good soul said? 'Now,' says she, 'M'Shane, if you love me, and have any gratitude to your friend for his former kindness, you will to-morrow take him money enough, and more than enough, to do as he wishes, and if he gains his wife he can repay you; if not, the money is not an object.'

''That's very kind of you, dearest,' said I; 'but then will you consent to another thing? for this may prove a difficult affair, and he may want me with him, and would you have any objection to that dearest?' for you see O'Donahue, I took it into my head that I might be of the greatest use to you; and moreover, I should like the trip, just by way of a little change.

''Couldn't he do without you?' replied she, gravely.

''I'm afraid not; and although I thought I was in barracks for life, and never to leave you again, yet still for his sake, poor fellow, who has been such a generous fellow to me—'

''An' how long would you be away?' said she.

''Why it might be two months at the most,' replied I; 'but who can tell it to a day?'

''Well,' said she, 'I don't like that part of the

concern at all; but still if it is necessary, as you say, things shouldn't be done by halves,' and then she sighed, poor soul.

'Then I won't go,' says I.

'Yes,' says she, after a pause; 'I think it's your duty, and therefore you must.'

'I'll do just what you wish, my soul,' replied I, 'but let's talk more about it to-morrow.'

'This morning she brought up the subject, and said that she had made up her mind, and that it should be as we had said last night; and she went to the drawer and took out three hundred pounds in gold and notes, and said if it was not enough, we had only to write for more. Now ain't she a jewel, O'Donahue? and here's the money.'

'M'Shane, she's a jewel, not because she has given me the money, but because her heart's in the right place, and always will be. But I really do not like taking you away with me.'

'Perhaps you don't think I'd be of any use.'

'Yes, I do not doubt that you will be, although at present I do not know how.'

'But I do, for I've thought upon it, and I shall take it very unkind if you don't let me go with you. I want a little diversion; for you see, O Donahue, one must settle down to domestic happiness by degrees.'

'Be it so, then; all I fear is, I shall occasion pain to your excellent wife.'

'She has plenty to do, and that drives care away; besides, only consider the pleasure you'll occasion her when I come back.'

'I forgot that. Now, if you please, I'll call and pay my respects, and also return my grateful thanks.'

'Then come along.'

Captain O'Donahue found Mrs. M'Shane very busily employed supplying her customers. She was, as M'Shane had said, a very good-looking woman, although somewhat corpulent, and there was an amiability, frankness, and kindness of disposition so expressed in her countenance, that it was impossible not to feel interested with her. They dined together. O'Donahue completely established himself in her good graces, and it was agreed that on that day week they should embark for Hamburgh, and proceed on to Petersburgh, Joey to go with them as their little valet.

CHAPTER XII.

AN EXCURSION, AS OF YORE, ACROSS THE WATERS FOR A WIFE.

The first step taken by O'Donahue was to obtain a passport for himself and suite; and here there was a controversy, M'Shane having made up his mind that he would sink the officer, and travel as O'Donahue's servant, in which capacity he declared he would not only be more useful, but also swell his friend's dignity. After a long combat on the part of O'Donahue, this was consented to, and the passport was filled up accordingly.

'But, by St. Patrick! I ought to get some letters of introduction,' said O'Donahue; 'and how is that to be managed—at all events, to the English Ambassador? Let me see—I'll go to the Horse-guards.'

O'Donahue went accordingly, and, as was always the case there, was admitted immediately to an audience to the Commander of the Forces. O'Donahue put his case forward, stating that he was about to proceed on a secret mission to Russia, and requested his Royal Highness to give him a few letters of introduction.

His Royal Highness very properly observed that if sent on a secret mission, he would, of course, obtain all the necessary introductions from the proper quarters, and then inquired of O'Donahue what his rank was, where he had served, &c.: to the latter question O'Donahue gave a very satisfactory answer, and convinced the Duke that he was an officer of merit. Then came the question as to his secret mission, which his Royal Highness had never heard of.

'May it please your Royal Highness, there's a little mistake about this secret mission, it's not on account of Government that I'm going, but on my own secret service;' and O'Donahue, finding himself fairly in for it, confessed that he was after a lady of high rank, and that if he did not obtain letters of introduction, he should not probably find the means of entering the society in which she was found, and that as an officer who had served faithfully, he trusted that he should not be refused.

His Royal Highness laughed at his disclosure, and, as there was no objection to giving O'Donahue a letter or two, with his usual good nature ordered them to be written, and having given them to him, wished him every success. O'Donahue bowed to the ground, and quitted the Horse Guards, delighted with the success of his impudent attempt.

Being thus provided, the party set off in a vessel bound to Hamburgh, where they arrived without any accident, although very sea-sick; from Hamburgh they proceeded to Lubec, and re-embarked at Travemunde in a brig, which was bound for Riga; the wind was fair, and their passage was short. On their arrival they put up at an Hotel, and finding themselves in a country where English was not understood, O'Donahue, proceeded to the house of the English Consul, informing him that he was going on a secret mission to Petersburgh, and showing, as evidences of his respectability and the truth of his assertions, the letters given him by his Royal Highness. These were quite sufficient for the Consul, who immediately offered his services. Not being able to procure a courier who could speak French or English at Riga, the Consul took a great deal of trouble to assist them in their long journey to Petersburgh. He made out a list of the posts, the number of versts and the money that was to be paid; he changed some of O'Donahue's gold into Russian paper money, and gave all the necessary instructions. The great difficulty was to find any carriage to carry them to the capital, but at last they found an old cabriolet on four wheels

which might answer, and bidding adieu to the Consul, they obtained horses and set off.

'Now, M'Shane, you must take care of the money, and pay the driver,' said O'Donahue, looking out several pieces of thick paper, some colored red, some blue, and others of a dirty white.

'Is this money?' said M'Shane, with astonishment.

'Yes, that's roubles.'

'Roubles, are they? I wonder what they'd call them in Ireland; they look like soup tickets.'

'Never mind. And now M'Shane, there are two words which the Consul has told me to make use of; one is *Scoro*, and when you say that, it means 'go fast,' and you hold up a small bit of money at the same time.'

'*Scoro!* that's a word I sha'n't forget.'

'But then there's another, which is *Scorae.*'

'And what may be the English of that?'

'Why that means 'go faster;' and with that you hold up a larger piece of money.'

'Why, then it's no use remembering *Scoro* at all, for *Scorae* will do much better; so we need not burthen ourselves with the first at all. Suppose we try the effect of that last word upon our bear-skin friend who is driving?'

M'Shane held up a rouble, and called out to the driver—'*Scorae!*' The fellow turned his head, smiled, and lashed his horses until they were at full speed, and then looked back at them for approval.

'By the powers that's no fool of a word! it will take us all the way to St. Petersburgh as fast as we wish.'

'We do not sleep on the road, but travel night and day,' said O'Donahue, 'for there is no place worth sleeping at.'

'And the 'ating, O'Donahue?'

'We must get that by signs, for we have no other means.'

On that point they soon found they had no difficulty, and thus they proceeded, without speaking a word of the language, day and night, until they arrived at the capital.

At the entrance their passports were demanded and the officer at the guard-house came out and told them that a Cossack would accompany them. A Cossack, with a spear as long as a fir-tree, and a beard not quite so long, then took them in charge, and trotted before the carriage, the driver following him at a slow pace.

'A'nt we prisoners?' inquired M'Shane.

'I don't know, but it looks very like it,' replied O'Donahue.

This, however was not the case. The carriage drove to a splendid street called the Neffsky Perspective, and as soon as it stopped at the entrance of an hotel, the Cossack, after speaking to the landlord who came out, took his departure.

A journey of four hundred miles, day and night is no joke: our travellers fell fast asleep in their spacious apartment, and it was not till the next day that they found themselves clean and comfortable, Joey, being dressed in a rich livery, as a sort of page, and M'Shane doing duty as valet when others were present, and when sitting alone with O'Donahue, taking his fair share of the bottle.

Two days after their arrival, the landlord procured for O'Donahue a courier, who could speak both English and French as well as Russian, and almost every other language. It was resolved by O'Donahue and M'Shane in council to dress him up in a splendid uniform, and a carriage having been hired for the month, O'Donahue felt that he was in a position to present his credentials to the English Ambassador and the other parties for whom he had received letters of introduction.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH THERE IS SOME INFORMATION RELATIVE TO THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG.

For 300 roubles a month, O'Donahoe had procured a drosky, very handsomely fitted up; the shaft-horse was a splendid trotter, and the other, a beautiful-shaped animal, capered about, curving its neck until his nose almost touched his knee, and prancing, so as to be the admiration of the passers-by. His coachman, whose name was Athenasis, had the largest beard in St. Petersburgh; Joey was the smallest tiger; Dimitri one of the tallest and handsomest yagars. Altogether, Captain O'Donahue had laid out his money well; and on a fine, sunny day, he set off to present his letters to the English Ambassador and other parties. Although the letters were very short, it was quite sufficient that they were written by so distinguished and so universally beloved a person as his Royal Highness.—The Ambassador, Lord St. H., immediately desired O'Donahue to consider his house open to him, requesting the pleasure of his company to dinner on the following day, and offered to present him to the Emperor at the first levee.—O'Donahue took his leave, delighted with his success, and then drove to the hotel of the Princess Woronzoff, Count Nesselrode, and Prince Gallitzin, where he found himself equally well received. After his visits were all paid, O'Donahue sported his handsome equipage on the English and Russian quays, and up and down the Neffsky Perspective, for an hour or two, and then returned to the hotel.

'I am very sorry,' said O'Donahue, after he had narrated all that had taken place, 'that I permitted you to put yourself down on the passport in the foolish manner you have. You would have enjoyed yourself as much as I probably shall, and have been in your proper position in society.'

'Then I'm not sorry at all, O'Donahue, and I'll tell you why. I should have enjoyed myself, I do not doubt—but I should have enjoyed myself too much; and, after dining with Ambassadors, and Princes, and Counts, and all that thing—should I ever have gone back comfortable and contented to Mrs. M'Shane and the cook's shop? No, I—I'm not exactly reconciled, as it is; and if I were to be drinking champagne and ateing French kickshaws with the Russian no-

bility for three or four months, dancing perhaps with princesses, and whispering in the ears of Duchesses, wouldn't my nose turn up with contempt at the beefsteak-pie, and poor Mrs. M'Shane, with all her kind smiles, look twice as corpulent as ever. No, no, I'm better here, and I'm a wise man, although I say it myself.'

'Well, perhaps you are, M'Shane; but still I do not like that I should be spending your money in this way without your having your share of it at least.'

'My share of it—now, O'Donahue, suppose I had come over here on my own account, where should I have been? I could not have mustered up the amiable impudence you did, to persuade the Commander-in-chief to give me letters to the Ambassador; nor could I have got up such a turn-out, nor have fitted the turn-out so well as you do. I should have been as stupid as an owl, just doing what I have done the whole of the blessed morning for want of your company—looking after one of the floating bridges across the river, and spitting into the stream just to add my mite to the Baltic Sea.'

'I m sorry you were not better amused.'

'I was amused; for I was thinking of the good-humored face of Mrs M'Shane, which was much better than being in high company and forgetting her entirely. Let me alone for amusing myself after my own fashion, O'Donahue, and that's all I wish. I suppose you have heard nothing in your travels about your Powlish Princess?'

'Of course not; it will require some tact to bring in her name—I must do it as if by mere accident.'

'Shall I ask the courier if she is an acquaintance of his?'

'An acquaintance, M'Shane?'

'I don't mean on visiting terms; but if he knows any thing about the family or where they live?'

'No, M'Shane, I think you had better not; we do not know much of him at present. I shall dine at the Ambassador's to-morrow, and there will be a large party.'

During the day, invitations for evening parties were brought in from the Prince Gallitzin and the Princess Woronzoff.

'The plot thickens fast, as the saying is,' observed M'Shane; 'you'll be certain to meet your fair lady at some of these places.'

'That is what I trust to do,' replied O'Donahue; 'if not, as soon as I'm intimate, I shall make inquiries about her; but we must first see how the land lies.'

O'Donahue dined at the Ambassador's, and went to the other parties, but did not meet with the object of his search. Being a good musician, he was much in request in so musical a society as that of St. Petersburgh. The Emperor was still at his country palace, and O'Donahue had been more than a fortnight at the capital without there being an opportunity for the Ambassador to present him at court.

Dimitri, the person whom O'Donahue engaged as courier, was a very clever, intelligent fellow; and as he found that O'Donahue had all the liberality of an Irishman, and was in every respect a most indulgent master, he soon had his interest at heart. Perhaps the most peculiar intimacy between O'Donahue and M'Shane, as a valet, assisted Dimitri in forming a good opinion of the former, as the hauteur and distance generally preserved by the English towards their domestics are very displeasing to the continental servants, who, if permitted to be familiar, will not only serve you more faithfully, but be satisfied with more moderate wages. Dimitri spoke English and French pretty well, German and Russian of course perfectly. He was a Russian by birth, had been brought up at the Foundling Hospital, at Moscow, and therefore was not a serf. He soon became intimate with M'Shane; and as soon as the latter discovered that there was no intention on the part of Dimitri to be dishonest, he was satisfied and treated him with cordiality.

'Tell your master this,' said Dimitri, 'never to give his opinion on political matters before any one while in Petersburgh, or he will be reported to the government, and will be looked upon with suspicion. All the servants and couriers here, indeed every third person you meet is an agent of police.'

'Then it's not at all unlikely that you're one yourself,' replied M'Shane.

'I am so,' replied Dimitri, coolly, 'and all the better for your master. I shall be ordered to make my report in a few days, and I shall not fail to do so.'

'And what will they ask you?' inquired M'Shane.

'They will ask me first who and what your master is? Whether I have discovered from you, if he is of family and importance in his own country. Whether he has expressed any political opinions? and whether I have discovered the real business which brought him here?'

'And what will you reply to all this?' asked M'Shane.

'Why, I hardly know. I wish I knew what he wished me to say, for he is a gentleman whom I am very fond of, and that's the truth; perhaps you can tell me.'

'Why, yes, I know a good deal about him, that's certain. As for his family, there's not a better in Ireland or England, for he's royal if he had his right.'

'What!' exclaimed Dimitri.

'As sure as I'm sitting in this old arm chair, didn't he bring letters from the brother of the present King? does that go for nothing in this country of yours, or do you value men by the length of their beards?'

'Men are valued here not by their titles, but by their rank as officers. A general is a greater man than a Prince,' replied Dimitri.

'With all my heart, for then I'm somebody,' replied M'Shane.

'You?' replied the courier.

'I mean my master, returned M'Shane, correcting himself, 'for he's an officer, and a good one too.'

'Yes, that may be; but you said yourself,' re-

plied the courier, laughing. 'My good friend, a valet to any one in Petersburgh is no better than one of the mujiks who work in the streets.—Well, I know that our master is an officer, and of high rank; as for his political opinions I have never heard him express any, except his admiration of the city, and of course of the Emperor.'

'Most decidedly; and of the Empress, also,' replied M'Shane.

'That is not at all necessary,' continued Dimitri, laughing. 'In fact, he has no business to admire the Empress.'

'But he admires the government and the laws,' said M'Shane; 'and you may add, my good fellow—the army and the navy—by the powers, he's all admiration, all over!—you may take my word for it.'

'Well, I will do so; but then there is one other question to reply to, which is, why did he come here? what is his business?'

'To look about him, to be sure; to spend his money, like a gentleman; to give his letters of introduction, and to amuse himself,' replied M'Shane. 'But this is dry talking; so, Dimitri, order a bottle of Champagne, and then we'll wet our whistles before we go on.'

'Champagne! will your master stand that?' inquired Dimitri.

'Stand it, to be sure, and he'd be very angry if he thought I did not make myself comfortable. Tell them to put it down in the bill for me; if they doubt the propriety, let them ask my master.'

Dimitri went and ordered the Champagne.—As soon as they had a glass, Dimitri observed, 'Your master is a fine liberal fellow, and I would serve him to the last day of my life; but you see that the reasons you give for you master being here are the same as are given by every body else, whether they come as spies or secret emissaries, or to foment insurrection; that answer, therefore, is considered as no answer at all by the police, (although very often a true one,) and they will try to find out whether it is so or not.'

'What other cause can a gentleman like him have for coming here? He is not going to dirty his hands with speculation, information, or any other botheration,' replied M'Shane, tossing off his glass.

'I don't say so; but his having letters from the King's brother, will be considered suspicious.'

'The devil it will! now in our country that would only create a strong suspicion that he was a real gentleman—that's all.'

'You don't understand this country,' replied Dimitri.

'No, it beats my comprehension entirely, and that's a fact; so fill up your glass. I hope it's not treason; but if it is, I can't help saying it. My good friend, Dimitri——'

'Stop,' said Dimitri, rising and shutting the door, 'now what is it?'

'Why just this; I havn't seen one good-looking woman since I've been in this good-looking town of yours; now, that's the truth.'

'There's more truth than treason in that,' replied the courier; but still there are some beautiful women among the higher classes.'

'It's to be hoped so, for they have left none for the lower.'

'We have very beautiful women in Poland,' said the courier.

'Why don't you bring a few here, then?' said M'Shane.

'There are a great many Polish ladies in Petersburgh at this moment.'

'Then go down and order another bottle, and we'll drink their healths.'

The second bottle was finished, and M'Shane, who had been drinking before, became less cautious.

'You said,' observed he, 'that you have many Polish ladies in Petersburgh; did you ever hear of a Princess Czartowinsky; I think that's the name?'

'Czartorinski, you mean,' replied Dimitri; 'to be sure I do; I served in the family some years ago, when the old Prince was alive. But where did you see her?'

'In England, to be sure.'

'Well, that's probable, for she has just returned from travelling with her uncle.'

'Is she now in Petersburgh, my good fellow?'

'I believe she is—but why do you wish to know?'

'Merely asked—that's all.'

'Macshanovich,' for such was the familiar way in which Dimitri addressed his supposed brother servant; 'I suspect this Princess Czartorinski is some way connected with your master's coming here. Tell me the truth—is such the case? I'm sure it is.'

'Then you know more than I do,' replied M'Shane, correcting himself, 'for I'm not exactly in my master's secrets—all that I do know is, that my master met her in England, and I tho't her very handsome.'

'And so did he?'

'That's as may be, between ourselves; I've an idea he was a little smitten in that quarter; but that's only my own opinion, nothing more.'

'Has he ever spoken about her since you were here?' said Dimitri.

'Just once, as I handed his waistcoat to him; he said—'I wonder if all the ladies are as handsome as that Polish Princess that we met in Cumberland?'

'If I thought he wished it, or cared for her, I would make inquiry, and soon find out all about her; but otherwise, it's of no use taking the trouble,' replied the courier.

'Well, then, will you give me your hand, and promise to serve faithfully, if I tell you all I know about the matter?'

'By the blessed St. Nicholas, I do!' replied Dimitri; 'you may trust me.'

'Well, then, it's my opinion that my master's over head and ears in love with her, and has come here for no other purpose.'

'Well, I'm glad you told me that; it will satisfy the police.'

'The police; why murder and Irish! you're not going to inform the police, you villain.'

'Not with whom he is in love, most certainly,

but that he has come here on that account; it will satisfy them; for they have no fear of a man that's in love, and he will not be watched. Depend upon it, I cannot do a better thing to serve our master.'

'Well, then, perhaps you are right. I don't like this Champagne—get a bottle of Burgundy, Dimitri. Don't look so hard—it's all right—The Captain dines out every day, and has ordered me to drink for the honor of the house.'

'He is a capital master,' replied Dimitri, who had begun to feel the effects of the former bottles.

As soon as the third bottle was tapped, M'Shane continued—

'Now, Dimitri, I've given my opinion, and I can tell you, if my master has, as I suspect, come here about this young lady, and succeeds in obtaining her, it will be a blessed thing for you and I; for he's as generous as the day, and has plenty of money. Do you know who she is?'

'To be sure I do; she is an only daughter of the late Prince Czartorinski, and now a sort of ward under the protection of the Emperor. She inherits all the estates, except one which was left to found an hospital at Warsaw, and is a rich heiress. It is supposed the Emperor will bestow her hand upon one of his generals. She is at the Palace, and a maid of honor to the Empress.'

'Whew!' whistled M'Shane, 'won't there be a difficulty?'

'I should think so,' replied the courier, gravely.

'He must run away with her,' said M'Shane, after a pause. 'How will he get to see her?'

'He will not see her, so as to speak with her in the palace, that is not the custom here, but he might meet her elsewhere.'

'To be sure, at a party or a ball,' said M'Shane.

'No, that would not do, ladies and gentlemen keep very much apart here in general company. He might say a word or two when dancing, but that is all.'

'But how is he to meet her in this cursed place of yours, if men and women keep at arm's length?'

'That must depend upon her. Tell me, does she love him?'

'Well, now, that's a home question; she never told him she did, and she never told me, that's certain; but still I've an idea that she does.'

'Then all I can say, Macshanovich, is, that your master had better be very careful what he is about. Of course he knows not that you have told me any thing; but as soon as he thinks proper to trust me, I will then do my utmost in his service.'

'You speak like a very rational, sensible, intelligent courier,' replied M'Shane, 'and so now let us finish the bottle. Here's good luck to Captain O'Donahue, alive or dead: and now—please the flies—I'll be asleep in less than ten minutes.'

NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

[From a Hampshire paper.]

Disturb him not! he slumbers well
  On his rock mid the western deep,
Where the broad blue waters round him swell,
  And the tempests o'er him sweep.
O leave him, where his mountain bed
  Looks o'er the Atlantic wave,
And the mariner high in the far gray sky
  Points out Napoleon's grave.

There, midst three mighty continents,
  That trembled at his word,
Wrapt in his shroud of airy cloud
  Sleeps Europe's warrior lord:
And there on the heights still seems to stand
  At eve his shadowy form:
His gray capote on the mist to float,
  And his voice in the midnight storm.

Disturb him not! though bleak and bare,
  That spot is all his own;
And truer homage was paid him there
  Than on his hard-won throne.
Earth's trembling monarchs there at bay
  The caged lion kept;
For they knew with dread that his iron tread
  Woke earthquakes where he stept.

Disturb him not! vain France, thy clime
  No resting-place supplies,
So meet, so glorious, so sublime,
  As that where thy hero lies.
Mock not that grim and mouldering wreck!
  Revere that bleaching brow;
Nor call the dead from his grave to deck
  A puppet pageant now!

Born in a time when blood and crime
  Raged through thy realm at will,
He waved his hand o'er the troubled land,
  And the storm at once was still.
He reared from the dust thy prostrate state;
  Thy war flag wide unfurled;
And bade thee thunder at every gate
  Of the capitals of the world.

And will ye from his rest dare call
  The thunderbolt of war,
To grin and chatter around his pall,
  And scream your "Vive la gloire?"
Shall melo-dramic obsequies
  His honored dust deride?
Forbid it human sympathies!
  Forbid it Gallic pride!

What, will no withering thought occur,
  No thrill of cold mistrust,
How empty all this pomp and stir
  Above a little dust?
And will it not your pageant dim,
  Your arrogance rebuke,
To see what now remains of him,
  Who once the empires shook?

Then let him rest in his stately couch
  Beneath the open sky,
Where the wild waves dash, and the lightnings flash,
  And the storms go wailing by.
Yes, let him rest! such men as he
  Are of no time or place;
They live for ages yet to be,
  They die for all their race.

NEW WORK, BY THE AUTHOR OF VALENTINE VOX.

WITH OCCASIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,—THE PRINCE.

PART 3.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH GEORGE IS INTRODUCED TO VARIOUS FRIENDS OF A PECULIAR CHARACTER.

When Bull had sufficiently recovered from the shock so suddenly induced by his clerk's gross and glaring indiscretion, he repaired to the office, accompanied by George, with the view of having the culprit before him.

As they entered, poor Jones became in an instant almost a dead man; the very sight of them threw him into a state of perspiration the most free and unpleasant, while he trembled with sufficient violence to render loose and lively every joint of the stool upon which he sat. He experienced then the feelings of a culprit indeed: nay, had he that moment been about to be hanged, it is questionable whether he could have felt worse. Bull looked at him severely—ferociously! He, however, said nothing, but passed through the office into his own private room, with the aspect of a man conscious of having made up his mind to do something.

But here he became nearly as tremulous as Jones! He could not prevail upon his knees to be tranquil—they would knock together; and as his heart beat in spite of him audibly, he looked like a dead individual galvanized, seeing that while he was as pale as a ghost, his arms, legs—nay, every muscle, appeared to be influenced by one universal convulsion.

'Be calm,' said George: 'you will make yourself ill again. Come, come, sit down, and be cool.'

'I am in such a passion, I am,' cried Bull.—'I don't know what to do with myself, my dear boy. The sight of that fellow has driven me mad, it has! Never, never will I trust him again.'

'Well, well, tell him so calmly. Shall I call him in? There—now be composed. Mr Jones,' he added, on opening the door, 'step this way.'

Jones turned upon his stool, and presented one of the most wretched countenances ever beheld. His appearance altogether was particularly miserable: he looked in consequence ten years older at least; but, albeit his heart sank within him, he managed to crawl to the door.

'Come in, sir!' cried Bull. 'Now then, sir, don't you *think* you're a very pretty fellow?'

Jones did not say whether he did or not, but it was at that moment abundantly manifest that if he did, he flattered himself most grossly.

'What have you to say, sir, to this—this—treacherous conduct? What—what have you to say?'

Jones really had nothing to say, and said nothing.

'Are you not ashamed, sir, to look me in the face?'

This question was altogether supererogatory. Jones made no attempt at all to look him in the face; he stood trembling with his hands thrust to the bottom of his trousers-pockets, and looking as straight down his nose as he possibly could look. The question, therefore, charged him by implication with an offence of which he was by no means guilty.

'You have been in my employ,' continued Bull, who had it all his own way, 'for the last fifteen years; for fifteen years, sir, you have had my confidence, you have; and you know it;—but after *this* week your services will not be required. A drunkard!—a man that goes out and gets drunk! a fellow that drinks till he's intoxicated! a fool that swills away till he can't see! a sot that loses all reason and sense! Can there be a worse character?—I could do you a mischief, I could!' he added, clenching his fists fiercely, as if about to exhibit his pugilistic prowess. 'I could break every bone in your skin I could. What did you get for betraying us? Who bought you up?'

Jones, who had been silent and passive before, now drew his hands out of his pockets, and spoke.

'Do you think that I sold myself?' said he.

'Silence!' said Bull, who perceived that he had been carried a little too far.

'But I will not be silent! call me a fool, a sot, a drunkard, any thing you please but a villain, and I'll bear it, but I cannot bear that. No! I am *not* a villain!'

'No, no, no,' interrupted George; 'I ascribe the betrayal of confidence to folly alone. I will go no farther than that.'

'Mr Julian, sir,' said Jones, 'I deserve to be kicked from Temple-bar to Aldgate-pump; I could hit my own head off, sir—cut my own throat—do any thing,—I am so mad with myself; but I am but a fool, sir, nothing worse than that.'

'You are a scoundrel, sir!' cried Bull; 'for what is it but scoundrelism to rob men of a hundred thousand pounds?'

'Come, come,' said George, soothingly. 'It is useless to employ harsh terms. I don't believe that Jones would rob any man of a shilling. He has been guilty of an act of folly,—I must say an act of monstrous folly; but here let it rest: he will remember till the day of his death

that it cost *him* ten thousand pounds, and by the constant recollection of that, I imagine, he will be quite sufficiently punished.'

Jones shook his head mournfully, and thrust his hands again into his pockets.

'It is a bad job,' continued George, 'a very bad job; but it cannot be helped; we had better say no more about it.'

'But I'll not have him here,' cried Bull.—'What confidence can I have in a fellow like that? Leave the room, sir!—I hate the very sight of you, I do!'

Jones obeyed, and when he had done so, Bull became more calm, and having explained to George again and again, that he should always be happy to place at his command whatever money he might require for speculative purposes, they parted.

On the following day Bull called upon George, accompanied by a Mr. Augustus Alexander Cavendish, an extremely plump and pompous little person, who, having heard of George's quicksilver project, had expressed himself anxious to obtain an introduction.

'Mr Cavendish,' said Bull, presenting him, 'a friend of mine.'

'I am proud, sir, to know you, Mr. Julian,' said Cavendish, grasping George's hand and shaking it warmly. 'It is one of the greatest pleasures I ever experienced. It is worth, sir, any pecuniary money to be introduced to a kindred spirit, a man of genius and comprehensive intellect. I have heard of you, sir, from our mutual friend Bull, and all I can say is that I am proud, sir, to know you.'

George bowed, and felt flattered of course; but he could not understand why this gentleman should on so short a notice be so desperately affectionate! He was not, however, allowed to think much about it then, for Mr Cavendish immediately resumed:—

'My friend Bull and I sir, have entered into many commercial transactions of a mercantile nature, and we have flattered ourselves—eh, haven't we, Bull?—that some of them were *rather* ingenious; but I have no hesitation in saying, Mr. Julian, that you have beaten us all into fits. Don't tell me that a thing isn't good because it fails through the foolish folly of a fool. I'll not hear it! The ingenious ingenuity of the thing is what I look at; that's the point, whether it be carried or not. Mr Julian! you must do me the honor to dine with me; name your own day. I shall have two or three choice spirits to meet you. You and I must be better acquainted, Mr. Julian! We shall be able to do something mutually together which will be a highly advantageous benefit to both. We'll astonish the world, sir! We *can* do it, eh? You and I are the only *men*, sir! But when will you come? Say to-morrow, and our old friend here will come with you.'

'No, you must excuse *me*,' said Bull, 'I can't stand it; I haven't got over that business yet, I haven't.'

'Sir,' cried Mr Cavendish, 'that—what's his name?—Jones—that Jones ought to be smothered. He's ten times worse than a felonous felon. Transportation's too good for him. He isn't fit to live upon the face of the earth. However, *you'll* do me the honor, Mr Julian: will to-morrow be convenient?'

'Perfectly so.'

'Then be it to-morrow at six. Allow me to present you with one of my cards. You had better join us, Bull?'

'No, no, I dare not. I feel that I'm not getting younger, I do.'

'Well, then, I suppose I mustn't press you; only I conceive an idea, that you'll do yourself more good by dining off a capital good dinner, than by physicking your inside with physic.—However, if you'll not, it's decidedly decided. Mr Julian,' he added, again taking George by the hand, 'adieu. Allow me once more to express the pleasure our friend's introduction has afforded. Are you going my way, Bull?'

'No sir,' replied Bull, 'I am going the other way.'

'Which other?'

'Eastward.'

'Well, that's my way; come along. Adieu, Mr. Julian! Ta, ta!'

They then left together, which George much regretted, being anxious to ascertain who and what his tautological friend was. He was not, however, long in suspense, for Bull, having inspired a notion which never struck him before, that a very close intimacy between George and Cavendish would in all probability be somewhat prejudicial to his own private interest, soon returned, with the ostensible view of putting George on his guard.

'I'd advise you to be cautious,' said he, 'of that Cavendish. He's a very specious fellow, he is. If you happen to have any transactions together, deal with him exactly as you would with a rogue.'

'Indeed! You introduced him to me as your friend!'

'So I did. In a commercial point of view, every one is a friend whom a man can get anything out of. But, my boy, there are dangerous friends, there are, let me tell you.'

'But if he be dangerous, why did you introduce him?'

'Oh, I don't mean to say there's anything wrong about *him!* I always speak as I find; and I must say, that in all our dealings together I have found him upright and downstraight. But he has made a mint of money, he has, and rapidly, and nobody knows how; we only know it hasn't been made in a regular way.'

'In the *regular* way! The instances in which men have made rapid fortunes in the regular way are not, I apprehend, very numerous.'

'No, no; but what I look at, is this;—it was but the other day that he hadn't a pound in his pocket, and now he drives his carriage and four.'

'Well, it was but the other day that I hadn't a pound; and yet, had our speculation succeeded, why—I might have driven a carriage and four.'

'Yes, but that's another thing! You have

had a superior education, you have; he never had any education at all; he never went to school in his life; he can't write his own name, he can't, legibly.'

'Well; I see nothing extraordinary in that. In this country the most illiterate men make the largest fortunes.'

'So they do—so they do; but then I hear that he has very queer associates. However, I mention these things, you know, merely in order to put you on your guard.'

'Very proper'—said George, who saw the motive with great distinctness,—'very correct and very friendly.'

'Why, I knew that fellow—a little grub, sir, whose only occupation was that of carrying a pan of sheep's heads to the baker's, when his father kept a tripe shop in the Minories, and his mother used to cater for the cats; and yet now look at him! he lives like a prince: and I'll venture to say, that the jewelry he has about him—his watch, rings, eyeglass, brooches, and chains—didn't cost less than five hundred pounds.'

'Well, I shouldn't be surprised: but some people you know, are remarkably fortunate.'

'Fortunate, sir! Fortune smiles so mysteriously upon them, she does: that puzzles the world. But you will see, and judge for yourself, you will; only be cautious.'

George thanked him for his advice, and promised to keep his eyes open; and when Bull had again, with great energy, denounced the diabolical treachery of Jones, he left, expressly with a view of telling that wretched individual what he thought of him then.

At the appointed hour the next day, George proceeded to keep his engagement with Cavendish, and on arriving at his mansion in Mayfair, found that Bull had not given an exaggerated description of the style in which he lived.—George was announced three times before he was ushered into the presence; but here all formality ceased, for Cavendish flew to him as he entered, and grasped both his hands with an expression of ecstasy, and shook them with exuberant warmth: indeed, had he felt sure of making twenty thousand pounds by him that very day, he could not have received him with greater cordiality.

George was the first arrival; but he had not been three minutes in the room before Mr Horatio Oswald Tynte was announced; and when Mr. Horatio Oswald Tynte had been welcomed by Cavendish, he was duly presented to George. Mr. Tynte was an exquisite of the most exalted caste. He was frightfully overdressed, and waved his hand with an air; but as he walked upon his toes and twisted his hips at every step, and spoke pseudo-aristocratic drawl, it was clear to the quick perception of George that Mr Horatio Oswald Tynte was not a gentleman.

The next arrival was that of a smiling little fellow, who evidently belonged to that peculiar class who, while they are willing to do any thing for others, and able to do nothing for themselves, are the most constant butts of those whom they most constantly serve. His name was Weesense, but he was known by his associates as the 'Immortal Peter.' Nature, it appears, had designed him for a fag. He was never so happy as when running about with the view of promoting the interests of others; he was then active, zealous, indefatigable; he would go to work with spirit and resolution; but in all matters in which his own interests were involved, he was the most nervous, timid, irresolute dog alive. He seemed to think that men were formed to attend to each other's business, that no man ought to be expected to look after his own; at least, he felt, and that strongly, that as he did all he could for every friend, every friend would consider himself bound to do all he could for him. His was, therefore, essentially a life of disappointments, while his strict adherence to this great mistake kept him continually poor.

The next man announced was decidedly one of the ugliest men Nature ever invented. He was a tall, stout, finely-formed, muscular fellow, possessing evidently Herculean strength, but his countenance presented a most extraordinary specimen of ugliness, and he was in consequence commonly called the Beauty. In fact, as 'The Beauty' he was introduced to George; but the introduction had hardly taken place, when Cavendish asked him what he would bet.

'Nothing, mind yar! Safe to half a second!' replied the Beauty.

'I can stand six to four,' rejoined Cavendish.

'It won't do, mind yar—a robbery.'

'What is the object of the bet?' inquired George.

'Why you see,' replied the Beauty, 'you see, mind yar—you'll see him in a minute—always keeps his appointments to the sixteenth fraction of a second. He's never before and never after the time nominated, mind yar. I'd back him any day against the sun. There's nothing like him alive. What d'yer think he sticks up for? Why, mind yar, that it's just as incorrect to be before as behind. And how d'yer think he proves it? I'll tell yar. He says, because a watch that's a minute too fast is as wrong as a watch that's a minute too slow. What d'yer think of that? Now just look at yer watch. Is it right by St. Paul's?

'It was right by the Horse-Guards at twelve.'

'Then that's of no use: it must be by St Paul's. Now, Petar, where's yours?'

'I left it at home,' replied the Immortal.

'You left it at home! Why you know that's a romance of deep interest, mind yar! You've lent it to a relation of yours to take care of!—Don't blush, Petar!—Oh, don't blush!—mine's in the selfsame respectable custody; and, mind yar, I'll bet a million, the man isn't alive who can tell me within a month when it'll be out.—But I say, mind yar, who's got a watch?'

'All correctly right,' observed Cavendish, who held his in his hand. 'It wants a moment of a minute to the time.'

'Well, Petar,' said the Beauty, 'what'll you bet the first blow of the knocker is not given before I count five.'

'I'll bet you a shilling,' cried the Immortal, promptly, for he thought it a very safe bet.

'Make it a pound, mind yar?'

'No, no, a shilling.'

'Well, put the money down. Now then: One—'

'Well, go on!' cried the Immortal, who was very impatient.

'Don't hurry a man, mind yar!—Two—'

'Now then! Count away!'

'Be patient; Petar! nothing like patience.—Patience is a virtue, a great virtue, Petar:—Three—'

'Oh, that's a shame!—it's not fair at all!—too bad!—oh!—' exclaimed the Immortal, at appropriate intervals, while George, Tynte, and Cavendish were roaring with laughter. 'Now, is it fair?—Oh! I'll put it to any one.'

'Four!' cried the Beauty. 'Look out for the next, Petar. Mind yar, only one more!'

The Immortal now clearly perceived that he was victimised, and appealed energetically to George as the Beauty proceeded to the sofa, upon which he sat with an aspect of imperturbable gravity, until he heard the well-known knock of his 'werry particular friend,' when he exclaimed, 'There you are, mind yar!—Five!'

The Immortal, it must be confessed, did not approve of this at all; but he had not sufficient time to express his private feelings on the subject, before Foster—a shaggy-browed, heavy, cold-hearted looking man, was ushered into the room.

'Artful again!' cried the Beauty, addressing this very particular friend of his. 'So you've been standing at the door with the knocker in your hand again, counting the seconds, eh?—werry deep, mind yar!'

Mr. Foster indulged in a very solemn chuckle, and made a few passing observations to George, whom he regarded most intently.

Dinner was now announced, and they proceeded to the dining-room, where George found every thing sumptuous and *recherche*; but neither he, Tynte, Foster, nor Cavendish were able to eat with any degree of comfort; for the Beauty, while he himself ate gravely and heartily, managed to keep them in one continual roar, by virtue of rallying the immortal Peter.

On the cloth being removed, however, this was discountenanced, and subjects of a more serious character were opened and discussed in a style which clearly proved that all present had acquired much practical knowledge of the world. The speculative mania of the day was of course the chief topic of conversation; and George soon found, not only that his new friends were perfectly conversant with the wild schemes which characterized that period of recklessness and ruin, but that they were actually the projecters of many of the worst, from which they were reaping a most abundant harvest.

'The folly of the public,' observed George, on being appealed to, 'is amazing. On speculative matters men are absolutely mad. They rush headlong into the most palpable snares with their eyes open. But this state of things cannot last; it must speedily end in the ruin of thousands.'

'And serve them quite right!' cried Cavendish. 'If they will be such visionary fools, they of course deserve to suffer for their folly. They have had plenty of warnings, they are warned every day.'

'And the more they are warned, the more reckless they become. They will not receive warnings; they will act upon their own judgment, the soundness of which has never been tested by experience, while they utterly repudiate the experience of others.'

'And very proper, mind yar,' suggested the Beauty. 'What would become of all our dodges if every body, mind yar, was down to the move?'

'Dodges!—and down to the move! This is strange,' thought George, 'I must draw these people out! It is clear,' said he, addressing the Beauty, 'that if people in general knew as much as we know, there would not be much business done under the rose.'

'I believe yar, mind yar!'

'And—aw—I don't—aw—see,' interposed Mr. Tynte, 'why—aw—their eyes should be opened—aw—positively.'

'Of course not,' rejoined the philanthropic Cavendish. 'Let them be closed—ay, and let them be kept closed, till we have made our game. When money is to be made, Mr Julian, you and I and all other kindred spirits ought to make it; and that this is the time for making money, you know as well as any man in England. And what does it matter how, so long as it is made? That's my maxim. We mustn't in these times be over fastidious. Money-making forms the chief business of a man's life, and he who is above his business never can succeed.'

As these and other equally striking observations met with general approval, George inspired the belief that their notions of honor were of a rather peculiar caste. He allowed them, notwithstanding, to go on unchecked—nay, he even encouraged them to proceed; and, as they all felt convinced of his being 'a kindred spirit' in reality, they warmed upon the subject, and became so communicative at length, that his belief was beyond doubt confirmed. Their ingenuity in dishonorable transactions formed their boast; they related their projects with feelings of pride; they made no sort of secret of their schemes; to them they were a prolific source of amusement, for they conceived an adherence to honor to be the distinguishing characteristic of fools.

The silence, however, of Foster, during the whole of this highly intellectual conversation, struck George as being extraordinary. He had scarcely spoken a word, and as he sat sipping his wine and listening attentively to his friends, he made no sort of motion by which a stranger could understand whether he approved of the sentiments uttered or not. The impression upon George's mind was, that he did not subscribe to those sentiments; but this impression was speedily removed by the Beauty, who undertook to explain, for the exclusive edification of George, the crack character of his particular friend Foster's last 'dodge.'

'Oh, that was nothing,' said Foster; 'it's hardly worth telling.'

'Oh, isn't it, mind yar? You found it worth doing. You re too modest by half for to live in this world. But, I say, what have you done with your friend the Scotchman?'

'I can do nothing with him—the thing is so absurd.'

'I think as you think,' observed Cavendish; 'and yet I think that something might be done in it too. I should like Mr. Julian to see him now; he'd be the man. He's in the Fleet, still, I suppose?'

'Ay, and likely to remain there. I don't believe that any thing can be done.'

'What is the nature of the business?' inquired George.

'Why the fact of the matter, as far as I understand it, is this; the fellow's a Scotchman, who, when a youth, ran away from home, and went to join in the struggle for South American independence, as a mere common soldier. He fought well—that I believe; he looks just the sort of fellow to fight, and the consequence was, he got promoted, until at length he became a general officer. Very well; now, while he was abroad, he got in with a swell who is the king of Poyais, or the Mosquito-shore; they became very intimate; indeed, so much so, that the chief did him the honor to create him cazique—which is a prince or something of that—and to give him many hundred miles of land, and the long and short of it is, that he wants, very naturally, to turn this land to some account.'

'Peter,' cried the Beauty, 'you'd better buy it, mind yar.'

'Well, it strikes me,' said George, 'that something might be done even with that. What sort of a country is it?'

'Oh beautifully beautiful, *he* says, of course!' replied Cavendish; 'but I hear that the country is so equally divided, that the one half of it is wood and the other half waste. But call upon him. You *may* do some business together. Go and see him: he's always at home; you want no introduction; you can say you heard of him through us. What do you think?'

'Oh, I'll call upon him to-morrow, and hear what he has to say. I don't regard the matter as hopeless.'

But they evidently did; and being, therefore, by no means apprehensive of having relinquished an opportunity which they ought to have embraced, they smiled at each other, and the subject was changed.

As the evening advanced, they threw off all restraint; but George, who had taken care to keep himself cool, weighed the importance of every sentence delivered. He found it no longer necessary to *read* their thoughts, for they expressed them with the most perfect freedom, and thus enabled him to see their true characters clearly; but, although to a thoughtless, weak-minded man an association with such persons would have been dangerous in the extreme, to George, who was ever on his guard, and whom the ephemeral splendor which crime will sometimes induce could not dazzle, it was harmless; for he had resolutely made up his mind to inflict no intentional injury upon any creature breathing, but to adhere so far to the principles of commercial honor as to enter into no speculation of which merchants in general would be ashamed. He had, therefore, no fear of being corrupted; he felt, in fact, conscious that no temptation could shake the resolution he last formed; and as the general conversation was not only instructive but amusing, he enjoyed himself highly.

When it became rather late, and George thought of taking leave, Cavendish called upon the Beauty to exhibit his antiques.

'He can do them,' said he, addressing George, 'to the most perfect perfection. There's no man on the stage can equal him at all.'

'I flatter myself, mind yar,' said the Beauty, 'there isn't. Them fellows don't look at the pints, and that makes 'em bad actors, mind yar. Look at Shakspeare! he was a clever man, mind yar, that Shakspeare!—but if I'd been by the side of him while he was writing, I'd have put him up to pints that would have made his plays better! Look at Hamlet! That's a very good play is that Hamlet; but look at the pints! I don't mean, mind yar, to say he ought to have acted right and left upon the mere information he got from the ghost; but when he proved out and out that his uncle killed his father, instead of dilly-dallying as Shakspeare has made him do, mind yar, he ought without any delay to have gone in and given him one for his nob.'

'Well, we don't want to hear about Hamlet,' said Cavendish. 'Come, let us have the antiques.'

'Oh! I'll do 'em, but that only shows yar the pints. Now, Petar! now look alive, mind yar! Clear the decks while I strip, and then get me a carving-knife, mind yar, a basin, a shovel, and a large sareepan-lid.'

Accordingly, George, Tynte, and Cavendish cleared the table, while the Immortal was getting the things required; and when all had been prepared, to the entire satisfaction of the Beauty—who, having nothing on him then but his flannel-shirt, stockings, and trousers, looked a beauty indeed—mounted the table, and opened his shoulders to begin.

'Now, the first I shall do,' said he, 'is Ajax defying the lightning. Now, Ajax was a Greek swell, mind yar. But there was a couple of Ajaxes, one of 'em slaughtered a whole flock of sheep, which he took for a whole mob of men, after drinking, of course, lots of wines and champaints. But this isn't him. This is the Ajax which went for a sailor, and which, on being shipwrecked, swam to a rock, where the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed above his head, for which he didn't care a dump, as I'll show yar.'

He then struck an admirable attitude, one which developed his muscles to perfection: a sculptor would have been in raptures; for he was one of the finest models ever beheld. George applauded him highly, and so did Cavendish and Tynte, while the immortal Peter's ecstasy was perfectly unbounded.

'Werry good, Petar! werry encouraging,' cried the Beauty; 'you're a capital audience,

mind yar! Now the basin. The next I shall do,' he added, having fixed the basin upon his head, with the view of conveying an idea of the *petasus*, 'is Mercury. Now, Mercury, mind yar, was an out-and-out thief. He began werry early. We hear a great talk in the present day about juvenile delinquency, but what do you think of him? he stole a whole lot of cows the very day he was born! Look at that. He couldn't have began much earlier, mind yar!—But he rayley was howdacious; indeed, so howdacious they made him a god. He is what they call, mind yar, the tutelary god of pickpockets and merchants. He presides over the artful classes of the community.

'On the fifteenth of every blessed May it was regular for the Merchants of Rome to hold a festival in honor of him, mind yar, when they sacrificed a whole lot of animal's tongues, to induce him to whitewash them, mind yar, from all the artful measures they had used and all the falsehoods they had uttered in the regular way of business. This shows yer how much he was respected for being an ingenious swell, and ingenuity will be respected, not only among merchants and pick-pockets, mind yar, but wherever it is to be found. Now then,' he added, 'this is him! What d'yer think of that, Petar?'

Again he was loudly applauded, and having remained in Mercury's most approved position for a sufficient length of time, he half extinguished the immortal Peter with the basin, and said:

'The fighting gladiator, mind yar, is the next. Now the gladiators of Rome were all werry brave fellows, but they never had a fair stand-up fight. They knowed little or nothing about real science. They wouldn't fight with their naked fists, they would have something in them, which, mind yar, was not at all the thing. It was all werry well, you know, when Spartacus led 'em on to knock down the soldiers, because they deserved it; but, had they lived in the present day, they wouldn't have been suffered to enter the ring. This is the way they used to spar; but come up here, Petar!—let you into a secret!'

The Immortal declined this polite invitation, and the Beauty proceeded—

'Now,' said he, when he had done with the gladiator, 'I shall now show yar Hercules a struggling with the Nemæn lion. This Hercules was a rattler. There was no mistake about him.—When an infant in the cradle, he settled the business of a couple of sarpents by taking and squeeging 'em to death. After that he killed a lion, but it wasn't the other lion, it was another, and then what they call his twelve labors, commenced. Well, the first of these labors was the catching and killing of the out-and-out lion of Nemæa, and when he had caught him, this here is the position in which he then stood.'

He then suddenly seized the immortal Peter by the throat, with the view of illustrating this position with the greatest possible effect, and it cannot be denied that it was most effective.

'Now the last I shall give yar is Achilles,' he continued, having let the Immortal loose.—'Now Petar! the sarcepan lid and the carving-knife, mind yar!'

But Peter, who had been more than half strangled, declined the honor of approaching the table again; Cavendish, however, handed the articles in question, and the Beauty returned.

'Now, mind yar,' said he, 'this Achilles was a warrior, which his mother plunged into the Styx when a child, and made every inch of him invulnerable, except the heel by which she held on. Now as his mother didn't like him to go to war, she disguised him as a female; but as he made himself familiar with the ladies about the court he was soon discovered, mind yar; and when she had got Vulcan to make him a suit of armor, proof against all weapons in the world, he went to war, and did great execution. Well, after cutting away for about ten years, he fell in love with a girl which Paris thought he'd the best right to; and therefore while Achilles was courting her in the temple, Paris stuck an arrow into his vulnerable heel, and thus settled his business. But that's not the pint. The pint is when he's fighting, and then he stood in this way, mind yar, and a capital position it is.'

Having sufficiently illustrated the beauty of this position, he descended amidst loud applause; and while he was carefully putting on his clothes behind the screen, the immortal Peter was engaged in reloading the table. George, however, felt that it was then high time for them to separate; and as this feeling appeared to be generally prevalent, they almost simultaneously rose, and having expressed themselves delighted with the evening's entertainment, had bumpers round and parted.

PART 4.

CHAPTER VI.

GEORGE COMMENCES A SPECULATION WITH HIS HIGHNESS THE CAZIQUE OF POYAIS.

There is probably nothing which tends to destroy the business of professional swindlers more than the practice of imprisoning persons for debt. It is a wise law which says in effect, 'Make many rogues that roguery may not be confined to a few:' it is wise, because by confining roguish practices to a few, you create a monopoly, and monopolies being pernicious, ought not to be upheld. Trade ought to be open, it ought to be free, competition ought clearly to be unlimited; and to prove that our rulers have for ages understood and appreciated the importance of this proposition, they have established and supported various beautiful prisons designed exclusively for debtors, in the perfect conviction that they are the only universities in England in which the education of men possessed of rotten principles, can be rendered complete. Nor is the benefit confined to men whose principles may be said to be too far gone to be restored;—the instruction imparted comprehends even the elements of roguery; tyros are taught with amazing expedition; nay, even those who have no wish to learn, get in a short time so thorough-

ly grounded in the science, that it may with perfect safety be asserted, that out of every hundred men who matriculate, ninety-nine are fit for any thing before they are discharged. These delightful institutions are hence extremely valuable, as means whereby swindling, as an absolute profession, may, by dint of indueing extensive competition, be ruined; seeing that, were it not for such institutions, an ingenious individual might thrive, while, as the case stands, thousands are annually reared to compete with him, and thus to take the bread out of his mouth. It is true that the system has not been so salutary since imprisonment for debt on mesne process has been abolished, still it is very salutary now, inasmuch as the law forms a cob-web for catching little flies, while great ones bounce through it with a burr. The poor wretch that pays the ten pounds he borrowed of his friend who is equally poor, is remanded for six or nine months on going up to the court, for giving an undue preference, and in prison he remains during the whole of that period; living probably on the prison allowance, while his family are starving; but the ingenious individual who holds it to be a folly, if not a crime, to pay any man, whether friend or foe, retains the principal counsel, and dashes through the court with *eclat*.—And if even he should be remanded, what is it to him? Does he lie in prison? The idea is absurd! He may have committed a thousand frauds, and may in consequence be remanded for two years. Why, he laughs at the remand! He has only one judgment against him, and that is a friendly judgment of course. When, therefore, he returns to the prison for the nominal purpose of undergoing his punishment, the detainer is withdrawn, and he in consequence walks out again, in defiance of the remand, a free man! It will hence be seen that the system is salutary indeed, for while it makes really honest men rogues, it teaches rogues how to escape.

Now George, who had studied this subject rather deeply, and who would have had fraud punished by imprisonment, but not poverty, which he conceived was sufficiently punished by the evils it engendered, did not, when he went to see the Prince of Poyais, expect to find an immaculate man. He knew that he had been in the Fleet for some months, while he also knew that a single week's residence there was enough to corrupt any man breathing, however spotless he might have been when he entered, unless, indeed, he possessed sufficient strength of mind to spurn the specious sophistries with which in a prison the imagination teems. But who could tell that this Prince of Poyais was *not* a strong-minded man! He had evidently been a man of courage! He had distinguished himself, moreover, in a profession in which honor is held to be dearer than life. It was probable, highly probable, that he had escaped contamination, and George, who was not too prone to prejudice, allowed this probability to have its full weight when he called upon him in order to see what could be done.

Having entered the Fleet, he ascended several flights of stone steps, and when at length he had arrived at the particular door to which he had been directed, he gave not a loud but a most decided knock.

'Come in,' cried a person in a deep commanding tone; and George on entering discovered the Prince of Poyais—a fine, tall, handsome fellow in a Highland dress—carefully cooking a couple of mutton chops.

[See Illustration on next page.]

'General McGregor I believe I have the honor to address?' said George, bowing.

'Mc Gregor is my name.'

'My name is Julian. I have called at the suggestion of Mr. Cavendish, with the view of ascertaining if any thing can be done with the land which I understand you have on the Mosquito shore. But I beg you'll not allow me to interrupt you,' added George, waving his hand towards the chops, 'I am quite a domestic man myself.'

'You are very polite,' said McGregor, as he placed a chair with his right hand, while holding one of the chops on a fork in his left, 'I cannot, of course, prevail upon you to join me?'

'Oh! I'll take a chop with you with pleasure—I should enjoy it!'

McGregor, who was then extremely poor, held this to be about as bad as robbing a church. He, nevertheless, did—as well as he could under the existing circumstances—screw up a smile, with the view of conveying some idea of the extent to which he felt himself honored; and proceeded to cook the very chop which, being the finest, he felt that he should be, as a matter of common courtesy, compelled to surrender.

'As you have not, I presume, your servant here, General,' said George, 'you will probably allow me to order the porter?'

'Oh, by no means; I beg you'll not trouble yourself. Oh, dear me, no; I'm ashamed—'

'Oh, allow me. The chops will be done by the time I return, and then we can sit down comfortably together.'

McGregor offered no farther opposition. He did not, in fact, feel himself justified in doing so, considering that he had not a single shilling in his pocket. 'It will not be so bad, after all, as I expected,' thought he, as George quitted the room. 'I don't see how he can order less than a pot, and that's fivepence, while the chop cost only threepence halfpenny. It's a very fair set off, I mustn't grumble; I only wish he'd at the same time order a loaf of bread.'

While he was thus engaged with his own private thoughts, George, who had heard of his being, in a pecuniary point of view, in a wretched condition, ordered not only porter, but a bottle of sherry, trusting to his own tact to open it without wounding McGregor's feelings. Having paid for these articles, he returned to the room, and found the General, who had just done cooking, very anxious to make every thing on the table appear to the best advantage.

'These are the places,' said he, as George entered, 'to subdue a man's pride, Mr. Julian.'

'A man can be more independent,' returned George, 'in a place like this than he can be at

home, which at all events is an advantage.—But are you an artist, General?' he added, pointing to the walls, which were adorned with a number of highly grotesque sketches.

'No, they were not done by me, but they are very amusing. They were done by an extremely clever fellow who used to occupy this room, a man of genius, sir, the first artist in his time of the day. But prisons appear to be the home of genius: it is strange, but it is so; mark my words.'

At this moment the man brought the porter and the wine, and when McGregor saw the bottle, he brightened up, but felt bound to ask what George had been doing.

'Mr Julian,' he added, on perceiving 'Sherry' stamped upon the cork, 'I must not allow this! It is not right at all; You surely have not paid for it?'

'Why, General, as you so politely invited me to take a chop with you, how could I do less?'

'Mr. Julian, it is really too bad. It is, indeed, much too bad. However, I'll not be offended; but I'll have my revenge, mark my words.'

They then commenced, and the wine won the General's heart. He lamented confidentially to himself that he was unable to send for more chops, but as it was, the repast went off well, and they were not a very long time about it.

'Now,' said George, when this preliminary had been settled, 'suppose we turn to business. This land, I believe, is on the Mosquito shore. What sort of land is it?'

'Excellent land, sir!—rich beyond conception. He who has it, sir, with capital to work it, will have one of the most valuable possessions in the

world. But it is not the land alone I look at, although that, if employed for agricultural purposes only, would yield a brilliant fortune—it is at the mines of wealth beneath sir, for, mark my words, there is not such a place in the universe for mines as Poyais.'

'It is, I presume, absolutely your own?'

'Oh! that I can prove beyond doubt,' replied McGregor, drawing a document from his writing desk. 'Here is the grant.'

George looked at this document, which was signed 'George Frederic Augustus, King of the Musquito-shore,' in favor of 'His Highness McGregor, Cazique of Poyais.'

'This appears to be perfectly correct,' said George, having perused it with care. 'Well; what are your views?'

'Why, I am anxious to raise money upon the property in some way, depositing this as security; or I should not be indisposed even to sell it out and out.'

'It will be difficult, I apprehend, to find a purchaser,' said George; 'and I fear that upon such security alone you will never be able to raise a shilling. But what sort of people are the inhabitants—civilized or savage?'

'Why, they have not had the advantage of European institutions, of course, but they are a fine, energetic, intelligent people, equal to anything; bold, courageous, full of activity and spirit.'

'And the country itself; is the climate salubrious?'

'The finest climate in the world!—it never rains, the dews of night alone supply sufficient moisture; you may live there for years without seeing a cloud. It is a lovely country—I have travelled much in my time, as you must be aware, but I never in my life was in a country more beautiful than that.'

'It would be then an excellent place for British emigrants?'

'Admirable! mark my words, sir, that is the very country to which they ought to go,—the very country.'

'Well!' said George, who conceived the idea of raising the benighted Indians in the social scale, by imparting to them the blessings of civilization; 'in that case it strikes me that something may be done. Is this king an intellectual man?'

'Highly intellectual.'

'A man of comprehensive views?'

'He has a mind, sir, capable of grasping the affairs of an entire world.'

'And you acquired, I presume, considerable influence over him while you were there?'

'So much that I could induce him to do any thing I pleased; in fact he had, although I say it, the most perfect confidence in my judgment.'

'All which is decidedly in our favor. Now, General, do you think that by explaining to him the mode by which civilized states amass wealth, by pointing out to him the advantages which spring from the introduction of artificial wants, and by proving to him how easily they may be taxed when they become real, you could prevail upon him to join you in an honorable scheme, whereby his revenues might be greatly increased, and the condition of his people materially improved?'

'I have not the slightest doubt of it.'

'If he can be induced to do that, I see my way in this matter pretty clearly.'

'Oh! I'd stake my existence that he would not for a moment hesitate. But how do you propose to proceed?'

'First, to obtain his full and formal authority for raising a loan, and when that has been obtained, I'll undertake to raise it.'

'Exactly!' cried McGregor, whose countenance in an instant brightened up into an expression of rapture. 'Exactly;—I see!—oh, I'll write to him at once!'

'But it cannot be done by writing.

'Not to be done by writing, eh? How then is it to be done?'

'He must be seen and consulted!—an affair of this kind is not to be accomplished by a letter! The better plan will be for you to go over to him, and bring back with you his authority, and all the security he can offer.'

'Go over?—Go over to Poyais?' cried Mc Gregor, whose countenance fell; 'can it not be done without that?'

'No other course can be effectual.

'But how can I go over, my good friend? In the first place, you must have forgotton where we are.'

'No, I have not. But I presume that you are not here for a very heavy sum?'

'No; it isn't very heavy; and yet it is under the circumstances too—it is nearly sixty pounds'

'Sixty pounds. Well, that must be managed. Do you see any other objection?'

'Mr Julian, you deal so ingenuously with me, that you compel me to be equally candid with you. The fact is, sir, I cannot go over; I haven't a shilling. The dress I now wear is the only one I have in my possession, and that claymore which you see standing yonder, and which has saved my life fifty times, must follow the rest of my property in the morning. I am not, therefore, in a position to go. The trip alone would cost nearly a hundred pounds.

'Well, believing you to be a strictly honorable man—believing that throughout this business you intend to deal as justly with me as I mean to deal with you, I'll venture to say that even *that* may be managed. At all events, you may calculate on being out of this place in the course of to-morrow. Let me have the address of your detaining creditor, and I'll do the best I can with him; but, McGregor, as I am not a rich man, as I am struggling through life like yourself you must pledge me your *honor* that, whether failure or success be the result of our project, you will be firm in the adherence to that just course which can alone permanently bind man to man.

'My dear friend,' said McGregor, who was nearly overcome by the ingenuous earnestness of George, 'what can I say—by what can I swear? Propose your own oath, and I'll most freely take it.'

'McGregor,' said George, 'he who does not

feel sufficiently bound by his own word of honor can be secured by no oath. I believe you, as I said before, to be a strictly honorable man, but I am anxious to impress upon your mind that if you deceive me, situated as I am, you may involve me in ruin. Pledge me your honor, my friend, and I shall be satisfied that, whatever may occur, that pledge will not be broken.'

'Then I give you that pledge, Mr. Julian, with perfect sincerity; I give it unreservedly, sir, with all my heart! By my sacred honor, Mr. Julian, I swear that you shall never, on any point, however minute or apparently unimportant, be deceived in this or any other matter by me.'

'I am satisfied,' said George, 'quite satisfied. I firmly believe that I shall not be deceived, and I shall therefore do all in my power to serve you. I might have felt myself secure in the full conviction of your being bound by interest to deal justly with me, seeing that this is no pitiful project, but one which, if successful, will be the means of placing us both in a position of independence; but as men will sometimes take strangely erroneous views of their own interest, I have learned to regard that as no security at all. But we have said quite enough on this subject—you understand my object in pressing it so far. I am perfectly satisfied with the pledge you have given, and to-morrow I think you may fairly calculate upon being a free man. I will first call upon an influential friend of mine in the city, who, I have no doubt, will join us in this speculation, and then I will go direct to this person—this creditor of yours, and come to some arrangement with him. In the mean time,' he added, taking a five pound note out of his pocket-book, 'I want you to make use of that. Nay! nay!—I merely lend it—and that for my own sake as well as yours. You'll certainly catch cold if you come out in that kilt, and a cold might be the means of delaying our proceedings.'

'Mr. Julian,' said McGregor, taking the hand of George and looking at him earnestly, 'I don't know how to thank you.'

'Well then, don't attempt to do it at all. I shall be quite as well satisfied.'

'But I *do* thank you—ay, from my heart, and my actions shall prove to you how highly I appreciate your kindness.'

'Well, well, let us say no more about it; let us direct all our thoughts to the object proposed. For the present I leave you: I may look in again in the course of the evening, to let you know how I get on.'

McGregor again and again expressed his thanks as he accompanied George to the gate, where he described the anxiety he should feel during his absence.

'Pray let me see you this evening!' said he.—'I shall be on the rack until I see you again.'

'I will at all events write,' returned George, 'if I find it impossible to come; but depend upon it, General, if I can, I will be here.'

'Thank you! God bless you, my good friend, adieu.'

George then took his leave, and with the feelings of one inspired with the consciousness of having done his duty as a man, while laying the foundation of an honorable fortune, he proceeded at once to the Exchange, where he found Bull standing by his favorite pillar, in the act of taking snuff with great violence

'My dear boy,' said he, with a sorrowful expression, as George approached him, 'I'm going to the dogs, I am; no business doing, shares down, dreadfully down they are, nothing can save me.'

George smiled, and that smile lighted up Bull's countenance in an instant.

'Have you any thing fresh?' he inquired.

'Why I do think of raising a loan!'

'Ah!—yes!—well!—well!—What is it?'

'Have you any appointment here?'

'No, my dear boy; and if I had—but I havn't: come, where shall we go?'

'To your office, if you like.'

'Very well, let's be off,' said Bull, impatiently thrusting his arm in George's, and dragging him along. 'Is it a good thing, my boy? Is it a good thing?'

'I *think* so.'

'Then I'm sure of it, I am. I can't guess what it is, but I feel that it's good, I do. What's the loan for, and about what amount?'

'Oh, perhaps half a million or more: we shall see.'

They now reached the office, and having passed into Bull's private room, George related the substance of what had transpired between him and McGregor.

With this relation Bull was delighted. 'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'we'll get up the loan, my dear boy, and then I'll introduce it to the house.'

'The Stock Exchange you mean?'

'Of course.'

'That will be of great importance.'

'It will *take*, it will. Nothing could be better. It'll do, my dear boy: it's a hit! this McGregor must be off as soon as possible, he must. Let me see: sixty pounds to get him out, and a hundred to send him over, and then he wants a few pounds himself, say the whole will amount to two hundred: two hundred—can he give no security? How do we know he'll come back again? Deep dogs these Scotchmen, very slippery they are. We ought to have some security—what do you think?'

'Decidedly, if he has any to offer: but if he has not?'

'It's a large sum of money, is two hundred pounds; and he's a stranger to us, he is.'

'True; but I nevertheless feel disposed to trust him. Besides, in the event of success, it will be an excellent thing for him as well as for us.'

'We have him there; yes, I think we have him there; still there's nothing like tangible security. He may die on his passage; he may, there's no telling.'

'Then we had better, perhaps, insure his life before he starts,' said George, smiling.

'You see *that'll* cost five or six pounds!'

'*I* think we may risk it! At all events, we must in this case either do that or nothing.'

'Well, my dear boy, I'll be guided by you; but don't you think now that this Mr What's-his-name, his creditor, ought to be quite content with ten shillings in the pound.'

'Perhaps you will be able to induce him to think so.'

'You see it's a bad debt, a very bad debt; he ought to think himself lucky to get that, he ought.

'Well, try him; you will be able to manage it better than I shall.'

'Oh! you are too liberal by half! You'll excuse my telling you, I mean no offence; but you are. He ought to take ten shillings in the pound. It's a capital dividend. I shall tell him if he don't, he'll get nothing, eh? that's the way to put it.'

'Well, use your own discretion, proceed as you please; I shall pay him half the sum, whatever it may be; but allow me to suggest that we ought to see him at once.

'Yes, exactly, no time must be lost. Let me see, you haven't dined, nor have I. Let's go to a tavern in the neighborhood, and send for him, eh? What do you think? A few glasses of wine, you know, will soften him, eh? But then he lives at the west end, and the west-end taverns are high in their charges, they are, very high—exhorbitant.'

'But if we spend thirty shillings and gain thirty pounds, it will pay us pretty well I think?'

'Yes; well then, let us be off.'

They accordingly started, and during their westward progress, Bull stopped short at least fifty times, with the view of putting certain questions, and suggesting certain points, having reference to the project, with greater effect.—They did, notwithstanding, eventually reach the west end, and having entered a tavern, they had a hasty dinner, and then sent for Mr. Tregoose.

Bull, at this time felt sure of inducing that gentleman to accept the composition proposed; for while he had the highest confidence in the power of his own suasive eloquence, he conceived, that as Tregoose was a tailor, and as McGregor couldn't pay, a fair reference to those important facts, well worked up, would be sufficient. When, however, Mr. Tregoose made his appearance, Bull saw that he had met with his match; for while Mr. Tregoose bore a very striking physical resemblance to himself, his thin, hard, compressed lips, and quick scrutinizing glances, convinced him that he was a man who, if he saw the slightest prospect of getting the whole, would, as a point of principle, lose the whole rather than consent to take a part. Bull was, however, by no means dismayed, although the eyes of Tregoose *were* buried beneath his eyebrows; he explained to him that McGregor would inevitably have to go through the Court, unless a composition were accepted, when he and Tregoose went earnestly to work, and of all the ingenious and extraordinary falsehoods ever uttered by men in support of their views, those put forth by this well-matched pair, were of a character by far the *most* ingenious and extraordinary, while the number of them, branching out as they did from two separate roots, might have defied all human calculation

Having been at it most zealously, for nearly three hours (for as Tregoose saw, or thought he saw, a chance of getting the whole, he was inexorable), Bull, viewing it as a point of honor, and feeling bound to beat him, ordered coffee, when George, who could not see the most distant prospect of either giving in, wrote a note to McGregor, and desired the porter to take it immediately to the Fleet; and it was fortunate for McGregor that he did so, for had he gone down himself, he would have found that gentleman lying upon the floor in a state of speechless intoxication!

Had this been known, the negotiation would soon have been brought to a close, but as it was not, Bull and Tregoose kept at it with unabated spirit until half-past ten, when as Tregoose had refused fourteen shillings in the pound, sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen, he declared at length, that he would not take nineteen shillings elevenpence three-farthings, when Bull drew a check for the whole amount, and complimented him highly on his being the closest-fisted fellow he ever met with in his life.

Having arrived at this glorious consummation—for glorious it was held to be by Mr. Tregoose, that gentleman insisted upon paying the bill, and as Bull's opposition to this was not remarkable for its strength, it was accordingly settled by Mr. Tregoose, and they parted with the perfect understanding that McGregor should be discharged by twelve o'clock the next day.

On leaving the tavern, George accompanied his friend Bull to Bishopsgate-street, and having seen him safely seated in a Stoke Newington stage, proceeded home, where he found Jane, for whom he had sent as a companion to Julia.

As he entered, the devoted Julia flew to him as usual, and embraced him with the warmest, the fondest affection, while Jane stood as if she had been struck with paralysis. She could scarcely believe her own eyes!—it was some time before she *would* believe them! Could he in reality be the gentleman who came to pay his addresses to Miss Julia! She never did see such a change in so short a space of time!

'Why, dear me!' she exclaimed, when George had happily succeeded in establishing his identity. 'How handsome you have grown, to be sure! Why you used to wear a black silk handkerchief; but, oh dear! that white one is so much more becoming. Well, I shouldn't have known you. Why you have grown so delightfully tall! and your whisker!—Well!—I never!'

George was highly amused by the ecstacy into which he had thrown Jane, and so was Julia; they both enjoyed it amazingly, and let her run on unchecked till they retired, and she did run on with surpassing velocity, for the great, the delightful alteration in his appearance was a thing which she could *not* forget.

In the morning George rose at his usual early hour, and went immediately after breakfast direct to the Fleet, where he found McGregor

looking very haggard and pale, a fact which he himself ascribed to the anxiety he had endured; and as George thought this extremely natural under the circumstances, he sought to raise his spirits by informing him at once that all had been settled with Mr. Tregoose.

'But come!' cried George, 'where are your clothes? We must prepare!'

'I sent a man for them last night,' said McGregor, 'and as he has not yet returned with either the money or clothes, I begin to feel very much alarmed! I am almost afraid he never will.'

'Why, that is very villainous. However, give me the duplicates: I'll go for them myself.'

'Unfortunately he has got them!—I sent them with the note.'

'Tut; tut! Are there no means of finding this scoundrel?'

'I am afraid not.'

'Well, you must have clothes; that is quite clear. Just pack up your things, and I'll run for a tailor.'

George being of course unconscious of the fact that McGregor had lost the greater part of the money he had given him at cribbage, and spent the remainder in drink, accordingly started, and soon returned with a tailor, who happened to have a ready-made suit which proved to be a most admirable fit. For this suit, of course, George paid at once, and as the discharge came down punctually at twelve, a coach was sent for, when he and McGregor, with his trunks, left the prison without further delay.

As George was anxious to introduce him as soon as possible to Bull, they left the trunks at the Belle Sauvage, and proceeded to the office direct. Here the affair was again canvassed, and they became more sanguine than ever of success. Bull was perfectly delighted with the appearance of McGregor, who received his instructions, having reference to the authority of the king, the resources of the country, the revenues to be derived from the application of the loan, and so on, the whole of which McGregor very clearly understood, and in two days from that time he started with a hundred and thirty pounds in his possession.

[To be continued.]

THE PHILANTHROPISTS.

[From Blackwood's Magazine for February.]

Come all ye philanthropists, tender of souls,
Who feel for the pangs of the North and South poles,
Who groan for the perils, by land and by water,
Of the wearers of black skins beneath the Equator,
Though the sons of your country may pine at your feet,
Though the daughters may make their last bed in the street;
But, Humbug forever! and humbug for all!
So, come to our field-day in Puffington Hall.

There you'll see on the platform the Saints of all Saints,
All double refined from all corporal taints,
With faces impress'd with all manner of woes,
Their breath all expended in "Ahs" and in "Ohs."
Yet a look, now and then, not far short of a leer,
Shows that man, after all, is but man even there;
And that, now and then, sinners may come at the call
Which summons the saintly at Puffington Hall.

Below sit the Ruths and the Rachels, so prim,
From their nose to their toes in the true angel trim.
In teaching and preaching, the "Friends" lead the van,
When the color is black, and the black is a man.
Beside them the "brethren" sit, fish-faced and squab,
Each perched, like a toad by the side of Queen Mab;
Each thinking himself a St. Peter or Paul,
And the world nothing more than a Puffington Hall.

Beyond them are muster'd the new "Convertites,"
Whose eyes are but learning to turn up their whites;
Who, finding things hopeless in Cheltenham and Bath,
Have turn'd to the sweet supernatural path,
Set up their bazar in the "Methodist line,"
Follow Orator Prosy, or Orator Whine;
And on earth having nothing to do, great or small,
Look out for a partner in Puffington Hall.

Then rises the Chairman, of course he's a Whig,
Who cares not for gold (or for grammar) a fig;
He rises, to tell all the world what *he's* doing,
What mischiefs the King of Ashantee is brewing,
What negroes are murder'd by cannon and rockets,
So bids *them* pay down; while *he* buttons both pockets.
His duty is done, when he leads off the ball;
So he drops on his cushion in Puffington Hall.

Then up stands an orator—groaning of course,
With a puff, like a bellows, for old Wilberforce.
But where are the true Simon Pures; the sweet pair?
The echo of Puffington Hall answers "Where?"
Thus attorneys with plums will grow sick of the bar;
Thus soldiers with purses turn haters of war;
Thus sailors, in harbor, look black at a squall,
And thus saints will fight shy even of Puffington Hall.

Then rises his neighbor, his eye fixed on heaven,
With a speech, which I've heard twenty times from old Stephen,
Delicious old Ste———, how I miss thy dear cant,
That compound unrivall'd of gossip and rant;
The tales from thy lips that so softly would trickle,
That the souls of the saints to their midriff would tickle,
Till the "Mastership" came, thy true prebendal stall—
Where, where is thy statue in Puffington Hall?

Next rises the wonder of earth, Puss in Boots,
Profound as Joe Hume, in pence, puffs, and cheroots,
The grand acquisition, the Treasury *bustle*,
The hump on thy petticoat, little Jack Russell,
The man for all weathers—the *brave* of the Bench!
(Thus Firemen their flames with ditch-water will quench;)
With his meaning wrapt up, like an ass in a shawl,
The great Opium-Dealer of Puffington Hall.

If you'd furnish your fancies with stories of niggers,
Of floggings and fetters, musquitoes, and jiggers;
Of Mumbo and Jumbo, by preaching struck dumb;
Of the wonders of tracts, and the woes of new rum;
Of Cannibal monarchs with five hundred wives,
Which they bake in hot pies every day of their lives—
All told in a style that would soften Fox Maule,
You have only to pop into Puffington Hall.

THE CRIMINAL BROTHERS.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF THE ORDINARY.

[From Frazer's Magazine for February.]

We have more than once in our pages hinted, that a correct history of crime and criminals has been long a desideratum; because much of the history of the times is ever involved in the prevalence of particular crimes, and in the career of criminals.

In every age and country, since the foundation of society, events have been occurring of which, though too minute and fugitive for the vast and rapid page of general history, it must be regretted that no record has been preserved.

Few that have written on crime or criminals have kept in view any thing but the *crime* or *criminal*, and the holding up of *both* to the execration of mankind. They have seldom sought for those proximate or remote causes which may have led to the commission of crime by individuals, and occasioned whole classes of criminals. Neither has there been at any time a disposition manifested to scan the criminal's character fairly; that is, by comparison, connected with the environment of circumstances, and in reference to the conduct of prosecutors.

Investigation by comparison is the surest road to knowledge; the whole system of daily intercourse throughout the world, is carried on by it. The most exact of the sciences obtains its positive results by no other means: it is a condition where nothing is absolute: it is the *ultima ratio rerum*.

The passing over all the circumstances connected with the exciting causes to the commission of crime is the result of a notion of very general prevalence. It is thought that, in allowing crimes to be palliated by circumstances, we lessen the effects of public examples; but whenever it is proper to publish accounts of persons or events, it is always desirable that the truth should be spoken.

In tracing the causes that brought 'The Criminal Brothers' to the scaffold, it will be necessary to take a succinct retrospect of the times when they suffered.

It is scarcely necessary to inform our reader that, immediately after the French Revolution, the trade of this country assumed wholly a new face; the trading classes undergoing, in a very short period of time, a complete revolution.

The regular pursuits of former times were abandoned, as being too tardy in their movements, for acquiring money.

All rushed into the market of speculative adventure, diverting their available funds into channels of precarious schemes for realising fortunes in a few months; while those who were too old to move with the times looked on and pronounced the world gone mad.

Property as rapidly changed from hand to hand, as at that period it changed in value.—Indeed the metropolis might then be considered as a large arena, where fortunes were daily won and lost, as stakes pass at a hazard table.

Under such a state of things, it might be expected the bankrupts' list would be swelled beyond any former precedent. Numerous as they indeed were, there were few of the commissions that were not fraught with prestiges that would, in this day, inevitably send the concoctors of them to Newgate. The commissioners at Guildhall were strongly tinctured, too, with the severe spirit of the times; and deemed all deficiences, whether the result of fraud or otherwise, to be occasioned by unsuccessful speculation. No one who has not witnessed the scenes at Guildhall in those days will readily give credence to the noisy and loose manner in which the department of public business was then conducted. There was but one commissioner on all the lists who essayed to stem the chaotic torrent that set in on that building—namely, Mr. Impey. The more meetings the commissioners could appoint for one day, the more guineas they dropped into their own purses; and such was their nature, that their meetings could only be compared to an uproarious Radical political assembly, where all were speakers at one time.—The proceedings of seven or eight commissions were going on at the same time in one room, the creditors of each being mixed together in utter confusion, not knowing to whom to apply, that they might give in their proofs of debt; while the commissioners, intent only on receiving the guineas, permitted affidavits to be sworn without obtaining a sight of the deponent. Many mounted the tables; and, forcing their way over each other's backs, obtained notice, and effected their business.

Petitioning creditors of one week were themselves bankrupts the next; and bankrupts soon became assignees of their former assignees, the money to work their commissions having been derived from a reserved fund set apart for the purpose of emancipating each other from debt.

The system on which trade was carried on—namely, by bills, was there developed to all who attended the examination of bankrupts—if the term examination may be applied to such a proceeding, and these, too, were fraudulent persons, taught how to escape punishment after having swindled their neighbors out of large sums of money.

The scenes of these days will not be credited after the proofs from which we write shall have passed down the stream into the gulf of oblivion.

In those days all payments were made in

Bank of England notes. The governor and company of the Bank having an interest in upholding the credit of the country, and in issuing their notes, opened discount accounts with an incredible number of wholesale and retail traders in London.

That the manner in which this department of the establishment was conducted, affected the moral character of the people, and was the cause of much subsequent crime, will appear in the following history of 'The Criminal Brothers.'

On the first day of an Old Bailey session, there was a heavy calendar of crimes for the consideration of the Grand Jury. The carriage-way before the court-house was thickly strewed with new straw. The court-yard was thronged with an assemblage of persons of both sexses, whose habiliments, physiognomies, and general bearing, strongly marked them as of the equivocal class of society. They were dispersed in groups, discussing the peculiar conduct and character of prosecutors and witnesses in general; the majority, however, were emphatically descanting on the species of evidence usually given by police-officers. Many were contending which should have priority in relating instances of their talent of *bufing it strong* (*i. e.* committing perjury.) Numbers were asseverating to the truth of their statements, and advanced such a mass of specious matter, that their auditors were dumbfoundered at the atrocious conduct of our preservers of the peace. 'Poor fellows!' ejaculated a knot of females, thereby meaning the prisoners to be tried. 'Nobody is safe from these police-officers.' Just under the walls, in the front of the prison, were other groups of surrounding females, who were wiping their tears away with their aprons, and relating tales of the reprobate conduct of a husband or son then under the ban of the law. These persons consisted of mechanics' or laborers' wives, who had brought the money to pay a counsel to plead for those who had made their lives miserable. They were also there to watch the hour of trial, and to send some kind friend into court who might say a word in the prisoner's favor.

The longanimity of these children of sorrow never exhausts itself. None of their husbands or sons that were in trouble possessed a bad heart, or were naturally prone to evil purposes. They were comparatively innocent themselves. It was others that had drawn them into bad company, and occasioned all their troubles. They were, however, sure, that the party for whom they were interested now saw his error; and, if he should have a merciful judge and jury, would be sure to reform and make a good man.

The judge's carriage, on its way to the court, then passed, and was pointed out to them. Imploring looks were directed towards it, and prayers put up that he might indeed be merciful.

Round the doorway of the prison there was assembled a number of women and young girls, all having bundles of some kind in their possession, and each contending for precedence in obtaining an entrance, being probably afraid, that those they were going to visit should be called up for trial before the recently washed shirt or vest could be conveyed to them.

In the interior of the prison the governor was inspecting the cells, which had been whitewashed and made clean for the reception of new comers. He was also ordering the door to be kept open, that they might be well aired. The cell-keeper, attired in his best suit, was at his post, ready to receive the company that usually visited that compartment of Newgate at, and just after, session time.

The under-turn-key stood with keys in hand, ready to admit the first capitally convicted felon. The wardsman sat in the empty wardroom, gazing at the vacant seats, and conjuring up in his imagination the countenances of those whom he had seen leaving the place bound and ready for the hands of the hangman. He looked like the last man praying for a new creation, that he might enjoy once more social fellowship.

At the iron rails that enclose the prisoners within the several yards, discussions were going on as to the probable number of prisoners that would be sent to the cells during the session, and the number that would, out of the batch, ultimately suffer; while others having made bets on the two events, were continually inquiring whether any were yet gone to the cells.

Newly appointed city functionaries were seen every half hour treading the winding passages, each with a friend under his arm, to inquire whether there had been any arrivals, and returning from the cell yard apparently disappointed at having received an answer in the negative.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, there was a general movement along the iron rails. It was known that something of interest had occurred, and each prisoner was on the alert to obtain the first information. Presently a buzz ran round the yard:

'Two gone to the cells; own brothers, they say—hard lines—one out of a family, it might be thought, would be enough for the sheriff at a time.'

Capitally convicted brothers were indeed at that moment pacing the space under the north wall of the condemned yard. They seemed more agitated than depressed, as the following dialogue which was held between them testifies:—

'Why do you so frequently refer to the past, James? We cannot retrace our steps; and if we could, as we never intended a robbery, we might again fall into the same error.'

'No, Richard; if you had followed my advice we should not have been here now. There was a time, you know, but——'

'A plague on your *buts* and *ifs!* I cannot endure to hear the repetition of those logical pegs, the use of which make the foolish appear wise; and, *vice versa*, just as you find it convenient to hang up your ideas, or take them down.'

'This is no place for exhibiting bad temper, Richard. Look at these massive walls; they separate us from the world, and are formed to subdue the resolute soul. I never intended to reproach you; I am equally guilty; and am prepared to take, as indeed I must, my share of the responsibility. Come, let us speak of our mo-

ther and sister. What will become of them? I suppose even here we shall not be forbidden to see them?'

'The murderous wretch! Could ever man be thought capable of going so far in villainy?'

'Be calm—be calm, Richard! do not abandon yourself to the influence of rancorous feelings; we shall stand in need of our best reflective energies; passion little avails the distressed in mind.'

As this last sentence was uttered, the more agitated of the two brothers had paused to lean against the wall. He was dreadfully convulsed, and his brother ran to the pump, which was hard by, to procure water.

The ordinary had entered the yard unnoticed, and his practised eye discovered the condition of the elder, who was at that moment under the influence of passions which rend the soul of man.

He trembled as does a kid when thrust into the cage of a boa-constrictor for food. The fear of the future was then present to him; and in his excited imagination, the executioner was busy about his person. In the next instant the demon of rage triumphed, and rendered him furious for revenge. He gnashed his teeth, his hands were clenched, every nerve was braced, each muscle was tensely constringed, and his whole frame was gathered up like a tiger prepared to spring on his prey. A pause and the futility of his efforts was apparent to his mind; his head dropped on his chest, when tears of conscious weakness came to his relief.

Awakening, in a measure, from the paroxysm of conflicting passions which so strikingly exhibits the weakness of our nature, and seeing the sheriff with his friends, and the reverend ordinary around him, he drew himself up and said, 'Gentlemen, I am neither so guilty nor so weak as I appear at this moment in your eyes; I am, however, an injured human being, and cannot but feel my wrongs.' Then relapsing, he eagerly inquired if they had come to lead him to the place of execution.

Being desired to calm the perturbation of his mind and hope for the best, he again reviled his prosecutor in unmeasured terms of reproach, while his younger brother seemed to have merged his own sorrows into those of his more agitated fellow-prisoner.

Hopes of pardon from death—but, alas! fallacious hopes—were kindly held out by the witnesses of this scene. The brothers retired in a few hours afterwards to their gloomy cell, there to meditate on their prospects of living the remainder of their lives in slavery, or of being in a short time put to death by the hands of the executioner.

The following morning, as the cell-doors were opened, the ordinary, in the faithful discharge of a painful duty, was there to minister to all the minds he should find diseased. The elder of the two brothers had passed a night of horrors; he appeared in the yard with a countenance as haggard as if the work of years, under an accumulated weight of woes. A patch of hair on the right side of the head, as large as the palm of the hand, but perfectly circular in its form, which the evening previously had been of a dark brown color, had now become white. His eyes, also, had lost several shades in depth of coloring, while their action indicated excessive shyness and cunning. They had, also, sunk deeper into the sockets, and appeared to be constantly peering round for a place where he might escape from his keepers, or he might hide himself from those who proffered him words of consolation.

His case was, however, past cure. The night in the cells had done its work on the mind; its possessor no longer spoke of injury inflicted on him, or talked of revenge. He was like a plant cut down in one night by a frost; the stalk or stem, indeed, remained, but the blossom and beauty had departed, and all the symbols of decay alone remained. The two brothers, as they moved, called to remembrance the story of the united twins—the one that remained alive carrying his fraternal load about with him, premonitory of his own speedy dissolution. They had had a sleepless night, and the stronger nerves of the younger had discovered from his brother's conversation the aberration of his mind long ere the scanty streak of light, permitted to enter their cell, enabled him to notice the havoc mental agony had made on the countenance. The sufferer held his brother fast by the arm, as if afraid of losing a protector, and he moved as from the same impulse.

The city authorities of that time usually took a lively interest in the fate of these criminals; and in the space that elapsed from the period of their trial to the day of execution, collected from the younger brother the following particulars of their life. They are given nearly as possible *verbatim*, as they were delivered. The statements were subsequently ascertained to have been substantially true:—

'We were the sons,' commenced the younger brother, 'of a respectable farmer, who, like too many in the world, thought his own occupation the worst of all others. Possessed of this notion, he determined to apprentice us to some business in London. My brother was placed with a silversmith at the west end of the town; and I, twelve months after, was articled to a woollen draper. Our masters were known to each other, and had money transactions together. It also soon appeared, that they were both similarly circumstanced in regard to want of capital to carry on business and give that credit which the nature of their trades required.

'They had, however, both discount accounts at the Bank of England, from which resource they drew considerable sums weekly. The Bank was in advance at the time I was employed, in cash account, to my master, of whom I shall now particularly speak. About seven thousand pounds, the whole of which had been received out of that establishment on bills, the time of payment on which did not exceed two months after date. In order to work this capital and retain it in his trade, it was necessary that, as the bills became due, others should be sent in every week, on which cash might be obtained, and thus keep the current paper in the hands of the Bank discount committee nearly up to the same amount.

'It was my business every week to carry in these bills on one day, and go for an answer on the next and bring back the money. On what security the money was advanced to my employer in the first instance, I have now no means of ascertaining; but when I became acquainted with the affairs of the house, more than one-third of the bills in the hands of the Bank, held as security for money advanced to him, were acceptances of mine—then a boy, the shopman and the porter of the house—and the remainder fictitious bills, made up every week; that is, pretended acceptances of unknown persons.

'The residences of master tailors, in a little way of business, to whom credit for a cut of cloth was oftentimes an accommodation, served as places in which they could make the bills payable, and give them an appearance of having been derived from various sources in the way of trade. Bills sent to be discounted at that period, were not required to be made payable at a banking-house.

'It may be thought that the Bank of England discounting committee were deceived in this particular instance, and that they would not willingly encourage such a system. My brother's master, however, and many other houses that I could name, of which I will, if required, give a list, drew their weekly money to carry on their business on the same description of paper. When any of our bills were thrown out by the committee, and the same with the other houses with whom we were acquainted, we used to exchange them, and thus give them the appearance of going again into the discount office in the regular course of negotiation.

'But, to remove every doubt as to the cognizance of the Bank of England's committee of the nature of the paper they were discounting, and to set forth in a striking manner the school in which I was brought up, it will only be required that the following statement should be believed to be, as it really is, *true*.

'During my apprenticeship, a period arrived when the Bank of England Directors resolved on restricting their discounts to wholesale dealers only; this was a measure which at once threatened ruin to all retail houses dependent on the weekly discounts at the Bank for the support of their credit.

'I was called out of my bed by my master one night to be informed of this circumstance, and the resolution he had formed of going the following morning, when the discount committee were to meet, and informing its members of his then actual situation in trade, and also of the nature of the securities they held for the monies advanced to him. I was then desired to spend the remainder of the night in looking over the account-books, and prepare myself to accompany him as an evidence of the truth of his intended statement.

'As, however, the committee met to decide only on the discounts to be granted, and not to hold conferences with parties sending in bills, a difficulty arose about obtaining admission: At length he addressed a note to the Chairman, informing him that a loss would accrue to the Bank of many thousand pounds, if he had not immediate audience with the committee.

'In a short time he was admitted, followed by me with a blue bag, surcharged to the mouth with vouchers. He at once entered on his business, and addressed them thus—

''Gentlemen, you see before you a retail trader, who has for a number of years carried on a large business, and brought up a numerous family, with a capital borrowed from you. I have been a faithful steward; I have not laid up your money in a napkin. I have spread it far and wide; and have been an active agent in giving circulation to your notes. I have been the means of establishing, by giving credit, and lending cash in the way of discount, some hundreds of tailors in this metropolis—men who never would have contributed a shilling to the treasury in the way of a direct tax but for me, and the money you have been so kind as to intrust into my hands; and for the use of which I have paid you considerable sums in discount, and have also contributed largely to the revenue for stamps. But I will not name the amount of these sums: my only surprise is how I have surmounted it all.'

'Here the members of the committee looked each other in the face. They had been waiting for a peroration declarative of insolvency. The speaker, taking his cue, proceeded,—

''Gentlemen, do not mistake me; I am not out of the wood yet. I only want your willing aid, and all will be right.'

''Explain yourself,' called out one of the committee.

''The case is succinctly this,' continued the speaker: 'I commenced business without a single shilling of capital but what I got from you. That capital is spread, as I said, far and wide; hundreds are living on it, and doing so well, that it will all come back to me with good interest, and through me to you. But this will be the work of time. The debtors on these books,' pointing to my bag, 'must be handled with much tenderness; for any attempt to extract the money out of them rashly must break them all up; they give long credit, and therefore I give them the same. You have some of their acceptances, which they cannot pay; neither do they expect to be called on to do so. I have used them as my tools; their acceptances are mere accommodations to me; and I must have the candor to inform you further, that all the paper you hold of mine is not, if you attempt to enforce payment on them, worth the stamps on which the bills are drawn. In fact, gentlemen, it is the same to you as if the acceptors never had existence'—

'Several members of the committee nodded their heads at each other as the last sentence was uttered, indicating that they each understood his meaning. The woollen-draper, nothing abashed, resumed,—

''Unless you enable me to pay them; and I am here to make you a proposition, which may meet the interests of all parties. Consider, gentlemen, that I am your debtor for nearly ten thousand pounds—that you have no available

security for the debt but myself; and such is the peculiar nature of my trade, that if it be broken up you will not realise a half-crown in the pound. On the other hand, gentlemen, if you leave me to manage my own affairs, and continue my trade; I will undertake to pay you twenty shillings in the pound, and your interest, as regularly as heretofore. The proposition I have to make is, that you enter me as a wholesale dealer on your new list—that you continue to discount for me as usual, only that you lessen the amount every week in the ratio of fifty pounds. With this arrangement, I think, gentlemen, I shall save both my own credit and your money.'

'After having been desired to withdraw, and to wait in the lobby for a few minutes, Mr. Rogers, the then chief clerk of that department of the establishment, came out, shook hands, and heartily congratulated the woollen-draper on the success of his address, adding, 'I am authorised to say that your candor and straight-forward conduct has achieved your object. The proposition is acceded to unconditionally on the part of the committee.'

'Ignorance of a knowledge that fictitious paper was sent into the discount-office, on which monies to large amounts were granted by the authorities of the Bank of England, will scarcely ever be pleaded after this. But if it should, what answer shall we give to the fact, that, after the arrangement made with my master for lessening the discounts by fifty pounds a week, he ever afterwards was granted almost unlimited amounts of discount?—all of which was obtained, if possible, on paper more valueless than heretofore,—such as acceptances of his own wife and daughters, dated in the country, and made payable in London.

'I know not how far I may be justified, gentlemen,' continued the convict, 'in supposing that any part of my statement can palliate my own offence; but you must admit that a youth, brought up and actively engaged for seven years in such a school, could hardly be expected to think much of circulating *a made-up-bill*, as we used to designate them, especially as they were never intended to defraud others—the intention of tradesmen, who have had recourse to such means to stop a gap, has ever been, I may presume, to pay them when due.

'The house in which my brother served his time ran a bill career differing very little from the one I have described, which brought both of us in contact with all the bill-mongers and bill-brokers in London.

'I am now made sensible of the destructive effects on every moral principle we possessed which this initiation into life exercised. The handling of such bills as I have endeavored to describe was an every-day occurrence with us; and in the education of habit was merged all reflection as to their illegality.

'But the Bank of England was not the only channel through which discount for these bills was obtained. Private bankers, during the bill-mania, made advances on them, and I believe with a knowledge of what they were. I have known more than one instance of a banker sending for his customer; then taking him into his private room, address him as follows: 'Sir, as you are become very irregular in your account with us, and there are several returned bills remaining with us unpaid, I feel it to be my duty to inform you that I am well acquainted with the nature of the bills you have been in the habit of sending into our house. A hint, I suppose, will be sufficient. Let them be all paid. We shall not, however, offer any bar to your opening an account elsewhere. Only let me advise you to take care of yourself for the future. But let our bills be paid, or good, substantial, *bona fide* bills be substituted for them.' '*

That the era to which this statement refers was an extraordinary one none will doubt.—Many persons, availing themselves of the indiscriminate manner in which the Bank of England effected their enormous issues, opened banking-houses for the avowed purpose of granting discounts on bills. The affairs of one, which commenced on this principle, at the west end of the town at that period, remain unsettled to the present hour, the proprietor himself having been in prison for a long series of years. Then, also, parties of tradesmen united under a compact to raise money on cross acceptances, with which either to commence business or extend the range of their mercantile speculations.

The recollection of these days call up a thousand associations connected with the moral changes which society has undergone, that cannot be understood by those who have only had a view of its modern phases. Not more than five-and-thirty years have elapsed since things were enacted, by men then considered respectable, for which they would now be deemed swindlers, and treated as such in our courts of justice.

The narrative of the younger convict was cut short by the arrival of his mother and sister.—When they were announced he flew to the bars. The first visit a condemned man has from those who are dear to him is as painful a moment as any he has to pass through. He is in one instant informed of the tainted isolation of his position, when the mind shudders and shrinks into itself at the thought of never again being permitted to press the hand or cheek of her who gave him birth, or to clasp in his arms those whom he loves and by whom he was loved.

There, separated even from the reach of his touch, stood those who had all their lives ministered to his comforts, and in whom all his affections were concentrated. Even an endearing word was polluted, and lost its efficacy, by the presence of the keeper, who stood between the double row of bars that kept them apart.

In the bound of joy that came with their names, a momentary forgetfulness of his situation had passed over the mind. The approach to the bars dispelled the happy delusion. The blood paused in its course, and left the countenance pale as the image of death. The expres-

* This is precisely the language Sir William Curtis is said to have used on a similar occasion to Hunton, who took the hint and paid him—afterwards relapsing into the same practice in another quarter.

sions of delight at seeing those who were dear to him died on their passage to the lips; and the feelings of affection themselves seemed on the instant to have become defunct.

The mother and daughter were also under the influence of their situation, and were bathed in tears. It required no words to explain the intensity of their anguish; and as the cold damp gloom of the place chilled the heart and repressed warmth of expression, they all three for some minutes remained in silence, with heads hanging down like mourners over the remains of the now dead beloved.

During the pause, the elder brother was brought to the bars. His altered countenance broke the spell, for there was no mistaking his appearance. The portrait of his former self was gone; and the deplorable condition of his mind was written in legible characters in his eye. He gave his mother and sister a look that must be seen to be understood. It was not the look of madness or of idiotcy, but a mixture of utter despair, affection, and fear. He was, however, the first to speak, saying to his mother, 'What brought you here?'

The mother replied by asking her other son in almost choaking accents, what had happened to Richard? James remained still silent; while it was becoming every moment more apparent that the females could not much longer, from agitation, maintain their position — each was grasping a bar of the iron rails for support; and the daughter, with her disengaged arm, was making a feeble effort to sustain her mother in an upright position.

'Go, go,' said Richard, in a hurried manner; 'you know not where you are. Make your escape—make your escape!'

James, whose feelings had mastered his reason and resolution, and who had the whole time, with heaving chest and rigid features, indicated that his sufferings were too intense to be expressed in words, seemed to recover in a degree as his brother spoke, giving him a look of pitying interest, that said, 'Hard as is the task of brooking our situation, and shameful as is our condition, I still possess a heart that can commiserate a brother-stricken to the heart with grief and fear.'

It was now impossible for the mother and her daughter to remain any longer at the bars, as other visitors pressed forward; and, considering the purpose and occasion of their visit, ribald tongues were going. Pride, therefore, came and mingled itself with grief. The mother and daughter waved their hands and fell back, to give place to others who had been brought up in a less delicate school, and between whom and themselves there was not the slightest versimilitude beyond that of being of the same sex.

'Jack,' called out a female, elbowing her way to the grating, 'it was that blue-bottle that smashed you, the ——!' But the reader must imagine the language in which the most guilty and depraved of our species are capable of clothing their acrimonious feelings, and from which delicacy shrinks as from the touch of an adder.

'Poor fellows!' ejaculated the mother, as the ordinary, who had watched the interview, drew them away, if possible, to assauge the anguish of their minds by soothing words, and holding out the hope that mitigating circumstances might yet be discovered to avert the execution of the extreme penalty of the law.

'God be merciful to them, and 'temper the wind to the shorn lamb!'' exclaimed James, breaking silence as he lost sight of his mother at the angle of the wall. The two brothers remained for some minutes gazing into each other's eyes, as if to penetrate the far-down workings of the soul.

'Are they coming?' said Richard, his countenance changing as the dark thought of death passed over his mind.

'Come!' replied his brother, taking his arm; 'come! let me urge you to reflection, and prepare for more manly conduct at our next interview. Did you not notice poor Mary? Already faded with grief, fond, affectionate girl! her destruction will be our work. May the Omnipotent pardon us both! Come, Richard! dismiss this fearful mood, and let us talk as rational beings of our hopes for the future, and like men prepare for the alternative of life or death!'

These words broke the brother's gloomy spell; the passions once more rushed in too strong for control. He struck his forehead with his clenched hands, and called down imprecations on the black villainy of those who had occasioned his conviction. But space will not permit us to describe all the alternations of the fitful mind of this criminal; the tide again turned, and he was in a few hours the same miserably-stricken man as before.

Having selected this case with a view of illustrating one of the causes of the prevalence of forgery in former years, we now proceed with the younger criminal's account of himself and his brother.

'I have informed you, gentlemen,' he continued, on a second interview, and being requested to proceed with the history of his case, 'of our initiation into business. At the termination of our apprenticeship, it was natural for us to feel ambitious to commence business for ourselves; and this was the more desirable, as our father's demise had left my mother and sister with very slender means of support. They were, therefore, easily prevailed on to come to town, and invest their little all—about three hundred pounds—in a shop, to be conducted by myself and brother, in my line of business, the woollen-drapery trade. About three months after we had commenced business, a cloth-factor, whom I had never known but by name, called on us, expressed his sense of our integrity and prospects in business; but adding, from the knowledge he had of the nature of the trade, he was sure we should want pecuniary assistance. 'Let there be confidence between us, and I will be a friend to your house; our advantages may be mutual.' Having made this declaration, so flattering to us, and so plausible, we forthwith commenced dealing with him for goods, and

he soon commenced drawing bills on us, as he said, to send into the bank, and enable us to reciprocate with him in the use of ready cash.

'We, however, could never obtain any cash from him without furnishing other bills for him to discount; it made the transactions, he said, more regular; he was not at all particular what bills he had, but they must be a third person's acceptance.

'At the time this declaration was made, we were very considerably in his debt, tnough no payment was yet due on the goods. It must not be disguised from you, gentlemen, that giving so much credit ourselves, we early placed many irregular bills in this man's hands for discount; and it must also be stated, that we never did have any accommodation of this nature without his sending in a heavy package of goods invoiced at his own price.

'But it would be wearisome to you were I to detail all the transactions we had with this man, and the various arts and tricks by which he meshed us around. He would neither allow us to deal with any other house, nor serve us at fair price himself. He entered our counting-house, demanded a sight of our books, and the names of those who were our debtors, and the amount of their debts. Whenever we made an effort to emancipate ourselves from his trammels or to remonstrate with him, he threatened to take us before a magistrate, and call on us for an explanation of certain bills that had passed through our hands.

'It is natural for us all, gentlemen,' continued the narrator, 'to endeavor to exculpate ourselves; but you will observe that these bills were not issued to obtain or support a sinking credit; and perhaps would never have been drawn, but for the artful and despotic conduct of our pseudo-friend.

'Much, gentlemen, as we had seen of the bill business in London, we were neither of us aware that there are persons who prefer such bills as those to which I allude, and on which they will advance money in preference to more substantial paper. You may, perhaps, remember the fate of poor Revere, a few years since, prosecuted by a hotel-keeper in Al——le Street, and the offer that was made to him in prison, if he would assign and alienate his right to certain estates in the West Indies.

'Now, gentlemen, I say it from actual knowledge, that there are fishers for such bills provided they come through the hands of parties whose families are supposed to have the means of paying the amount. Besides, if no ulterior use is made of them, they will always be the first payments a falling tradesman will make, even if all other creditors' claims remain unliquidated.

'It is only a few months since that an attorney whom I know emptied his box of bills before me, when I pointed out two of a thousand pounds each, that I thought were good for nothing.—'Nonsense, man,' said he, 'these two bills are worth ten thousand pounds!' shewing the name of a man of family at the back of them. 'Five hundred pounds for each of the members of the family to pay is nothing: those are my terms, and I'll have it,' said he chucklingly, as he locked the bills up in the box again.'

'You are wandering,' said the ordinary, interrupting him, 'from your own history.'

'With deference,' answered the prisoner, 'I did not think I was digressing. I have no object in relating my story but to prove that which every person less informed than myself in these matters will very readily substantiate, viz., that prosecutors are oftentimes more guilty than the parties they accuse.'

'Who was your prosecutor?' inquired a gentleman present.

'The friend who took us by the hand when we first went into business,' replied the prisoner; and then, continuing his story, he said, 'Yes, the amiable gentleman who was to have carried us through all our difficulties. It is my opinion that it is his own knowledge of the extent to which he has injured us that makes him now more bitterly our enemy. Perhaps he was afraid of our taking personal vengeance on him; or, perhaps, he could not endure the thoughts of the existence of persons who were acquainted with his villainous conduct: many prosecutions have arisen from one or both of these causes. It is, however, difficult to solve the mystery of human motives beyond those of gain. Having robbed us of our all, I cannot tell why he should seek our lives. But let me conclude our sad history. We remained eight years in business, or, rather, were eight years under his tyranny. Ours has been a heavy retribution; almost from the first month we knew our prosecutor, we have not had an hour's peace of mind; for the period of eight years we saw ourselves with a flourishing and profitable business, yet never could reap the benefits accruing from it. We were not permitted to sell any goods except those sent in by him, and were compelled to pay him his own exorbitant price for them. At length, after much entreaty, he consented to bring the accounts to a balance, and as we expected, there was a considerable sum due to him; but as our book debts more than covered that amount, if we had had an honest man to deal with, all would have been well. I will not make a long story of it,—passing over his enormous charges for interest, and other unfair items, but state that he insisted on immediate payment, or we must take the consequences. To avert this blow, we ultimately agreed to give him a warrant of an attorney for the amount, in the hope of being able to collect our debts and redeem ourselves out of his hands. We succeeded in paying him all within three hundred pounds, for which he ultimately entered up judgment, and seized our stock; when another creditor with whom we had recently had dealings made us bankrupts. Scarcely had we passed our examination, when we were apprehended on a charge of forgery. I need not add that the charge was founded on two of the bills given in the course of our dealings with the prosecutor, when he was pressing us for any kind of bills to send in on which to obtain discount, always saying, 'You know if you don't meet them, I must.'

'Gentlemen, such is my story; say, now, have we been more guilty or unfortunate? If my conscience be a faithful judge, saving the ignominy that awaits us, I would not exchange conditions with that man. He may, perhaps, derive some consolation from the reflection, that his harpy-like mode of doing business may find its parallel in most walks of trade, but I defy him to be happy.'

The effects of commerce in civilizing a country are wonderful; but the good is greatly alloyed by the too frequent concomitant, the destruction of morality, It too often engenders a grasping spirit and a cupidity that freeze the warm springs of benevolence in the heart. When, however, the work of gain is over, and a retrospection of the past awakens the conscience, many sad hours accompany the close of life. At the time this case occurred, the governor and company of the bank, merchants and bankers in general, looked on with perfect indifference, and without emotion, while rows of human beings were hung up for their benefit, as they actually thought and often affirmed. Nor is it improbable that the same state of things would have continued to this day, had not the same love of gain discovered that they were in error, and that to stop hanging for forgery was the most likely method to abate the crime. Together with some expositions which Regina may pride herself in having laid before the public.

The fate of the brothers appeared to excite interest; such, however, was the state of feeling in the city at the time, on the question of forgery, that none came forward to pray that their lives might be spared; yet three years subsequently to their execution, the bankers were seen petitioning the government to repeal the capital part of the punishment, on the plea that it augmented the number of forgeries. The several interviews that were granted to the brothers with their mother and sister were of too painful a nature to be detailed at length: they may be more readily imagined than described. The most remarkable feature in the case was the condition to which Richard, the elder brother, was reduced immediately after his condemnation.

It has frequently been stated that in cases where persons of superior station in society have been under orders for execution, they have, through interest, obtained narcotic drugs, by which their sufferings have been lulled, and their feelings sunk in forgetfulness; and that in that state they have been led to the scaffold, perfectly insensible of what was going on.

In this instance, the elder brother, Richard, fell into a state of partial insensibility, through the intensity of his feelings. Mandragora could not more effectually have thrown him into a state of apparent forgetfulness,—we say *apparent*, for, although his eyes spoke of terrible fearfulness, he could not be brought to give any answer when the subject of his speedy dissolution was reverted to. He recognised, however, the brother, mother, and sister; but could not, or would not, keep up a connected conversation with them. It appeared, as if in mercy to the weakness of his resolution, the mind had been suddenly rendered too imbecile to entertain so weighty a subject as the contemplation of death.

The brothers had been partners in business,—they were partners in the crime for which they forfeited their lives,—they died at the same time, on the same scaffold,—and were interred in the same grave.

STANZAS

On reading of the soldier (Thomas Ramsay, of the Royal Marines) who died in the Military Hospital from the dreadful effects of severe flogging.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

And this is England! This is the boasted spot
That lifts its head above the nations all;
The freeman's home—where petty tyrants blot
Our page of glory, by the soldier's fall.
Yes! our bold chivalry, whose blood hath dyed
The battle-plain, to garland England's brow!
Whose daring prowess, in the combat tried,
Was never seen before the foe to bow;
Must quail and crouch beneath a despot's nod;
And bear the lash of torture to the bone,
Like eastern slave, as if there were no God!
But man's vile passions ruled the world alone
Oh! less than men, that wear the human form;
Blood-thirsty chieftains of that gallant band,
Compell'd to witness (with life's feelings warm)
The execution of the fell command;
To see their brave companion, in the bloom
And strength of manhood, bow beneath the stroke
That sent him reeking to a timeless tomb,
In heart, in spirit, as in body, broke;
Go, human revellers in human gore,
Quaff the full goblet, and enjoy the jest,
The song, the dance, and hug the golden store
Of life's enjoyments to each heartless breast.
Let not the vision of the murdered dead,
The broken hearts that he hath left behind,
Disturb your joys; still bear the lofty head,
And play the petty Neros of mankind
Amongst your slaves; for what are they but slaves,
Who have the privilege of man resigned;
Thus to be sent dishonored to their graves.
O England! O my country! boast not thou
Thy mighty deeds for slaves beyond the sea,
Till thou hast wiped away the blood, that now,
Like "angels trumpet-tongued,' accuseth thee.
What would the language of a Tell have been—
The freeman's model!—he, the glorious Swiss!
Whose arrows did a nation's freedom win?
Rouse! brothers, rouse! and burst a chain like this!
Start like high racers for the mighty goal;
Wake every thrilling nerve in freedom's cause;
Call on the noble—on the just in soul,
To expunge our Draco code! and frame new laws.—
Laws that all Freemen in a Christian land
May ask, and, if not granted, may command!

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ALFIERI.

[From the London Metropolitan for February.]

BY J. C. C.

Two men who had sought for protection from the rays of the sun in an arbor which was overshadowed by the thick leaves of a wide spreading vine, were seated opposite to each other, leaning on a table, and smoking perfumed cigarettos.

The elder, who appeared to be about forty years of age, was tall and pale; his costume which was rich although simple, had somewhat of a military appearance about it. As for the younger, he was characterised by that slovenly elegance which had begun to be fashionable in Italy as well as in France, towards the end of the eighteenth century.

'Faith, Alfieri,' said the elder of the two, 'you were the last person in the world I expected to have met at Abano.'

'Yet methinks the sick man's place should be where he may hope to mend his health.'

The young man looked at the count:

'The fact is, you do look paler than usual; have you consulted the best physicians?'

'Yes.'

'And what do they say?'

'The same thing over and over again. They promise me in the winter that I shall be well in the summer; and when the summer comes and I feel no relief, they assure me that I shall be better in the winter. The Milanese doctors recommend the air of Naples, and the Neapolitan doctors that of Milan; and so they go on, turning me over from one to the other, until I expect some day to die on the road between these two places, if I continue to follow all their ordinances.'

'Come, come, nonsense, did you ever hear of any body dying at your age?'

'Sometimes,' murmured Alfieri pensively, and shaking his head.

'I bet I know what ails you: you have eternally in your mind the predictions of your old sorceress.'

'Am I wrong, Cellini? I was only twelve years of age when that old woman told me all that has happened to me since. She said that I should leave Piedmont, that I should become a poet, and that you would be celebrated.'

'And that you would die at thirty-five. Who doesn't know that part of your history? You have written on it an admirable sonnet which all Italy knows by heart. But that a man like you should put faith in the mummery of an old woman, is what I cannot understand.'

The count sighed, but made no answer: a short silence ensued.

'Shall I tell you what it is that kills you?' rejoined Cellini. 'At the bottom you are not ill, you are only low spirited.'

'That's what the doctors say,' replied the count sadly, 'but I feel it will carry me off at last.'

'Why not seek for some distractions? Why don't you travel? When you quitted Milan, your intention, if I mistake not, was to go to Spain.'

'I have been there.'

'Ah! indeed—and from thence to France.'

'I have been there.'

'And thence to Germany.'

'I have been there.'

'But you must have been everywhere, if that is the case. The fact is, I know you are a most expeditious traveller; you traverse each country as fast as your horse can gallop; but you can't have had time to see anything.'

'Pardon me; I have seen mountains, cities, roads, and plains; and, in the midst of all this, numberless myriads of human beings very busy doing nothing.'

'And what did you particularly notice?'

'Three splendid institutions,—the *schlague* in Germany, the *police* in France, and the *inquisition* in Spain.'

'You're as full of satire as ever, I see,' said Cellini laughing; 'a misanthropist and a republican, a real descendant of Brutus in the papal states. But really, Alfieri, you do not deserve the favors which fortune has bestowed upon you; all our theatres ring with your triumphs. Italy has its eye upon you; you are noble, rich, young, and yet you seem tired of life. What is it you would have to be happy?'

'That's more than I can say; something perhaps which is possessed by the lowliest of the crowd who cover me with acclamations; a retired habitation, an obscure destiny, and a woman who would love me, seated by my side.'

'But what hinders you from having all this, Alfieri?'

Alfieri shrugged up his shoulders, and heaved a deep sigh.

'You forget,' said he, 'that chance has made a celebrated man of me, and a celebrated man is like a wild beast, everybody rushes to get a sight of him. Every man thinks that he has a right to spy into my actions; I am never alone; my books are like couriers, they announce my arrival wherever I go. As soon as I appear in an assembly, farewell to free and friendly conversation; universal silence prevails, the guests are all on the tip-toe of expectation; they expect to hear me speak as if I were a book. The women

are all silent through fear, or else they give themselves airs to attract my notice. Brought up, as I was, almost in the midst of woods, secluded from society in my youth, I feel confused at being singled out as the object of universal attention: unable to distinguish between real sympathy and impertinent curiosity, I wrap myself up in my reserve, and remain silent. I am therefore, considered proud, when I am only unhappy. Ah! were I poor, destitute, miserable, I might believe in the affection of those who surround me; but I am now ever in doubt: whether it is myself or my reputation which is sought after.'

'I understand—you are as unfortunate as a king.'

'You seem to jest, but it is strictly true, nevertheless. When I arrived here, I thought I had escaped all my troubles; for a few days I was free to live like everybody else, I was comparatively happy—but the arrival of a man who had seen me I don't know where, destroyed everything.'

'That's the way of the world,' said Cellini—'your celebrity is a burden to you, and I who work my fingers off, remain buried in the most enviable obscurity.'

'It's your own fault; you don't stick to anything seriously.'

'My dear count, you seem to forget that I am in the pay of an *impressario*, obliged to have three acts ready every month. You don't know what it is to be a composer to a theatre; it's like the landlord of a public house, where there is a continued call on his genius.'

'Until he at last gets to the bottom of it.'

'That's just what has happened to me; I managed to live some time on about a dozen decent ideas—you know what an idea is, a thing you can dish up with fifty different sauces; you can put the beginning at the end, the middle at the beginning, and people wonder at the author's fecundity. I went on in this manner for about three years; but at last the public discovered that I gave turned cloth for new—I was hissed.'

'Well, and how did you manage then?'

'Why, I determined to travel and regenerate my ideas.'

'And do you succeed?'

'Quite certain of it. There are a great many persons at Abano, and plots are as thick here as the grasshoppers were in Egypt in the time of Pharaoh. In less than a month, I warrant you that I shall have gathered materials enough for as many comedies and dramas as will last me ten years at a moderate calculation. I only arrived yesterday, and am already on the scent of an intrigue.'

Alfieri smiled incredulously.

''Tis a fact,' continued Cellini, lowering his voice; 'yesterday, heated by travelling and unable to sleep, I ventured into the garden; you know the small pavilion at the extremity of the gravel walk.'

'Yes.'

'Well, I was strolling about near it, when I heard a door or a window suddenly close. I turned about, and found myself cheek by jowl with a man.'

'Can it be possible?'

'Seeing me, he stopped short and seemed inclined to speak; but he altered his mind, turned away, and disappeared.

'Did you distinguish his features?'

'As I do yours now—it was splendid moonlight.'

'And you would recognise him again?

'I have done so already.'

'How?'

'This morning I saw him in the pump-room.'

'Do you know his name?'

'They call him Marliano.'

The count started up with vivacity.

'Are you sure he came out of the pavilion?'

'I couldn't swear to it, but I think he did.'

'And you are sure that it was close to the pavilion at the bottom of the garden, near the poplar trees, that you met him?'

'Yes, under the windows of the Marchioness Alcanza.'

Alfieri turned pale, his lips trembled convulsively, but he mastered his emotion and sat down again.

'You see that I haven't lost my time,' continued Cellini, who had not remarked the count's uneasiness. 'I am on the scent of a love affair, which will no doubt furnish me with some excellent scenes. I had already remarked this Marliano, on account of his being so very ugly; he looks like the impenitent thief, in my idea.—Seeing him continually in the company of the marchioness, who, by-the-bye, appears to hate him, I at first took him for her husband, but I was mistaken; there is a secret about it, which you must help me to penetrate.'

It was indeed a secret; but it was not only the count that now desired to discover it. Cellini was far from being aware how interested his friend was in this mystery, and what anguish his recital had inflicted upon him.

The marchioness had been about three months at Abano. She had come alone, and was ill.—Alfieri had done his best to avoid her; indeed, he let slip no opportunity of showing his aversion when chance threw them together; but the young widow did her utmost to overcome a hatred, the cause of which she really was, or affected to be, ignorant of. Subsequently the count's coldness had yielded to the marks of interest which he received from the marchioness, and a sort of intimacy, which became more familiar every day, sprang up between them.—He felt that this woman exercised more influence over him every time he saw her; that his existence was, as it were, incomplete without her society; and that, in short, his happiness depended on the continuance of that friendship which had so unexpectedly arisen out of his former dislike.

He was on the point of telling her so one day, when Marliano arrived. At the sight of this man Bianca appeared confused; she welcomed him with concealed affright; there arose a sort of mute combat between them, in which the young widow was vanquished.

Alfieri then remarked that she avoided him. It seemed to him as if this Marliano exercised over her a sort of jealous guardianship, to which she submitted, but against her will. What connexion could there exist between these two beings? Cellini's story cleared up all his doubts, but he could not bring himself to put faith in the conclusions which it seemed to warrant.—Then who was this Marliano? A first glance seemed to indicate one of those men who pass their lives in the frivolities and dissipations of the world; but after a more minute examination he descried under this assumed mask a violent tenacity, a stubborn and headstrong will, one of those ignoble and coarse minds in a case of adamant. Alfieri had in vain endeavored to study more deeply this man's character; all his advances were met with distant civility; indeed the marchioness always interfered to put an end to any discussion which might arise between them; she seemed to fear their coming in contact with each other.

Such was the state of things, when one day the count, on descending into the garden rather earlier than usual, met the young widow alone. It was the first time since the arrival of Marliano, and he resolved to profit by it. After several useless attempts to discourse on indifferent topics, finding that he became more and more embarrassed, he at last suddenly stopped, and taking the hand of the marchioness—

'What have you against me?' said he; 'and why do you avoid me?'

'I avoid you!' repeated she; 'what can induce you to think so?'

'Do you think I am blind, madam? For more than a fortnight this is the first time I have been able to speak to you.'

The marchioness, who had been troubled for a moment, had now recovered herself.

'Are you sure that it is my fault?' asked she, smiling; 'we seldom find those whom we do not care to seek.'

'Ah, madam! you do not doubt my desire to partake of your society?'

'Why not? I know that my arrival at Abano displeased you at first. Did the intimacy of a few days suffice to destroy all your former prejudices?'

The count blushed, and endeavored to exculpate himself.

'Do not attempt to deny it,' continued the marchioness; 'some one had poisoned your mind against me. I know that the only reason of your stay was your being obliged to wait for some letters which you expected; you were consequently compelled to put up with my society.'

'I do not know who can have given you all these details,' said Alfieri, with unaffected simplicity; 'but I cannot deny my faults, or conceal my thoughts. It is true that your name awakened in me a painful emotion, and that I did not attempt to hide it. But if such be the cause of your coldness towards me, which has succeeded so suddenly to your prior affability, you punish too cruelly a prejudice which your presence has sufficed to dissipate.'

'And may I ask you what this prejudice might be?'

'Were I to refuse to give you the explanation you demand, you might be inclined to suppose that it arose from some injurious repugnance on my part; but your presence renewed a sensation of sorrow within my breast, of which I was not the master.'

'And for what reason?'

'I once had a friend, madam, who had likewise been the companion of my studies. We had grown together, and I loved him as children love one another, because they are of the same age and enjoy the same pleasures. We had separated, but kept up a regular correspondence, for we could not forget the happy days of our boyhood. I heard that he lived respected by all who knew him at Genoa. About a year back I learned that he had fallen in love with a woman, beautiful, admired, and courted by all. Two of my letters remained unanswered; at last I received one from his mother—his love had been fatal to him.'

'And your friend was called?'

'Julio Aldi.'

On hearing this name, a cry escaped the marchioness.

'It was then that I heard your name pronounced for the first time,' continued Alfieri; but seeing that the young woman had buried her face in her hands—'Pardon me, madam, said he, with a supplicating and agitated voice, 'I have afflicted you, but it was unavoidable. Now you are aware why I wished to avoid a person whose presence recalled to me the death of my friend.'

'How you must have hated me!' exclaimed the marchioness, bathed in tears.

'No, madam; for I knew that you did everything in your power to prevent their duel; that you even went to the place of rendezvous.'

'Too late sir—too late!'

'The fault was not yours, and Aldi's mother rendered you full justice; she did not accuse you in the agony of her grief, but the young man's imprudence, which had exposed him to the Baron Rocca's sword. Ah, how often have I condemned him for having ventured, in the chances of a duel, a life full of hope in the future! I then did not know the anguish of always finding near the person beloved a face whose impassibility insults our sufferings—of hearing, whenever her voice is heard, the voice of another who answers her with familiarity! Now I comprehend why Aldi preferred certain death to tortures such as these; for I, a man of thought and reveries as I am, who never touched a sword in my life, I feel a thirst for shedding blood; a challenge is ever on my lips, and I wish to be placed opposite to my adversary, sword in hand, to acquire the right of loving exclusively to myself.'

Alfieri's voice had risen as he spoke, his pale face was flushed, and, on pronouncing these last words, his hand was outstretched as if he had grasped a sword; the marchioness made an involuntary motion to stop him.

'Ah! you need not fear,' rejoined he with a bitter smile; 'I have devoured my anger. What right had I to provoke a rival? Jealousy

is only permitted to him who can hope for a return to his affection. And yet,' continued he, after a short pause, 'what risk should I run in a duel? Is there not a terrible one engaged between me and my malady? and I well know what will be the issue of that.'

The marchioness had insensibly drawn closer to him. Her looks were fixed upon the poet's dejected countenance with an indescribable expression of compassion, and she said, in a voice trembling with emotion, 'Good heavens! what is the matter with you?'

'Do you ask me? Do you not know both the cause and the cure? Nothing but a little affection which might inspire me with the desire to live; for an instant I had imagined I had found it; I then breathed more freely; I felt all the vigor of my youth return, because I was happy; but it only lasted a few days, for I soon perceived that my hopes were groundless.'

'Who told you so?'

'Bianca!' exclaimed he; 'have I understood you? Speak, I beseech you—for pity's sake, speak.'

The marchioness was about to answer; but she suddenly uttered a cry of terror, and tore herself from his embrace. The count raised his eyes; Marliano was standing at the corner of the parterre.

The Genoese bowed coldly. On seeing him the marchioness had fallen back motionless on the bench, he advanced, and without appearing to notice her emotion, inquired after her health with impassable politeness.

As for Alfieri, the arrival of this man at the moment that he was about to receive an avowal which he had so long and so ardently sought after, had at first drawn from him a gesture of anger; but his attention was soon attracted towards Bianca, who by her looks appeared to be supplicating Marliano. Alfieri felt all his doubts return; an invisible instinct pointed out this man to him as his rival, and he resolved to do his utmost to verify his suspicions. He observed to the marchioness that it was time to go to the spring, and he offered to escort her there.

'I thank you, sir,' said the marchioness with embarrassment; 'I remain here; but do not let me interfere with your arrangements.'

'My arrangements are yours, madam,' said the count; 'you know it—the only hours that I enjoy, are those which I pass with you.'

'I see, count, that you would succeed quite as well in madrigals as in tragedy,' replied the marchioness with effort.

Alfieri shook his head. 'Do not rail, I beseech you, at the expression of a sentiment which you know to be sincere,' said he; 'you cannot mistake the cause of the change which your presence has worked in me. Before I knew you I was unhappy, wearied with all that vain applause which is called glory. I saw you—melancholy, fatigue, all disappeared. You have acted on me as the rays of the sun on a drooping plant—I owe you my very existence.'

'Sir!' exclaimed the marchioness, terrified; and then she turned her eyes upon Marliano, but he remained calm and motionless.

Alfieri had watched her looks and her movements.

'You will excuse me,' rejoined he, turning towards the Genoese; 'such confessions are not usually made in the presence of a third person. I have doubtless been indiscreet.'

Marliano bowed. 'I feel happy,' said he, 'count, to have inspired you with so much confidence as to induce you to make such an avowal of your sentiments.'

'I assure you, signor, that I rejoice that you hear me.'

'It is rather for me to rejoice to find that a great poet employs, to express his passion, an eloquence which others in vain seek for in their love.'

The irony with which these last words had been pronounced had something so cold, so piercing about it, that it produced on Alfieri the effect of those wounds which we do not feel at first; but when he understood the full force of it, a flush of indignation caused his very blood to boil; his eyes met those of Marliano. Bianca threw herself between these two glances, in which they exchanged their hatred.

'We well know your gallantry, count,' said she; 'but we have had quite enough on that chapter for to-day. I do not intend to go to the spring, but I do not wish to hinder you from taking your accustomed walk; you will bring me a nosegay on your return.'

The count made an effort on himself, and took his leave. Marliano was about to follow him.

'Signor Marliano!' exclaimed the marchioness, 'you promised to read me a chapter.'

The Genoese turned towards her, a sardonic smile played upon his lips: 'are you so much afraid for him?' said he.

Bianca laid her hand on her heart, and sat down without being able to answer.

'Yet you have reason to be satisfied with me, madam,' rejoined Marliano, bitterly. 'Did I not allow him to speak of his love? Did I not suffer his insults, for his intention was to insult me? Did I not carry my patience to such a pitch that he must have thought me a vile coward? Does not this suffice you?'

'I must leave this place,' said the marchioness with anguish. 'I cannot stay here any longer. I shall return to Genoa.'

'I am ready.'

Bianca cast on Marliano a long look of terror and indignation.

'Yes,' continued she, 'I shall return to Genoa, but to bid an eternal adieu to the world. I have often thought of it—my determination is taken—I shall retire into a convent.'

Marliano started. What say you, madam? A convent?'

'I am resolved.'

'Impossible! So young, so beautiful—to bury yourself in an eternal prison.'

'Am I free now?'

The Genoese looked at her. 'It is to avoid me that you shun the world,' said he, sorrowfully; 'you then hate me more than you love its pleasures.'

'And even were it so, have you not forced me to it?'

'What have I done?'

The marchioness briskly raised her head. 'Do you dare ask me?' said she with indignant surprise. 'Baron Rocca, have you forgotten the past? Have you not traced around me a fatal circle which none can pass without certain death? You ask me what you have done. Have you not profited by your odious address as a *brave* to assume to yourself the authority of a guardian over me against my will, and call to account all those who approach me? I could not demand the assistance of those who would have had the courage to protect me against this tyranny, for it would have exposed them to certain destruction. Sheltered under the point of honor, you would have awaited their provocation—then, master of the arms and conditions you would have murdered them as you did the unfortunate Aldi. Thus have you enslaved me to your will during three years, trembling beneath your regard, obliged to suffer your society, and estranging all others from me through fear. In vain have I tried to escape you; you have followed me everywhere. Even here, where I had fled for concealment, you appear under the false name of Marliano, as if you had feared that yours would have been the signal of my flight—and you now ask me what you have done!'

Whilst the marchioness had been speaking, the Genoese had turned paler and paler; his features had assumed an expression impossible to describe; it was an anguish which had something cruel about it—a sort of despair which tormented him, but inspired no pity; it was the grief of Satan, crowned king of evil and of pain.

'Why did you not love me?' said he, fixing on the marchioness a withering look of anger. 'It is you who have caused all that has happened. Happiness would have softened my soul. You have exasperated it. That skill which you reproach me with—the world itself forced me to acquire it. I was ugly, abandoned; I required a defence against contempt—I acquired the art of killing. What had at first been necessity, became at last a habit—I placed my honor in a science which I had studied merely as a safeguard. Besides, why should I spare those who hate me? The hatred of others renders us cruel, madam. Ah! as soon as I knew you, I take heaven to witness that I repented ever having shed blood—but I could not efface the past. My love was disdained. I saw that you despised and hated me. I was then seized with a secret rage. Why should I leave to another the happiness which had been refused to myself? Would you not even have thanked me for it at the bottom of your soul? No! If I am cruel, Bianca, it is because I cannot bear the idea that you should love another.'

'Thus I am the slave of your passion.'

'I love you and am jealous.'

'But I—I do not love you.'

'I know it—I know it. And yet your love would change my whole life, and redeem the past.'

He seized the hands of Bianca, and pressed them convulsively against his heart. 'Oh! I love you, Bianca; I love you as man never loved,' exclaimed he; 'why are you without pity?'

'Leave me—leave me,' said the young woman, struggling to escape.

'What can I do to induce you to listen to me?'

'Leave me, I say.'

'Bianca, you cannot eternally resist my prayers—you will relent—I love you too much—you must be mine at last.'

'A convent rather!' exclaimed the young woman, distractedly.

'I will tear you from it.'

'Then the tomb!'

Marliano let drop her hands, which he held in his. 'You love the count,' said he, gnashing his teeth with rage.

The marchioness shuddered, attempted to speak, but burst into tears.

'To-morrow we start for Genoa,' said he, after a long silence.

At this moment some person appeared at the extremity of the walk; Marliano offered the countess his arm, and they both walked away.

Hardly had they disappeared among the trees, when Cellini crept cautiously from behind a clump of acacias where he had concealed himself. He had arrived there a little after Alfieri's departure, and having distinguished the voices of the marchioness and Marliano, he had allowed his curiosity to get the better of his discretion. Wishing to clear up the suspicions which he entertained, he had listened attentively, and had heard all that passed between them. The beginning of their conversation had only excited his astonishment, and he merely saw in it a capital subject for a *scenario*, but the end had taught him the part which Alfieri played in the affair. He therefore ran to him immediately, and told him all that he had discovered thus opportunely. His revelation was for the count as welcome as it was unexpected; his doubts were removed, and he saw that he was beloved. Everything was now explained; the trouble of the marchioness at the sight of Marliano; her timid submission to his will: the sudden alteration in her behavior towards himself. His joy knew no bounds.

'But,' observed Cellini, 'she has promised this Marliano, or rather this Baron Rocca, to start tomorrow.'

'No, no,' exclaimed Alfieri; 'she shall stay. Ah! heaven be thanked that I have learned the truth; for this once, this Baron Rocca will find some one betwixt him and the woman whom he oppresses.'

'You forget that you never handled an arm in your life, and that this man will infallibly kill you.'

'I do not care.'

'Of course you are too happy just now to care about life; only, if you succumb, the marchioness will remain without a protector, and exposed to the mercy of her persecutor.'

'You are right. But need I fight this man?

Would it not be sufficient to publish the truth?'

'It is injurious to the baron; he will challenge you, and you cannot refuse to give him satisfaction, or it will be said you are afraid.'

'Well, I will give him satisfaction.'

'Then he will kill you, and you will not have benefited her in the least. You walk in a circle out of which you can find no issue.'

Alfieri stamped with rage on the ground. 'Is it possible that this point of honor can cover every enormity? What! because a villain is clever in the art of killing, he has the right to force you to silence, or to murder you! Strange justice of the world! If I refuse to allow myself to be assassinated by this cut-throat, a thousand voices will be raised to brand me as a coward, and my celebrity will only serve to publish my shame to every corner of the world, and render my name more despicable. Since life is nothing but an arena of gladiators, why was not I taught to shed blood? What use is what I am and what I know, to me? O God! I would barter my genius, my glory, every thing, for the science of a fencing-master. What's to be done —what's to be done?'

'Formerly a *brave* might have served your turn; unfortunately they are out of fashion now.'

Alfieri shook his head and remained pensive. But he suddenly awoke from his reverie: 'Yes,' murmured he, 'it must be so; it's the only means I have.'

'What are you going to do?' asked his friend.

'You shall know very soon,' answered the count, and he left the room.

The following hours were employed by him in arranging his affairs and writing his last instructions However firm the soul may be, such preparations cannot but weigh heavily upon it. There is always some smiling corner in life, some happy spot, which we then recal to mind, and to which the humid eye looks back with regret. How many doubts arise, how many anxieties do we rake up from the bottom of our hearts! Will our name be long remembered? Who will weep for our loss?—Melancholy reflections, to solve which we dare not consult the experience of the past.

And Alfieri thought of all this: of the mountains where he had passed his boyhood; of his first verses; of the old woman's prediction, which was now, doubtless, to be accomplished. He then examined his papers, separating his finished compositions from those which he had as yet, as it were, only sketched out, the children of his imagination, which he intended to have impressed with the whole power of his genius and experience. Oh! how many dreams begun, how many inspirations which had formerly but faintly glimmered on his mind, then burst upon him in all their glory! and he groaned, the poet, for that moment had furnished him with more ideas than the labor of a whole life could develope. And he was about to hazard all this against the dexterity of a bravo. He pressed his hand against his forehead, as if to tear from it the treasures which were about to perish with him. For so it is with man: he considers his intelligence as the common inheritance of humanity, and that, were he to keep aught of it to himself, he would commit a robbery on mankind. He cannot take upon himself to carry with him a thought unexpressed.

But time passed away. The count rapidly finished to put every thing in order. He wrote to his sister, bade an eternal adieu to everything he loved in this world, and then descended into the saloon.

Cellini and Marliano were there alone. The former was warm in praise of a volume of Machiavel which he held in his hand.

'I do not know it,' said Marliano, coolly.

'Should you wish to read it?' asked the young man, presenting him the book.

'I never read.'

Cellini looked at him with astonishment.—This was the epoch of the regeneration of ideas which signalized the end of the eighteenth century. The nobility seemed to have suddenly awoke from the long torpidity in which they had lain, to study something more than the mere art of gallantry, or the noble science of arms. There was a universal rush towards literature, so that a man who declared that he could not read, was considered as extraordinary a being as a courtier of the reign of Charles the Second, who lived without a mistress.

The count, who on entering had remarked Cellini's surprise, observed—

'Signor Marliano is quite right; what can gentlemen have to do with books?'

Marliano looked at him, as if to discover whether he was not victimized; but the count's features were so calm that he hardly knew what to conjecture.

'If you really think so, my dear count,' said Cellini, laughing, 'I wonder at your passing whole nights over your books, as you are accustomed to do.'

'Oh! as for me,' rejoined the count, 'I'm a a poet, a madman! I love Plutarch, and am foolish enough to consider such words as liberty, country, as anything but ridiculous. I am one of those who would not have every man's happiness or misery depend on the chance of birth. I dream of a world where recompenses would be awarded to the most worthy, honors to the most devoted, happiness to all; but I'm a madman, you know, whilst Signor Marliano is a *gentleman*.'

All this had been said with so much calm, and with such a sameness of intonation, that it would have puzzled any one to guess the interlocutor's real meaning. Its irony was hidden, but was thereby rendered more poignant—you felt the goad without perceiving it. Marliano knew that he was attacked, and winced under his adversary's infliction; but he likewise knew that a quarrel would drive the marchioness to extremities, and he resolved to avoid it if possible; it was, therefore, with a mixture of anger and reserve that he answered—

'I cannot accept your excuses, count. I am satisfied with the world as it is, and leave to philosophers and philanthropists, as they style

themselves, literary knight-errants, the care of remodelling it between their repasts, as they would a play or an opera."

'What can such a man as you have to do with philanthropists and philosophers?' exclaimed Alfieri. 'Ah, sir, you are really disposed to show us too much indulgence. Nonsense!—men who wish to enlighten the human mind, the monsters!—who love their fellow-creatures, the fools! The clever men are those who profit by abuses instead of combating them, and ornament their avarice and hard-heartedness with the name of principle or political opinions; who grind down the poor to satisfy their habits of indolence and extravagance, and become wealthy on the miseries of others less privileged than themselves. Those are the persons who know how to live; them we should take for our models. Neither is it difficult, heaven knows, to lead the life of the exquisites of high life;—ruin your creditors, dishonor as many women as possible, kill a few of your most intimate friends in duel, and you will leave behind you the reputation of a most perfect gentleman.'

Whilst Alfieri had been speaking, Marliano seemed devoured by an increasing irritation.—At the last words pronounced by the count, he turned round suddenly, but, as if he wished to avoid a quarrel at any price, he advanced towards a chair on which he had left his hat, and took it up.

'Pardon me, signor,' said Alfieri, 'perhaps I have wounded your political opinions. I should really be very much grieved if you were obliged to leave the room on my account, although certainly very much flattered at your thus acknowledging yourself conquered.'

Marliano threw down his hat. 'I was never conquered by anybody,' said he haughtily.

Alfieri bowed; a vague smile played on his lips. For a few moments the three persons present were silent. Cellini, embarrassed, hardly knowing what his friend was aiming at, and the Genoese evidently seeking to avoid a rupture.—He had approached the sideboard, and seemed to be inhaling the perfumes of some rare flowers in a crystal vase, when his eyes fell on a case of pistols, which Cellini had placed there on his return from the shooting-gallery. He opened the box, took out a pistol, which he examined carelessly, and approached the window.

'Are you satisfied with these arms?' asked he of Cellini.

'Very much so; they are of the manufactory of Cosimo.'

'Will you allow me to try them?'

'Certainly.'

Marliano looked out of the window. 'You see that flower yonder,' said he, pointing to a rose-bud, which was the only one left on the bush.

'Yes; but it's out of pistol-shot.'

Marliano fired.

'Ah signor!' exclaimed Cellini.

'The flower is down of course,' said the count, who had remained at the other extremity of the apartment.

'You seem to jest, but it's a fact.'

The count smiled; he saw that Marliano wanted to frighten him.

'By Jove, Signor Marliano,' said Cellini, who was still looking at the flower, 'if we ever fight, I should not feel inclined to choose pistols as the weapons.'

'Why not?' exclaimed Alfieri; 'on account of the flower?'

'No, no; on my own account.'

'Dear me! who knows? it frequently happens that this extraordinary dexterity will disappear at the moment of danger.'

Marliano made a movement.

'I do not say that for you, signor; but the most clever villain cannot always support the look of an honest man, and his conscience will sometimes make his hand tremble. Indeed there are many who only make a parade of their skill, in order to avoid a more dangerous struggle, and who volunteer a proof of their address to dispense with giving a proof of courage.'

'Count!' exclaimed Marliano, springing towards Alfieri.

'Once more I do not say that for you,' quietly returned the latter.

'This assurance is useless,' said Marliano, his lips trembling with rage. 'I know that you dare not address such words to me. Poets are prudent; they only insult by allusions; they never provoke, except from under cover of an oratorical precaution; and when we are tired with their disguised insolence, they feign to be ignorant of its cause; in case of necessity, they might even invoke their bad health, and call themselves too ill to have any honor.'

'You do not mean that for me either, I suppose,' said the count mildly.

'I leave you the judge of that, sir.'

'O no,' continued Alfieri; 'for if such were the case, the signor Marliano knows that I might demand satisfaction.'

'Who hinders you from doing so?'

'You then recognize that I have the right to do it? You own that your insolence was directed towards me—that I am insulted?'

'Be it so.'

Alfieri sprang towards the Genoese, and seizing his hand—

'I have the choice of arms, sir,' exclaimed he.

'It matters not to me.'

'We shall soon see.'

He ran to the sideboard, seized Cellini's pistols, and returning to Marliano—

'Choose,' said he.

'But one of the pistols is unloaded.'

'The other will suffice for one of us.'

'What!—do you want to fight?'

'Muzzle to muzzle; and let God defend the right.'

'It is impossible,' exclaimed Marliano.

'Pardon me, signor, I am insulted; you have said it. I have the right to impose the conditions; you have said that too. You cannot refuse, unless you be a vile coward. The point of honor which has served you so frequently, is against you now. You hoped that, like so many

others of your victims, I should be fool enough to stand up to serve as a mark for your bullet or your sword, that you might cut me down as you did that flower, with a smile on your lips. But you were mistaken, Baron Rocca.'

'Ah! you know my name, do you?'

'Yes, and think not that I will yield a single fraction of my advantages. I do not fight to make a parade of bravery or generosity, but to deliver the marchioness from your odious persecutions. I fight to kill you.'

'Your hope may be deceived,' exclaimed the baron, whose surprise was now turned into fury.

'I know it; but whatever be the issue of this combat, Bianca will have nothing more to fear from your tyranny. I have taken all my precautions; if I succumb, all Italy will know the cause of my death; I shall have bought with my blood the right of publishing your infamy; and I shall be believed, for the dead, it is known, never lie. I shall be pitied, for my very enemies will take care to exalt my glory. Your fatal celebrity will be affixed to mine as to a funeral pile, and you will be branded as a villain for having killed me. I shall have broken the yoke which you have imposed upon the marchioness. Placed under the safeguard of public opinion, she will have nought to fear from you, and will require no one to defend her, for you will have lost the privileges of a man of honor, and all will refuse to give you satisfaction.'

'Enough! enough!' exclaimed the baron, who was now beside himself, 'one of us must die.—Follow me.'

'I am ready, sir.'

They directed their steps towards the door.—Cellini stopped them.

'One moment, gentlemen—you cannot fight without seconds, especially on such conditions: it is impossible.'

'You shall be mine,' said Alfieri; 'the baron will get one.'

'Meet me at the spring in an hour,' said Marliano, going out.

Cellini likewise left the apartment.

When Alfieri was left alone, a sort of moral depression seized upon him. He passed over in his mind the events of his life; he thought of Bianca! Cellini's story had led him to believe that he was beloved, but was that sufficient now that he was about to engage in a combat in which his life was at stake? Was it love or pity that had actuated the marchioness? He was buried in these reflections when she entered the apartment with a book in her hand. On perceiving the count she stopped and blushed, but recovering her presence of mind,—

'I was with you, you see,' said she, showing him the last volume he had published.

'Yes,' replied he, 'they are more beloved than the author himself. Before people know me, they seek for me in my works, they guess at me through the medium of my poetry; and when they come to find that I am a man like other men, they are astonished, and I fall down from the pinnacle upon which they had placed me. Even you, you love the poet, but you avoid the man: you like my works, Bianca, but you shun me.'

The marchioness attempted to reply.

'O! do not deny it,' continued Alfieri; 'you shun me, and yet you appeared to comprehend me. For an instant I thought I had touched your heart. Then it was that I loved my glory. I was proud to think I should share it with you. Ah! why did you snatch this delicious hope from me?'

The marchioness seemed affected—there was so much prayer in the count's voice, so much sensibility in his looks, that she remained as it were spell-bound beneath them; she wished to answer but could only stammer out a few words without meaning.

'Bianca, I beseech you, speak to me—you know that I love you; do not envy me this—this happiness, perhaps, the last I shall ever enjoy.'

'What can you mean?'

'Who knows what may happen? you know the fate which has been predicted to me.'

'O! banish all such fearful forebodings.'

'Well, supposing this prophecy were about to be realized—if I were to see you now for the last time—could you refuse a dying man a word which would make him happy? Ah! you tremble. Good God!—one word, only one—Bianca, do you love me?'

'Yes,' replied the marchioness, bursting into tears, and hiding her face in her hands.

Alfieri uttered a cry of joy.

'It is then true!—She loves me!—Thanks, thanks—Bianca, dearest Bianca!'

'Ah! why did you force me to speak, if you but knew—'

'Nothing—I will hear nothing, except that you love me—weep not, fear not. Now let my destiny be accomplished.'

The clock struck—the count shuddered.

'Adieu, Bianca,' said he, pressing her to his bosom; 'adieu!'

And having disengaged himself from her arms, he rushed out of the room.

The marchioness remained motionless. A vague sensation of terror crept over her, as she thought of the misfortunes that would be the result of the confession which she had made. She then remembered the count's trouble, his precipitate flight; a horrible suspicion arose in her mind.

She ran to the garden—Alfieri was not there. She asked for Marliano—he was absent. Her heart beat as if it were ready to burst. She ran to the count's room, hardly knowing what she was about—it was empty. She rushed to the balcony. At this moment the report of a pistol was heard, she uttered a piercing cry, and tottered against the wall. Almost immediately Cellini appeared at the extremity of the garden, exclaiming—

'A surgeon!'

Bianca felt the earth turn under her feet; she stretched out her arms for support, and tried to leave the window. Suddenly a noise was heard on the staircase; the door flew open—she uttered an exclamation of joy.

It was Alfieri!

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

[From the Dublin University Magazine for February.]

BY J. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

There was once a great banker in London, who had a very fine house in Portland Place, and a very dirty old house in the city; and if the latter looked the image of business and riches, the former looked the picture of luxury and display. He himself was a mild man, whose ostentation was of a quiet, but not the less of an active kind. His movements were always calm and tranquil, and his clothes plain; but the former were stately, the latter were in the best fashion. Holditch was his coachmaker in those days; Ude's first cousin was his cook; his servants walked up stairs to announce a visitor to the time of the Dead March in Saul, and opened both valves of the folding doors at once, with a grace that could only be acquired by long practice. Every thing seemed to move in his house by rule, and nothing was ever seen to go wrong. All the lackeys wore powder, and the women-servants had their caps prescribed to them. His wife was the daughter of a country-gentleman of very old race, a woman of good manners and a warm heart. Though there were two carriages always at her especial command, she sometimes walked on her feet, even in London, and would not suffer an account of her parties to find its way into the "Morning Post." The banker and his wife had but one child, a daughter, and a very pretty and very sweet girl she was as ever my eyes saw. She was not very tall, though very beautifully formed, and exquisitely graceful. She was the least affected person that ever was seen; for, accustomed from her earliest days to perfect ease in every respect,—denied nothing that was virtuous and right,—taught by her mother to estimate high qualities,—too much habituated to wealth to regard it as an object,—and too frequently brought in contact with rank to estimate it above its value,—she had nothing to covet, and nothing to assume. Her face was sweet and thoughtful, though the thoughts were evidently cheerful ones, and her voice was full of melody and gentleness. Her name was Alice Herbert, and she was soon the admired of all admirers. People looked for her at the opera and the park, declared her beautiful, adorable, divine: she became the wonder, the rage, the fashion; and every body added, when they spoke about her, that she would have half a million at the least. Now, Mr. Herbert himself was not at all anxious that his daughter should marry any of the men that first presented themselves, because none of them were above the rank of a baron: nor was Mrs. Herbert anxious either, because, she did not wish to part with her daughter; nor was Alice herself—I do not know well why,—perhaps she thought that a part of the men who surrounded her were fops, and as many more were libertines, and the rest were fools, and Alice did not feel more inclined to choose out of those three classes than her father did out of the three inferior grades of our nobility. There was, indeed, a young man in the Guards, distantly connected with her mother's family, who was neither fop, libertine, nor fool,—a gentleman, an accomplished man, and a man of good feeling, who was often at Mr. Herbert's house; but father, mother, and daughter, all thought him out of the question: the father, because he was not a duke; the mother, because he was a soldier; the daughter, because he had never given her the slightest reason to believe that he either admired or loved her. As he had some two thousand a year, he might have been a good match for a clergyman's daughter, but could not pretend to Miss Herbert. Alice certainly liked him better than any man she had ever seen, and once she found his eyes fixed upon her from the other side of a ball-room, with an expression that made her forget what her partner was saying to her. The color came up into her cheek, too, and that seemed to give Henry Ashton courage to come up and ask her to dance. She danced with him on the following night, too; and Mr. Herbert, who remarked the fact, judged that it would be but right to give Henry Ash'on a hint. Two days after, as Alice's father was just about to go out, the young guardsman himself was ushered into his library, and the banker prepared to give his hint, and give it plainly, too. He was saved the trouble, however; for Ashton's first speech was, 'I have come to bid you farewell, Mr Herbert. We are ordered to Canada to put down the evil spirit there. I set out in an hour to take leave of my mother, in Staffordshire, and then embark with all speed.'

Mr. Herbert economised his hint, and wished his young friend all success. 'By the way,' he added, 'Mrs. Herbert may like to write a few lines by you to her brother at Montreal. You know he is her only brother: he made a sad business of it, what with building and planting, and farming and such things. So I got him an appointment in Canada just that he might retrieve. She would like to write, I know. You will find her up stairs. I must go out myself.—Good fortune attend you.'

'Good fortune' did attend him, for he found Alice Herbert alone in the very first room he entered. There was a table before her, and she was leaning over it, as if very busy; but when

Henry Ashton approached her, he found that she had been carelessly drawing wild leaves on a scrap of paper, while her thoughts were far away. She colored when she saw him, and was evidently agitated; but she was still more so when he repeated what he had told her father. She turned red, and she turned pale, and she sat still, and she said nothing. Henry Ashton became agitated himself. 'It is all in vain,' he said to himself. 'It is all in vain. I know her father too well;' and he rose, asking where he should find her mother.

Alice answered in a faint voice, 'in the little room beyond the back drawing room.'

Henry paused a moment longer: the temptation was too great to be resisted; he took the sweet girl's hand; he pressed it to his lips, and said, 'Farewell, Miss Herbert! farewell! I know I shall never see any one like you again; but, at least it is a blessing to have known you—though it be but to regret that fortune has not favored me still farther! farewell! farewell!'

Henry Ashton sailed for Canada, and saw some service there. He distinguished himself as an officer, and his name was in several despatches. A remnant of the old chivalrous spirit made him often think when he was attacking a fortified village, or charging a body of insurgents, 'Alice Herbert will hear of this!' but often, too, he would ask himself, 'I wonder if she be married yet?' and his companions used to jest with him upon always looking first at the woman's part of the newspaper; the births, deaths, and marriages.

His fears, if we can venture to call them such, were vain. Alice did not marry, although about a year after Henry Ashton had quitted England, her father descended a little from his high ambition, and hinted that if she thought fit, she might listen to the young Earl of ———. Alice was not inclined to listen, and gave the earl plainly to understand that she was not inclined to become his countess. The earl, however, persevered, and Mr. Herbert now began to add his influence; but Alice was obdurate, and reminded her father of a promise he had made, never to press her marriage with any one. Mr. Herbert seemed more annoyed than Alice expected, walked up and down the room in silence, and on hearing it, shut himself up with Mrs. Herbert for nearly two hours. What took place Alice did not know, but Mrs. Herbert from that moment looked grave and anxious. Mr. Herbert insisted that the earl should be received at the house as a friend, though he urged his daughter no more, and balls and parties succeeded each other so rapidly that the quieter inhabitants of Portland Place wished the banker and his family, where Alice herself wished to be—in Canada. In the meantime, Alice became alarmed for her mother, whose health was evidently suffering from some cause; but Mrs. Herbert would consult no physician, and her husband seemed never to perceive the state of weakness and depression into which she was sinking. Alice resolved to call the matter to her father's notice, and as he now went out every morning at an early hour, she rose one day sooner than usual, and knocked at the door of his dressing room. There was no answer, and, unclosing the door, she looked in to see if he were already gone. The curtains were still drawn, but through them some of the morning beams found their way, and by the dim sickly light, Alice beheld an object that made her clasp her hands and tremble violently. Her father's chair before the dressing table was vacant; but beside it lay upon the floor something like the figure of a man asleep. Alice approached, with her heart beating so violently that she could hear it; and there was no other sound in the room. She knelt down beside him: it was her father. She could not hear him breathe, and she drew back the curtains. He was pale as marble, and his eyes were open, but fixed. She uttered not a sound, but with wild eyes gazed round the room, thinking of what she should do. Her mother was in the chamber at the side of the dressing-room; but Alice, thoughtful, even in the deepest agitation, feared to call her, and rang the bell for her father's valet. The man came and raised his master, but Mr. Herbert had evidently been dead for some hours. Poor Alice wept terribly, but still she thought of her mother, and she made no noise, and the valet was silent too; for, in lifting the dead body to the sofa, he had found a small vial, and was gazing on it intently.

'I had better put this away, Miss Herbert,'' he said at length, in a low voice; 'I had better put this away before any one else comes.'

Alice gazed at the vial with her tearful eyes. It was marked 'Prussic acid! poison!'

This was but the commencement of many sorrows. Though the coroner's jury pronounced that Mr. Herbert had died a natural death, yet every one declared he had poisoned himself, especially when it was found that he had died utterly insolvent. That all his last great speculations had failed, and that the news of his absolute beggary had reached him on the night preceding his decease. Then came all the horrors of such circumstances to poor Alice and her mother;—the funeral;—the examination of the papers;—the sale of the house and furniture;—the tiger claws of the law rending open the house in all its dearest associations;—the commiseration of friends; the taunts and scoffs of those who envied and hated in silence. Then for poor Alice herself, came the last worst blow, the sickness and death bed of a mother—sickness and death in poverty. The last scene was just over; the earth was just laid upon the coffin of Mrs. Herbert; and Alice sat with her eyes dropping fast, thinking of the sad '*What next?*' when a letter was given to her, and she saw the handwriting of her uncle in Canada. She had written to him on her father's death, and now he answered full of tenderness and affection, begging his sister and niece instantly to join him in the new land which he had made his country. All the topics of consolation which philosophy ever discovered or devised to soothe the man under the manifold sorrows and cares of life are not worth a blade of rye grass in comparison with one word of true affection. It was the only

balm that Alice Herbert's heart could have received; and though it did not heal the wound, it tranquillized its aching.

Mrs. Herbert, though not rich, had not been altogether portionless, and her small fortune was all that Alice now condescended to call her own. There had been, indeed, a considerable jointure, but that Alice renounced from feelings that you will understand. Economy, however, was now a necessity; and after taking a passage in one of the cheapest vessels she could find bound for Quebec,—a vessel that all the world has heard of, named the St. Lawrence,—she set out for the good city of Bristol, where she arrived in safety on the 16th day of May, 183–.

I must now, however, turn to the history of Henry Ashton.

It was just after the business in Canada was settled, that he entered a room in Quebec, where several of the officers of his regiment were assembled in various occupations,—one writing a letter to go by the packet which was just about to sail, two looking out of the window at the nothing which was doing in the streets, and one reading the newspaper. There were three or four other journals on the table, and Ashton took up one of them. As usual, he turned to the record of the three great things in life, and read, first the marriages—then the deaths; and, as he did so, he saw,—'Suddenly, at his house in Portland Place, William Anthony Herbert, Esq.' The paper did not drop from his hand, although he was much moved and surprised; but his sensations were very mixed, and although, be it said truly, he gave his first thoughts, and they were sorrowful, to the dead, the second were given to Alice Herbert, and he asked himself, 'Is it possible that she can ever be mine? She was certainly much agitated when I left her!'

'Here's a bad business!' cried the man who was reading the other newspaper. 'The Herberts are all gone to smash, and I had six hundred pounds there. You are in for it, too, Ashton. Look there! They talk of three shillings in the pound.'

Henry Ashton took the paper and read the account of all that had occurred in London, and then he took his hat, and walked to head quarters. What he said or did there, is nobody's business but his own; but certain it is, that by the beginning of the very next week, he was in the gulf of St. Lawrence. Fair winds wafted him soon to England; but in St. George's Channel all went contrary, and the ship was knocked about for three days without making much way. A fit of impatience had come upon Henry Ashton, and when he thought of Alice Herbert, and all she must have suffered, his heart beat strangely. One of those little incidents occurred about this time, that make or mar men's destinies. A coasting boat from Swansea to Wiston came within hail, and Ashton, tired of the other vessel, put a portmanteau, a servant, and himself, into the little skimmer of the seas, and was in a few hours landed safely at the pleasant watering-place of Wiston super mare. It wanted yet an hour or two of night, and therefore a post-chaise was soon rolling the young officer, his servant, and his portmanteau towards Bristol, on their way to London. He arrived at a reasonable hour, but yet, some one of the many things that fill inns, had happened in Bristol that day, and Henry drove to the Bush, to the Falcon, and the Fountain, and several others, before he could get a place of rest. At length, he found two comfortable rooms in a small hotel near the port, and had sat down to his supper by a warm fire, when an Irish sailor put his head into the room, and asked if he were the lady that was to go down to the St. Lawrence the next day? Henry Ashton informed him that he was not a lady, and that, as he had just come from the St. Lawrence, he was not going back again, upon which the man withdrew to seek further.

Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock struck, and Henry Ashton pulled off his boots, and went to bed. At two o'clock he awoke, feeling heated and feverish; and to cool himself, he began to think of Alice Herbert. He found it by no means a good plan, for he felt warmer than before, and soon a suffocating feel came over him, and he thought he smelt a strong smell of burning wood. His bedroom was one of those unfortunate inn bed-rooms that are placed under the mediate care and protection of a sitting-room, which, like a Spanish Duenna, will let nobody in who does not pass by their door. He put on his dressing-gown, therefore, and issued out into the sitting-room, and there the smell was stronger: there was a considerable crackling and roaring, which had something alarming in it, and he consequently opened the outer door. All he could now see was a thick smoke filling the corridor, through which came a red glare from the direction of the staircase; but he heard those sounds of burning wood which are not to be mistaken; and in a minute after, loud knocking at the doors, ringing of bells, and shouts of 'Fire! fire!' showed that the calamity had become apparent to the people in the street. He saw all the rushing forth of naked men and women, which generally follows such a catastrophe, and the opening all the doors of the house, as if for the express purpose of blowing the fire into a flame. There were hallooings and shoutings, there were screamings and tears, and what between the rushing sound of the devouring element, and the voice of human suffering or fear, the noise was enough to wake the dead.

Henry Ashton thought of his portmanteau, and wondered where his servant was; but seeing, by a number of people driven back from the great staircase by flames, that there was no time to be lost, he made his way down by a smaller one, and in a minute or two reached the street. The engines by this time had arrived; an immense crowd was gathering together, the terrified tenants of the inn were rushing forth, and in the midst Henry Ashton remarked one young woman wringing her hands, and exclaiming, 'Oh, my poor young mistress! my poor young lady!'

'Where is she, my good girl?' demanded the young soldier.

'In number eleven,' cried the girl, 'in number eleven! Her bedroom is within the sitting room, and she will never hear the noise.''

'There she is,' cried one of the by-standers who overheard; 'there she is, I dare say.'

Ashton looked up towards the house, through the lower windows of which the flames were pouring forth; and across the casement which seemed next to the very room he himself had occupied, he saw the figure of a woman, in her night dress, pass rapidly.

'A ladder,' he cried, 'a ladder, for God's sake! There is some one there, whoever it be!'

No ladder could be got, and Henry Ashton looked round in vain.

'The back staircase is of stone,' he cried; 'she may be saved that way!'

'Ay, but the corridor is on fire,' said one of the waiters; 'you'd better not try, sir; it cannot be done.'

Henry Ashton darted away; into the inn; up the stair case; but the corridor was on fire, as the man had said, and the flames rushing up to the very door of the rooms he had lately tenanted. He rushed on, however, recollecting that he had seen a side door out of his own sitting room. He dashed in, caught the handle of the lock of the side door, and shook it violently, for it was fastened.

'I will open it,' cried a voice from within, that sounded strangely familiar to his ear.

The lock turned—the door opened—and Henry Ashton and Alice Herbert stood face to face.

'God of Heaven,' he exclaimed, catching her in his arms. But he gave no time for explanation, and hurried back with her towards the door of his own room. The corridor, however, was impassable.

'You will be lost! you will be lost!' he exclaimed, holding her to his heart.

'And you have thrown away your own life to save mine!' said Alice.

'I will die with you, at least!' replied Henry Ashton; 'that is some consolation. But, no! they have got a ladder—they are raising it up—dear girl you are saved!'

He felt Alice lie heavy on his bosom; and when he looked down, whether it was fear, or the effect of the stifling heat, or hearing such words from his lips, he found that she had fainted.

'It is as well,' he said; 'it is as well!' and, as soon as the ladder was raised, he bore her out, holding her firmly yet tenderly to his bosom. There was a death-like stillness below. The ladder shook under his feet; the flames came forth and licked the rounds on which his steps were placed; but steadily, firmly, calmly, the young soldier pursued his way. He bore all that he valued on earth in his arms, and it was no moment to give one thought to fear.

When his last footstep touched the ground, a universal shout burst forth from the crowd, and even reached the ear of Alice herself; but, ere she could recover completely, she was in the comfortable drawing room of a good merchant's house, some way further down the same street.

The St. Lawrence sailed on the following day for Quebec, and, as you well know, went down in the terrible hurricane which swept the Atlantic in the summer of that year, bearing with her to the depths of ocean, every living thing that she had carried out from England. But on the day that she weighed anchor, Alice sat in the drawing room of the merchant's house, with her hand clasped in that of Henry Ashton; and, ere many months were over, the tears for those dear beings she had lost, were chased by happier drops, as she gave her hand to the man she loved with all the depth of first affection, but whom she would never have seen again, had it not been for THE FIRE.

THE PALACE MOTHER.

A NEW YEAR'S CONGRATULATION, AND OFFERING OF HOPE, ON THE NOW MATERNAL CHARACTER OF HER MAJESTY.

[From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for February.]

BY ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

'How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument.'—
SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.

Praise to the vanished! to the old year praise!
It came with promise, went out promise-crown'd;
Even at its threshold bridal-wreaths it wound,
And, dying, left us in as proud amaze,—
The nuptials blest, the royal babe made known,
And now a queen-maternal on the throne.

O how the joy-bells rang their loudest peal,
The grateful news was carried through the land;
From spire to spire fast wrought the willing hand—
Glad tidings they, and gladsome to reveal!
And still this New Year strengthens the delight,
And Hope's as eager to pursue the flight!

The cradle toys—and blissful babyhood,
Lo: then, the Palace-Mother at the sight
(Young in her years, and young in the delight)
Strange gazing in her self-found solitude—
The heart up-hushed, and every thought awe-charm'd
To see love's dreaming thus to life transform'd!

* * * * * *

And very beautiful that life-bud is
In its fresh innocence—the lip, cheek, eye,
And the small hand put out so tryingly;

And still, by times, the feet, in freedom's bliss,
  Working their gathering powers beneath the drape
  That shows the movement, though it screens the shape!

And near that mother is another face,
  Suiting the scene—the mild, yet earnest sire
  And happy husband, with his hope on fire
At what may be the future of his race—
  A daughter now, and other pledges yet—
  Star linked with star as never more to set!

Father and prince! how rich the homage falls!
  Mother and queen is she—the favored one;
  But chiefly where the birth-pang sharp has gone,
There Nature, the enthralling, most enthralls—
  The inward woman tried and touched has been,
  And her new name is prouder even than Queen!

* * * * * *

'Tis not in any state to take away
  The nature of our nature, or conceal;
  The heart must throb or rot; the feelings feel;
Our bearing's the condition of our clay;
  The diadem of glory decks the head,
  Yet cannot the feet leave the earth they tread!

And thou, high sovereign lady—Mother now!
  And thou dost know this, in thy inward thought:
  Nature, the teacher, hath this lesson taught,
And all who watch thee, trace it on thy brow—
  The new sweet charge that takes the heart to school,
  And makes I LOVE be stronger than I RULE.

Liege lady—Mother! yea, I judge it so,
  And have in this withal the better hope,
  That, swaying, as thou dost, thou wilt give scope
To fullest sympathy for those below—
  The humble throng of mothers, from whose womb
  Britannia takes her greatness, or her doom!

Through the drear nooks where abject suffering lies
  In shivering pain, or dread incertitude,
  Where the dry nipple cannot give the food,
And the weak, gum-mocked infant moans and dies,—
  There, as a mother of the mother think,
  And link around thee still the closer link.

The poor produce with pain—and so do all;
  But ah! how much is added to the same!
  How little of the nurse the hut can claim!
How few the comforts found within that wall!
  A bed of straw perhaps, and cover thin,
  And the keen draughts for ever breaking in!

Some neighbor grandame, kindly as she's old,
  The only friend to lend, by times, a hand,
  Brush up the floor—do any small command,
Hobbling from spot to spot with careful hold;
  Yet what can she to help the greater woe?
  How give those features which such home should show?

Where is the caudle choice? the curtained charm?
  Where each accompaniment we would espy?
  The ever-wanted change, all clean and dry,
The wholesome gearing of the tiny form?
  The father prideful as the scene reveals?
  And the fond mother smiling as she feels?

There may, perchance, be other children, too,
  All gathered close together in that shed;
  And some they strive to climb upon the bed
And bring the little stranger to the view;
  And now, anon, the place becomes all riot—
  The pale, thin hand vain beckoning to be quiet!

Nor is this all—nor yet the worst—for soon
  The needy wantons seek the cupboard door,
  And then it is the poor are truly poor—
There is no dinner, though it be late noon!
  The babe, too, craves—and, yielding that request,
  She wishes for each mouth she had a breast!

Mother or Queen! 'tis trying Winter time,
  The rain is wetting, or the frosts are cold,
  The snow before the vision thickly rolled,
Cheerless the grate, and chill the window grime:
  O mournful, therefore, in this season's fright,
  The wife who has not wherewith to delight!

Lo, thy own baby; take it on the knee
  And watch the wistful glances upward cast;
  How much of hope is there! and trial past!
And every woman feels as fervently;
  The great law conquers that outweighs all law;
  And where's the mother can from it withdraw?

Nor doth this mighty thraldom stop even there:
  The father, brother, sister—every tie,
  Near or remote, in the affinity
Of kindred, intertwisting, hath its share,—
  And thus still on, as still the claim extends,
  Till all the human host become as friends!

As Queen, Wife, Mother—thou, O madam, then,
  Hast noble state, and offering, to thee given,
  One of the few, as set apart by Heaven
To wake high wish, and cherish it again;
  And now to bind this duty closer still,
  Thy own sweet babe will but the better skill!

It were indeed most treason-like to doubt;
  And yet, withal, the heart may be betrayed,
  And follow on—and follow but a shade!
Though fair the promise, still no fruit come out!
  Proud words and holy phrases all o'erthrown,
  And, hideous IDOL!—SELF be only known!

O! woman, mortal!—weakly like us all,
  Be but the MOTHER and there is no dread;
  Those soft attentions o'er the infant shed—
The heed that nothing evil may befall—
  Each precept sage—each admonition kind,
  The heart enlarge, till all a share may find.

As thou would'st watch the time-up-growing shoot,
  Trace the weak virtues, strengthening every day,
  See reason opening to its proper sway,
And every motive strike from wholesome root!
  As thou, the Royal Nursling, would'st befriend,
  So generous might'st thou work the wider end:

O 'twere blessed sight to see this scene revealed,
  The Queen, true mother of the millions all!
  Though in her Palace-Home, to yet recall
The many deep ills round about concealed;
  To make the doing good, and aiming well,
  The chief Ambition wherein to excel.

What are our party strifes, to such great aims!—
  If those be disappointed—these succeed!
  Ah! very wantonness, and dross indeed!
Virtue will show the more deserving claims;
  Take, then, thy baby—Mother! to thy breast,
  And, looking there—REMEMBER ALL THE REST.

J. D. D.

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HEART—A TALE.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, ESQ.

"Some live in airy fantacies,
And in the clouds do move,
And some do burn with inward flames—
But few knew how to love."
ANON. BALLAD.

CHAPTER I.

On one of those clear, cold days of December, which so frequently occur in our climate, two very young women were walking on the fashionable promenade of New York. In the person of the elder of these females there was exhibited nothing more than the usual indications of youth and health; but there were a delicacy and an expression of exquisite feeling in the countenance of her companion, that caused many a plodding or idle passenger to turn and renew the gaze, which had been attracted by so lovely a person. Her figure was light, and possessed rather a character of ærial grace, than the usual rounded lines of earthly beauty; and her face was beaming more with the sentiments of the soul within, than with the ordinary charms of complexion and features. It was precisely that kind of youthful loveliness that a childless husband would pause to contemplate as the reality of the visions which his thoughts had often portrayed, and which his nature coveted as the only treasure wanting to complete the sum of his earthly bliss. It truly looked a being to be loved without the usual alloy of our passions; and there was a modest ingenuousness which shone in her air, that gently impelled the hearts of others to regard its possessor with a species of holy affection. Amongst the gay throng, however, that thoughtlessly glided along the Broadway, even this image of female perfection was suffered to move unnoticed by hundreds; and it was owing to the obstruction offered to the passage of the ladies, by a small crowd that had gathered on the side-walk, that a gentleman of uncommon personal endowments enjoyed an opportunity of examining it with more than ordinary attention. The eldest of the females drew her companion away from this impediment to their passage, by moving towards the opposite side of the street, and observing, as they crossed, with an indifference in her manner:

"It is nothing, Charlotte, but a drunken man; if people will drink, they must abide the consequences."

"He does not seem intoxicated, Maria," replied the other, in a voice whose tones corresponded with her appearance; "it is some sudden illness."

"One that, I dare say, he is accustomed to," said Maria, without having even taken such a look at the sufferer as would enable her to identify his color; "he will be well enough after he has slept."

"But is the pavement a place for him to sleep

on?" rejoined her companion, still gazing towards the miserable object; "and if he should be ill!—why do they not raise him? why do they suffer him to injure himself as he does?"

The speaker, at the same time that she shrunk in a kind of sensitive horror from this exhibition of human infirmities, now unconsciously stopped, with an interest in the man that she could not control, and thus compelled Maria to pause also. The crowd had withdrawn from the man, giving him sufficient room to roll over, in evident pain, while they yet stood gazing at him, with that indefinable feeling of curiosity and nerveless sympathy, which characterises man when not called on to act, by emulation, vanity, or the practice of well-doing. No one offered to assist the sufferer, although many said it ought to be done; some spoke of sending for those who monopolized the official charity of the city;—many, having satisfied their curiosity, and finding that the moment for action was arriving, quietly withdrew from a trouble that would interfere with their comforts or their business—while a few felt an impulse to aid the man, but hesitated in being foremost in doing that which would be honorable to their feelings, but might not accord with their condition, or might seem as the ostentatious display of unusual benevolence. Where men are congregated, conduct must be regulated by the touchstone of public opinion; and, although it is the fashion of New York to applaud acts of charity, and to do them too in a particular manner—it is by no means usual to run to the assistance of a fellow creature who is lying in distress on a pavement. Whatever might be the impulses of the gentleman whom we have mentioned, his attention was too much absorbed by the conversation and manner of the two ladies to regard any thing else, and he followed them across the street, and stopped also when they paused to view the scene. He was inwardly and deeply admiring the most youthful of the females, for the natural and simple display of those very qualities that he himself forgot to exercise, when he was roused with a feeling something like mortification, by hearing Charlotte exclaim, with a slight glow on her cheek—

"Ah! there is George Morton coming—he surely will not pass the poor man without offering to assist him."

The gentleman turned his head quickly, and noticed a youth making his way through the crowd successfully, to the side of the sufferer. The distance was too great to hear what passed—but an empty coach, whose driver had stopped to gaze with the rest, was instantly drawn up, and followed by the youth, whose appearance had effected these movements with the silence and almost the quickness of magic.

George Morton was far from possessing the elegant exterior of the uneasy observer of this scene, yet were the eyes of the lovely young woman who had caught his attention, fixed in evident delight on his person, until it was hid from view in the carriage; when, drawing a long breath, as if relieved from great uneasiness, she said, in a low voice—

"I knew that George Morton would not pass him so unfeelingly—but where are they going? not far I hope on this cold day—and George without his great coat."

There was a plaintive and natural melody in the tones of the speaker's voice, as she thus unconsciously uttered her concern, that impelled the listener to advance to the side of the carriage, where a short conversation passed between the gentlemen, and the stranger returned to the ladies, who were yet lingering near the spot, apparently unwilling to depart from a scene that had so deeply interested one of them. Raising his hat, the gentleman, addressing himself to the magnet that had attracted him, said—

"Your friend declined the offer of my coat, and says that the carriage is quite warm—they are going to the alms-house, and I am happy to inform you that the poor man is already much better, and is recovering from his fit.

Charlotte now for the first time observed the speaker, and a blush passed over her face as she courtesied her thanks in silence. But her companion aroused from gazing at the finery of a shop window, by the voice of a stranger, turned quickly and with very manifest satisfaction, exclaimed—

"Bless me! Mr. Delafield—I did not observe you before! then you think the poor wretch will not die?"

"Ah! assuredly not," returned the gentleman, recognising the face of an acquaintance, with an animation he could not conceal: "but how inadvertent I have been, not to have noticed Miss Osgood before!"—While speaking his eyes rested on the lovely countenance of her

friend, as if, by their direction, he meant to explain the reason of his remissness.

"We were both too much engaged with the sufferings of the poor man, for until this moment, I did not observe you,"—said the lady—with that kind of instinctive quickness that teaches the fair the importance of an amiable exterior, in the eyes of the other sex.

"Doubtless," returned the gentleman, gravely, and for the first time withdrawing his gaze from the countenance of Charlotte; but the precaution was unnecessary:—the young lady had been too much engrossed with her own sensations to notice the conduct of others, and from the moment that the carriage had driven out of sight, had kept her eyes on the ground, as she walked silently and unobtrusively by the side of her companion.

"Miss Henley—Mr. Seymour Delafield," said Maria.

The silent bow and courtesy that followed this introduction was succeeded by an animated discourse between the gentleman and his old acquaintance, which was but seldom interrupted by any remark from their more retiring companion. Whenever she did speak, the gentleman listened with the most flattering attention, that was the more remarkable, from the circumstance of his talking frequently at the same time with Maria Osgood. The trio took a long walk together, and returned to the house of Mr. Henly, in time for the necessary arrangements for the coming dinner. It was when within a short distance from the dwelling of Charlotte, that the gentleman ventured to allude to the event that had made them acquainted.

"The fearless manner in which you predicted the humanity of Mr. Morton, would be highly gratifying to himself, Miss Henly," he observed; "and were I of his acquaintance, it should be my task to inform him of your good opinion."

"I believe Mr. Morton has not now to learn that," said Charlotte, simply, but dropping her eyes; "I have been the next door neighbor of George all my life, and have seen too much of his goodness of heart not to have expressed the same opinion often."

"But not to himself," cried Maria; "so, Mr. Delafield, if you wish to apprize him of his good fortune, you have only to attend my music party to-morrow evening and I will take particular care that you get acquainted with the humane hero."

The invitation was gladly accepted, and the gentleman took his leave at the door of the house.

"Well, Charlotte, you have seen him at last!" cried Maria, the instant the door had closed; "and I am dying to know how you like him!"

"To save your life," said the other laughingly, "I will say a great deal, although you so often accuse me of taciturnity—but who is *him?*"

"Him! why, Delafield!—Seymour Delafield!—the pattern for all the beaux—the magnet for all the belles—and the delight of all the parents in town!"

"His own, too?" inquired Charlotte a little archly.

"He has none—they are dead and gone—but their money is left behind, and that brings him fathers and mothers by the dozen."

"It is fortunate that he can supply their loss in any way," said Charlotte with emphasis.

"To be sure he can; he can do more than you or I could, my dear; he can pick his parents from the best in the city—and, therefore he ought to be well provided."

"And could he be better provided, as you call it, in that respect, than ourselves?" asked Miss Henly a little reproachfully.

"Oh no, surely not; now if he were a woman, how soon would he be married!—why child, they say he is worth at least three hundred thousand dollars! he'd be a bride in a month!"

"And miserable, perhaps, in a year," said Charlotte; "it is fortunate for him that he is a man, by your tale, or his wealth might purchase misery for him."

"Oh! no one can be miserable that is well married," cried Maria. "Heigho! the idea of old maidism is too shocking to think about!"

"Why does not Mr. Delafield get married, then, if marriage be so very desirable?" said Miss Henly, smiling at the customary rattle of her companion: "he can easily get a wife, you say?"

"It is the difficulty of choosing—there are so many attentive to him—"

"Maria!"

"Mercy! I beg pardon of female delicacy!—but since the young man has returned from his travels, he has been so much—much courted—nay, by the old people, I mean—and the girls

beckon him about so—and its Mr. Delafield, have you read Salmagundi?—and, Mr. Delafield, have you seen Cooke?—and Mr. Delafield, do you think we shall have war?—and have you seen Bonaparte? And in short, Mr. Delafield, with his handsome person, and three hundred thousand dollars, has been so much all-in-all to the ladies, that the man has never time to choose a wife!"

"I really wonder that you never took the office upon yourself," said Charlotte, busied in throwing aside her coat and gloves; "you appear to have so much interest in the gentleman."

"Oh! I did, a month since—the moment that he landed."

"Indeed! and who was it?"

"Myself."

"And have you told him of your choice?" asked the other, laughing.

"Not with my tongue; but with my eyes, a thousand times—and with all that unspeakable language that female invention can supply:—I go where he goes—if I see him in the street behind me, I move slowly and with dignity; still he passes me—if before me, I am in a hurry—but—"

"You pass him?" interrupted Charlotte, amused with her companion's humor.

"Exactly—we never keep an equal pace; this is the first time that he has walked with me since he returned from abroad—and for this honor I am clearly indebted to yourself."

"To me, Maria," said Charlotte, in surprise.

"To none other—he talked to me, but he looked at you. Ah! he knows by instinct that you are an only child—and I do believe that the wretch knows that I have twelve brothers and sisters—but you had better take him, Charlotte; he is worth twenty George Mortons—at least, in money."

"What have the merits of George Morton and Mr. Delafield to do with each other?" asked Charlotte, removing her hat, and exhibiting a head of hair that opportunely fell in rich profusion over her shoulders, so as to conceal the unusual flush on her, ordinarily, pale cheek. This concluded the conversation; for Charlotte instantly left the room, and was occupied for some time in giving such orders as her office as assistant in housekeeping to her mother rendered necessary.

Charlotte Henley was the only child that had been left from six who were born to her parents, the others having died in their infancy. The deaths of the rest of their children had occasioned the affection of her parents to centre in the last of their offspring with more than common warmth; and the tenderness of their love was heightened by the extraordinary qualities of their child. Possessed of an abundance of the goods of this world, these doating parents were looking around with intense anxiety among their acquaintance, and watching for the choice that was to determine the worldly happiness of their daughter. Charlotte was but seventeen, yet the customs of the country, and the temptations of her expected wealth, together with her own attractions, had already placed her within the notice of the world. But no symptom of that incipient affection which was to govern her life, could either of her parents ever discover; and in the exhibitions of her attachments, there was nothing to be seen but that quiet and regulated esteem, which grows out of association and good sense, and which is so obviously different from the restless and varying emotions that are said to belong to the passion of love.

Maria Osgood was a distant relative, and an early associate, who, although as different from her cousin in appearance and character as black is from white, was still dear to the latter, both from habit and her unconquerable good nature.

George Morton, the youth of whom such honorable mention has been made, was the son of a gentleman who had long resided in the next dwelling to Mr. Henley in the city, and who also possessed a country-house near his own villa.—These circumstances had induced an intimacy between the families that was cemented by the good opinion each entertained of the qualities of the other, and which had been so long and so often tried in scenes of happiness and misery, that were known to both. Young Morton was a few years the senior of Charlotte; and, at the time of commencing our tale, was but lately released from his collegiate labors. His goodness of heart and simplicity of manners made him an universal favorite; while the peculiarity of their situation brought him oftener before the notice of Charlotte than any other young man of her acquaintance. But, notwithstanding the intimation of Maria Osgood, none of their friends in the least suspected any other feeling

to exist between the youthful pair, than the natural and very obvious one of disinterested esteem.

As the family seated themselves at the dinner table, their guest exclaimed, in the heedless way that characterized her manner—

"Oh! Mrs. Henly, I have to congratulate you on the prospects of your soon having a son, and one as amiable and attractive as your daughter."

"Indeed!" returned the matron, comprehending the other's meaning, intuitively, "and what may be the young gentleman's name?"

"You will be the envy of all the mothers in town," continued Maria, "and deservedly so. Two such children to fall to the lot of one mother!—Nay, do not shake your head, Charlotte; it must and shall be a match, I am determined."

"My friendship for you would deter me from the measure, should nothing else interfere," said Charlotte, good-humoredly.

"Ah! I have already abandoned my pretensions—twelve brothers and sisters, my dear, are a dreadful addition to bring into a family at once!"

"I am sure I do not think so," returned Charlotte, timidly glancing her eye at her mother; "besides, I feel bound in honor to remember your original intention."

"I tell you I have abandoned it, with all thoughts of the youth."

"And who is the youth?" asked Mrs. Henly, affecting an indifference she did not feel.

"You will have the handsomest son in the city, certainly," said Maria; "and possibly the richest—and the most learned—and undeniably, the most admired!"

"You quite excite my curiosity to know who this paragon can be," said the mother, looking at her husband, who returned the glance with one of equal solicitude.

"I do not think he is more than four and twenty," added Maria; "and his black eyes would form a charming contrast to your blue ones."

"To whom does Miss Osgood allude?" asked Mrs. Henly, yielding to a solicitude that she could no longer control.

"To Mr. Seymour Delafield," said Charlotte, raising her mild eyes to the face of her mother, and smiling, as she delicately pared her apple, with a simple ingenuousness that banished uneasiness from the breast of her parent in an instant.

"I know him," said Mr. Henley; "but I did not think you had ever seen him, Charlotte."

"We met him in our morning walk, sir, and Maria introduced him."

"He is thought to be very handsome," continued her father, helping himself to a glass of wine while speaking.

"And very justly," returned the daughter; "I think him the handsomest man that I have ever seen."

"Have I your permission for telling him so?" cried Maria, with a laugh.

"I have no objection to his knowing it on my own account, except from the indelicacy of complimenting gentlemen," said Charlotte, with perfect simplicity; "but whether it would be beneficial to himself or not, you can best judge."

"You think him vain, then?" observed her mother.

"Not in the least; or rather, he did not exhibit it to me," was the answer, with the same open air as before.

"He has also a great reputation for good sense,' continued her father, avoiding the face of his child.

"I thought he had wit, sir."

"And not good sense?"

"Am I a judge?" asked Charlotte, rising, and holding a lighted paper to her father, while he took a new segar. Her clear blue eyes resting on him in the fullness of filial affection, as she performed this office, and the open air with which she bent forward to receive the kiss he offered in thanks, removed any apprehensions which the name of their morning's companion might have excited.

Mr. Henly knew nothing concerning this young man that would have induced him to avoid the connection, but still he had not yet examined his character with that searching vigilance that he thought due to the innocence and merit of his child. Determining within himself, however, that this was a task that should no longer be neglected, he rose, and telling the ladies that he left the bottle with them, withdrew to his study.

The door had hardly closed behind Mr. Henly when George Morton entered the dining-parlor, with the freedom of an old friend, and telling

Mrs Henly that, in consequence of his family dining out and his own engagements, he was fasting, and begged her charity for a meal. From the instant that he appeared, Charlotte had risen with alacrity, and was no sooner acquainted with his wants, than she rang to order what he required. She brought him a glass of sparkling wine, with her own hands, and pushing a chair nearer to the fire than the one he occupied, she said—

"Sit here, George, you appear chilled—I thought you would miss your coat."

"I thank you," returned the youth, turning on her an eye of the most open affection; "I do feel unusually cold, and begin to think, that with my weak lungs it would have been more prudent to have taken a surtout."

"And how was the poor man when you left him?"

"Much better, and in extremely good quarters," said George; and turning quickly to Miss Osgood, he added, "So, Miss Maria, your beau has condescended to walk with you at last?"

"Yes, Mr. Impudence," said Maria, smiling; "but come, fill your mouth with food and be silent."

He did as requested, and the conversation changed.

CHAPTER II.

Notwithstanding the plenteous gifts which Providence had bestowed on the parents of Maria in the way of descendants, fortune had sufficiently smiled on his labors to enable him to educate them in what is called a genteel manner, and to support them in a corresponding style. The family of Mr. Osgood exhibited one of those pictures which are so frequent in America, where no other artificial distinctions exist in society than those which are created by wealth, and where obscurity has no other foe to contend with than the demon of poverty. His children were indulged in luxuries that his death was to dissipate, and enjoyed an opulence that was only co-existent with the life of the parent. Accordingly, the music party that assembled on the following evening at the house of Mr. Osgood, was brilliant, large, and fashionable. Seven grown-up daughters was a melancholy sight for the contemplation of the parents, and they both felt like venders of goods who were exhibiting their wares to the best advantage. The splendid chandeliers and lustres of the drawing-room were lighted for the same reason as the lamps in the glittering retail stores of Broadway; and the brilliant effect of the taste of the young ladies was intended much like the nightly lustre of the lottery offices, to tempt adventurers to try their chances. From this premeditated scheme of conquest we ought, in justice, however, to exempt Maria herself, who, from constitutional gayety and thoughtlessness seldom planned for the morrow; and who, perhaps, from her association with Charlotte, had acquired a degree of disinterestedness that certainly belonged to no other member of the family.

Whatever were the views of the family in collecting their friends and acquaintances on this important evening, they were completely successful in one point at least, for, before nine, half the dilettanti of the city were assembled in Greenwich St., in a most elaborate state of musical excitement. Charlotte Henly, of course, was of the party, although she was absolutely ignorant of a single note, nor knew how to praise a scientific execution, or to manifest disgust at simple melody. But her importance in the world of fashion, and her friend Maria, obtained her a place. There was a person that secretly influenced Charlotte in selecting her evening's amusement, that was not known even to her friend—George Morton played on the German flute in a manner that vibrated on her nerves with an exquisite thrill that she often strove to conquer, and yet ever loved to indulge. His musical powers were far from being generally applauded, as they were thought to be deficient in compass and variety; but Charlotte never descended to criticism in music. She conceived it be an enjoyment for the senses only, or, rather, she thought nothing about it; and if the sounds failed to delight her, she unhesitatingly attributed it to an absence of melody. It was to listen to the flute of George Morton, then, that the drawing-room of Mrs. Osgood was adorned with the speaking countenance of Miss Henly.

Among the guests who made an early appearance in this "Temple of Apollo," was the youth who had attended the ladies in their walk. Seymour Delafield glanced his eye impatiently

around the apartment, as soon as he had paid the customary compliments to the mistress of the mansion and her bevy of fair daughters; but a look of disappointment, betrayed the search to be an unsuccessful one. Both the look and the result were noticed by Maria; and, turning a glance of rather saucy meaning on the gentleman, she said—

"I apprehend your flute, which, by the bye, I am glad to see you have brought, will be rather in the *penseroso* style this evening, Mr. Delafield."

"Unless enlivened by the contagious gayety of your smile," returned Delafield, endeavoring to look excessively unconcerned; "but—"

"Oh! my laugh is very musical, I know," interrupted Maria; "but then it is so often shockingly out of time."

"It seldoms fails to produce an accompaniment," said the gentleman, now smiling in reality; "but—"

"Where is Charlotte Henly?" said the young lady, again interrupting him; "she has a perfect horror of the tuning of fiddles, and the preparatory thrummings on the piano; so endeavor to preserve the harmony of your temper for the second act."

"Well! it is some relief to know she is coming at all," cried Seymour, quickly; and then, recovering, himself, with perfect breeding, he added—"for one would wish to see you as happy as all your friends can make you, on such an occasion."

"I am extremely indebted to your unbounded philanthropy," said Maria, rising and courtesying with great gravity; "do not doubt of its being honorably mentioned at—"

"Nay, nay," cried the youth, coloring and laughing, "you would not think of mentioning my remarks to—"

"At the next meeting of the Dorcas Society, of which I am an unworthy member," continued Maria, without listening to his remonstrance.

Seymour Delafield now laughed without any affectation—and exchanging a look of perfect consciousness of each other's meaning, they separated, as the preparations for the business of the evening were about to commence. For a short time there was a confusion of sounds that perfectly justified the absence of Miss Henly, when the music began in earnest. Within half an hour, Mr. Delafield, who had suffered himself to be drawn to the back of the chair of a professed belle, turning his head to conceal a yawn that neither the lady's skill nor his good manners could repress, observed Charlotte sitting quietly by the side of her friend. Her entrance had been conducted with such tact, that had she possessed the most musical ear imaginable, it were impossible to disturb the party less; a circumstance that did not fail to impress Seymour agreeably, from its novelty. He moved to the side of the fair vision that had engrossed all his thoughts since the moment they had first met, and took the chair that the good nature of Miss Osgood offered to his acceptance between them.

"Thank fortune, Miss Henly," he said, the moment he was seated, "that bravura has ceased, and I can now inquire how you recovered from the fatigue of your walk?"

"I suffered no fatigue to recover from," replied the lady, raising her eyes to his with an expression that told the youth he had better talk straight forward at once; "I walk too much to be fatigued with so short an excursion."

"You came here to favor us with your skill on the harp, Miss Henly?"

"No."

"On the piano?"

"On neither—I play on nothing."

"You sing then?"

"Not at all."

"What! not with that voice?" exclaimed the young man, in surprise.

"Not with this voice, and surely with no other."

Seymour felt uneasy, and, perhaps, disappointed. He did not seem to have roused a single sensation in the breast of his companion, and it was seldom that the elegant possessor of three hundred thousand dollars failed to do so, wherever he went, or whatever he did. But in the present instance, there was nothing to be discerned in the countenance or manner of Charlotte that indicated any thing more than the sweetness of her nature and the polish of her breeding He changed the subject.

"I hope your friend did not suffer yesterday from his humanity?"

"I sincerely hope so, too," said Charlotte, with much simplicity, and yet with a good deal of feeling.

"I am fearful that we idle spectators," continued the gentleman, "suffered in your esti-

mation, in not discovering equal benevolence with Mr. Merton."

Charlotte glanced her mild eyes at the speaker, but made no reply.

"Your silence, Miss Henly, assures me of the truth of my conjecture."

"You should never put a disagreeable construction on the acts of another," said Charlotte, with a sweetness that tended greatly to dissipate the mortification Mr. Delafield really felt, at the same time that he was unwilling to acknowledge it, even to himself.

They were now again interrupted by the music, which continued some time, during which George Morton made his appearance.—His coat close buttoned to his throat, and an extra silk handkerchief around his neck, which he removed only after he entered the apartment, immediately arrested the attention of Charlotte Henley. Turning to Maria, she said, in tones of real interest that can never be mistaken for manner—

"I am afraid that George has suffered from his exposure. Do not ask him to play, for he will be sure to comply."

"Oh! the chicken has only taken cold," cried Maria; "if he does not play, what will you do? You came here to hear him only."

"Has Miss Henly ears for no other performer, then?" asked Seymour Delafield.

"Miss Henly has as many ears as other people," said Maria, "but she does not condescend to use them on all occasions."

"Rather say," cried Charlotte, laughing, "that the want of taste in Miss Henly renders her ears of but little use to her."

"You are not fond of music, then," asked the youth, a little vexed at thinking that an accomplishment on which he prided himself would fail to make its usual impression.

"Passionately!" exclaimed Charlotte; then, coloring to the eyes, she added, "at least I sometimes think so, but I believe I am thought to be without taste."

"Those who think so must want it themselves," said Seymour in a low voice; then, obedient to the beck of one of the presiding nymphs, he hastened to take his share in the performance.

"Now Charlotte, you little prude!" whispered her friend, the instant he withdrew, "is he not very, very handsome?"

"Very," said Charlotte; "more so than any other gentleman I have ever seen."

"And engaging, and agreeable, and gentlemanlike?"

"Agreeable and gentlemanlike, too."

"And graceful, and lovable?"

"Graceful, certainly; and very possible, lovable to those who know him."

"Know him!—what more would you know of the man? You see his beauty and elegance—you witness his breeding—you listen to his sense and information—what more is necessary to fall in love with him?"

"Really, I pretend to no reasoning upon the subject, at all," said Charlotte, smiling; "but if you have such an intention, indulge in it freely, I beg of you, for you will not find a rival in me. But, listen, he is about to play a solo on his flute."

A man with three hundred thousand dollars may play a solo, but he never can be alone where there are any to listen. The hearts of many throb at the very breathings of wealth through a flute, who would remain callous to the bitterest sighs of poverty. But Delafield possessed other attractions to catch the attention of the audience: his powers on the instrument greatly exceeded those of any of his competitors, and his execution was really wonderful; every tongue was silent, every ear was attentive, and every head nodded approbation, excepting that of our heroine. Delafield, perfectly master of his instrument and the music, fixed his eye on the countenance of Charlotte, and he experienced a thrill at his heart as he witnessed her lovely face smiling approbation, while his fingers glided over the flute with a rapidity and skill that produced an astonishing variety and gradation of sounds. At length, thought he, I have succeeded, and have made an impression on this charming girl that is allied to admiration. The idea gave him spirits for the task, and his performance exceeded anything the company had ever witnessed before. On laying down the instrument, he approached the place where the friends were sitting, with an exultation in his eye that was inferior only in modesty in power to captivate.

"Certainly, Mr. Delafield," cried Maria Osgood, "you have out done your own out-doings."

"If I have been so fortunate as to please here, then I am rewarded indeed," said the youth,

with a bow and an expression that rendered it a little doubtful to which of the ladies the compliment was addressed. At this instant George Morton approached them.

"Mr. Delafield, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Morton," said Maria, glancing her eye at the former in a manner that he understood.

"I have great pleasure in taking Mr. Morton by the hand," said Seymour, "if he will excuse the want of ceremony in this company. The lesson that you gave to me yesterday, sir, will not soon be forgotten."

"In what manner, sir?" inquired George, with a little embarrassment and a conscious blush.

"In teaching me, among others, Mr. Morton, the difference between active and passive humanity—between that which is satisfied with feeling and that which prompts to serve."

To this unexpected compliment, young Morton could do more than bow in silence, for it was too flattering for a reply—and too true to deny. As Delafield turned his eye, at a little loss to know whether to be pleased or not with his own humility, he met a look from Charlotte that more than rewarded him for the effort. It was a mild, benevolent, pure glance, that spoke of admiration and heartfelt pleasure. He forgot his solo, and the expected compliments; and, for the rest of the evening, that thrilling expression floated in his brain, and was present to his thoughts. It was worth a thousand of the studied glances that were continually aimed at him from all sides of the room, and with every variety of eye—from the piercing black, to the ogling gray. It was a look that came directly from, and went to, the heart. If young ladies always knew how nicely nature has qualified the other sex, to judge of their actions, what multitudes of astonishingly expressive glances—and artfully contrived gestures, and movements, would sink down into looks that indicated feelings and motives that were adapted to the occasion!—What a trouble in creating incidents that might draw out charms would be avoided! And, in short, how much extra labor, both of body and mind, would be spared! This agreeable contemplation of Mr. Delafield was soon interrupted by the cheerful voice of Maria Osgood, who cried—

"Bless me, George, you really do look ill."

"It is seldom that I have much health to boast of," replied the youth, in a feeble voice and with a still feebler smile.

"But," said Maria, without reflecting, "you look worse than usual."

There was so much truth in this remark, that the young man could only smile in silence, while Seymour, surveying the very plain exterior of his new acquaintance, turned his eyes with additional satisfaction towards a mirror that reflected his own form from head to feet.

"You will not attempt the flute to-night, George," said Charlotte.

"I believe I must, or not fulfil my engagement to Mrs. Osgood."

"Surely," continued Charlotte, in a low tone to her friend, "George had better not play, looking ill as he does."

"Certainly not; and besides, his performances would not shine after that of Mr. Delafield."

Seymour overheard this speech, which was really intended only for the ear of Charlotte, and he was instantly seized with an unaccountable desire to hear the flute of Mr. Morton. Seymour was conscious that he played well, and could he have forgotten the indifference that Miss Henly exhibited to his performance, would have been abundantly flattered by the encomiums that were lavished on his skill.

A request from the mistress of the mansion now compelled George to make his appearance among the musicians, and in a few minutes his flute was heard alone. There was a vacancy in the looks of Charlotte, during the scientific execution of the different individuals who had been laboring at the several instruments in the course of the evening, that denoted a total indifference to the display. But, the moment that George was called on to take his part in the entertainment, this listlessness disappeared, and was succeeded by an expression of intense interest and deep anxiety.

The melody of George was simple and plaintive; he aimed at no extraordinary exhibition of skill, and it was difficult to compare his music to that of Seymour. The latter, however, studied the countenance of the young lady near him, as the best index to their comparative merit; and he was soon able to read his own want of success. For the first few minutes, anxiety was the principal expression portrayed in her lovely face, but it was soon succeeded by a deep and powerful emotion. There is something

contagious in the natural expression of our passions, that insensibly enlists the sympathies of the beholder—and Seymour felt a soft melancholy stealing over him as he gazed, that was but a faint reflection of the tenderness excited in the breast of Charlotte, while she listened to sounds that seemed to penetrate her very soul. There is no mistaking the effect of music that depends only on its melody. Its appeal to the heart is direct and unequivocal, and nothing but callous indifference can resist its power. The most profound silence pervaded the apartment, and George was enabled to finish his piece with a spirit that increased with the attention. As the last breathing notes died on the ear, Delafield turned to meet those eyes which had already secured an unconscious victory, and saw them moistened with a lustre that added to their natural softness. Beauty in tears is proverbially irresistible—and the youth, bending forward, said in a voice that was modulated to the stillness of the room—

"Such melody, Miss Henly, captivates the senses."

"Does it not touch the heart?" asked the young lady, with a little of unusual animation."

"The heart too. But Mr. Morton looks exhausted after his labors."

All the pleasure which had shone in the countenance of Charlotte, vanished instantly, and gave place to deep concern.

"Oh! it is unjustifiable, thus to purchase pleasure at the expense of another," said she, in a tone that Seymour scarcely heard.

How tenderly would the man be loved, thought the youth, who succeeded in engaging the affections of this young creature!—how disinterested is her regard—and how considerate are her feelings! Here will I trust my hopes for happiness in this life, and here will I conquer, or here will I die! No two persons could possibly be actuated by sensations more different than Charlotte and Seymour Delafield. He had been so long palled with the attentions of managing mothers and designing daughters; had seen so much of female manœuvring, and had so easily seen through it, that the natural and inartificial loveliness of Charlotte, touched his senses with a freshness of delicacy that to him was as captivating as it was novel. Upon unpractised men the arts of the sex are often successful, but generally they are allies that increase the number of the assailants, without promoting the victory. It is certain that many a fair one played that evening in order that Mr. Delafield might applaud; that some sighed that he might hear, and others ogled that he might sigh; but not one made the impression that the quiet, speaking eye, and artless but peaceful nature of Charlotte produced on the youth. While this novel feeling was gaining ground in the bosom of Mr. Delafield, Charlotte saw nothing in her new acquaintance but a gentleman of extraordinary personal beauty, agreeable manners, and graceful address—qualities that are always sure to please, and, not unusually, to captivate. But to her he was a stranger, and Charlotte, who never thought or reasoned on the subject, would have been astonished had one seriously spoken of her loving him. The road to conquest with her lay through her heart, and was but little connected with her imagination.

"Heigho! George," cried Maria, as he approached. "You have given me the doleful."

"And me both pleasure and pain," said Charlotte.

"Why the latter?" asked the youth quickly.

"Surely it was imprudent in you to play, with such a cold."

The lip of the youth quivered, and a smile of mournful but undefinable meaning passed over his features, but he continued silent.

"It is to be hoped it had one good effect at least," continued Maria.

"Such as what?"

"Such as putting the little dears to sleep in the nursery, which is directly over our heads."

"It is well if I have done that little good," said George.

"You have brought tears into eyes that should never weep," cried Delafield, "and melancholy to a countenance that seems formed by nature to convey an idea of peaceful content."

Morton looked earnestly at the speaker for a moment, when a painful feeling seemed suddenly to seize on his heart—for his cheek grew paler, and his lip quivered with an agitation that apparently he could not control. Charlotte alone, noticed the alteration, and, speaking in a low tone, she said———

"Do go home, George; you are far from being well—to oblige me, go home."

"To oblige you, I would do much more unwelcome biddings," he replied, with a slight color; "but I believe you are right; and, having discharged my duty here, I will retire."

He rose, and paying the customary compliments to the mistress of the mansion, withdrew. With him disappeared all the awakened interest of Charlotte in the scene.

In vain was Seymour Delafield attentive, polite, and even particularly so. That devotedness of admiration for which so many sighed, and which so many envied, was entirely thrown away upon Charlotte. She listened, she bowed, and she smiled—and, sometimes she answered; but it was evidently without meaning or interest, until, wearied with his fruitless efforts to make an impression, and perhaps with a hope of exciting a little jealousy, he turned his attention to her more lively companion.

"Your mother's nursery, Miss Osgood," he cried, "ought on such an occasion to be tenantless."

"You think there are enough of us here to make it so," returned the lady with an affected sigh.

"I really had not observed the number of your charming family—how many are there of you?"

"A baker's dozen."

Charlotte laughed, and the youth felt mortified. The laugh was natural, and clearly extorted without a thought of himself.

"When you are all married," he said, "you will form a little world in yourselves."

"When the sky falls we shall catch larks."

"Surely, you intend to marry?"

Maria made no reply, but turned her eyes on Delafield, with an affected expression of melancholy that excited another laugh in her friend.

"You certainly have made no rash vow on the subject," continued Seymour, pretending to a slight interest in her answer.

"My troth is not yet plighted," said the lady, a little archly.

"But there is no telling how long it will continue so."

"I am afraid so—thirteen is a dreadful divisor for a small family estate."

A general movement in the party was gladly seized by Charlotte as an excuse to go, and Delafield handed her to her carriage, with the mortifying conviction that she was utterly indifferent to everything but the civility of the act.

(Concluded in next No.)

WOODLAND MELODIES.

No. 2.

[Written for the Boston Notion.]

BY ALONZO LEWIS.

"The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun."

"Spirit of the Past, look not so at me with thy great tearful eyes." [*Hyperion.*

I.

From out thy cloud of dewy light,
As o'er me burns the evening star,
Come to my lonely dream of night,
And meet my soul from realms afar.

II.

She stands before me—God of Love!
Brighter than in her day of youth,
Radiant in vesture from above,
The heart of fire, the soul of truth.

III.

Spirit of Beauty! art thou here?
My loved, my gentle Frances, speak!
I'll kiss away the frozen tear,
That stands upon thy marble cheek!

IV.

Sweet Seraph! let one smile of thine
For years of silent grief atone;
Thy presence makes the hour divine—
Thou'rt gone, and I again am lone.

V.

Who now, with anxious eye, shall watch,
In hours of pain, my fevered sleep;
My deep, extatic feelings catch,
And with me sigh, and laugh, and weep.

VI.

The joys of Nature's solitudes
Henceforth my hope and home shall be;
My bride shall be the glorious woods,
My melodies—the sounding sea!

[Written for the Boston Notion.]

THE LAST SONG OF THE BILOXI.

A TRADITION OF THE SOUTH.

From a new series of "Southern Passages and Pictures," now in preparation, by
W. GILMORE SIMMS,
The author of "The Kinsman," "Yemassee," "Atalantis," &c.

The Bay of Pascagoula is a lovely and retired spot, lying at nearly equal travelling distances between the cities of Mobile and New Orleans. It has long been famous among persons of taste in those cities, for its quiet beauties; but more so on account of a very singular and sweet superstition which pertains to it. A remarkable and most spiritual kind of music, is heard, above and around its waters, from which it is supposed to issue. The sound is fitful, occurring by day and night, at all hours, sometimes with more or less strength and fulness, but always very sweet and touching in its strains. Some compare it to the wind harp, which, indeed, it sometimes most wonderfully resembles.—Others liken it to the humming of an insect of great and curious powers. The Indian tradition explanatory of this music,—which no philosophical speculation has yet ventured to disturb,—is one of a beauty not often surpassed. The story goes that the whole Southwest was once controlled, and in the possession of a people called 'The Biloxi;'—that these people had attained to a very high, if not a perfect civilization—that they were versed in various arts, profound lovers of music, and were finally enervated by the arts which they professed. They were overrun and conquered by the fiercest tribes coming from the West. They made a last stand on the borders of the sea, by Pascagoula, when driven from all other positions. Here they erected a fortress, the ruins of which are still said to be seen, though the work so described as theirs, was probably erected by some one of the roving bands of Spanish or French who first brought the traces of European civilization into the country. The last struggles of the Biloxi were protracted, as became the efforts of a brave nation fighting for life and liberty. But they fought in vain. Famine came in to the assistance of their enemies, and unconditional submission or death became the only alternatives. They chose the last; and men, women and children proceeded to the sacrifice, which was as solemn, and perhaps more touching, than that of the citizens of Saguntum, under like circumstances. Throwing open the gates of their fortress at a moment when the assailants were withdrawn, they marched down to the waters of the bay, singing their last song of death and defiance. With unshaken resolution they pressed forward until the waters finally engulphed them all. None survived. The strange spiritual music of the Bay of Pascagoula is said to be the haunting echo of that last melancholy strain. The story is more fully detailed in the lines which follow.

Beautiful spread these waters 'neath mine eye,
Glassy and clear, by myrtles overhung;—
Blue swell the heavens above them, in their depths
Far down reflected—arch more beautiful,
Less bright, unblazing with the noonday star.
I wander by the islands near the sea,
That, from the Mexique Bay, a tribute deep,
Rolls in on Pascagoula. There it sinks,
And sleeps, with faintest murmurs; or, with strife,
Brought from more turbulent regions, still bears on,
With lifted crest, and lips of whitening foam
To battle with Biloxi. Short the strife!—
Feebler at each recoil, its languid waves,
Fling themselves, listless, on the yellow sands,
With a sweet chiding, as of grief that moans,
Oblivion's not in slumber, of the strife,
That slumber still subdues. A dream of peace
Succeeds, and all her images arise,
To hallow the fair picture. Ocean sleeps,
Lock'd in by earth's embrace. Her islets stand
Grey sentinels, that guard her waste domain,
And from their watch-towers station'd by the deep,
Survey the midnight legions of the Gulf,
Numberless, wild, in their blue armory,
Forever bent on spoil. A sweet repose
Hangs o'er the graves, and on the sloping shore,
And the far ocean. Not a murmur chides
The sacred silence. From the lone lagune,
The patriarch of the ancient Pelecan,
Leads forth his train; though, not with plashy wing
Break they the glassy stream whose buoyant wave
Maintains each breast, and still reflects each form,
Without a ripple on its face to mar
The perfect image. Gliding thus, they steer
To islands of green rushes, where they hide
In sports most human;—in white glimpses seen,—
Or by the light tops of the reeds that sway,
Divided, in the press of struggling forms.
But rapture hath a reign as short as peace;
The wild fowl's sports are ended. They repose,
By the still marge of lakes, that, in the embrace
Of groves of cane and myrtle, steal away,
And crouch, in sleep secure, while through the Gulf

Rolls the black hurricane. The summer-noon
Prevails. An universal hush,
Absorbs the drowsy hours; and Nature droops,
With sweetness, as upon the listless eyes
Of beauty, steal the images of dreams,
Made up with star-crown'd hopes and truest loves,
And joys our purple prospects. The still air
Falters with perfume of delicious fruits;—
The orange flings its fragrance to the seas,
Wooing the zephyr thence;—and lo! he comes,
Fresh from the toiling conflict with the deep,
Upon whose breast, subduing and subdued,
He snatches fitful rest. The glassy wave
Smooth and serene as heaven, is broken now
Into complaining ripples. Now his breath
Sweeps the rush islands, while the tall reed stoops
Its feathery crest to ocean. The grey sands,
Whirled suddenly beneath his arrowy tread,
Pursue his flight in vain;—and now he g ides
Over the sacred bay, whose clear serene
Is wimpled by his wing. Anon, he stirs
The orange blossoms,—drinks full surfeit thence,
And sleeps among their leaves.

I lay me down
In the sweet keeping of the wilderness,
Listless and blest as he! No wild to me,
Though lonely, are the silent groves and streams,
That slumber in my glance. For, I have been
A wanderer; and denied all human ties,
I made my friends among the hills and streams,
Least loved or sought by man. To me they wear
Aspects of love and kindness. Voices call
And fair hands beckon me from alleys green,
Amidst a world of shadow,—solitudes
That woo the thoughtful footstep and persuade
To realms of pensive silence—beautiful groves,
Sad only, as their beauty blooms unsought.

These win me from my path. I turn aside;
My heart drinks in the sweetness of the scene,
I gaze on; and how lovlier grows the spot,
To him who comes in love! I bow my head—
Where still she holds her matchless sov'reignty—
To all-endowing Nature. Here she sits,
Supreme in tangled bow'r, and scurvey mead,
And high umbrageous forest. At her feet,
Broad lakes spread forth their bosoms to the skies,
Whose beauties still they bear. Sweet fountains swell,
From loneliest depths, among the hidden dells,
That crouching 'neath the sway of sullen hills,
Yet send their crystal sorrows down the stream,
In secret channels; that the world may seek,
And free them from their darksome prison-place.
Tree, flower and leaf, conserting with her wood,
Impress their calm on mine. I lay me down,
Within her solemn temple. Altars rise
About me, of green turf; and tufted beds,
Of grassy and blue flow'rs, beneath my head
Pillow it gently. Mightiest subjects stand,
Living, and rooted in her meteor breast,—
Thick-bearded giants, that spread wide their arms,
And shield me from the burning shafts of noon.

Now sweeter than the soft recorder's voice,
Or lute of ravishing syren in mine ears,
This gentle diapason of the woods;
This sacred concert,—airs with bending pines,
Whose murmurs melt to one, and part again
With new accords,—with now a catch of song,
From bird that starts and sleeps. The fancy glows
In spiritual converse, as I dream
Of the old fated men of these sweet plains,—
Departed---all their dwelling places waste,
And their wild gods grown powerless!

Powerless?---No!---
They have a spell for fancy, and a charm
To waken echoes in the dreaming heart;
And from the prompt and sleepless sympathies,
Extort unfailing homage. For the Past,
They live, and live forever; That which speaks
For the sole moral of the faded race,
Dies not when it hath perished. Long will speak,---
Tradition, and the venerable groves,
With mounds, and fragments of old implements,
Even for the savage;---as, in temples, books,
Old columns, and the echoes of deep strains
From Phœbus-smitten minstrels, still survive
The proofs of mightier nations. Godlike proofs,
That challenge human toil, the tooth of Time,
And speak when he is tottering. These connect
Races that mingled not;---whose separate eyes,
By years and oceans separate,---never saw
Their mutual aspects; yet, by sympathies,
Born of like trials, strifes and mightiest deeds,
Yearn for communion,---yearn to see and love;
And when the earthquake threatens, bear in flight
Each glorious token of the transmitted race.

Thus lives the savage god. Here, still, he roves
Among his hills made consecrate. Here, still,—
By this broad glassy lake, among these groves,—
Of yellow fruits and fragrance—o'er yon isles,
The limit of his reign,—his old grey eye
Still ranges, as if watchful of the trust,
His sway no more may compass.—

——Yet, no more,
Gather the simple tubes that bow'd the knee,
In love, or deprecation of his wrath!
No more from plain to hill top glows the pile,
Fired in his sacrifice;---and, to glad his ear,
Rolls the deep strain of forest worshippers,---
As wild and antique song of faith and fear,---
No more---no more!---

——'Tis sure a dream that stirs
These sounds within my soul; or, do I hear
A swell of song,---sweet, sad, upon mine ear,
That, like a wayward chaunt from out the sea,
Rises, and floats along the yellow sands!---
A note most like the wind-harp, hung in trees
Where the coy zephyr harbors. Still, it comes,

In more elaborate windings; with a tone
More human, and a fitfulness of sound,
That speaks for various woes; as if it linked,
The deep, despairing, still defying cry,
From man in his last struggle,---with the shriek
Of passionate woman, not afraid to die,
Though pleading still for pity,---and the scream
Of childhood, conscious only of the woes,
It feels not, but beholds in those who feel
Unutterable still! A long-drawn plaint,
It swells and soars, until the difficult breath,
Fails me;---I gasp;---I may not follow it,
With auditory sense! It glows---it spreads,
'Till the whole living atmosphere is flush
With the strange harmony; and now it sinks,
Sudden, but not extinguished! A faint tone,
Survives in quivering murmurs, that awhile
Tremble like life within the flickering pulse
Of the consumptive. Losing it, we hush
Our breathing; and suspend the struggling sense,
Whose utterance mars its own; and still we hear
Its mellow and lone cadences, that float,
Prolonged, and finally lost, as the deep sounds,
Superior, rise, of winds and waving trees!

It is a sweet tradition of these shores,
Told by the Choctaw, that, when ages gone,
His savage sire descended from the west,
A dark and desperate Hunter,—all these woods,
From the rich valleys, where the Missouri bounds,
To mix his turbid waters with the streams,
Of him the Sire of Waters,*—to the blue hills
Of Apalachia,—dwelt a numerous race,
Named 'The Biloxi.' Towns and villages,
Cities and Cottages, and various arts,
Declared their vast antiquity. They were proud—
More proud than all the living tribes of men;
Wiser, and versed in many sciences;
And from their towers of earth, that sought the skies,
In emulous mountain-stretches, watched the stars,
In mighty contemplation; with a skill,
Wondrous, by other tribes unmatchable,
They reared high temples, which they filled with forms
Of love and beauty. In their thousand homes,
Joy was a living presence. There they danced
At evening, while the mellow song went forth,
Married to fitting strains, from instruments,
Of curious form, but filled with strangest power,
That, when the savage hearkened, half subdued
His bloody thirst; and made the reptile's fang
Forget his venomous office. By these arts,
Were they at last betrayed. They soon forgot
The vigorous toils of mankind, and grew weak,
Incapable of arms. Voluptuous joys,
Morning and Evening, in their courts surprised
The strength of their young people, till they grew
Like the rank grass upon the bearded plain,
Fit for the fire and scythe.

——The Choctaw Chief,
Looked, from the Evening hills, upon their vales,
Exulting. When he heard their songs of love,
That floated upward on the perfumed air,
And saw below, their loose effeminate forms
Linked in voluptuous dance, he shouted loud,
His scornful satisfaction, while he bade
His warriors nigh. to look upon their homes,
And mark their easy victims. They, below,
By happiness made deaf and arrogant,
Heard not the mighty discord, which above,
Mock'd their soft harmonies. Their dream went on;
The midnight dance and revel; the sweet song
Of love and gold-eyed fancy; and the prayer,
Unbroken, of true genius, in his cell,
Toiling with pen or pencil, to prepare
His triumph for the adoring eyes of day!
But with day came the conflict. The fierce tribes,
With hellish shout that shook the affrighted walls,
Till the high temples quaked, rush'd down the vale,
Smiting with heavy mace; or, from above,
Shooting their poisoned arrows, at each mark,
Unerring. Surprised, the Biloxi fought,
Vainly; but with an ardency of soul,
Superior to their strength. The savage press'd,
More resolute when baffled. Day by day,
Some citadel was won—some lovelier town
Despoil'd by the barbarian. Thousands fell
In conflict; yet the thousands that remained,
Breathed nothing but defiance. With each loss,
'Rose a new spirit in their hopeless breasts,
That warm'd them with fresh courage; and they swore
A terrible oath, with link'd hands, each in each,
And all, to their old Deities, to yield
Life first and freedom last! And well they kept
Their sacramental pledges. They could die,
But could not conquer. Yielding sullenly,
Each foot-hold, they departed from the towns,
They could no more maintain; and fighting, fled;
'Till from the hills of Memphis—from the springs
Of Loosahatchie, and the golden ridge,
Where the gay streams of Noxabee arise,—
Contented captives, that complain not oft
Against the rocks, that, from the western streams,
Barr their free passage—gradual still, they fled,
Still turning, still at bay, and battling oft
With the pursuer.

——To this spot they came,—
They pitch'd their tents where Pascagoula flows,
Through shallows of grey shells, and finds its way
To the embraces of the purple gulf.
"Here!" said the prince—his subjects gathered round—
"Make the last stand! The land beneath our feet
Slips rapidly, and farther flight is none,
Save to the ocean. We must stand and die!"

Sad were their hearts, but fearless. Not a lip
Spoke for submission. Soul and arm were firm,
And here, in resolute silence, they threw up
Their earthen ramparts. On the narrow walls
Of their rude fortress. in that perilous hour,
Ranged their few champions. To the hills, their eyes

* The Mississippi.

Turned ever, till the Savage rose in sight;
Then took they up their weapons. Flight, no more
Was in their choice; but, in its place there came,
From hopelessness, resolve; and such resolve,
As makes man terrible as fate. They stood,
Silent, with lips compressed. No answering shout,
Admonish'd the invader of the strength
They stood under; and down his warriors rush'd,
As to an easy conquest; but they shrunk,
And wonder'd whence should come the singular might,
So sudden, of a race so feeble late!
Days, weeks and months, and the Biloxi fought,
Invincible. Their narrow boundary grew
More strong, commanding, in the invader's eyes,
Than had been their sole empire. Spring, at length,
Put on her flowers; green leaves and blossoming fruits,
Declared for mercy; but the barbarian tribes,
Strengthened by fiercer thousands from the west,
Maintain'd the leaguer. Rescue there was none;
Despair had no more strength, for famine stopp'd
The hearts of the Biloxi. One bright noon,
Beheld them met in council: Women and men;—
The mother newly made, with the young babe,
Unconscious, striving at her bloodless breasts;—
For all are equal in the hour of wo,
And all are heard or none!—

——It needed not
That they should ask what doom awaited them;—
They saw it in the tottering gait, the face,
Pinch'd by lean famine;—the imperfect speech,
That faltered in the syllable prolonged;—
The hollow eyes from which a spiritual glare
Shot out like death's. They saw it in all sights,
And sounds, that fate, in that protracted term
Of struggle and endurance, still vouchsafe;—
And there was silence—a long, dreary pause,
Broken by femenine sobs. Then spoke the Prince,
Last of a line of kings!—

——"Shall we submit,
To bonds and possible torture, or go forth,
Made free by death?"

Brief silence follow'd then:—
In that brief silence, memories of years
And ages crowded thick. Years of delight—
Ages of national fame! They thought of all
The grace of their old homes,—the charm, the song,
Pure rights and soothing offices,—and pride,
Made household by the trophies richly strown
Through court and chamber, of creative art,---
All lost!---and then the probable doom of bonds,—
Worst form of slavery,—the superior race
Bowed to the base and barbarous,—and one voice,
Proclaimed the unanimous will of all---to die!

That eve, while yet within the western Heavens,
Lingered the rosy sunset---while the waves
Lay calm before them in the crystal bay,
And the soft winds were sleeping, and a smile,
As of unbroken peace and happiness,
Mantled the glittering forest green, and far,
Sprinkled the yellow beach with glinting fires
That shone like precious gems;—the destined race
Threw wide their fortress gate. Then went they forth
In sad procession. At their head the Prince,
Who still had shared their fortunes;---then, the chiefs,
And soldiers—few but fearless;—the old men,
Patriarchs, who still remained, memorials
Of the more fortunate past; and, last of all,
The women and the children. 'Twas an hour,
When Nature craved a respite from her toils,
And from the strife withdrawn the savage foe
Were distant, to their woodland tents retired.
These started with strange wonder to behold
The solemn march, unwitting of its end
And noble purpose; nor strove to disturb
The rites which they divined not. On they went,
That ancient nation. Weapons bore they none,
But with hands crossed upon their fearless hearts,
The warriors led the way. The matron clung
To her son's arm that yielded no support.
The infant hushed upon its mother's breast,
Was sleeping, but the mother's sobs were still
Audible with her song;—and with her song,
Rose that of thousands, mingling in one strain!
The art which, in their happier days had been
Most loved among them, in spontaneous song,
Unsummon'd, pour'd itself upon the air,
As, slowly, but with steps unfaltering still,
March'd the pale band, self-destined, to the deep!
Never had ocean in his balmiest hours,
Looked less like death—less terrible, less wild!
An infant's slumber had not been more free
From all commotion. Beautiful and bright,
In that declining sunset lay the scene,
That witnessed the sad sacrifice; and, sweet,
Like the fair prospect, was the united song,—
That Epicedium o'er a nation's fate,
Self-chaunted, which went with them to the waves;
And still survives them; breathing from their graves,
The story of their Empire,—of its fame,—
Its fall, and their devoted faith that knew
No life unblessed with freedom. Sweetest strain!—
Once more it rises into sounds, that grow,
Human, in strength; and now, it floats away,
Subdued and sinking, as in that sad hour,
When its last breathings from the warrior's throat,
Stopp'd suddenly; and through the desolate air,
Went a more desolate hush that told the rest!

NEW WORK, BY THE AUTHOR OF VALENTINE VOX.

WITH OCCASIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,—THE PRINCE.

PART 5.

CHAPTER VII.

GEORGE BECOMES CONNECTED WITH A CASE OF BIGAMY.

A few days after the departure of McGregor, George, while testing the practicability of establishing a bank without capital, was visited by Mr. Horatio Tynte. This visit surprised him, especially as Tynte looked extremely pale, and trembled, as he entered, with violence.

'Mr Julian,' said he, and he seemed almost breathless as he spoke, 'I have to make a thousand apologies for calling, but I am at the present time in a position so dreadful that unless you consent to aid me, I am ruined!'

'Indeed!' cried George. 'Explain to me the nature of your position; and if I can render you any assistance, I will.'

'Mr. Julian, if, when I have explained all, you find that you cannot, you will not betray me?'

'I will not: no, upon my honor.'

'Had I not the utmost confidence in you, although a comparative stranger, I should not have thus ventured to call; nor would the confidence I repose in you alone have induced me to do so; but having heard so much of your talent and ingenuity, I looked upon you as being the only man in existence capable of enabling me to avert the destruction with which I am menaced. I am, Mr. Julian, a married man: I have been married for years; but six months ago, being dreadfully poor, I advertised for a wife, with the view of making money, and the result of the advertisement was a secret introduction to a young lady with ten thousand pounds at her command. I had no intention of marrying her!—not the slightest at first; but as I found it impossible to obtain possession of any part of her property *without*, I eventually did so!'

'Your former wife being still alive?—Well, sir?'

'Well, Mr. Julian, after marriage all was confidence on her part, all happiness and devotion. I found her an affectionate, amiable creature, whom I hated myself almost for having deceived: still all went on well—for, of course, *she* had not the least suspicion,—until yesterday, when to my horror I found that, by some means with which I am as yet unacquainted, she has ascertained all! She knows the very date of my first marriage, the church, the minister,—in fact, every thing connected with it; and now I am threatened with an indictment for bigamy, which to me, known so well as I am, will amount to transportation for life! Can you aid me? Can you point out any means by which I can escape? If you can, sir, for mercy's sake do!'

'Allow me a few minutes,' said George, calmly, 'to reflect upon the matter.

And he buried his face in his hands.

'This,' thought George, 'is a heartless villain: a wretch! I *could* suggest the means by which his escape might be accomplished, but should I be justified in doing so? This is the question I have now to answer to myself. What if he be punished by transportation? He deserves it richly, but what advantage will be derived from that punishment by the poor devoted heart-stricken creature whom he has deceived? None. But can his escape be beneficial to her? This is the point. I consider her only in this matter, I have no consideration for him.'

Having dwelt upon this point for some time, he raised his head and found that Tynte had been watching him with an anxiety the most intense.

'You of course,' said he, 'obtained full possession of the ten thousand pounds?'

'I did,' replied Tynte.

'Has she any other property?'

'Not any.'

'No expectations?'

'None.'

'Then in the event of your being transported—I say in that event, she will be left completely destitute?'

'She has an aunt, but I believe that she is poor.'

'How much of the ten thousand pounds have you spent? Deal fairly and openly with me, and you have a chance; but if any thing be concealed, you have none. How much have you spent?'

'I should say that I have spent and lost nearly six thousand.'

'Six thousand: a thousand a month. Well, you have now therefore, four thousand pounds in your possession!'

'About four'

'Where is it?'

'Oh, I have it about me in cash. When I ascertained that all had been discovered, I of course thought it better to secure it.'

'Of course! very prudent, especially if you were now to be taken into custody! But, independently of that consideration, and without entering into the slightest explanation, having reference to my view of your conduct, seeing that that would be perfectly useless, I see my

way so clearly in this matter, that I am prepared to come to terms with you at once. In the first place, I'll undertake to get you so entirely out of this difficulty that, even in the eye of the law, you shall be in the same position as you were before the marriage took place.'

'By getting hold of the register?'

'No: there are witnesses, I presume, whose evidence can be had! This is not an old affair, you will remember.'

'But can it be done without its being necessary for me leave England?'

'It can: I repeat to you, that you will be in the same position as you were before; that no law in existence relating to bigamy, can afterwards touch you; that you will be able to set law at defiance; that you will, in short, be a free man.'

'But how is this to be done?'

'That I will explain when our contract is finished! My part of it I have stated; the performance of your part will be far less difficult; it being, in fact, simply this—that in consideration of the service proposed, you agree to secure that four thousand pounds to her whom you have so deeply injured.'

'What, the whole?' exclaimed Tynte, with an expression of amazement.'

'The whole,' replied George.

'And leave myself utterly destitute?'

'Look at the utter destitution of her—but I will not moralize; painful as it is to me, and as it would be to any man blessed with the feelings of a man, I consent to treat this cruel affair as a matter of business merely.'

'But consider, Mr Julian! I shall scarcely have a single pound left.

'I do consider, sir:—see exactly what you have.'

Tynte drew forth his pocket-book and counted the notes. He found there were four thousand two hundred pounds.

'Well,' said George, 'in order that you may not be without a pound, keep the two hundred, and deliver up the rest.'

'These are very hard terms, Mr Julian!'

'On no other terms will I consent to interfere; and unless I do, recollect nothing can save you.'

'Well, but let us say *two* thousand?'

'No; nothing less than the four, sir, will do. I pledged my honor that I would not betray you; that pledge shall remain unbroken; but I strongly advise you to come to my terms, and that immediately, for now every hour teems with danger.'

'But when the money is given up, how am I to be secure?'

'You said you had confidence in me. I will not, however, test that confidence further. You know Bull to be a responsible man. Let the money be placed in his hands, and I will give him at the same time authority to return it, if my part of the contract be not faithfully performed. Shall I send for him?'

Tynte hesitated.

'Remember,' continued George, 'in this matter there must be no delay. I do not, for obvious reasons, appeal to your sense of justice; I am anxious for *you* to look at the thing solely with a view to your own safety! Is he to be sent for?'

'Well, I must submit; let him come.'

George then despatched a message to Bull, requesting him to come without delay; and in the mean time he drew up two papers, one authorizing the payment of the money to Tynte's second wife, setting forth her maiden name; and the other directing it to be returned to Tynte, in the event of the conditions therein named not being fulfilled. These papers were duly signed and sealed; and as Bull, in a state of trembling anxiety, soon appeared, Tynte was requested to put down the money.

'Mr Bull,' observed George, 'here are notes to the amount of four thousand pounds. Will you do me the favor to hold them? It will be but for a very few days. Here are also two documents, the seals of which are not to be broken till application be made for the money. You will be kind enough to take possession of them?'

'Certainly, certainly!—oh, certainly!' replied Bull, who looked as if the thing was not exactly clear to him.

'Thank you,' said George; 'you will excuse my troubling you; but I knew that they could not be placed in safer hands than yours.'

Bull looked at the packet, and then at George, and then at Tynte, in a very mysterious manner; but, perceiving that nothing more was required of him then, he slowly moved towards the door. He did feel, he could not help feeling, that a little additional explanation would not be by any means unpleasant; but as it was, why, he left with all his characteristic grace.

'Now,' said George, 'I must get you indicted.'

'What!' exclaimed Tynte, starting up with an expression of rage.

'Be calm, sir; be calm,' said George.

'Calm!'

'If you will not hear me, how can we proceed?'

'Am I after all to be betrayed?'

'No!—Listen. I must get you indicted—indicted for bigamy. Now don't be impatient!—you must be tried, when, as I shall arrange it, you *must* be acquitted, and when you are, you will be, in the eye of the law, in precisely the same position in which you stood before the marriage, seeing that no man can be tried the second time for the same offence.'

Tynte's countenance instantly changed, and he at once resumed his seat.

'But,' said he, after a pause, 'is it possible for this to be done?'

'I undertake to do it. The laws of England, sir, are so conveniently framed, that in almost any case it is possible to escape them.'

'But will it be safe?'

'Nothing can be more so. The ordeal through which you will have to go may not be pleasant; but you will have the satisfaction of knowing that, having passed that ordeal, you will be a free man. Now, for the next few days you must be absent; you must, in fact, keep out of the way until I want you. Let me know where you are, and let me also have the address of

Mrs. Tynte, I mean your second wife, of course. You may rely upon my using all possible despatch, and you shall either see or hear from me daily.'

'I shall not be deprived of my liberty long?'

'You shall not be in custody twenty-four hours?'

'Well,' said Tynte, 'this is very unpleasant! However, as it must be, it must. Here is the address of Mrs. Tynte; and I'll let you know this evening where I am to be found. I leave myself entirely in your hands, Mr. Julian: you have the power to destroy me at once; but as I have confidence in you, more, in fact, than I have in any other man alive, I consider myself, notwithstanding, safe.'

'You may,' returned George; 'that which I have undertaken I'll perform.'

Tynte, with many warm expressions of gratitude, then took his leave, and George at once set to work.

His first object was to see the poor lady who had been thus cruelly deceived; and in pursuance of this object, he went immediately home, and then, accompanied by Julia, proceeded to her residence.

On their arrival they found her in the deepest affliction. She was a gentle, interesting creature, very beautiful, and very young; and while George was explaining to her the object of his visit, she and Julia, who was almost equally affected, wept over each other like children.

Having related the substance of all that occurred, and partially explained how he meant to proceed, he begged of her earnestly, for her own sake, not to interfere, when she fell upon her knees and seized his hand, and having blessed him, kissed it passionately and bathed it with her tears.

'I would not injure him for the *world!*' she exclaimed in tones of agony, which pierced the heart both of Julia and of George. 'He has been cruel, very cruel; but, oh! I would not *injure* him, although he has so deeply injured me.'

George raised her, and feelingly implored her to be tranquil, and if kindness could have soothed her, she must have been calm; but she continued to weep bitterly, while Julia sobbed as if her heart was bursting, until George, knowing all that he desired to know, offered to leave Julia till the evening, which offer was gratefully accepted, and he left the afflicting scene quite unmanned.

The Surrey sessions were about to be held, and George saw that no time was to be lost. He remembered that Jones had introduced him to an old friend of his, an attorney, and upon him he accordingly called.

As his grand object was to blind the police, the magistrates, the judge, counsel, jury, and all, he considered it unsafe to impart the secret to this gentleman, as he probably would not understand, or if he did, he might not, perhaps, appreciate the motives which induced him to act. He therefore instructed him to prepare an indictment against the prisoner, without stating that he was not yet in custody, and also to draw up a formidable brief, in support of the prosecution, in which the whole of the facts were to be faithfully set forth, and a copy of the certificate of each marriage given with the names of the attesting witnesses, and so on, in order that the whole thing might seem so clear that, if supported by any evidence at all, no doubt could be entertained of a conviction; and having done this, he went to another attorney, and instructed him to draw up a brief for the defence.

He represented to them both the necessity for despatch, and they promised to be as expeditious as possible, and having thus placed matters in a very fair train, he dined with Bull, to whom he explained just as much as he felt it to be necessary for him to know, and then went to call for Julia.

Sympathy—perhaps the most enchanting of all the attributes of the heart—is, indeed, universal; but its power is felt most when the heart is most pure. It then soothes its sorrows so sweetly, that we really almost love to be sorrowful, conscious of the tendency of sorrow being, to develope those beautiful feelings which surround us, when sunk to the depths of despair, with the heavenly halo of hope. In this case, so powerful had been its influence, that she whom George had left a few hours before in a paroxysm of agony had now become perfectly calm. Hope beamed from her eye with comparative brightness; she looked as if she felt she was not destroyed: in every feature the spirit of resignation was portrayed, and she seemed to have inspired that firm trust in God which imparts a new light to the soul.

As George entered they both flew to meet him, and he found that during his absence they had become like sisters. Mrs. Tynte had begged of Julia to call her Helen, and as there existed a perfect reciprocity of feeling between them, they addressed each other as Julia and Helen as familiarly as if they had been dear friends for years. George, being most anxious not to revert to the painful subject which had drawn them together, if it could by possibility be avoided, spoke gaily of this suddenly-conceived friendship, and ventured to express a hope that it would last, and that Helen and Julia would see each other frequently; about which he need not have troubled himself at all, for all that had been settled before he returned.

Just, however, as George was about to take leave, Helen pressed his hand and said, as her eyes swam with gratitude: 'I know the unbounded generosity of your nature; I know the unconquerable energy of your mind; I know all from my dear, dear Julia, who can explain to you how grateful I feel better than I can, and who has inspired me with the conviction, that if I place myself entirely in your friendly hands, all that it is possible to do will be done. But believe me,' she added, and her tears now began to choke her utterance; 'I cannot express what I feel; but I do feel grateful—most grateful—'

She wished to say more; but her heart was too full to allow her to proceed. George assured her that nothing which he possessed the power to do should be left undone; and when

Julia had taken an affectionate farewell, they left her comparatively happy.

In the morning George was early on the alert, and as Tynte had informed him of the place of his retreat, he went at once to ascertain the names of those who were to appear for the prosecution in the brief as attesting witnesses. One of these, a Mrs. Jenks, a poor woman whom Tynte pointed out as being the most likely person to answer George's purpose, she having been present at the former marriage, was fixed upon, and George went to sound her forthwith. He found her apt and very indignant on becoming acquainted with the object of his visit. Oh! she would do any thing to transport the villain!—Nothing *could* give her so much satisfaction.—The idea of marrying two wives! Why, she would go to the very farthest extremity of the world to convict him!

Having permitted Mrs. Jenks, who was a very honest woman, to give vent to her indignation for some time with great freedom, he presented her with an earnest of his intentions, and promised to give her five pounds clear of all her expenses, provided she preserved the strictest secrecy, and in all respects followed his instructions. This she solemnly promised to do, and as George made secrecy a *sine qua non*, impressing upon her, that if it became known it might defeat the very object he had in view, in which case she would lose the reward, he had not the slightest doubt of that promise being kept.

This was the first day of the sessions, and on leaving Mrs. Jenks—who was directed to hold herself in readiness to go with him in the morning, George proceeded to the attorneys, had the names of the witnesses inserted in the brief for the prosecution, and before night all was prepared.

The next morning, every thing being in perfect readiness, Tynte was directed to be at a certain inn in the borough of Southwark at ten.—He accordingly went; but just as he was about to enter the house, Mrs. Jenks—whom George had brought to the spot in a coach just before—rushed at him—seized him with a masculine grasp, and pinned him with an air of triumph, until she had given him into custody.

Being thus secured, he was taken, when the magistrates arrived, to Union Hall, and as Mrs. Jenks joyfully attended, the magistrates felt justified in remanding him to give time for all the other witnesses to appear, and he was accordingly removed to Horsemonger-lane gaol.

As Tynte was now actually in custody, a fact necessary to assist in finding a bill against him, the indictment was taken before the grand jury, then sitting, and as a matter of course, a true bill was obtained the same day.

This, indeed, may be said to be a matter of course, for the grand jury system—of which an explanation will be given anon—was then and is still a disgrace to this country.

Well, Tynte having slept rather fitfully during the night, for it may with propriety be stated that neither his room nor his bed met his views, was early next morning, without any ceremony, and without being allowed even time to attend to his toilet, hurried into court with a crowd of other prisoners, and thrust into the dock to plead to the indictment. Here the clerk of the crown informed him that as he had so recently been taken into custody, he might, if he chose, traverse till the next sessions, which was kind on the part of the clerk of the crown; but Tynte declared that, being of course conscious of his innocence, he was ready to take his trial at once, which had a very good effect.

On the case being called, Tynte made an application through his counsel—who, as well as the counsel for the prosecution, had had his brief left at his chambers the previous evening with the fee—to the effect that all the witnesses in the case should be ordered out of court. Out of court they were accordingly ordered, which had a tendency to satisfy the counsel for the prosecution that all his witnesses were there, more especially as when the crier called out with his usual distinctness, 'The witnesses—prosecution—King against Tynte!' Mrs. Jenks very correctly cried 'Here!' to signify, of course that they *were* in attendance.

The council for the prosecution then began, and he opened the case bravely. He undertook to show that the prisoner was one of the most heartless individuals that ever were suffered to crawl upon the earth, and boldly pledged his personal honor, in conjunction with his professional reputation—and he was a man of high standing at the bar—that he had witnesses to prove the unparalleled truth of what he stated, witnesses to prove every thing by evidence the most unquestionable, witnesses of high character and undoubted respectability, witnesses whose testimony could not be impugned.

While the eloquent gentleman was going on thus with great warmth and dexterity, George, having given a letter to a person to deliver to the prisoner, when the counsel for the prosecution had concluded—left the court, and taking Mrs. Jenks, who was anxiously waiting outside, and panting to give her evidence, under his arm; walked with due deliberation out of the neighborhood, clearly explaining to her that as it was highly improbable that he should require her evidence that day, he would see her safely home; when, being quite satisfied of her laudable intention of doing all in her power to send the prisoner out of the country, he would willingly pay her the five pounds at once. Mrs. Jenks, who felt flattered by this declaration of confidence, not having even the most remote suspicion of the object in view, accompanied him with infinite gladness of heart, and congratulated herself warmly upon having the five pounds secure. On their way, however, it struck George as being just possible, that as the residence of Mrs. Jenks happened to be known, she might be sent for; and as he thought it as well to guard even against possibility, he suggested that, instead of going directly home, it would perhaps be more safe to drop in at some tavern and have a quiet dinner, in order that he might afterwards run back to the court, to see how matters were progressing. As this suggestion was held to be admirable by Mrs. Jenks—who

declared that she would not have the wretch escape for worlds—it was adopted. They entered a tavern and ordered dinner; and while it was being prepared, George gave Mrs. Jenks the five pounds he had promised, and heard a repetition of the whole of the evidence with which she intended to favor the court. By the time this was finished, dinner was produced, and they both ate with great satisfaction. George, however, being anxious to ascertain how matters stood, although he knew that nothing more on his part was required, paid the bill almost immediately on the cloth being removed, and having given Mrs Jenks full instructions to proceed directly home, in the event of his not returning within an hour, departed.

While this branch of the business was being managed, the court presented an unexampled scene of confusion; for when the eloquent counsel for the prosecution had concluded his withering speech, wherein he established the immaculate character of his witnesses firmly in the minds of all present, not one could be found. Their names were called again and again by the crier; but no—that acute individual declared that he had seen them all in a heap just before, and could not withhold the important intimation that he looked upon their absence at that extremely critical juncture as being odd. Time was allowed by the court to hunt some of them up, but in vain; every public-house in the vicinity was searched, but not one in 'The King *versus* Tynte,' could be brought up, dead or alive.

At this period Tynte, according to the instructions of George, the whole of which he bore in mind, pressed his counsel to admit the first marriage; and that learned person did then publicly declare that the prisoner had suggested the expediency of said first marriage being admitted, in order to facilitate the business, and to show that none were more desirous that no advantage should be taken of the temporary absence of a witness than said prisoner himself.

The court deemed this very straight-forward and very correct, and so indeed did the counsel for the prosecution; it had certainly relieved him of the onus of proving the first marriage, but where were all the witnesses whose testimony touched upon the second?

While the counsel for the prosecution was pausing for a reply to this natural question, a letter was delivered to Tynte, the silent, but most expressive reading of which created considerable curiosity in court. Having read it, Tynte handed it to his counsel, who appeared to be delighted with it, and smiled most triumphantly, and then began to taunt the learned counsel for the prosecution, and to inquire very affectionately after those respectable witnesses whose characters were not to be impugned!—which was very amusing to all, save the learned individual addressed, who felt nettled, especially as he had laid himself open to these sarcastic taunts, by the red-hot delivery of his flaming speech, wherein he dwelt with peculiar emphasis upon his witnesses, precisely as if the common run of witnesses, compared with them, were fools. Hence, the more he reflected upon his position, the warmer he became; for he couldn't at all understand it! Who was the attorney? There was certainly some strange name endorsed on the brief, but the hand was so queer, that no soul could make it out!

'People will write such sticks,' he said, 'really it's amazing.' And he twisted and turned it upside down, with the view of getting at it in that way, and then tried to spell it, until at length he got into such a rage with it, that he felt himself bound to apply to the court to stop the trial for an hour, ostensibly in order that he might find those witnesses who were still so mysteriously invisible.

As no opposition was offered to this, the business of the court was suspended for an hour, during which time the counsel for the prosecution and a host of learned friends put their heads together strictly with the view of making out the crooked hieroglyphics which appeared upon the back of the brief.

The question was what earthly name did it look like? It was no name at all in reality; but what by a stretch of the imagination might it be conceived to be? Was it Jenkinson?—or Smith? There was one turn to begin with, which looked as if it had been designed to form part of a P; and the moment that discovery was made, the learned counsel for the prosecution turned to the P s in the Law List. Parker?—did it look like Parker? No; it looked more like Pimlico and Son. Philips?—was it anything like Philips? No; the majority then decided against its being a P at all. Well! if not a P what was it? None of them could tell: nor was it ever intended that any of them should. Some gave it up, declaring with boldness that it was the gordian knot in a fit; others more obstinate—while even admitting it to be a very strange amalgamation of strokes, felt bound to make it out, and were consequently lost in their own extraordinary conjectures, until the hour for which the trial had been stopped had expired.

Tynte, being naturally anxious to bring the affair to an end, now advised his counsel to show the letter he had received to the counsel for the prosecution. He did so, and when that gentleman had read it, he, swelling with indignation, said, 'My lord! I consent to the acquittal of the prisoner. I perceive that I have been made a dupe in this affair: the parties clearly never meant to go on with the trial'

A verdict of acquittal was accordingly returned by direction of the Chairman, and Tynte was free.

Previously, however, to his leaving the dock, he instructed his counsel to apply for a copy of the record. This was done ostensibly in order that he might have an opportunity of indicting the prosecutor, and witnesses for a conspiracy in getting up so flagrant a charge, but in reality merely for effect On this application being made, the Chairman, addressing Tynte's counsel, said,—

'Your client may think himself very well off

in being acquitted without requiring a copy of the record.'

Upon which, Tynte, personally addressed the Chairman, pointed out to him the manifest impropriety and uncharitableness of such an observation, and referred him to the letter he had received, which was instantly submitted to his perusal.

This letter appeared to have been written by a friend of the assumed second wife, ridiculing the position in which he had been placed, and pointing to it as a proof of the firm determination as well as the power of the writer to annoy him.

Having read this letter, with a feeling of contempt, the Chairman apologized for the observation in which he had indulged, and publicly stated that Tynte left the court without a stain upon his character. He also begged of the reporters present not to do farther injury by giving publicity to his case; and, having thus done all that he could do for him, he bowed as Tynte quitted the court.

The return of George was well timed. He met Tynte coming out, and could not avoid taking him by the hand, although he hated his character; a fact which he had never attempted to conceal.

'You have performed your part nobly,' said Tynte; 'nothing could have been better arranged, I followed your instructions in every particular; although I did not at first appreciate their value, every point was of so much importance as the trial proceeded, that I have now left the court without a stain upon my character.'

'Well, well,' said George. 'We'll not dwell upon that. I am glad for more reasons than one that you are free; and now that you are, you had better have some slight refreshment, and then we ll call upon Bull to make the business complete.'

'I shall not give the whole of that money up!' cried Tynte.

'You have given it up!' returned George.

'No, I've not! and I tell you candidly that it's of no use to mince the matter, you know—I'll never authorize its payment to her!'

'But you have done so!'

'Oh! I know what I'm about well enough, you mustn't flatter yourself that you have a fool to deal with!'

'Indeed! Why, Tynte, you are even a greater villain than I imagined you to be!'

'I don't care what you or any other man may imagine! That doesn't at all distress me. I tell you plainly that money must be returned! If it be not, and that at once, I know my course.'

'You are a very clever person, Mr. Tynte,' said George, calmly, 'but your talent, Mr. Tynte, ought to have enabled you to perceve that I am not a man to be trifled with. Threats from a man like you, Mr. Tynte, I hold in the most perfect contempt. Do you imagine for a moment that I would have taken one step in this affair without having first secured you *firmly* Mr. Tynte? Could you suppose me ignorant of the real character of him with whom I was dealing, or that I should fail to deal with him accordingly? Surely not—but if you did suppose anything so absurd, you were never more deceived in your life.'

'Oh, *I* know my course. You'll not get over me.'

'Perhaps not; but I'm satisfied of this, that I have bound you, sir, fast!'

A pause ensued, but they still walked on. As they proceeded, George, knowing the character of Bull thought it better to get the money out of his hands as soon as possible, while Tynte was conceiving a plan by which he might regain possession by force. They were both therefore silent, and continued to be silent until they entered Bull's office.

Fortunately Bull was within, and having requested them with all his accustomed courtesy to be seated, he became all attention.

'The packet,' said George, 'which you have in your possession: will you do me the favor to open it and read the contents?'

Bull drew it from the safe and broke the seal, and having looked at the papers enclosed, he inquired if the condition therein stated had been fulfilled.

'It has,' replied George.

'Then it appears,' continued Bull, 'I am to hand this four thousand pounds to Helen Grantley. Is it not so?

'No!' shouted Tynte, who made a dash at the notes; but George, who had anticipated something of the kind, and who had therefore kept his eyes fixed upon him, on the instant sprang at his throat, and brought him heavily to the ground.

'Villain!' cried George, 'I suspected your object.'

'I will have my money!' cried Tynte. 'I insist upon having my money!'

Bull stood as if petrified. He could not at all conceive the meaning of it; but George directed him to return the notes to the safe, and when that had been accomplished, he suffered Tynte to rise.

'You have read your authority,' said George, addressing Bull.

'It is no authority at all,' cried Tynte.

'Mr Bull,' said George, 'it is an authority, upon which you are bound to act.'

'I shall be justified in doing so? Of course I shall be justified?'

'Perfectly! I will indemnify you.'

'If you say it's correct, I shall deliver it to Helen Gantley.'

'Do so at your peril!' exclaimed Tynte.

'Sir!' said Bull, with a firmness at which George was surprised, 'quit my office! There's the door, sir! If you don't quit instantly, sir, I'll give you into custody for creating a disturbance.'

Tynte now began to rave like a maniac; but finding that Bull was still determined, and nothing could shake the cool firmness of George, he left the office uttering the vilest threats, and in less than an hour from that time, the four thousand pounds were delivered to Helen.

MARRYAT'S NEW NOVEL.

"THE POACHER."

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

PART 5.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOING TO COURT, AND COURTING.

When M'Shane awoke the next morning he tried to recall what had passed between him and Dimitri, and did not feel quite convinced that he had not trusted him too much. 'I think,' said he, 'it was all upon an *if*. Yes, sure; *if* O'Donahue was in love, and *if* she was. Yes, I'm sure that it was all upon *ifs*. However, I must go and tell O'Donahue what has taken place.'

M'Shane did so; and O Donahue, after a little thought, replied, 'Well, I don't know; perhaps it's all for the best; for you see I must have trusted somebody, and the difficulty would have been to know whom to trust, for everybody belongs to the police here, I believe; I think, myself, the fellow is honest; at all events, I can make it worth his while to be so.'

'He would not have told me he belonged to the police if he wished to trap us,' replied M'Shane.

'That's very true, and on the whole I think we could not do better. But we are going on too fast; who knows whether she meant anything by what she said to me when we parted; or, if she did then, whether she may not have altered her mind since?'

'Such things have been—that's a fact, O'Donahue.'

'And will be, as long as the world lasts. However, to-morrow I am to be presented—perhaps I may see her. I'm glad that I know that I may chance to meet her, as I shall now be on my guard.'

'And what shall I say to Dimitri?'

'Say that you mentioned her name, and where she was, and that I had only replied,—that I should like to see her again.'

'Exactly, that will leave it an open question, as the saying is,' replied M'Shane.

The next day O'Donahue, in his uniform, drove to the Ambassador's hotel, to accompany him to the Annishkoff Palace, where he was to be presented to the Emperor. O'Donahue was most graciously received,—the Emperor walking up to him, as he stood in the circle, and inquiring after the health of his Royal Highness the Commander in-Chief, what service he had been employed upon, &c. He then told O'Donahue that the Empress would be most glad to make his acquaintance, and hoped that he would make a long stay at St. Petersburgh.

It was with a quickened pulse that O'Donahue followed the Ambassador into the Empress's apartments. He had not waited there more than five minutes in conversation with the Ambassador, when the doors opened, and the Empress, attended by her chamberlain, and followed by her ladies in waiting and maids of honor, entered the room. O'Donahue had made up his mind not to take his eyes off the Empress until the presentation was over. As soon as he had kissed hands, and answered the few questions which were graciously put to him, he retired to make room for others, and then, for the first time, did he venture to cast his eyes upon the group of ladies behind. The first that met his view were unknown, but, behind all the rest, he at length perceived the Princess Czartorinski, talking and laughing with another lady. After a short time she turned round, and their eyes met. The Princess recognized him with a start, and then turned away and put her hand up to her breast, as if the shock had taken away her breath. Once more she turned her face to O'Donahue, and this time he was fully satisfied by her looks that he was welcome. Ten minutes after, the Ambassador summoned O'Donahue, and they quitted the palace.

'I have seen her, M'Shane,' said O Donahue; 'she is more beautiful, and I am more in love than ever. And now what am I to do?'

'That's just the difficulty,' replied M Shane. 'Shall I talk with Dimitri, or shall I hold my tongue, or shall I think about it, while you go to dinner at the Ambassador's?'

'I cannot dine out to-day, M'Shane. I will write an excuse.'

'Well, now, I do believe you are in for it in good earnest. My love never spoiled my appetite; on the contrary, it was my appetite that made me fall in love.'

'I wish she had not been a Princess,' said O'Donahue, throwing himself on the sofa

'That's nothing at all here,' replied M'Shane. 'A *Princess* is to be had. Now, if she had been a *General* it would have been all up with you. Military rank is everything here, as Dimitri says.'

'She's an angel,' replied O'Donahue, with a sigh.

'That's rank in Heaven, but goes for nothing in P tersburgh,' replied M'Shane. 'Dimitri tells me they've civil generals here, which I conceive are improvements on our staff, for

devil a civil general I have had the pleasure of serving under.'

'What shall I do?' said O'Donahue, getting up, and preparing to write his note to the Ambassador.

'Eat your dinner, drink a bottle of Champagne, and then I'll come and talk it over with you; that's all you can do at present. Give me the note and I'll send Dimitri off with it at once, and order up your dinner.'

M'Shane's advice not being very bad, it was followed. O'Donahue had finished his dinner, and was sitting by the fire with M'Shane, when there was a knock at the door. M'Shane was summoned, and soon returned, saying, 'there's a little fellow that wants to speak with you, and won't give his message. He's a queer little body, and not so bad-looking either, with a bolster on the top of his head, and himself not higher than a pillow; a pigeon could sit upon his shoulder, and peck up peas out of his shoes; he struts like a grenadier, and, by the powers! a grenadier's cap would serve as an extinguisher for him. Shall I show him in?'

'Certainly,' replied O'Donahue.

The reader may not be aware that there is no part of the globe where there are so many dwarfs as at St. Petersburgh; there is scarcely a hotel belonging to a noble family without one or two, if not more; they are very kindly treated, and are, both in appearance and temper, very superior to the dwarfs occasionally met with elsewhere. One of the diminutive race now entered the room, dressed in a Turkish costume; he was remarkably well made and handsome in person; he spoke sufficient French to inquire if he addressed himself to Captain O'Donahue; and on being replied to in the affirmative, he gave him a small billet, and then seated himself on the sofa with all the freedom of a petted menial. O'Donahue tore open the note; it was very short:

'As I know you cannot communicate with me, I write to say that I was delighted at your having kept your promise. You shall hear from me again as soon as I know where I can meet you; in the meantime be cautious. The bearer is to be trusted; he belongs to me. C."

O'Donahue passed the paper to his lips, and then sat down e reply. We shall not trouble the reader with what he said; it is quite sufficient that the lady was content with the communication and also at the report from his little messenger of the Captain's behavior when he had read her billet.

Two or three days afterwards, O'Donahue received a note from a German widow lady, a Countess Erhausen, particularly requesting he would call upon her in the afternoon, at three o clock. As O'Donahue had not as yet had the pleasure of being introduced to the Countess, although he had often heard her spoken of in the first society, he did not fail in his appointment, as he considered that it was possible that the Princess Czartorinski might be connected with it; nor was he deceived; for, as he entered the saloon, he found the Princess sitting on the sofa with Madame Erhausen, a young and pretty woman, not more than twenty-five years of age. The Princess rose, greeted Captain O'Donahue, and then introduced the Countess as her first cousin. A few minutes after his introduction, the Countess retired, leaving them alone. O'Donahue did not lose this opportunity of pouring out the real feelings of his heart.

'You have come a long way to see me, Captain O'Donahue, and I ought to be grateful,' replied the Princess; 'indeed, I have much pleasure in renewing our acquaintance.'

'O'Donahue, however, did not appear satisfied with this mere admission: he became eloquent in his own cause, pointed out the cruelty of having brought him over to see her again if he was not to be rewarded, and, after about an hour's pleading, he was sitting on the sofa by her side, with her fair hand in his, and his arm round her slender waist. They parted: but through the instrumentality of the little dwarf they often met again at the same rendezvous. Occasionally they met in society, but before others they were obliged to appear constrained and formal; there was little pleasure in such meetings, and when O'Donahue could not see the Princess, his chief pleasure was to call upon Madame Erhausen and talk about her.

'You are aware, Captain O'Donahue,' said the Countess, one day, 'that there will be a great difficulty to overcome in this affair. The Princess is a sort of ward of the Emperor's, and it is said that he has already, in his own mind, disposed of her hand.'

'I am aware of that,' replied O'Donahue; 'and I know no other means than running away with her'

'That would never do,' replied the Countess; 'you could not leave Petersburgh without passports; nor could she leave the palace for more than an hour or two without being missed. You would soon be discovered, and then you would lose her forever.'

'Then what can I do, my dear Madame? shall I throw myself upon the indulgence of the Emperor?'

'No, that would not answer either; she is too rich a prize to be permitted to go into foreign hands. I'll tell you what you must first do.'

'I'm all attention.'

'You must make love to me,' replied the Countess. 'Nay, understand me; I mean that you must *appear* to make love to me, and the report of our marriage must be spread. The Emperor will not interfere in such a case; you must do so to avoid suspicion. You have been here very often, and your equipage has been constantly seen at the door. If it is supposed you do not come on my account, it will be inquired why you do come; and there is no keeping a secret at Petersburgh. After it is supposed that it is a settled affair between us, we then may consider what next ought to be done. My regard for my cousin alone induces me to consent to this; indeed, it is the only way she could avoid future misery.'

'But is the Emperor so despotic on these points?'

'An emperor is not to be trifled with; a ward of the Emperor is considered sacred—at least, so far, that if a Russian were to wed one without permission, he probably would be sent to Siberia. With an Englishman it is different, perhaps;—and, once married, you would be safe, as you would claim the protection of your Ambassador. The great point is, to let it be supposed that you are about to marry some one else, and then, suspicion not being awakened, you may gain your wish.'

'But tell me, Madame—that I may be safe from the Emperor's displeasure is true—but would the Princess, after he discovered it?—Could he not take her away from me, and send her to Siberia for disobedience?'

'I hope, by the means I propose, to get you both clear of the Emperor—at least, till his displeasure is softened down. Me he cannot hurt; he can only order me out of his dominions. As for the Princess, I should think, that if once married to you, she would be safe, for you could claim the protection of the Ambassador for her, as your wife, as well as yourself. Do you comprehend me now?'

'I do, Madame; and may blessings follow you for your kindness. I shall in future act but by your directions.'

'That is exactly what I wished you to say; and so now, Captain O Donahue, farewell.

CHAPTER XV.

A RUN-AWAY, AND A HARD PURSUIT.

'Well, now,' said M'Shane, after he had been informed by O'Donahue of what had passed between him and the Countess, 'this is all very pretty, and looks very well; but tell me, are we to trust that fellow Dimitri? Can we do without him? I should say not when we come to the finale; and is it not dangerous to keep him out of our confidence, being such a sharp, keen-witted fellow? Nay more, as he has stated his wish to serve you in any way, it is only treating him fairly. He knows the little dwarf who has been here so often; indeed, they were fellow-servants in the Czartorinski family, for he told me so. I would trust him.'

'I think so too, but we must not tell him all.'

'No, that we certainly need not, for he will find it out without telling.'

'Well, M'Shane, do as you please; but on second thoughts, I will speak to the Countess to-morrow.'

O'Donahue did so, the Countess called on the Princess at the palace, and the next morning O'Donahue received a note, stating that Dimitri was to be trusted. O'Donahue then sent for the courier, and told him that he was about to put confidence in him on a promise of his fidelity.

'I understand you, Sir, and all you intend to do; there is no occasion to say anything more to me, until you want my assistance: I will not, in the meantime, neglect your interest, for I hope to remain with you, and that is the only reward I ask for any services I may perform. I have only one remark to make now, which is, that it will be necessary, a few days before you leave Petersburgh, to let me know, that I may advertise it.'

'Advertise it?'

'Yes, Sir, advertise your departure, that you may not run away in debt. Such is the custom; and without three notices being put in the Gazette, the police will not give you your passport."

'I am glad that you mentioned it. Of course you are aware that I am paying attention to the Countess Erhausen, and shall leave Petersburgh with her, I trust, as my wife."

'I understand, Sir, and shall take care that your intimacy there shall be known to everybody.'

So saying, Dimitri left the room.

The winter now set in with unusual severity. The river was one mass of ice, the floating bridges had been removed, the Montagnes Russes became the amusement of the day, and the sledges were galloping about in every direction. For more than a month, O'Donahue continued his pretended addresses to the fair cousin of the Princess, and during that time he did not once see the real object of his attachment; indeed, the dwarf never made his appearance, and all communication, except an occasional note from her to the Countess, was, from prudence, given up. The widow was rich, and had often been pressed to renew her bonds, but had preferred her liberty. O'Donahue, therefore, was looked upon as a fortunate man, and congratulated upon his success. Nor did the widow deny the projected union, except in a manner as to induce people to believe in the certainty of its being arranged. O'Donahue's equipage was always at her door, and it was expected that the marriage would immediately take place, when O'Donahue attended a levee given by the Emperor on the Feast of St. Nicholas The Emperor, who had been very civil to O'Donahue, as he walked past him, said,

'Well, Captain O'Donahue, so I understand that you intend to run away with one of our fairest and prettiest ladies—one of the greatest ornaments of my Court.'

'I trust that I have your Majesty's permission so to do,' replied O'Donahue, bowing low.

'O, certainly, you have; and, moreover, our best wishes for your happiness.'

'I humbly thank your Majesty,' replied O'Donahue; 'still I trust your Majesty does not think that I wish to transplant her to my own country altogether; and that I shall be permitted to reside, for the most part, in your Majesty's dominions.'

'Nothing will give me greater pleasure, and it will be a satisfaction to feel that I shall gain, instead of losing, by the intended marriage.'

'By the powers! but I will remind him of this some day or another,' thought O'Donahue.—Hav'nt I his permission to the marriage, and to remain in the country?'

Every thing was now ripe for the execution

of the plot. The Countess gave out that she was going to her country seat, about ten miles from St Petersburgh; and it was naturally supposed that she was desirous that the marriage should be private, and that she intended to retire there to have the ceremony performed—and O'Donahue advertised his departure in the Gazette.

The Princess Czartorinski produced a letter from the Countess, requesting her, as a favor, to obtain leave from the Empress to pass two or three days with her in the country, and the Empress, as the Countess was first cousin to the Princess, did not withhold her consent; on the contrary, when the Princess left the palace, she put a case of jewels in her hand, saying, 'these are for the bride, with the good wishes and protection of the Empress, as long as she remains in the country.' One hour afterwards, O'Donahue was rewarded for all his long forbearance by clasping his fair one in his arms. A priest had been provided, and was sent forward to the country chateau, and at ten in the morning all the parties were ready.

The Princess and her cousin set off in the carriage, followed by O'Donahue, with M'Shane and his suite. Everything was *en regle;* the passports had been made out for Germany, to which country it was reported the Countess would proceed a few days after the marriage, and the Princess was to return to the palace.—As soon as they arrived at the chateau the ceremony was performed, and O'Donahue obtained his prize; and to guard against any mishap, it was decided that they should leave the next morning, on their way to the frontier. Dimitri had been of the greatest use, had prepared against every difficulty, and had fully proved his fidelity. The parting between the Countess and her cousin was tender. 'How much do I owe, dear friend!' said the Princess. 'What risk do you incur for me? How will you brave the anger of the Emperor?'

'I care but little for his anger; I am a woman, and not a subject of his; but before you go, you must both write a letter—your husband to the Emperor, reminding him of his having given his consent to the marriage, and his wish that he should remain in his dominions, and let him add his sincere wish, if permitted, to be employed in his Majesty's service. You, my dear cousin, must write to the Empress, reminding her of her promise of protection, and soliciting her good offices with the Emperor. I shall play my own game; but depend upon it, it will all end in a laugh.'

O'Donahue and his wife both wrote their letters, and O'Donahue also wrote one to the English Ambassador, informing him of what had taken place, and requesting his kind offices. As soon as they were finished, the Countess bade them farewell, saying: 'I shall not send these letters until you are well out of reach, depend upon it;' and with many thanks for her kindness, O'Donahue and his bride bade her adieu, and set off on their long journey.

The carriage procured for their journey was what is called a German *batarda*, which is very similar to an English chariot with coach-box, fixed upon a sleigh. Inside were O'Donahue and his young bride, M'Shane preferring to ride outside on the box with Joey, that he might not be in the way, as a third person invariably is with a newly married couple. The snow was many feet deep on the ground; but the air was dry, and the sun shone bright. The bride was handed in, enveloped in a rich mantle of sable; O'Donahue followed, equally protected against the cold; while M'Shane and Joey fixed themselves on the box, so covered up in robes of wolf skins, and wrappers of bear skins for their feet, that you could see but the tips of their noses.—On the front of the sleigh, below the box of the carriage, were seated the driver and the courier; four fiery young horses were pawing with impatience; the signal was given, and off they went at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

'Where's the guns, Joey, and the pistols, and the ammunition?' inquired M'Shane; 'we're going through a wild sort of country, I expect.'

'I have put them in myself, and I can lay my hands on them immediately, Sir,' replied Joey; 'the guns are behind us, and your pistols and the ammunition are at my feet; the Captain's are in the carriage.'

'That's all right, then; I like to know where to lay my hands upon my tools. Just have the goodness to look at my nose now and then, Joey, and if you see a white spot on the tip of it, you ll be pleased to tell me, and I'll do the same for you. Mrs. McShane would be anything but pleased if I came home with only half a handle to my face.'

The journey was continued at the same rapid pace until the close of the day, when they arrived at the post-house; there they stopped, M'Shane and Joey, with the assistance of the courier, preparing their supper from the stores which they brought with them. After supper they retired, O'Donahue and his wife sleeping in the carriage, which was arranged so as to form a bed if required; while M'Shane and Joey made it out how they could upon the cloaks, and what little straw they could procure, on the floor of the post-house, where, as M'Shane said the next morning, they 'had more bedfellows than were agreeable, although he contrived to get a few hours' sleep in spite of the jumping vagabonds.' When they rose the next morning, they found that the snow had just begun to fall fast. As soon as they had breakfasted they set out, nevertheless, and proceeded at the same pace. McShane telling Joey, who was, as well as himself, almost embedded in it before the day was half over, that it was 'better than rain, at all events;' to be sure that was cold comfort, but any comfort is better than none. O'Donahue's request for M'Shane to come inside was disregarded; he was as tough as little Joey, at all events, and it would be a pity to interrupt the conversation. They had changed their horses at a small village, about four o'clock, and were about three miles on their last stage, for that day's journey, when they passed through a pine forest.

'There's a nice place for an ambuscade, Joey,

if there were any robbers about here,' observed M'Shane. 'Murder and Irish! what's those chaps running among the trees so fast, and keeping pace with us? I say, courier,' continued M'Shane, pointing to them, 'what are those?'

The courier looked in the direction pointed out, and as soon as he had done so, spoke to the driver, who, casting his eyes hastily in the direction, applied the lash to his horses, and set off with double speed.

'Wolves, Sir,' replied the courier, who then pulled out his pistols and commenced loading them.

'Wolves!' said M'Shane, and hungry enough, I'll warrant; but they don't hope to make a meal on us, do they? At all events we'll give them a little fight for it. Come, Joey, I see the courier don't like it, so we must shake off the snow and get our amunition ready.'

This was soon done; the guns were unstrapped from the back of the coach box, the pistols got from beneath their feet, and all were soon ready, loaded and primed.

'It's lucky there's such a mist on the windows of the carriage, that the lady can't see what we are after, or she'd be frightened, perhaps,' said Joey.

The rapid pace at which the driver had put his horses had for a time put the wolves in the rear; but now they were seen following the carriage at about a quarter of a mile distant, having quitted the forest and taken to the road.

'Here they come, the devils! one, two, three, —there are seven of them. I suppose this is what they call a convoy in these parts. Were you ever wolf-hunting before, Joey?'

'I don't call this wolf hunting,' replied Joey; 'I think the wolves are hunting us.'.

'It's all the same, my little poacher—it's a hunt, at all events. They are gaining on us fast; we shall soon come to an explanation.

The courier now climbed up to the coach-box to reconnoitre, and he shook his head, telling them in very plain English that he did not like it; that he had heard that the wolves were out, in consequence of the extreme severity of the weather, and he feared that these seven were only the advance of a whole pack; that they had many versts to go, for the stage was a long one, and it would be dark before they got to the end of it.

'Have you ever been chased by them before?' said Joey.

'Yes,' replied the courier, 'more than once; it's the horses that they are so anxious to get hold of. Three of our horses are very good, but the fourth is not very well, the driver says, and he is fearful that he will not hold out; however, we must keep them off as long as we can; we must not shoot at them till the last moment.'

'Why not?' inquired M'Shane.

'Because the whole pack would scent the blood at miles, and redouble their efforts to come up with us. There is an empty bottle by you, sir; throw it on the road behind the carriage; that will stop them for a time.'

'An empty bottle stop them! well, that's queer: it may stop a man drinking, because he can get no more out of it. However, as you please, gentlemen; here's to drink my health, bad manners to you,' said M'Shane, throwing the bottle over the carriage.

The courier was right; at the sight of the bottle in the road the wolves, who are of a most suspicious nature, and think that there is a trap laid for them in everything, stopped short and gathered round it cautiously; the carriage proceeded, and in a few minutes the animals were out of sight.

'Well, that bother's me entirely,' said M'Shane; 'an empty bottle is as good to them as a charged gun.'

'But look, sir, they are coming on again,' replied Joey; 'and faster than ever. I suppose they were satisfied that there was nothing in it.'

The courier mounted again to the box where Joey and M'Shane were standing.

'I think you had a ball of twine,' said he to Joey, 'when you were tying down the baskets, where is it?'

'It is here under the cushion,' replied Joey, searching for and producing it.

'What shall we find to tie to it?' said the courier; 'something not too heavy—a bottle won't do.'

'What's it for?' inquired M'Shane.

'To trail, Sir,' replied the courier.

'To trail! I think they're fast enough upon our trail already; but if you want to help them, a red herring's the thing.'

'No, Sir; a piece of red cloth would do better,' replied the courier.

'Red cloth! One would think you were fishing for mackerel,' said M'Shane.

'Will this piece of black cloth do, which was round the lock of the gun?' said Joey.

'Yes, I think it will,' replied the courier.

The courier made fast the cloth to the end of the twine, and, throwing it clear of the carriage, let the ball run out, until he had little more than the bare end in his hand, and the cloth was about forty yards behind the carriage, dragging over the snow.

'They will not pass the cloth, Sir,' said the courier; 'they think that it's a trap.'

Sure enough, the wolves, which had been gaining fast on the carriage, now retreated again; and although they continued the pursuit, it was at a great distance.

'We have an hour and a half more to go before we arrive, and it will be dark, I'm afraid,' said the courier; 'all depends upon the horse holding out; I'm sure the pack is not very far behind.'

'And how many are there in a pack?' inquired M'Shane.

The courier shrugged up his shoulders. 'Perhaps two or three hundred.'

'Oh! the devil! don't I wish I was at home with Mrs. M'Shane?'

For half an hour they continued their rapid pace, when the horse referred to showed symptoms of weakness: still the wolves had not advanced beyond the piece of black cloth which trailed behind the carriage.

'I think that, considering they are so hungry,

they are amazing shy of the bait,' said M'Shane. 'By all the powers, they've stopped again!'

'The string has broke, Sir, and they are examining the cloth,' cried Joey.

'Is there much line left?' inquired the courier, with some alarm.

'No, it has broken off by rubbing against the edge of the carriage behind.'

The courier spoke to the driver, who now rose from his seat and lashed his horses furiously; but although three of the horses were still fresh, the fourth could not keep up with them, and there was every prospect of his being dragged down on his knees, as more than once he stumbled and nearly fell. In the meantime, the wolves had left the piece of cloth behind them, and were coming up fast with the carriage.

'We must fire on them now, sir,' said the courier, going back to his seat, 'or they will tear the flanks of the horses.'

M'Shane and Joey seized their guns, the headmost wolf was now nearly a-head of the carriage; Joey fired, and the animal rolled over in the snow.

'That's a good shot, Joey; load again; here's another.'

M'Shane fired and missed the animal, which rushed forward; the courier's pistol, however, brought it down, just as he was springing on the hindmost horses.

O'Donahue, astonished at the firing, now lowered down the glass, and inquired the reason. M'Shane replied that the wolves were on them, and that he had better load his pistols, in case they were required.

The wolves hung back a little on the second one falling, but still continued the chase, although at a more respectable distance. The road was now on a descent, but the sick horse could hardly hold on his legs.

'A little half hour more and we shall be in town,' said the courier, climbing up the coach-seat, and looking up the road they had passed; but St Nicholas preserve us!' he exclaimed; and he turned round and spoke in hurried accents to the driver in the Russian language.

Again the driver lashed furiously, but in vain; the poor horse was dead beat.

'What is the matter now?' inquired M'Shane.

'Do you see that black mass coming down the hill? it's the main pack of wolves; I fear we are lost; the horse cannot go on.'

'Then why not cut his traces, and go on with the three others?' cried Joey.

'The boy is right,' replied the man, and there is no time to lose.

The courier went down on the sleigh, spoke to the driver in Russian, and the horses were pulled up. The courier jumped out with his knife, and commenced cutting the traces of the tired horse, while the other three, who knew that the wolves were upon them, plunged furiously in their harness, that they might proceed. It was a trying moment. The five wolves now came up; the first two were brought down by the guns of M'Shane and Joey, and O'Donahue killed a third from the carriage windows.

One of the others advanced furiously, and sprung upon the horse which the courier was cutting free. Joey leapt down, and put his pistol to the animal's head, and blew out his brains, while M'Shane, who had followed our hero, with the other pistol, disabled the only wolf that remained.

But this danger which they had escaped from was nothing compared to that which threatened them; the whole pack now came sweeping like a torrent down the hill, with a simultaneous yell which might well strike terror into the bravest. The horse which had fallen down when the wolf seized him was still not clear of the sleigh, and the other three were quite unmanageable. M'Shane, Joey, and the courier, at last drew him clear from the track; they jumped into their places, and away they started again like the wind, for the horses were maddened with fear. The whole pack of wolves was not one hundred yards from them when they recommenced their speed, and when M Shane considered that there was no hope. But the horse that was left on the road proved their salvation; the starved animals darted upon it, piling themselves one on the other, snarling and tearing each other in their conflict for the feast. It was soon over; in the course of three minutes the carcass had disappeared, and the major portion of the pack renewed their pursuit; but the carriage had proceeded too far a-head of them, and their speed being now uninterrupted, they gained the next village, and O Donahue had the satisfaction of leading his terrified bride into the chamber at the post-house, where she fainted as soon as she was placed in a chair.

'I'll tell you what, Joey, I've had enough of wolves for all my life,' said M'Shane; 'and Joey, my boy, you're a good shot in the first place, and a brave little fellow in the next; here's a handful of roubles, as they call them, for you to buy lollipops with, but I don't think you'll find a shop that sells them hereabouts. Never mind, keep your sweet tooth till you get to old England again; and after I tell Mrs. M'Shane what you have done for us this day, she will allow you to walk into a leg of beef, or round a leg of mutton, or dive into a beefsteak pie, as long as you live, whether it be one hundred years, more or less. I've said it, and don't you forget it; and now, as the wolves have not made their supper upon us, let us go and see what we can sup upon ourselves.'

PART 6.

CHAP. XVI.

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

The remainder of the journey was completed without any further adventure, and they at last found themselves out of the Russian dominions, when they were met by the uncle of the Princess, who, as a Pole, was not sorry that his niece had escaped being married to a Russian. He warmly greeted O'Donahue, as his connection, and immediately exerted all the interest which he had at court to pacify the Emperor.

When the affair first became known, which it soon did, by the Princess not returning to Court, his Majesty was anything but pleased at being outwitted; but the persuasions of the Empress, the pleading of the English Ambassador, who exerted himself strenuously for O'Donahue, with the efforts made in other quarters, and, more than all, the letter of O'Donahue, proving that the Emperor had given his consent (unwittingly, it is true,) coupled with his wish of entering into his service, at last produced the desired effect, and after two months a notice of their pardon and permission to return was at last despatched by the Empress. O'Donahue considered that it was best to take immediate advantage of this turn in his favor, and to retrace his way to the capital. M'Shane, who had been quite long enough in the situation of a domestic now announced his intention to return home; and O'Donahue, aware that he was separating him from his wife, did not, of course, throw any obstacle in the way of his departure. Our little hero, who has lately become such a cypher in our narrative, was now the subject of consideration. O'Donahue wished him to remain with him, but M Shane opposed it.

'I tell you, O'Donahue, that it's no kindness to keep him here; the boy is too good to be a page at a lady's shoestring, or even a servant to so great a man as you are yourself now; besides, how will he like being buried here in a foreign country, and never go back to old England?'

'But what will he do better in England, M'Shane?'

'Depend upon it, Major,' said the Princess, for she was now aware of M'Shane's rank, 'I will treat him like a son.'

'Still he will be a servant, my lady, and that's not the position—although, begging your pardon, an Emperor might be proud to be your servant, yet that's not the position for little Joey.'

'Prove that you will do better for him, M'Shane, and he is yours; but, without you do, I am too partial to him to like to part with him. His conduct on the journey——"

'Yes, exactly; his conduct on the journey, when the wolves would have shared us out between them, is one great reason for my objection. He is too good for a menial, and that's a fact. You ask me what I intend to do with him; it is not so easy to answer that question, because you see, my lady, there's a certain Mrs. M'Shane in the way, who must be consulted; but I think that when I tell her, what I consider to be as near the truth as most things which are said in this world, that if it had not been for the courage and activity of little Joey, a certain Major M'Shane would have been by this time eaten and digested by a pack of wolves, why, I then think, as Mrs. M'Shane and I have no child, nor prospect of any, as I know of, that she may be well inclined to come into my way of thinking, and of adopting him as her son; but, of course, this cannot be said without my consulting with Mrs. M'Shane, seeing as how the money is her own, and she has a right to do as she pleases with it.'

'That, indeed, alters the case,' replied O'Donahue, 'and I must not stand in the way of the boy's interest; still I should like to do something for him.'

'You have done something for him, O'Donahue; you have prevented his starving; and if he has been of any use to you, it is but your reward—so you and he are quits. Well, then, it is agreed that I take him with me?'

'Yes,' replied O Donahue, 'I cannot refuse my consent after what you have said.'

Two days after this conversation the parties separated. O'Donahue, with his wife, accompanied by Dimitri, set off on their return to St. Petersburgh; while M'Shane, who had provided himself with a proper passport, got into the diligence, accompanied by little Joey, on his way back to England.

CHAP. XVII.

THE DAY AFTER THE MURDER.

We must now return to the village of Grassford and the cottage in which we left Rushbrook and his wife, who had been raised up from the floor by her husband, and having now recovered from her swoon, was crying bitterly for the loss of her son, and the dread of her husband's crime being discovered. For some time Rushbrook remained in silence, looking at the embers in the grate; Mum sometimes would look piteously in his master's face, at other times he would slowly approach the weeping woman. The intelligence of the animal told him that something was wrong. Finding himself unnoticed, he would then go to the door by which Joey had quitted, snuff at the crevice, and return to his master's side.

'I'm glad that he's off,' at last muttered Rushbrook; 'he's a fine boy that.'

'Yes, he is,' replied Jane; 'but when shall I behold him again?'

'By-and-bye, never fear, wife. We must not stay in this place, provided this affair blows over.'

'If it does, indeed!'

'Come, come, Jane, we have every reason to hope it will; now, let's go to bed; it would not do, if any one should happen to have been near the spot, and to have found out what has taken place, for us to be discovered not to have been in bed all night, or even for a light to be seen at the cottage by any early riser. Come, Jane, let's to bed.'

Rushbrook and his wife retired, the light was extinguished, and all was quiet, except conscience, which still tormented and kept Rushbrook turning to the right and left continually. Jane slept not; she listened to the wind; the slightest noise—the crowing of a cock—startled her, and soon footsteps were heard of those passing the windows. They could remain in bed no longer. Jane arose, dressed, and lighted the fire; Rushbrook remained sitting on the side of the bed, in deep thought.

'I've been thinking Jane,' said he at last, 'it would be better to make away with Mum.'

'With the dog! Why, it can't speak, poor thing. No, no—don't kill the poor dog.'

'He can't speak, but the dog has sense; he may lead them to the spot.'

'And if he were to do so, what then? it would prove nothing.'

'No; only it would go harder against Joey.'

'Against the boy! yes, it might convince them that Joey did the deed; but still, the very killing of the animal would look suspicious; tie him up, Rushbrook; that will do as well.'

'Perhaps better,' replied he; 'tie him up in the back kitchen; there's a good woman.'

Jane did so, and then commenced preparing the breakfast; they had taken their seats, when the latch of the door was lifted up, and Furness, the schoolmaster, looked in. This he was often in the habit of doing, to call Joey out to accompany him to school.

'Good morning,' said he; 'now where's my friend Joey?'

'Come in, come in, neighbor, and shut the door,' said Rushbrook; 'I wish to speak to you. Mayhap you'll take a cup of tea; if so, my missus will give you a good one.'

'Well, as Mrs. Rushbrook does make every thing so good, I don't care if I do, although I have had breakfast; but where's my friend Joey? the lazy little dog; is he not up yet? Why, Mrs. Rushbrook, what's the matter, you look distressed?'

'I am, indeed,' replied Jane, putting her apron to her eyes.

'Why, Mrs. Rushbrook, what is it?' inquired the pedagogue.

'Just this; we are in great trouble about Joey. When we got up this morning we found that he was not in bed, and he has never been home since.'

'Well, that is queer; why, where can the young scamp be gone to?'

'We don't know; but we find that he took my gun with him, and I'm afraid—' and here Rushbrook paused, shaking his head.

'Afraid of what?

'That he has gone poaching, and has been taken by the keepers.'

'But did he ever do so before?'

'Not by night, if he did by day. I can't tell; he always has had a hankering that way.'

'Well, they do whisper the same of you, neighbor. Why do you keep a gun?'

'I've carried a gun all my life,' replied Rushbrook, 'and I don't choose to be without one; but that's not to the purpose; the question is, what would you advise us to do?'

'Why, you see, friend Rushbrook,' replied the schoolmaster, 'advice in this question becomes rather difficult. If Joey has been poaching as you imagine, and has been taken up as you suspect, why, then, you will soon hear of it; you, of course, have had no hand in it.'

'Hand in it!—hand in what?' replied Rushbrook. 'Do you think we would trust a child like him with a gun?'

'I should think not; and therefore it is evident that he has acted without the concurrence of his parents. That will acquit you; but still it will not help Joey; neither do I think you will be able to recover the gun, which I anticipate will become a deodand to the lord of the manor.'

'But the child—what will become of him?' exclaimed Jane.

'What will become of him?—why, as he is of tender years, they will not transport him—at least, I should think not; they may imprison him for a few months, and order him to be privately whipped. I do not see what you can do, but remain quiet. I should recommend you not to say one syllable about it until you hear more.'

'But suppose we do not hear?'

'That is to suppose that he did not go out with the gun to poach, but upon some other expedition.'

'What else could the boy have gone out for?' said Rushbrook, hastily.

'Very true; it is not very likely that he went out to commit murder,' replied the pedagogue.

At the word 'murder' Rushbrook started from his chair; but, recollecting himself, he sat down again.

'No, no, Joey commit murder!' cried he.—'Ha, ha, ha,—no, no, Joey is no murderer.'

'I should suspect not. Well, master Rushbrook, I will dismiss my scholars this morning, and make every inquiry for you. Byres will be able to ascertain very soon, for he knows the new keeper of the manor-house.'

'Byres help you, did you say? No, no, Byres never will,' replied Rushbrook, solemnly.

'And why not, my friend?'

'Why,' replied Rushbrook, recollecting himself, 'he has not been over cordial with me lately.'

'Nevertheless, depend upon it, he will if he can,' replied Furness; 'if not for you, he will for me. Good morning, Mrs. Rushbrook, I will hasten away now; but will you not go with me?' continued Furness, appealing to Rushbrook.

'I will go another way; it's no use both going the same road.'

'Very true,' replied the pedagogue, who had his reasons for not wishing the company of Rushbrook, and Furness then left the house.

Mr. Furness found all his boys assembled in the school-room, very busily employed thumbing their books; he ordered silence, and informed them, that in consequence of Joey being missing, he was going to assist his father to look after him; and therefore they would have a holiday for that day. He then ranged them all in a row, and made them turn to the right face, clap their hands simultaneously, and disperse.

Although Mr. Furness had advised secrecy to the Rushbrooks, he did not follow up the advice he had given; indeed, his reason for not having wished Rushbrook to be with him was, that he might have an opportunity of communicating his secret through the village, which he did by calling at every cottage, and informing the women who were left at home, that Joey Rushbrook had disappeared last night, with his father's gun, and that he was about to go in quest of him. Some nodded and smiled, others shook their heads, some were not all surpised at it, others thought that things could not go on so forever.

Mr. Furness having collected all their various opinions, then set off to the ale-house, to find Byres, the pedlar. When he arrived, he found that Byres had not come home that night, and where he was nobody knew, which was more strange, as his box was up in his chamber. Mr. Furness returned to the village, intending to communicate this information to Rushbrook, but, on calling, he found that Rushbrook had gone out in search of the boy. Furness then resolved to go up at once to the keeper's lodge, and solve the mystery. He took the high road, and met with Rushbrook, returning.

'Well, have you gained any tidings?' inquired the pedagogue.

'None,' replied Rushbrook.

'Then it's my opinion, my worthy friend, that we had better at once proceed to the keeper's cottage and make inquiry; for strange to say, I have been to the alehouse, and my friend Byres is also missing.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Rushbrook, who had now completely recovered his self-possession. 'Be it so, then; let us go to the keeper's.'

They soon arrived there, and found the keeper at home, for he had returned to his dinner.—Rushbrook, who had been cogitating how to proceed, was the first to speak.

'You hav'n't taken my poor Joey, have you, sir?' said he to the keeper.

'Not yet,' replied the keeper surlily.

'You don't mean to say that you know nothing about him?' said Rushbrook.

'Yes, I know something about him and about you too, my chap,' replied the keeper.

'But, Mr. Lucas,' interrupted the pedagogue, 'allow me to put you in possession of the facts. It appears that this boy—a boy of great natural parts, and has been for some time under my tuition, did last night, but at what hour is unknown to his disconsolate parents, leave the cottage, taking with him his father's gun, and has not been heard of since.'

'Well, I only hope he's shot himself, that's all,' replied the keeper. 'So you have a gun then, have you, my honest chap?' continued he, turning to Rushbrook—

'Which,' replied Furness, 'as I have informed him already will certainly be forfeited as a deodand to the Lord of the Manor; but, Mr. Lucas, this is not all; our mutual friend, Byres, the pedlar, is also missing, having left the Cat and Fiddle last night, and not having been heard of since.'

'Indeed! that makes out a different case, and must be inquired into immediately. I think you were not the best of friends, were you,' said the keeper, looking at Rushbrook; and then he continued: 'Come, Mary, give me my dinner, quick, and run up as fast as you can for Dick and Martin, tell them to come down with their retrievers only. Never fear, my chap, we'll find your son also, and your gun to boot. You may hear more than you think for.'

'All I want to know,' replied Rushbrook fiercely, for his choler was raised by the sneers of the keeper, 'is, where my boy may be.' So saying, he quitted the cottage, leaving the schoolmaster with the keeper.

As Rushbrook returned home, he resolved in his mind what had passed, and decided that nothing could be more favorable for himself, however it might turn out for Joey. This conviction quieted his fears, and when the neighbors came in to talk with him, he was very cool and collected in his replies. In the mean time the keeper made a hasty meal, and, with his subordinates and the dogs, set off to the covers, which they beat till dark without success. The gun, however, which Joey had thrown down in the ditch, had been picked up by one of the laborers returning from his work, and taken by him to the alehouse. None could identify the gun, as Rushbrook had never permitted it to be seen. Lucas, the keeper, came in about an hour after dusk, and immediately took possession of it.

Such were the events of the first day after Joey's departure. Notwithstanding that the snow fell fast, the Cat and Fiddle was, as it may be supposed, unusually crowded on that night. Various were the surmises as to the disappearance of the pedlar and of little Joey. The keeper openly expressed his opinion that there was foul play somewhere, and it was not until near midnight that the alehouse was deserted and the doors closed.

Rushbrook and his wife went to bed; tired with watching and excitement, they found oblivion for a few hours in a restless and unrefreshing sleep.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CORONER'S INQUEST.

Day had scarcely dawned when the keeper and his satellites were again on the search.—The snow had covered the ground for three or four inches, and, as the covers had been well examined on the preceding day, they now left them and went on in the direction towards where the gun had been picked up. This brought them direct to the furze bottom, where the dogs appeared to quicken their movements, and when the keepers came up with them again, they found them lying down by the frozen and stiffened corpse of the pedlar.

'Murder, as I expected,' said Lucas, as they lifted up the body and scraped off the snow which had covered it; 'right through his heart poor fellow; who would have expected this from such a little varmint? Look about, my lads, and see if we can find anything else.—What is Nap scratching at?—a bag—take it up, Martin—Dick, do you go for some people to take the body to the Cat and Fiddle while we see if we can find anything more.'

In a quarter of an hour the people arrived, the body was carried away, while the keeper went off in all haste to the authorities.

Furness, the schoolmaster, as soon as he had obtained the information, hastened to Rushbrook's cottage, that he might be the first to convey the intelligence. Rushbrook, however, from the back of the cottage had perceived the people carrying in the body, and was prepared.

'My good people, I am much distressed, but it must be told, although, believe me—I feel for you—your son—my pupil—has murdered the pedlar.'

'Impossible,' cried Rushbrook.

'It is but too true; I cannot imagine how a boy brought up under my tuition—nay, Mrs. Rushbrook, don't cry—brought up, I may say, with such strict notions of morality, promising so fairly, blossoming so sweetly—'

'He never murdered the pedlar!' cried Jane, whose face was buried in her apron.

'Who then could have?' replied Furness.

'He never shot him intentionally, I'll swear,' said Rushbrook; 'if the pedlar has come to his death, it must have been by some accident. I suppose the gun went off somehow or other; yes, that must be it; and my poor boy, frightened at what had taken place, has run away.'

'Well,' replied the schoolmaster, 'such may have been the case; and I do certainly feel as if it were impossible that a boy like Joey, brought up by me, grounded in every moral duty—I may add, religiously and piously instructed—could ever commit such a horrible crime.'

'Indeed he never did,' replied Jane; I am sure he never would do such a thing.'

'Well, I must wish you good bye now, my poor people; I will go down to the Cat and Fiddle, and hear what they say,' cried the pedagogue, quitting the cottage.

'Jane, be careful,' said Rushbrook; 'our great point now is to say nothing. I wish that man would not come here.'

'Oh, Rushbrook!' cried Jane, 'what would I give if we could live this last three days over again!'

'Then imagine, Jane, what I would give,' replied Rushbrook, striking his forehead; 'and now say no more about it.'

At twelve o'clock the next day the magistrates met, and the coroner's inquest was held on the body of the pedlar. On examination of the body, it was ascertained that a charge of small shot had passed directly through the heart, so as to occasion immediate death; that the murder had not been committed with a view of robbing, it was evident, as the pedlar's purse, watch, and various other articles, were found upon his person.

The first person examined was a man of the name of Green, who had found the gun in the ditch. The gun was produced, and he deposed to its being the one which he had picked up and given into the possession of the keeper; but no one could say to whom the gun might belong.

The next party who gave his evidence was Lucas, the gamekeeper. He deposed that he knew the pedlar, Byres, and that, being anxious to prevent poaching, he had offered him a good sum if he would assist him in convicting any poacher; that Byres had then confessed to him that he had often received game from Rushbrook, the father of the boy, and still continued to do so, but Rushbrook had treated him ill, and he was determined to be revenged upon him, and get him sent out of the country; that Byres had informed him on the Saturday night before the murder was committed, that Rushbrook was to be out on Monday night to procure game for him, and that if he looked out sharp, he was certain to be taken. Byres had also informed him that he had never yet found out when Rushbrook left his cottage or returned, although he had often tracked the boy, Joey. As the boy was missing on the Monday morning, and Byres did not return to the alehouse after he went out on Saturday night, he presumed that it was on the Sunday night that the pedlar was murdered.

The keeper then farther deposed as to the finding of the body and also of a bag by the side of it; that the bag had evidently been used for putting game in, not only from the smell, but from the feathers of the birds which were still remaining inside of it.

The evidence as to the finding of the body and the bag was corroborated by that of Martin and Dick, the under-keepers.

Mr. Furness then made his appearance to give *voluntary* evidence, notwithstanding his great regard expressed for the Rushbrooks. He deposed that, calling at the cottage on Monday morning for his pupil, he found the father and mother in great distress at the disappearance of their son, whom they stated to have left the cottage some time during the night, and to have taken his father's gun with him, and that their son had not since returned; that he pointed out to Rushbrook the impropriety of his having a gun, and that Rushbrook had replied that he had carried one all his life, and did not choose to be without one; that they told him, they supposed that he had gone out to poach, and was taken by the keepers, and had requested him to go and ascertain if such were the fact. Mr. Furness added, that he really imagined that to be the case, now that he saw the bag, which he recognised as having been once brought to him by little Joey, with some potatoes, which his parents had made him a present of; that he could swear to the bag, and so could several others as well as himself. Mr. Furness then commenced a long flourish about his system of instruction, in which he was stopped by the Coroner, who said that it had nothing to do with the business.

It was then suggested that Rushbrook and his wife should be examined. There was some demur at the idea of the father and mother giving evidence against their child, but it was overruled, and in ten minutes they both made their appearance.

Mrs. Rushbrook, who had been counselled by her husband, was the first examined, but she would not answer any question put to her. She did nothing but weep, and to every question her only reply was: 'If he did kill him it was by accident; my boy would never commit murder.' Nothing more was to be obtained from her, and the magistrates were so moved by her distress that she was dismissed.

Rushbrook trembled as he was brought in and saw the body laid out on the table: but he soon recovered himself, and became nerved and resolute, as people often will do in extremity. He had made up his mind to answer some questions, but not all.

'Do you know at what time your son left the cottage?'

'I do not.'

'Does that gun belong to you?'

'Yes, it is mine.'

'Do you know that bag?'

'Yes, it belongs to me.'

'It has been used for putting game into; has it not?'

'I shall not answer that question. I'm not on trial.'

Many other questions were put to him, but he refused to answer them: and as they would all more or less have criminated himself as a poacher, his refusals were admitted. Rushbrook had played his game well, in admitting the gun and bag to be his property, as it was of service to him, and no harm to Joey. After summing up the whole evidence, the Coroner addressed the Jury, and they returned an unanimous verdict of Wilful Murder against Joseph Rushbrook, the younger, and directed the sum of £200 to be offered for our hero's apprehension.

[To be continued.]

PASSAGES FROM JEAN PAUL.

TRANSLATED FOR THE BOSTON NOTION, BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE GRAVE.

The grave is not deep. It is the luminous foot-print of an angel who is seeking us. When the unknown hand sends the last arrow at the head of man, he bows his head, and the arrow only strikes from his wounds the crown of thorns.

IMPAORA PACE.

Alas! how much have we all lost, if the images of blessed days departed wring from us nothing but sighs. O Rest! Rest! Thou Evening of the soul—thou silent Hesperus of the weary heart, that standest fast by the sun of Truth! when our hearts melt into tears at the very mention of thy gentle name; O, is that not a sign, that we seek after thee, but have thee not!

THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

We are not alone. My spirit feels the passing-by of kindred spirits, and raises itself up.—Under the earth is sleep—over the earth are dreams; but between sleep and dreams I beheld eyes of light wander like stars. A cool breath comes from the ocean of Eternity over the glowing earth. My heart rises up, and will break off from Life. All is so grand about me! as if God were passing through the night. Spirits! receive my spirit; it follows after you; draw it away!

SUNSET.

I have thought a hundred times, that if I were an angel and had wings and no specific gravity, I would soar just so far upward, that I could see the evening sun glimmer o'er the edge of the earth, and, while I flew around with the earth, and, at the same against its motion on its axis, would hold myself always in such a position, that for a whole year long I could look into the mild, broad eye of the evening sun. But at length I would sink down, drunk with splendor, like a bee o'er-fed with honey, in sweet delirium on the grass.

HUMAN LIFE.

A Spirit throws us from on high down into this life, and then counts seventy or eighty, as we do when we throw a stone into a deep crater; and at the seventieth pulsation or year, he hears the hollow sound as we strike the bottom of the grave.

EVENING AND DEATH.

The day is dying amid blossom-clouds, and with its own swan-song. The alleys and gardens speak in low tones, like men, when deeply moved; and around the leaves fly the gentle winds, and around the blossoms the bees, with a tender whisper. Only the larks, like man, rise warbling into the sky, and then, like him, drop down again into the furrow; while the great soul and the sea lift themselves unheard and unseen to heaven, and rushing, sublime and fruit-giving, and waterfalls and thunder-showers, dash down into the valleys.

In a country-house on the declivity of the Bergstrasse, an unspeakably sweet tone rises from a woman's breast, like a trembling lark.—It sounds as if the Spring were flying down from Heaven with a song and singing on in one continuous tone of rapture hung poised with open wings above the earth, until the flowers

should have sprung up for its evening couch. Harshly upon this voice of song breaks the tolling bell, from a cloister behind Newengleichen. It is the so called passing bell, which the monks always ring when a man is at the point of death, so that the sympathizing soul may pray for the dying, around whom the Last Angel has drawn the shades of night, therein to sever his heart-strings, as they bandage one's eyes in the amputation of a limb. If it depended upon me—thou departing Unknown!—I would stop the death-bell and make it mute, so that now in thy darkened battlefield of death no echo of the receding earth should enter; which to thee (since the sense of having survived all other senses) so dismally announces the moment when thou art lost to us;—as to ascending æronauts, by a discharge of cannon, is announced the moment in which they vanish from the eyes of the spectators.

TOYS.

There are merry, good-natured girls, who, instead of a head, have only two feet; can do nothing but laugh, sing and tattle, and are never animated with a soul, save when they are dancing—just as the little wooden drummers from Nurenburgh drum and pound away—only while the playful child is pulling them round the room.

THE SUMMER NIGHT.

The summer alone might elevate us! God, what a season! In sooth, I often know not whether to stay in the city or go forth into the fields, so alike is it everywhere, and beautiful.—If we go outside the city gate, the very beggars gladden our hearts, for they are no longer cold; and the post-boys who can pass the whole night on horse-back, and the shepherds asleep in the open air. We need no gloomy house: We make a chamber out of every bush and thereby have my good industrious bees before us, and the most gorgeous butterflies. In gardens on the hills sit schoolboys and in the open air look out words in the dictionary. On account of the game-laws there is no shooting now, and every living thing in bush and furrow and on green branches, can enjoy itself right heartily and safely. In all directions come travellers along the roads;—they have their carriages for the most part thrown back—the horses have branches stuck in their saddles, and the drivers roses in their mouths. The shadows of the clouds go trailing along,—the birds fly between them up and down, and journeymen mechanics wander cheerily on with their bundles, and want no work. Even when it rains we love to stand out of doors, and breathe in the quickening influence, and the wet does the herdsman harm no more. And is it night, so sit we only in a cooler shadow, from which we plainly discern the daylight on the northern horizon, and on the sweet warm stars of heaven. Wheresoever I look, there do I find my beloved blue on the flax in blossom, or the corn-flowers, and the godlike endless heaven into which I would fain spring as into a stream. And now if we turn homeward again, we find indeed but fresh delight. The street is a true nursery, for in the evening after supper, the little ones, though they have but few clothes upon them, are again let out into the open air, and not driven under the bed-quilt as in Winter.—We sup by daylight, and hardly know where the candlesticks are. In the bed-chamber the windows are open day and night, and likewise most of the doors, without danger. The oldest women stand by the window without a chill, and sew. Flowers lie about everywhere—by the inkstand—on the lawyer's papers—on the justice's table, and the tradesman's counter. The children make a great noise, and one hears the bowling of ninepin-alleys half the night through our walks up and down the street; and talks loud, and sees the stars shoot in the high heaven. The foreign musicians, who wend their way homeward towards midnight, go fiddling along the street to their quarters, and the whole neighborhood runs to the window. The extra posts arrive later, and the horses neigh. One lies in the noise by the window and drops asleep. The post-horns awake him, and the whole starry heaven hath spread itself open. O God! what a joyous life on this little earth!

LOVE.

Men would have the star of Love like Venus, in Heaven—at first as dreamy Hesperus or Evening Star—announcing the world of dreams and twilight, full of blossoms and nightingales; but afterwards, on the contrary, as the Morning Star, which proclaims the brightness and strength of Day—and there is no contradiction here, since both stars are one, and differ only in the time of their appearing.

EMINENT MEN OF FRANCE.

Sketches of the characters of some of the eminent men of France, by a celebrated writer.

TRANSLATED FOR THE BOSTON NOTION.

No. 1.
M. GUIZOT.

M. Guizot is of small stature, and slender person; but he has much expression of countenance and animation of manner. In his action and aspect there is something severe and pedantic, which we find in all professors, particularly those of the sect of *Doctrinaires**; the sect of pride. His voice is full, sonorous and peremptory; it is not ready in expressing the tender emotions of the soul, but is rarely suppressed or dull.

M. Guizot may be ranked as a man of information, a distinguished historian, and holding a high place among the public writers of the English school. He is well versed in the ancient and modern languages. He does not shine, as a writer, by any superiority of style, by his precision, his imagination, or by the depth of his reasoning, but he is less obscure than M. Cousin; he has not the beauty and free style of M. Royer Collard, but possesses a greater abundance of ideas, is more diffuse, more varied, more positive.

It is easy to perceive that he has been more employed in the management of human affairs. Like all the preachers of the Genevese school, that school so dry and sententious, he proceeds dogmatically. He neglects the flowers of language, wants pliancy and motion, and his diction is monotonous although serious and confident. His anger reveals itself in the flashing of his eyes, and passes rapidly over his pale features; but it is quickly controlled, and there is very little external emotion; he rarely employs those wounding personalities which directly attack an adversary, designated by his name, or seat on the benches of the assembly; but, while protesting the perfect innocence of his intentions, he launches at the opposition sarcasms, which leave their envenomed darts.

M. Guizot treats political questions philosophically, and from rather an elevated point of view. It is the manner of his master, M. Royer Collard. He selects an idea, moulds it into an axiom, and builds around it the scaffolding of his argument. He recurs to it continually, presents it singly to the view of the spectator, attracts to it and fixes there his attention. His oration is but the developement of one idea: if that be true all his discourse is true; if the idea be false, his discourse is also false. But the majority of the members to whom he addresses himself, never allow that the premises are false, and M. Guizot preserves with them all the advantages of his method.

This method is skilful in deliberative assemblies; for it is not by a variety of ideas, that one can fix the attention of an audience more or less occupied; it is rather with a single idea, adroitly chosen, well wrought out, confidently asserted and reproduced under various forms. This is therefore the usual method of professors, and we must not forget that M. Guizot and M. Royer Collard, have labored in that capacity.—A professor who did not repeat, would not be comprehended, he would be still more obsure if at once he presented before his audience a great number of principles, for their attention would not be sufficiently concentrated. The professors make use of this method of necessity, and consciously transfer it from the chair to the tribune, and as the men there assembled are not much more attentive than students, this process is habitually employed and with success.

M. Guizot makes long speeches, after the manner of the professors; he argues learnedly, after the fashion of the theologians; he is monotonous like the first, and abstracted like the second. He is master of his thoughts, and its expression, because he willingly disdains facts, and prefers abstractions; he does not easily adopt inconsiderate plans, or give much opportunity to his adversaries; nor does he display those transports of anger, those sudden emotions of the heart, those traits of imagination, those touching

* *Doctrinaires.* Since the second restoration of the Bourbons, a small number of deputies in the French chamber would neither rank themselves among the friends of absolute power, nor among the defenders of the revolution. They supported Decazes while he was minister, and several of them held offices in the ministry. Their system embraced a constitutional monarchy, allowing the government more power than the ultra-liberals would admit, and on the other hand restricting the royal power more, and admitting less approach toward the old form of government, than the ultra-royalists demanded. They retired with Decazes, and afterwards joined the liberal opposition.

thoughts, those lively turns, which involuntarily escape an orator, which awaken his own emotion, and arouse the souls of his auditors. M. Guizot is not eloquent.

M. Guizot is thought cruel by the opposition. His flashing eyes, thin figure, and contrasted lips, give him the appearance of a proscriber.—The famous words, "I will be pitiless," are attributed to him: frightful words, if they have ever been pronounced.

It is true, he has of late been possessed by an ardent and melancholy fanaticism, but this was during the warm season, which always kindles certain brains; and the theory of terror, which he has preached, all beautiful as it may be, is *far* from his practice.

It is singular, but M. Guizot does not impress me with the idea of a revolutionary giant: he would rather make me smile, than tremble.—Altogether, he is more of a sectarian, than a terrorist. He has more courage of mind, than resolution of heart or hand. He has rather a high esteem for himself, than indignation against his adversaries; more contempt for them than hatred. Pride fills his soul to such a degree, that no room remains for any other sentiment.—He has a violent and desperate faith in his own infallibility: were he convinced he should not be drowned, he would be the first to plunge his head into an abyss.

He renders willing homage to the sincerity of republicans; but, educated in the old doctrines of the English oligarchy, he believes an oligarchy to be the *beau ideal* of forms of government, and persuades himself that this system is much more capable of progress than the most advanced democracy.

M. Guizot is not a monarchist by sentiment, or from any personal views; it is immaterial to him, as to all those of his school, who reigns: the younger, the elder, or whatever branch of a family. The true government for him is the aristocracy; the aristocracy of the nobility, which he would have loved had he been noble; the aristocracy of the citizens, which he wishes, because he is a citizen.

M. Guizot has a sort of vigor which resembles firmness, and which always imposes both upon his own party, and that of his adversaries. Deliberative assemblies, and above all, the majority, who govern and who have need that some one should exert for them a will, are fond of deliberate men, and like that they should lead them, and thus feel relieved of the trouble of guiding themselves.

M. Guizot has that abrupt haughtiness, which does not render him agreeable to the circle around Louis Philippe, nor to the majority of the assembly, but which makes him necessary to them. He is able to state the question clearly at decisive moments, and willingly places it before his adversaries. This species of tact, which throws the opposition into the most unpleasant situation, that is, on the defensive, has hitherto been successful. He has had the happiness of encountering, at the head of the opposition, and of the third party, none other than men of undoubted talent, but a little timid, a little undecided, who, in eluding the question of yes or no, leave to him almost all the advantage of the offensive. For to retreat when offered battle, is to acknowledge one's self vanquished.

M. THIERS.

M. Thiers was not nurtured in the cradle of affluence.

Born poor, it was necessary he should achieve his fortune; born obscure, he must make himself a name. Being unsuccessful as a lawyer, he became a writer, and, as a last resort, threw himself into the hands of the Liberal party, rather from necessity than conviction. Then he began to admire Danton and the Mountain men, and urged the height of his fanaticism even to an incredible excess. Overwhelmed by his necessities, like many men of lively imagination, he owed the commencement of his fortune to M. Lafitte, and of his reputation, to his talent. However, without the Revolution of 1830, M. Thiers would never have been an elector, nor eligible—neither a deputy nor minister, nor even an academician—he would have grow old in the literary esteem of his own circle.

At present M. Thiers has changed his condition; he has made himself a monarchist, an aristocrat, a sustainer of privileges, a giver and executor of pitiless orders; he has affixed his name to the state of siege of Paris, to the horrid military punishments of Lyons, to the magnificent exploits of the street transonain, to the exiles of Mount St. Michael, to the laws respecting associations, the public criers, the courts of assize, and the newspapers; to all that has checked liberty, disgraced the press, falsified the jury, beheaded patriots, planted disunion among the

National Guard, demoralized the nation, and drawn into disrepute the generous and pure Revolution of July.

His friends he has deserted; his doctrines he has denied; he has served as a tool for royalty, convenient on all occasions—one of those instruments which yield and never break, and which can be bent even to the joining of their two ends, and become immediately straight as an arrow again, so supple are they.

When, in a monarchy, a man without character and without virtue, has received an education rather literary than moral, and, borne up by fortune, attains a degree of power, his elevation turns his head.

As he finds himself alone upon the heights where he is considered an intruder, and knows not where to lean, having neither proper self-respect, nor the respect of those around him; being no longer, and not wishing to be, of the people, and unable to be what he desires, noble and great, he places himself under the feet of the King—he kisses them, he licks them, and he knows not by what variety of services, by what supplicating caresses, by what appearance of devotion, by what genuflections, by what abasements, to testify his humility, and the excess of his adoration. Persons of this stamp, are like those predestined to the infernal regions, who have made a compact with the devil. They have his mark, and if they wish to return, to break a ring in their chain, or to move a step, their master, to whom their body is delivered, and their soul sold, cries to them, "Thou art mine!"

M. Thiers speaks continually of his honesty; we would ask what he means; of his sincerity, we would ask what this means; of his contempt for grandeur, we would put the same question; of his love for the Revolution of July, still we would demand, what does this mean?

M. Thiers is ill-formed, without height, and without grace; he resembles those little barbers of the South, who go from place to place, offering their soap. He has in his talk something of the gossipping housewife, and in his gait something of the street juggler. His nasal voice distresses the ear. We must add, that no one believes him, not even himself; and his proverbial turning about will completely remove the slight moral illusion which one might experience while listening to him. Naturally awkward, distrusting both his enemies and his friends, he has everything against him; and yet when this little man rises to speak, he is so much at his ease, he has so much genius, so much wit, that in default of all other feeling, they permit him to proceed for the pleasure of listening to him, and cannot refuse him their admiration.

It is not that he proceeds by sudden flights to resolutions, like Dupin, nor that he has the grave style of Odilon—Barrot, or the mocking sarcasm of Mauguin, or the pompous eloquence of Sauzet, or the superior method of Guizot; it is a talent peculiar to itself, which resembles that of no one else.

It is not a speech, it is a gossip, but a gossip, lively, brilliant, light, voluble, animated, sprinkled with passages of history, anecdotes, and acute reflections; and all this is said, divided, scattered, bound, loosed, rejoined, with an incomparable dexterity of language. His imagination is so quick, that ideas seem to spring to life without thought. The vast lungs of a giant would not suffice to utter the words of this ingenious dwarf. Nature, always mindful and compassionate in her recompense, seems to have endeavored with him, to concentrate all the power of manhood in the frail organs of utterance.

His speech flies like the wing of a bird; and penetrates you so quickly, that you think yourself wounded without knowing whence came the shaft. He sometimes stops suddenly to reply to those who interrupt him, and directs his answers with a quickness of application which confounds them.

If a theory has many sides, some false and some true, he groups them, mingles them, and makes them play and sparkle before you with so quick a hand, that you have not time to detect a fallacy in its passage.

I know not if the confusion of his extemporaneous speeches, the incoherent mass of heterogeneous propositions, the extraordinary collection of all these ideas, and all these tones, is an effect of his art; but he is of all orators one whose refutation is easier when you read him, more difficult when you listen to him. He is the most amusing of our political pack-horses, the most acute of sophists, the most subtle, and the most intangible of conjurers. He is the Bosco of the tribune.

Sometimes he has compassion upon himself, and then no one knows better than he, how to imitate the victim. Sometimes he assumes the accents of a good man, and draws from his breast profound lamentations upon the perversities of

opinions. He seems also a miracle of sweetness, and at the moment when you believe that he caresses, he clutches you. Ah! the little traitor!

His disputes are not very bitter, because he is without political faith. He mocks at all theories, and there is for him little of good and evil, true and false. He loves the possession of power, not for what power is in itself, but for the well-being it procures for him. M. Guizot has pride, and M. Thiers sensualism. This is because during two-thirds of his life he has been deprived of the enjoyments of fortune, and now gorges himself with the avidity and self-enjoyment of one who is famished.

M. Thiers, notwithstanding his talent, wants consideration. Consideration is the consequence of high probity, like that of M. Dupont (de l'Eure;) consideration is the consequence of a political character which has never contradicted itself, like that of General Lafayette; consideration comes from an immense fortune acquired by long labors, like that of C. Perier; consideration comes from patronage of long date, and a princely generosity, like that of M. Lafitte; consideration comes from a high dignity, and we must say, in the prejudice of our weak manners, from a high birth, like that of M. Broglie; consideration comes from military subordination, from the glory of victories, and services rendered by an illustrious sword, like that of Marshal Gerard; consideration comes from a worthy and sober life, like that of M. Royer Collard; finally, consideration comes from grace of manners, and polished affability of language, like that of M. Talleyrand; and these are not to be disdained in a country where immutable thought despatches its orders to the cabinet, and where the ministers are only tools and commissaries. Now, to which of these various kinds of consideration can M. Thiers pretend? We should be at a loss what reply to give, and so will he.

Will it be believed, that, notwithstanding, M. Thiers has seriously dreamed of taking the charge of Foreign Affairs? He would be the theme of ridicule for the aristocracies of Europe, and the reports of the ambassadors upon the manners of the little minister, would but have permitted the Great Lords of Austria and Russia to amuse themselves at the expense of the new royalty.—Nothing would be wanting if M. Thiers falls into disgrace, but to send him, for the amusement of the sultanas, on an embassy to the dominions of the Grand Turk.

M. Thiers deceives himself upon his fitness for diplomacy. He is rather made to handle secret funds, or deal with the contractors for markets, and the agents of the police, than to treat with the representatives of foreign powers. That is his calling, and to that should he attend. He will there render greater services to his lord and master.

The cabinet of Louis Philippe cannot have M. Thiers at its head on account of all these reasons, nor do without him as a minister. Have you never heard of troublesome, perplexing, covetous, familiar, indiscreet servants, who commit a hundred follies in a day, but who know all the secrets of the house? Their employers do not wish to retain them, and cannot send them away. M. Thiers is of this species of character, and by his unnatural position, the most docile of the servants of the mansion. It is he who has received the most confidential communications; he intrudes himself into all the intrigues, perplexes and disentangles them, conducts and finishes them. He has expedients abroad, and the resources of the assembly. There are no arguments so strongly arrayed that he does not pass, he has a reply for all, good or bad, but which is never waited for, and perhaps a single occasion could not be cited where he has been stopped.

It is true that this sort of talent would be of little use with a national government, which acknowledges its faults when it commits them, because a national government would follow the paths of justice; but when of premeditated design, and with a counter revolutionary object, one has set aside all truth and all liberty; when one maintains himself but by stratagems and sophisms; when one wishes the realities of despotism, with the appearance of law; it is necessary to use all of means to falsify principles, and deceive the country.

Now, M. Thiers is evidently apt to render this species of service. The *doctrinaires* also, who have taken him to their pay, have him no longer in esteem. All secretly flatter him, they fear his sudden leaps, and strokes; they will not seat him with them upon their couch, they hold him at a distance; they regard him as a man devoid of consistency, and without principle, connected with them by being under bonds for the same misdeeds, but who is not at the height of their doctrines, and whose garment, however well brushed, always permits one to perceive in some corner certain stains of revolutionary mud.

M. Thiers in his turn submits to their haughty yoke with impatience; he bends, twists, and bows himself down before them, but it is to undermine them. Concealed in his kennel, he digs their ruin: he labors with feet and hands under the edifice of their grandeur. He is the mole of the ministry.

M. Thiers, he must be praised for it, has made remarkable progress in religion. They speak of nothing at the court, and at the assembly, but of God, and of his angels, of paradise, the holy virgin, the holy church, the holy blessings of heaven, the holy mysteries, the miracles, and of Providence applied to politics. It is, in the mouths of the strange men who speak these words another species of blasphemy. The philosophers kneel humbly upon brocades of gold and purple, and atheism is made religious. How can it be, that with this the monarchy of Louis Philippe should not be saved?

For the rest, M. Thiers without being a holy man, is not a wicked one, he has not energy either to love or hate. He can be urged to excess, but will not of his own accord exceed. If he is light of character, if he is cynical in his plans, it is the defect of his bad education. Where should he learn to live? But he will not render evil for evil.

We hold him also for a man of marvellous mind, a mind of a facility of expedients, of a suppleness of form, of a clearness, fitness, and subtlety, and at the same time of a propriety, which pleases so much the more, that it contrasts strongly with the magnificent ambition of the assembly.

But still, what affectation to be always speaking of his probity! what cruel and detestable irony to vaunt of his fidelity to the revolution of July, he, who has so much betrayed it! he, the admirer of the convention, who attaches himself to the train of a majority almost legitimate! he, sprung from the ranks of the people, who assumes the aristocrat, and who pleads for the succession of the peerage! he, the panegyrist of the republican Danton! who kneels to play with the shoe-buckles of his king, and who makes himself the confidant of little secrets of the wardrobe! he, who, more than any other, ought to have remained man of the assembly, and who delights and shuts himself up in the suspected maintenance of secret funds, and of telegraphs.

Among the chief accusations with which they have uselessly oppressed the law upon the responsibility of ministers, they have forgotten one, the most essential of all, the only one perhaps which would be of use at the present time: it is the head of the accusation for demoralizing the people.

Ah! when the revolution of July shall have broken the chain with which the *doctrinaires* have fettered it, while without distrust, its eyes are innocently raised toward heaven, we shall behold it carry against men of this sort a terrible accusation. It will say to them:

"I had nothing to expect from those who followed fallen royalty to Ghent, and who always display with an audacity full of impudence, but of sincerity, the doctrines of the restoration.—But you, men of July, you, whom I have drawn from your obscurity; you, whom I have taken by the hand, and led, step by step, to the height of power, what have you done for my honor? Why am I become the laughing-stock of Europe? Why, when patriots of other lands fixedly regard their oppressors, am not I presented to their hopes, or even to their remembrance? Why trembles not my name more frequently upon their lips, when they would murmur the sacred words of liberty? Have I poured out the purest of my blood only to expiate the triumph of my principles by the bitter derision of its consequences? Independence, liberty, country, honor, virtue, you have all been dearly purchased! You have inspired with your cowardly terrors those assemblies of legislators, who in former times, at the sublime notes of the Marseilles Hymn, would have led our armies against the enemy; those citizens from whom came the heroes of our great wars; those abused operatives who will not know you until after you have ruined and destroyed them. You have been to the very extremity of Europe, to beseech a petty king to be so good as to accept the money of our artisans and our laborers, and behold now you are passing the seas, tribute in hand, to beg of America, who laughs at you, pardon, and oblivion of our victories! Continue to degrade your monarchy. Cover it with the ignoble tinsel of the police, and of stock-jobbing. Enrol your principles under the guard of your bailiffs. Calculate at current price, upon the down of your sofas, what may be the value of the conscience of one who denies a charter, or a salaried man; but mercy on the virtue of the people! Mercy! Display not before them the spectacle of your apostacies, and the corruption of your examples!

Go! the love of liberty, which, under your impure breath, withered and died in their souls, will know well how to revive when it shall be time for it, and whatever you should do to brutalize this noble people, they will still retain sufficient intelligence to comprehend all the evil that you have done to them, and sufficient justice to punish you!" M. R. T.

MUSIC.

BY H. F. GOULD.

Music? A blessed angel! She was born
Within the palace of the King of kings---
A favorite near his throne. In that glad child
Of Love and Joy, he made their spirits one;
And her, the heir to everlasting life!
When his bright hosts would give him highest praise,
They send her forward with her dulcet voice,
To pour their holy rapture in his ear.

When the young earth to being started forth,
Music lay sleeping in a bower of heaven.
A crystal fountain close beside her gushed
With living waters; and the sparkling cup
For her pure draught, stood on its emerald brink.
While o'er her brow a tender halo shone,
Kissed by the nodding buds, her head reclined
Upon a flowery pillow. At her ear,
The soft leaves whispered. On her half-closed lips
The gentle air strewed spices, wooing them.
Dropped o'er its radiant orb, the long-fringed lid
Veiled the deep inspiration of her eye;
But on her cheek the rose-tint came and went,
At the quick pulse that fluttered in her breast,
And spoke a wakeful spirit. In her sleep,
With one fair hand thrown o'er its silent strings,
Close to her heart she clasped her golden lyre,
To slumber with her, while she fondly dreamed
Of the sweet uses she might make of it
To numbers yet untried.
When, suddenly,
A shout of joy from all the sons of God,
Rang through his courts: and then the thrilling call,
"Wake! sister Music, wake, and hail with us,
A new-created sphere!"
She woke! She rose---
She moved among the morning stars, and gave
The birth-song of a world.
Our infant globe,
With life's first pulse, rolled in its ether bed,
Robed with the sun-light, mantled by the moon,
Or tenderly embraced by stellar rays:
Death with his pale, cold finger had not touched
Its beauty then. No stain of guilt was here,
And so, no cloud of sorrow cast a shade,
Or rained its bitter drops on fruit or flower.

As earth on every side shone fair to heaven,
Not knowing yet whereto she was ordained,
Music, from her celestial walks looked down,
And thought, how sweetly she could wake the hills,
Sing through the silent forests---in the vales---
Beside the silver waters pour her sounds;
And multiply her numbers by the rocks!
She longed to give it voice to speak to God;
And, being told of her blest ministry,
Bathed in a flood of glory, till her wings
Dripped with effulgence, as they spread, and poised,
And passed the pearly gates in earthward flight.

Made viewless by the circumambient air,
And scattering voices to its feathered tribes,
As down she hastened to the shining sphere,
The happy angel reached the beauteous earth.
At her electric touch, young Nature smiled,
And kindled into rapture; then broke forth
With thousand, thousand songs.
The green turf woke;
The sea-shells hummed along the vocal shore,
The busy bee, upon his honied flower.
Osier and reed became æolian lyres.
Trees bore sweet minstrels; while rock, hill, and dell
Sang to each other in a joyous round.
MAN, that mysterious instrument of God,
When the warm soul of new-descended power
Breathed on his heart-strings, lifted up his voice,
Chanting, "JEHOVAH!"
Since that blessed hour,
While still her home is heaven, Music has ne'er
This darkened world forsaken. She delights,
Though man may lose, or keep the paths of peace,
To soothe, to cheer, to light and warm his heart;
And lends her wings to waft it to the skies.
She throws a lustre o'er devotion's face—
Drinks off the tear from sorrow's languid eye---
Tames wild despair---brings hope a brighter bloom---
Lulls hate to rest---love's ruffled bosom smooths;
Pours honey into many bitter cup;
And often gives the black and heavy hour
A downy breast and pinions tipped with light.
She steals all balmy through the prisoner's grates,
Making that sad one half forget their use.
With holy spell she binds the exile's heart,
And pours her oil upon its hidden wounds.
Kings are her lovers---cottagers her loves:

The hero and the pilgrim walk with her.
Her voice is sweet by cradled infancy;
And from the pillow of the dying saint,
When a glad spirit borrows her light wings
To practise for the skies, ere it unfolds
Its own, and breaks its tenure to the clay.
True, by man's wanderings for his tempter's lure,
Music is often drawn to scenes unmeet
For purity like her's; and made to bear
Unhallowed burdens; or, to join in rites
To turpitude in fellest places held.
Yet, like the sun, whose beaming vesture, trailed
O'er all things staining, still defies a stain;
And is at night withdrawn, and girded up,
Warm and untarnished for the morning skies—
She comes unsullied from her baser walks,
Sighs at the darkness, guilt and woe of earth;
Breathes Zion's air, and warmed with heavenly fire,
Mounts to her glorious home!
'Twas she who bore
The first grand offering of the free, on high,
When to the shore, through Egypt's solemn sea,
The franchised Hebrews passed with feet dry-shod,
And pæans gave to their Deliverer there.
She cheered the wanderers on; and when they crossed
Over old Jordan, to the strong-armed foe,
Still she was with them; and her single breath
Laid the proud Paynim's city-walls in dust!
In native light, she walked Judea's hills,
And sipped the dew of Hermon from its flower
Before the Sun of Righteousness arose.
The Prophet chose her to unseal his lips,
Ere God spake through them; and the Prophetess,
To lift the heart's pure gift from her's to heaven.
When Israel's king was troubled, her soft hand
Put close, but gently to his gloomy breast,
Reached the dark spirit there, and laid it still,
Bound by the chords a shepherd minstrel swept.
And since, her countless thousands she has brought
To heaven's mild kingdom, happy captives led,
By those sweet, glowing strings of David's lyre.
But oh! her richest, dearest notes to man,
In strains aerial over Bethlehem poured!
When He whose brightness is the light of heaven,
To earth descending for a mortal's form,
Laid by his glory, save one radiant mark,
That moved through space, and o'er the infant hung:
He summoned Music to attend him here,
Announcing peace below!
He called her, too,
To sweeten that sad supper, and to twine
Her mantle round him and his few, grieved friends,
To join their mournful spirits with the hymn,
Ere to the Mount of Olives he went out
So sorrowful.
And now, his blessed word,
A sacred pledge, is left to dying man,
Then at his second coming in his power,
Music shall still be with him; and her voice
Sound through the tombs and wake the dead to life!

LINES ADDRESSED TO C. A. B.

BY I. M'LELLAN.

By Michigan's romantic shore
Among the prairie blooms he sleeps,
Where the wild willow leaning o'er,
Above the grassy churchyard weeps.

The early morn, the glowing eve,
As o'er the yellow beach they spread,
Smile where the flowery hillocks heave
Above the stranger's lowly bed.

And many a dewy flower of spring
—The snow-drop and the violet blue,
Along the verdant carpet spring;
And Autumn sheds his glories too.

The wood-dove folds her purple wing
To haunt the spot, it is so still,
The red-bird there delights to bring
His voice the twilight woods to fill.

Dear youth! How dark a shadow now doth rest
Around thy old paternal door,
Sorrow weighs heavy in each breast
That thou returnest there no more!

Thy passing sigh, thy dying throb
Hast to each parent's heart been borne—
Brother and sister join the sob
And long in heart-felt grief will mourn.

Their wistful eyes towards the West
No more thy coming form await;
Nor for the long-expected guest
Impatient do they crowd the gate.

Thy happy smile, thy cheerful look,
No more may cheer their beaming eyes.
—Thy seat is empty and thy book
Neglected by the fireside lies.

Low in the dull and darksome mould
The dust upon thy head is spread.
The voice is hushed, the lip is cold,
The brightness of the eye hath fled.

But memory survives the tomb,
And human love will ever keep
Thy name, thy worth in endless bloom,
Till they who love thee, with thee sleep.

For thee, in fancy, they will dress
With pious hands thy distant bier,
Still printing the last fond caress,
Still shedding o'er thy grave the tear.

ROBERTS'

SEMI-MONTHLY

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HEART.—A TALE.

BY J. FENNIMORE COOPER, ESQ.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER III.

It was quite early on the following morning, when Mr. Delafield rang at the door of the house in which the father of Miss Henley resided. The gentleman had obtained the permission of the young lady, the preceding evening, to put himself on the list of her visiting acquaintance, and a casual introduction to both of Charlotte's parents had smoothed the way to this intimacy. It is certain, that, as much as Mr. and Mrs. Henley loved their child, neither of them entertained the selfish wish of monopolising all of her affections to themselves during life. It was natural, and a thing to be expected, that Charlotte should marry; and among the whole of their acquaintance there appeared no one so unobjectionable as her new admirer. He was agreeable in person, in manners, and in temper; he was intelligent, witty, and a man of the world; and moreover, he was worth three hundred thousand dollars! What parent is there whose judgment would remain unbiassed by these solid reasons in favor of a candidate for the hand of his child? Or what female is there whose heart could be steeled against such attractions in her suitor? Many were the hours of care that had been passed by the guardians of Charlotte's happiness, in ruminating on the event that was to yield their charge to the keeping of another; frequent were their discussions on this interesting subject, and innumerable their plans to protect her inexperience against falling into those errors that had blasted the peace of so many around them; but the appearance of Seymour Delafield seemed as the fulfilment of their most sanguine expectations. To his refinement of manners, they both thought that they could yield the sensitive delicacy of their child with confidence; in his travelled experience they anticipated the permanency of a corrected taste; nor, was it a disagreeable consideration to either, that as the silken cord of paternal discipline was to be loosened, it was to be succeeded by the fetters of Hymen, cast in polished gold. In what manner their daughter regarded the evident admiration of Mr. Delafield will appear by the conclusion of our tale.

On entering the parlor, Delafield found George Morton seated in a chair near the fire, with his person more than usually well guarded against the cold, as if he were suffering under the effects

of a severe indisposition. The salutations between the young men were a little embarrassed on both sides; the face of George growing even paler than before, while the fine color on Delafield's cheek mounted to his very temples. After regarding for a moment, with much inward dissatisfaction, the apparent ease with which George was maintaining possession of the apartment by himself, Mr. Delafield overcame the sudden emotion created by the surprise, and spoke.

"I am sorry that you appear so ill, Mr. Morton, and I regret that you should have suffered so much in the cause of humanity, when one so much better able to undergo the fatigue, by constitution, should have remained an idle spectator, like myself.'

The silent bow of George might be interpreted into a desire to say nothing of his own conduct, or into an assent with the self-condemnation of the speaker. Delafield, however, took the chair which the other politely placed for him, and continued.

"But, sir, you have your reward. The interest and admiration excited in Miss Henley, would compensate me for almost any privation or hardships that man could undergo."

"It is no hardship to ride a few miles in a comfortable coach," said George, with a feeble smile, "nor can I consider it a privation of enjoyment, to be able to assist the distressed." He hesitated a moment, and a flush gradually stole over his features as he continued—"It is true, sir, that I prize the good opinion of Miss Henley highly, but I look to another quarter for approbation on such a subject."

"And very justly, George," said the soft voice of Charlotte. "Such applause as mine can be but of little moment to one who performs such acts as yours."

The gentlemen were sitting with their faces towards the fire, and had not heard the light step of Miss Henley, as she entered the apartment, but both instantly arose and paid their salutations; the invalid by a silent bow, and by handing a chair, and Delafield with many a graceful compliment on her good looks, and divers protestations concerning the pleasure he felt at being permitted to visit at her house. No two things could be more different than the manners of these two gentlemen. That of the latter was very highly polished and insinuating, and although far from unpleasantly so, yet slightly artificial; while that of the former was simple, ingenuous, and in the presence of Miss Henley was apt to be at times a little constrained. Charlotte certainly perceived the difference, and she as certainly thought that it was not altogether to the advantage of George Morton. The idea seemed to give her pain, for she showed several little attentions to her old friend, that by their flattering but unstudied particularity, were adapted to put any man at his ease, and assure him of his welcome; still the embarrassment of George did not disappear, but he sat an uneasy listener to the conversation that occurred, as if reluctant to stay, and yet unwilling to depart. After a few observations on the entertainment of the preceding evening, Mr. Delafield continued.

"I was lamenting to Mr. Morton, as you entered, that he should have suffered so much from my want of thought, the day before yesterday; it requires a good constitution to endure exposure——"

"And such I often tell you, George, you do not possess," said Charlotte, kindly, and with a little melancholy; "yet you neither seem to regard my warnings on the subject, nor those of any of your friends."

"There is a warning that I have not disregarded," returned the youth, endeavoring to smile.

"And what is it?" asked Charlotte, struck with the melancholy resignation of his manner.

"That I am not fit company, just now, for hearts as gay as yours and Mr. Delafield's," he returned; and rising, he made a hasty bow and withdrew.

What can he mean?" said Charlotte, in amazement. "George does not appear well, and latterly his manner is much altered—what can he mean, Mr. Delafield?"

"He is ill," said Delafield, far from feeling quite easy at the evident interest that the lady exhibited; "he is ill, and should be in his bed, instead of attending the morning levees of even Miss Henley."

"Indeed, he is too regardless of his health," said Charlotte, in a low tone, fixing her eyes on the grate, where she continued gazing for some time. Every effort of Seymour was made, to draw off the attention of the young lady from a

subject, that, however melancholy, seemed to possess peculiar charms for her. In this undertaking the gentleman would not have succeeded but for the fortunate appearance of Miss Osgood, who came into the room very opportunely to keep alive the discourse.

"What, tete-a-tete!" exclaimed Maria; "you should discharge your footman, Charlotte, for saying that you were at home. A young lady is never supposed to be at home when she is alone—with a gentleman."

"I shall then know how to understand the servant of Mr. Osgood, when I inquire for his daughter," cried Seymour, gaily.

"Ah! Mr. Delafield, it is seldom that I have an opportunity of hearing soft things, for I am never alone with a gentleman in my father's house."

"And is Mrs. Osgood so rigid?" returned the gentleman; "surely the gravity of her daughter should create more confidence."

"Most humbly I thank you, sir," said Maria, courtesying low before she took the chair that he handed; "but it is not the caution of Mrs. Osgood that prevents any solos in the mansion, unless it be a harp or flute, or any possibility of a tete-a-tete."

"Now you have excited my curiosity to a degree that is painfully unpleasant," said Delafield. "I know you to be too generous not to allay it."

"Oh! it is nothing more than a magical number, that frightens away all applicants for such a favor, unless indeed it were such as would not be very likely to be successful were they to apply; and which even would render it physically impossible to have a tender interview within the four walls of the mansion."

"It is a charmed number, indeed! and is it on the door? Is it the number of the house?"

"Oh! not at all—only the number of the family, the baker's dozen that I mentioned last evening; now, in visiting Miss Henley there is no such interruption to be apprehended."

Charlotte could not refrain from smiling at the vivacity of her friend, who, perceiving that her wish to banish the look of care that clouded the brow of the other had vanished, changed the discourse as abruptly as she had introduced it.

"I met George Morton at the door and chatted with him for several minutes. He appears quite ill, but I know he has gone two miles in the country for his mother this raw day; unless he is more careful of himself, he will ruin his constitution, which is none of the best now."

Maria spoke with feeling, and with a manner that plainly showed that her ordinary levity was assumed and that she had at the bottom, much better feelings than the trifling intercourse with the world would usually permit her to exhibit. Charlotte did not reply, but her brightening looks once more changed to that pensive softness which so well became her delicate features, and which gave to her countenance an expression such as might be supposed to shadow the glory of angels, when, from their abode of purity and love, they look down with pity on the sorrows of man.

The quick glance of Delafield not only watched, but easily detected, both the rapid transitions and the character of these opposing emotions.—Under the sudden influence of passions, that probably will not escape our readers, he could not forbear uttering, in a tone in which pique might have been too apparent: "Really, Mr. Morton is a happy fellow!"

The blue eyes of Charlotte were turned to the speaker with a look of innocent inquiry, but she continued silent. Maria, however, not only betowed a glance at the youth from her laughing hazel ones, but found utterance for her tongue also.

"How so?" she asked. "He is not of a strong constitution, not immensely rich, nor over and above—that is, not particularly handsome. Why is he so happy?"

"Ah! I have discovered that a man might be happy without one of those qualifications."

"And miserable who has them all?"

"Nay, nay, Miss Osgood, my experience does not extend so far—I am not quite the puppy you think me."

Maria, in her turn, was silent; but she arose from her seat, and moved with an absent air to a distant part of the room, and for a short time seemed to be particularly occupied in examining the beauties of a port-folio of prints, with every one of which she was perfectly familiar. The conversation was resumed by her friend.

"You have mortified Miss Osgood, Mr. Delafield," said Charlotte; "she is too good natured to judge any one so harshly."

"Is her good nature, in this particular, infectious?" the young man rather whispered than

uttered aloud. "Does her friend feel the same ndulgence for the infirmities of a frail nature to which she really seems herself hardly to belong?"

"You compliment me, Mr. Delafield, at the expense of truth, if it really be a compliment to tell me that I am not a girl—a female; for if I am not a woman, I must be something worse."

"You are an angel!" said Delafield, with uncontrollable fervor.

Charlotte was startled by his manner and his words, and unconsciously turned to her friend, as if to seek her protecting presence; but to her astonishment, she beheld Maria in the act of closing the door as she was leaving the room.

"Maria!" she cried, "whither in such a hurry? I expected you to pass the morning with me."

"I shall see your mother and return," replied Miss Osgood, closing the door so rapidly as to prevent further remark.

This short speech, however, gave Charlotte time to observe the change that something had produced in the countenance of her old companion, where, in place of the thoughtless gaiety that usually shone in her features, was to be seen an expression of painful mortification; and even the high glow that youth and health had imparted to her cheeks, was supplanted by a death-like paleness. Delafield had been endeavoring to peruse the countenance of Miss Henley in a vain effort to discover the effect produced by his warm exclamation: and these observations, which were made by the quick eye of friendship, entirely escaped his notice.

"Maria is not well, Mr. Delafield," Charlotte said hastily. "I know your goodness will excuse me while I follow her."

The young man bowed with a mortified air, and was somewhat ungraciously beginning to make a polite reply, when the door opened a short space, and the voice of Miss Osgood was once more heard, saying in a forced, but lively manner—

"I never was better in my life; I shall run into Mrs. Morton's for ten minutes; let me find you here, Mr. Delafield, when I return." Her footstep was heard tripping along the passage, and in a moment after, the street door of the house opened and shut. Charlotte perceiving that her friend was determined, for some inexplicable reason, to be alone, quietly resumed her seat. Her musing air was soon changed to one of surprise, by the following remark of her companion:—

"You appear, Miss Henley," he said, "to be sensitively alive to the ailings of all you know, but me."

"I did not know that you were ill, Mr Delafield! Really, sir, I never met with any gentleman's looks which so belied him, if you are otherwise than both well and happy."

As much experience as Delafield possessed in the trifling manœuvres of managers, or perhaps in the manifestations of feelings that are exhibited by every-day people, he was an absolute novice in the emotions of a pure, simple, ingenuous female heart. He was alive to the compliment to his acknowledged good looks, conveyed in this speech, but he was not able to appreciate the single-heartedness that prompted it. Perhaps his handsome face was as much illuminated by the consciousness of this emotion as by the deeper feelings he actually experienced, while he replied,—

"I am well, or ill, as you decree, Miss Henley; it is impossible that you should live in the world, and be seen, be known as you are, and must have been seen and known, and not long since learned the power you possess over the happiness of hundreds."

Though Charlotte was simple and unsuspecting, pure and extremely modest, she was far from dull—she was not now to learn the difference between the language of ordinary trifling and general compliment, and that to which she now listened, and which, however vague, was still so particular as to induce her to remain silent. The looks and manner of the youthful female, at that moment, would have been a study to those who love to dwell on the better and purer beings of creation. She was silent, as we remarked, because she could make no answer to a speech that either meant every thing or nothing. The slight tinge that usually was seated on her cheek spreading itself over its whole surface like the faintest glow of sunset blending, by mellow degrees, with the surrounding clouds, was heightened to richness, and even diffused itself like a reflection, across her polished forehead, because she believed she was about to listen to a declaration that her years and her education united to tell her was never to approach

female ears without slightly trespassing on the delicacy of her sex. Her mild, blue eyes, beaming with the glow on her face, rose and fell from the carpet to the countenance of Delafield, but chiefly dwelt in open charity, and possibly in anxiety, on his own. In fact, there was thrown around her whole air, such a touch of exquisite and shrinking delicacy, so blended with feeling benevolence, and even tender interest, that it was no wonder that a man, handsome to perfection, young, intelligent, and rich, mistook her feelings.

"Pardon me, Miss Henley," he cried, and the apology was unconsciously paid to the commanding purity and dignity of her air, "if I overstep the rules of decorum, and hasten to declare that which I know years of trial would hardly justify my saying; but your beauty, your grace, your —your—where shall I find words to express it? —your loveliness, yes, that means every thing—your loveliness has not been seen with impunity."

This might have done very well for a sudden and unprepared declaration; but being a little indefinite it failed to extract a reply, his listener giving a respectful, and, at times a rather embarrassing attention to what he was to add. After a short pause, the youth, who found words as he proceeded, and with whom, as with all others, the first speech was the most difficult, continued—

"I have known you but a short time, Miss Henley; but to see you once is to see you always. You smile, Miss Henley, but give me leave to hope that time and assiduity will enable me to bring you to a state of feeling, that in some degree, you may know how to appreciate my sensations."

"If I smile, Mr. Delafield," said Charlotte, in a low but distinct voice, "it is not at you, but at myself. I, who have been seventeen years constantly with Charlotte Henley, find each day something new in her, not to admire, but to reprehend." She paused a moment, and then added, smiling most sweetly as she spoke, "I will not affect to misunderstand you, Mr. Delafield; your language is not very intelligible, but it is such that I am sure you would not use to me if you were not serious, and did not feel, or rather think you feel, what you utter."

"Think I feel?" he echoed. "Don't I know it? Can I be mistaken in my own sentiments? I may be misled in yours—may have flattered myself with being able to accomplish that at some distant day, which your obduracy may deny me, but in my own feelings I cannot be mistaken."

"Not where they are so very new; nay, do not start so eagerly—where they *must* be so very new. Surely your fancy only leads you to say so much, and to-morrow, or next day, your fancy, unless encouraged by you to dwell on my unworthy self, will lead you elsewhere."

"Now, Miss Henley, what I most admire in your character, is its lovely ingenuousness, its simplicity, its *heart;* and I will own I did not expect such an answer to a question put, like mine, in sincerity and truth."

"If I have failed to answer any question you have put to me, Mr. Delafield, it is because I am unconscious that any was asked; and if I have displayed disingenuousness, want of simplicity, or want of feeling, it has been unintentional, I do assure you; and only proves that I can be guilty of errors, without their being detected by one who has known me so long and so intimately."

"My impetuosity has deceived me and distressed you," said Delafield—"I would have said that I love you ardently, passionately, and constantly, and shall for ever love you. I should have asked your permission to say all this to your parents, to entreat them to permit me to see you often, to address you; and, if it were not impossible, to hope that in time they would consent to intrust me with their greatest treasure, and that you would not oppose their decree."

"This is certainly asking many questions in a breath," said Charlotte, smiling, but without either irony or triumph; "and were it not for that word, breath, I should experience some uneasiness at what you say; I find great satisfaction, Mr. Delafield, in reflecting that our acquaintance is not a week old."

"A week is time enough to learn to adore such a being as you are, Miss Henley, though an age would not suffice to do justice to your merits. Say, have I your permission to speak to your father? I do not ask you to return my affection —nay, I question if you can ever love as I do."

"Perhaps not," said Charlotte; "I can love enough to feel a great and deep interest in those who are dear to me, but I never yet have experienced such emotions as you describe—I believe, in this particular, you have formed a just opinion of me, Mr. Delafield; I suspect such passions are not in the compass of my feelings."

"They are, they must be, Miss Henley; allow me to see you often, to speak to your father, and at least to hope—may I not hope that in time you may think me a man to be trusted with your happiness, as your husband?"

The quiet which had governed the manner of Charlotte during this dialogue, was sensibly affected by this appeal, and for a short time she appeared too much embarrassed to reply. During this interval, Delafield gazed on her in delight; for, with the sanguine feelings of youth, he interpreted every symptom of emotion in his own favor. Finding, however, that she was distressed for a reply, he renewed his suit.

"Though I have known you but a few days, I feel as if I had known you for years. There are, I believe, Miss Henley, spirits in the world who commune with each other imperceptibly, who seem formed for each other, and who know and love each other as by instinct."

"I have no pretensions to belong to that class," said Charlotte; "I must know well to love a little, but I trust I feel kind sentiments to the whole human race."

"Ah, you do not know yourself. You have lived all your life in the neighborhood of that Mr. Morton who just went out, and you feel pity for his illness. He does indeed look very ill—but you have yet to learn what it is to love. I ask the high favor of being permitted to attempt the office of—of—of—"

"Of teaching me!" said Charlotte, with a smile.

"No—that word is too presumptuous—too coarse—"

"Hear me, Mr. Delafield," said Miss Henley, after a short pause, during which she seemed to have experienced some deep and perhaps painful emotions—"I cannot undertake to give you a reason for my conduct—very possibly I have no good one; but I feel that I should be doing you injustice by encouraging what you are pleased to call hopes—I wish to be understood now as saying, that I cannot consent to your expecting that I should ever become your wife."

Delafield was certainly astonished at this refusal, which was given in that still, decided manner that admits of little opposition. He had long been accustomed to apprehend a sudden acceptance, and had been in the habit of strictly guarding both his manner and his language, lest something that he did or said might justify expectations that would have been out of his power to fulfil; but now, when, for the first time, he had ventured a direct offer, he met with a rejection that possessed all the characteristics of sincerity, he was, in truth, utterly astounded. After taking sufficient time to collect in some degree his faculties, he came to the conclusion that he had been too precipitate, and had urged the suit too far, and too hastily.

"Such may be your sentiments now, Miss Henley," he said, "but you may alter them in time; you are not called on for a definite answer."

"If not by you, I am by truth, Mr. Delafield. It would be wrong to lead you to expect what can never—"

"Never?" said Delafield—"you cannot speak so decidedly."

"I do, indeed I do," returned Charlotte, firmly.

"I have not deceived myself in believing you to be disengaged, Miss Henley?"

"You have a right to require a definite answer to your questions, Mr. Delafield; but you have no right to exact my reasons for declining your very flattering offer. I am young, very young,—but I know what is due to myself and to my sex—"

"By heavens! my suspicion is true—you are already betrothed!"

"It would be easy to say *no* to that assertion, sir," added Charlotte, rising; "but your right to a reason in a matter where inclination is so material, is exactly the same as my right would be to ask you why you did address me. I thank you for the preference you have shown me, Mr. Delafield. I have not so little of the woman about me, not to remember it with gratitude; but I tell you plainly and firmly, for it is necessary that I should do so—I can never consent to receive your proposals."

"I understand you, madam—I understand you," said the young man, with an offended air; "you wish my absence—nay, Miss Henley, hear me further."

"No further, Mr. Delafield," interrupted Charlotte, advancing to him with a kind, but unembarrassed air, and offering her hand—"we part friends at least; but I think, now we know each other's sentiments, we had better separate."

The gentleman seized the hand she offered, and kissed it more with the air of a lover, than of an offended man, and left the room. A few minutes after he had gone, Miss Osgood re-appeared.

CHAPTER IV.

Notwithstanding the earnest injunction that Maria had given to Mr. Delafield to continue where she left him, until her return, she expressed no surprise at not finding him in the room.—The countenance of this young lady exhibited a droll mixture of playful mirth and sadness; she glanced her eyes once around the apartment, and perceiving it was occupied only by her friend, she said, laugbing—

"Well, Charlotte, when is it to be? I think I retired in very good season."

"Perhaps you did, Maria," returned the other, without raising her face from the reflecting attitude in which she stood—"I believe it is all very well."

"Well! you little philosopher,—I should think it was excellent—that—that is—if I were in your place. I suspected this from the moment you met."

"What have you suspected, Maria?—what is it you imagine has occurred?"

"What! why Seymour Delafield has been stammering—then he looked doleful—then he sighed—then he hemmed—then he said you were an angel—nay, you need not look prudish, and affect to deny it; he got as far as that before I left the room—then he turned to see if I were not coming back again to surprise him—then he fell on his knees—then he stretched out his handsome hand—it is too handsome for a man's hand!—and said, take it, take me, take my name, and take my three hundred thousand dollars!—Now don't deny a syllable of it till I tell your answer."

Charlotte smiled, and taking her work, quietly seated herself at her table before she replied—

"You go through Cupid's exercise so dexterously, Maria, one is led to suspect you have seen some service."

"Not under such an officer, girl! Ah! Colonel Delafield, or General—no, Field Marshal Delafield, is an officer that might teach—" as Miss Osgood spoke with short interruptions between her epithets, as if in search of proper terms, she dwelt a moment on the last word in such a manner as to give it particular emphasis—Charlotte started, more perhaps from the manner than the expression, and turning her glowing face towards her friend, she cried involuntarily—

"Is it possible that you could have overheard——"

"What?"

"Nothing—what nonsense!"

"Let me tell you, Miss Prude, it is in such nonsense, however, that the happiness or misery of us poor sports of fortune, called women, in a great measure blooms or fades—now that I call poetical!—but for your answer: first you said—indeed, Mr. Delafield, this is *so* unexpected—though you knew well enough what was coming; then you blushed as you did a little while ago, and then said, I am *so* young—I am but poor seventeen—then he swore you were seventy—no, no—but he said, you are old enough to be his ruling star—his destiny—his idol—his object of *worship*—ha! I do hit the right epithet now and then. Well—then you said you had parents, as if the poor man did not know that already, and that they must be consulted; and he desired you to ask the whole city—he defied them all to say aught against him—he was regular at church—subscribed to the widow's society, and the assembly; and in short, was called a "good" young man, even in Wall street."

"All this is very amusing, Maria—but—"

"It is all very true. Then he was pressing, and you were coy, until he finally extorted your definite answer, which was—" Maria paused, and seemed to be intensely studying the looks of the other—Miss Henley smiled as she turned her placid, ingenuous features to her gaze, and continued the conversation by repeating—

"Which was?"

"No; irretrievable—unanswerable—unalterable—*no*."

"I have not authorised you to suspect any part

of this rhapsody to be true—I have not said you were right in a single particular."

"Excuse me, Miss Henley, you have said all, and Seymour Delafield told me the same as we passed each other at the street door."

"Is it possible!"

"It could not be otherwise. His mouth was shut, it is true, and his tongue might have been in his pocket, for any thing I know; but his eyes and his head, his walk, and even his nose were downcast, and spoke mortification. On the other hand, your little body looks an inch higher, your eyes look resolute, as much as to say, 'Avaunt, false one!' your whole appearance is that of determined denial, mingled—"

"Mingled with what, trifler?"

"Mingled with a little secret, woman's pride, that you have had an opportunity of showing your absolute character."

"You know these feelings from experience, do you?"

"No, child, my very nature is charity; if the request had been made to me, I should have sent the desponding youth to my father, and if he refused, to my mother—"

"And if she refused?"

"Why, then, I should have said two negatives make an affirmative."

Charlotte laughed, and in this manner the serious explanation which, between friends so intimate might have been expected, was avoided. Maria, at the same time that she felt and manifested a deep interest in the tete-a-tete that she had promoted, always avoided any thing like a grave explanation, and we have failed in giving the desired view of the character of Miss Henley, if our readers deem it probable that she would ever touch on the subject voluntarily.

The winter passed by in the ordinary manner in which other winters pass in this climate, being a mixture of mild, delightful days, clear sky, and invigorating sun, and of intense cold, raw winds, and snow storms. The two latter seemed to try the constitution of poor George Morton to the utmost. The severe cold that he took in his charitable excursion lingered about him through the cold months, and before the genial warmth of May occurred to relieve him, his physicians pronounced that his lungs were irremediably affected. During the period of doubt and apprehension which preceded the annunciation of this opinion, and of distress and agony which succeeded it, the family of Mr. Henley warmly sympathised in the feelings of their neighbors. The long intimacy that had existed between George and Charlotte and their parents, removed all superfluous forms, and the latter passed a great deal of her time with Mrs. Morton, or by the side of the invalid.

Her presence gave him such manifest and lively pleasure, that it would have been cruel to have denied him what the other appeared to grant spontaneously. Charlotte had gradually withdrawn herself from society as the illness of George increased, and his danger became more apparent; and at the expiration of the month of April, she was seldom visible to those who are called the world, with the exception of the immediate connexions of her family, and her friend Maria Osgood. In the beginning of May, both Mr. Morton and his neighbor withdrew to their country-houses and thus the retirement from the world and the intercourse between the two families became more complete.

Delafield had made one or two efforts to pursue his addresses to Charlotte, but finding them in every instance firmly, though mildly rejected, he endeavored to discover such imperfections in the object of his regard as might justify him in disliking her. The more he reflected on her conduct, however, the more he became sensible of the propriety and simplicity of her deportment; and had not the impression she had made on the young man proceeded rather from the effect on his fancy, than from having touched his heart, the consequences of his conviction of her purity and truth might have been more lasting and deplorable. As it was, his heated imagination gradually ceased to glow with the beauties of an image that was, however perfect in itself, extravagantly colored by his own youthful imagination, and in time, if he thought at all of Charlotte Henley, he thought of her as a beautiful object, it is true, but as of one that brought somewhat mortifying reflections along with it. This might not have been manly or generous, perhaps, but we believe it is the manner in nine cases out of ten in which such sudden emotions expire, especially if the ardour of the youth have precipitated a declaration that the more chastened feelings of the damsel are not yet prepared to reciprocate. While the image of Char-

lotte was still lingering in his mind, he was in the habit of visiting Maria Osgood almost daily, to ask questions about her, and perhaps with the secret expectation of their meeting her at the house of her friend. The gay trifling of Miss Osgood aided greatly in cooling his spleen and removing his melancholy, till in the course of a month he even proceeded so far as to make her the confidant of what she already knew, though only by conjecture and inference. Delafield at this time was so urgent, and secretly so determined to prevail, in order that his pride if not his affections might be soothed, that in an unguarded moment he induced the inconsiderate Maria to betray, we will not say the confidence of her friend, but such facts as could only have come to her knowledge by the intimacy of unaffected association. If there were anything to extenuate this breach of decorum in Maria, it was the manner in which it was effected.—Miss Osgood had just returned from one of her frequent visits to the villa of Mr Henley, when Delafield made his customary morning call; the absence of Maria, and the object of her visit, had been well known to him; and it was a time when he began to speak of Miss Henley without much emotion, and but little love; he could not avoid yielding so far to his pique as to express himself as follows—

"So, Miss Maria, you have just returned from paying another visit to your beautiful little friend without any heart."

"My little friend without any heart! Of whom do you speak? and what do you mean?"

"I speak of Miss Charlotte Henley, the nun, —she who has all of heaven about her but its love—that brilliant casket without its jewels—that woman—yes, that *young* woman without any heart."

"Upon my word, sir, this is a very pretty poem you have been reciting! but in my opinion, your conclusion is wrong. As she refused to give you her heart, it is the more prebable that she has it yet in that brilliant casket you speak of—"

"No—she never had one. She wants the greatest charm that nature can give to a woman —a warm, grateful, and affectionate heart."

"And pray, sir," said Maria, bending her eyes inquisitively towards the youth, "if she want it, what has she done with it?"

"She never had one, Miss Osgood. I will grant you that she is lovely, exquisitely lovely! pure, gentle, amiable, every epithet you may wish to apply, that indicates nothing but acquired excellence: but as to natural feeling, she is cold as an icicle—in short she is destitute of a *heart*—the thing of all others I most prize in a woman, and for which I admire you so much."

Maria laughed, but she colored also. It had long been obvious to herself, and to the world too, that Delafield sought her society, now that he was not admitted to Mr. Henley's, much more than that of any other young woman in the city; but she thought that she well understood the secret reason for this preference, though the world might not. How gratifying this speech was to the feelings of the gay girl, the sequel of our tale must show. The young man, however, did not judge her too favorably, when he supposed her to possess those kindred sensations that unite us with our fellow-beings, and he might have added a good deal of generosity to the catalogue of her virtues. After a pause of a moment she replied—

"I suppose I must thank you, Delafield, for the pretty compliment you have just paid me, but I am so unused to this sort of thing, that I really feel as bashful as sweet fifteen, though I am at mature twenty."

"That is because you *do* feel, Miss Osgood; I might have said as much to Charlotte Henley without exciting the least emotion in her, or of even bringing one tinge of that bright blush over her features which makes you look so handsome."

"Mercy! mercy! have mercy, I entreat you," cried Maria, averting her face, "or I shall soon be as red as the cook. But I cannot, I will not consent to hear my friend traduced in such a manner; so far from wanting feeling, Charlotte Henley is all heart. To use your own language," she added, turning her eyes towards him archly, "it is for her heart that I most love her."

"You deceive yourself. Early attachment, and long association, and your own generous, warm feeling deceive you. She is accustomed to show gentle and kind civilities to all around her, and you mistake habit for affection."

"She is accustomed to do all that, I own; but to do it in a manner that adds to its value by her simple unaffected feelings. She is not, I must

acknowledge, like certain people of my acquaintance, a bundle of tinder to take fire at every spark that approaches, but she loves all she should love, and I fear she loves one too well that she should not love."

"Love one that she should not love?" cried Delafield; "what, is her heart then engaged to another? Is it possible that Miss Henley, the cold, prudish Miss Henley, can indulge an imprudent attachment after all?"

"Mr Delafield," said Miss Osgood, gravely, "I am not apt to betray what I ought to conceal, although I am the giddy creature that I seem.—But I have spoken unguardedly, and must explain: in the first place, I would not have you suppose that Charlotte Henley and I talk of our hearts and our lovers to each other, like two girls at a boarding school. If I know that she has such a thing as a heart at all, it is not from herself, but from my own observation; and as for lovers, though *she* may have had dozens for any thing I know, to *me* they are absolutely strangers. Don't interrupt me, I am not begging one. After this explanation, I will say, trusting, Delafield, entirely in your honor, which I do believe you to possess in a high———"

"You may—you may," interrupted the young man eagerly; "I will never betray your confidence—you might trust yourself to my honor and good faith———"

"I wish you would not be bringing yourself and myself constantly into the conversation," said the lady, compressing her lips to conceal a smile; "we are talking of Charlotte Henley, and of her only. She was brought up in the daily habit of seeing much of George Morton, who, I believe, even you will own, has a heart, for it will cost him his life."

"His life!"

"I fear so; nay, it is without hope. The cold he took in carrying the sufferer to the hospital last winter has thrown him into a decline. I do believe that Charlotte Henley is fond of him; but mind, I do not say that she is in love—it appears to be less of passion than of intense affection."

"Yes, such as she would feel for a brother."

"She has no brother. I do not intend to define the passions; but I do believe that if he were to live and offer himself, she would marry him, and make him such a wife as any man might envy."

"What! do you think she loves him unasked, and yet refuse me who begged her hand like a slave."

"It is not unasked; he has known her all her life—has ever shown a preference for her—has been kind to her and to all others in her presence—he has long anticipated her wishes, in trifles, and—and—in short, he has done just what he ought to do, to gain her love."

"Then you think I erred in the manner in which I made my advances?"

"Your advances, as you call them, would have succeeded with nine girls in ten, though not with Miss Henley—besides, you are too late."

"Certainly not too late when no declaration has been made by any other."

"I am not about to discuss the propriety of courtship with you, Mr. Delafield," cried Maria, laughing, and rising from her chair. "Come, let us walk; it is a sin to shut ourselves up on such a morning. The subject must now be changed and the scene too."

He accepted her challenge, and they proceeded through the streets together; but she evaded every subsequent attempt he made to renew the discourse. Perhaps she felt that she had gone too far—perhaps there was something in it that was painful to her own feelings.

The explanation, however, had a great tendency to destroy the remains of what Delafield mistook for love. Instead of having his affections seriously engaged in a short intercourse with Miss Henley, our readers may easily perceive that it was nothing but his imagination that was excited, and which had kept his brain filled with images still more lovely than the original; but now that the wan features of George Morton were constantly brought into the picture by the side of the deity he had worshipped, the contemplation of these fancied beauties became hourly less pleasant, and in a short time he ceased to dwell on the subject altogether. A consequence, however, grew out of his short-lived inclination, that was as unlooked for by himself as by the others interested in the result. He became so much accustomed to the society of Maria Osgood, that at length he felt it was necessary to his comfort. To the surprise of the whole city, the handsome, rich, witty, and accomplished Mr. Seymour Delafield declared himself in form before the spring had expired, to

one of the plain daughters of Mr. Osgood, a man with a large family, and but little money. Maria had a difficult task to conceal the pleasure she felt, as she listened to, not the passionate declaration of her admirer, but to his warm solicitations that she would unite her destinies to his own. She did conceal it, however, and would only consent to receive his visits for a time, on the condition that he was not to consider her as at all engaged by the permission.

CHAPTER V.

While such happy prospects were opening on the future life of her friend, the time of Charlotte Henley was very differently occupied in the country. There is, however, a tendency in youth, to rise with events, that does not readily admit of depression, and the disorder of George Morton was one of all others the most flattering when near its close. Even the more mature experience of his parents was misled by the deceptive symptoms that his complaint assumed in the commencement of the summer. They who so fondly hoped the result, began to believe that youth and the bland airs of June were overcoming the inexorable enemy. That the strength of the young man lessened with every succeeding day, was an event to be expected from his low diet and protracted confinement; but his brightening eyes, and the flitting color that would at times add to their fiery radiance, brought to the youthful Charlotte the most heartfelt, though secret rapture. This state between reviving hope and momentary despondency had prevailed for several weeks, when the affectionate girl entered an apartment that communicated with George's own room, where she found the invalid reclining on a settee apparently deeply communing with himself. He was alone; and his appearance, as well as the heavens and the earth, united to encourage the sanguine expectation of the pure heart that throbbed so ardently when its owner witnessed any favorable change in the countenance of the young man.—The windows were raised, and the balmy air of a June morning played through the apartment, lending in reality an elastic vigor to the decaying organs of the sick youth. The tinge in his cheeks was heightened by the mellow glow of the sun's rays as they shone through the medium of the rose-colored curtains of the window, and Charlotte thought she once more beheld the returning color of health where it had been so long absent.

"How much better you appear this morning, George," she cried, in a voice whose melody was heightened by its gaiety. "We shall soon have you amongst us once more, and then, heedless one, beware how you trifle again with that best of heaven's gifts, your health. Oh, this is a blessed climate! our summer atones with its mildness for the dreariness and perils of its winter; it has even given me a color, pale face as I am—I can feel it burn on my cheek."

He raised his head from its musing position at the first sound of her voice, and smiled faintly, and with an expression of anguish as she proceeded; but when she had ended, and had taken her seat near him, still keeping her eyes on his varying countenance, he took her hand in his own before he replied. A good deal surprised at his manner, and at this act, which exceeded the usual familiarity of even their affectionate intercourse, the color, of which Miss Henley had been so playfully boasting, changed once or twice with rapid transitions.

"Seem I so well, dear Charlotte?" he at length said in a low, tremulous, and hollow voice; "seem I so well? I believe you are right, and that I shall shortly be better—much better."

"What mean you, George? feel you any worse? have I disturbed you with my presence and my thoughtless gaiety?"

The young man smiled again, but the expression of his face was no longer mingled with a look of anguish; it was a kind benevolent gleam of gratitude and affection which crossed his ghastly features, like a ray of sunshine enliven ing the gloom of a day in winter.

"You disturb me, Charlotte?" he answered, his very voice trembling as if in sympathy with his frame; "I do believe but for you I should have been long since in my grave."

"No, no, George, this is too melancholy a theme for us both just now; let us talk of your returning health."

He pressed her hand to his heart before he replied—"My health will never return; I am lost to this world, and in fact at this moment I properly belong to another in my body: would to God that I was purely so in my feelings also."

"Surely, George, you are alarming yourself unnecessarily."

"I am not alarmed," he replied; I have too long foreseen this event, to feel alarmed at my approaching dissolution—no, for that, blessed be my God and my Redeemer, I am in some degree prepared; but I feel it impossible to shake off the feelings of this life while the pulse continues to beat, and yet the emotions I now experience must be in some measure allied to heaven; they are not impure, they are not selfish; nothing can partake of either, dear Charlotte, where your image is connected with the thoughts of a future world."

"Oh, George! talk not so gloomily, so cruelly, this morning—your whole countenance contradicts your melancholy speech, and you are better—indeed you are;—you must be better."

"Yes, I am better, I am nearly well," returned the youth, pausing a moment, while a struggle of the most painful interest seemed to engross his thoughts. As it passed away, he drew his hand feebly across his clammy brow, and, smiling faintly, resumed his speech. "On the brink of the grave, when all thoughts of me must be connected with the image of death, there can no longer be any necessity for silence. You have been kind to us, Miss Henley, as you are kind to all; but to me your sympathy has been trebly dear, for it has brought with it a consolation and pleasure that you but little imagine."

Miss Henley raised her tearful eyes from the floor to his wan features, that now appeared illumined with more than human fires, and her pale lips quivered, but her voice was inaudible.

"Yes, Charlotte, I may now speak without injustice, or the fear of being selfish: I have long loved you—how tenderly, how purely, none can ever know: but could I, with the certainty of my fate before my eyes, with the knowledge that my days were numbered, and that the sun of my life could never reach its meridian, woo you to my love, to make you miserable! No, dearest! Your gentle heart will mourn the brother and the friend, too much for its own peace; it needed not the sting of a stronger grief."

"George, George," sobbed the convulsed girl, "think not of me; speak not of me. If it can cheer you at such a moment to know how much you are valued by me, no cold reserve shall be found on my part."

The young man started, and fastened his eyes on her face with an indefinable look of delight mingled with sorrow.

"Charlotte!" he exclaimed, "do I hear aright? Am I so miserable!—am I so happy! Repeat those words—quick—my eyes grow dim—my senses deceive me."

"Live, George Morton," said Charlotte, firmly; "you are better—your whole face bespeaks it; and if the tender care of an affectionate wife can preserve your health, you shall long live a blessing to all who love you."

As Charlotte uttered, thus ingenuously, her pure attachment, the youth extended his hand towards her blindly. She gave him her own, which he drew to his heart, and folded to his bosom, with a warm pressure for an instant—when his hold relaxed, his form dropping backward on the sofa, and in that attitude he expired without a struggle.

We shall not dwell on the melancholy scenes that followed. At the funeral of George Morton, Miss Henley was not to be seen, nor was it generally understood that the young people had been connected in the closest ties of feeling. She made no display of her griefs in her dress, unless the slight testimonials of a few bright ribbands on the virgin white of her robe could be called such, and the rumor that was at first propagated of their being engaged to each other was discredited, because the traces of sorrow were not particularly visible in the attire of Miss Henley. When the season of gaiety returned, she appeared as usual in her place in society. Though her cheeks were seldom enriched with the faint glow that once rendered her so beautiful, and she was less dazzling in her appearance, yet, if possible, she was more lovely and attractive. In the course of the winter, several gentlemen approached her with the evident intention of offering their hands. Their advances were received with great urbanity, but in most instances with that unembarrassed manner that is fatal to hope. One of her admirers, however, persevered so far as to solicit her hand. The denial was mild but resolute; like most young men, who think their happiness dependent on a lady's smile, he wished to know if he had a successful rival. He was assured he had not. His curiosity even went so far as to inquire if Miss Henley had abjured matrimony. The answer was a simple, unaffected negative. Amazed at his own want of success, the youth then intima-

ted his intention of making a future application for her favor. In the meantime, Seymour Delafield, after casting one lingering look at Miss Henley, became the husband of her friend, and made the fourteenth in the prolific family of the Osgoods, where his wealth was not less agreeable to the parents, than his person to the daughter.

Many years have passed since the occurrence of these events, and Miss Henley continues the same in everything but appearance. The freshness of her beauty has given place to a look of intelligence and delicacy that seem gradually fitting her for her last and most important change. The name of George Morton is never heard to pass her lips. Mrs. Delafield declares it to be a subject that she never dares approach, nor in her repeated refusals of matrimonial offers has Charlotte been known to allude to the desolation of her own heart. Her father is dead; but to her mother, Miss Henley has in a great measure supplied his loss. With her friends she is always cheerful, and apparently happy, though the innocent gaiety of her childhood is sensibly checked, and there are moments that betray the existence of a grief that is only the more durable, because it is less violent. In short, she lives a pattern for her sex, unfettered by any romantic and foolish pledge, discharging all the natural duties of her years and station in an exemplary manner, but unwilling to incur new ones, because she has but one heart, and that was long since given in its purity, sincerity, and truth, to him who is dead, and can never become the property of another.

When Charlotte Henley dies, although she may not have fulfilled one of the principal objects of her being, by becoming a mother, her example will survive her; and those who study her character and integrity of feeling, will find enough to teach them what properties are the most valuable in forming that sacred character —while her own sex can learn that, though in the case of Miss Henley, Providence had denied the full exercise of her excellences, it has at the same time rendered her a striking instance of female dignity, by exhibiting to the world the difference between affection and caprice, and by shewing how much the IMAGINATION is inferior to the HEART.

AFTERNOON IN THE WOODLANDS.

'O leave your towns, and go with me,
Under the shady greenwood tree!'—T. MILLER.

[Written for the Boston Notion.]

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

Reader, I invite thee to leave thy occupation for a little while, and come with me into the woods, and we will hold silent and holy communion with the visible forms of Nature. Come, and I promise thee that when thou returnest, thy heart will have become more peaceful and happy than it was before. Summer hath thrown open her leafy doors, leading to the voiceless woodlands, and by the perfume of her thousand flowers, invites us to go forth and enjoy the luxuries of her bounty. Let us depart, swift as the breeze.

Here, then, we will rest ourselves on this mossy bank, which lies in the very heart of the lowly woods. It is the sultry hum of noon, but the glaring heat of the sun does not reach this place. Like music of angels, the hum of the distant city comes softly echoing through these mellow-lighted chambers of solitude. Here—Silence is forever seated on her invisible throne. The song of the drowsy bee, the chirp of the grasshopper, and the drone of the beetle, tend but to deepen the surrounding stillness. There is not a breath of air. A single leaf has detached itself from that maple-tree, and is sinking to the earth. Thus, one after another, do our most cherished hopes pass away. See!—here comes a little yellow-winged butterfly, flitting from flower to flower. It is a strange and beautiful truth—'God protects that little insect with the same care that he does each member of the human family.' Is He not a God of love?

In a place like this, how many fantastic images are wont to rise up before the mind and eye! Even now, I behold a leafy temple, formed by the locked branches of the trees. It is the dwelling-place of the Spirits of the woods. Ah! Here they come, a bright and beautiful band. They have been wandering in the far-off, mute woodlands, and are now returning to revel in their emerald abode. There are many of them, but she who seems to be the queen is robed in a garment made of the wild-rose. The petals of the primrose, the violet, the marigold, the lily, the jasmine, the honeysuckle, the fox-glove, and the mignonette, have been wrought into various robes to encircle the graceful forms of others. And some of them are clothed in the delicate and deep-green leaves of flowers, plants and trees. Each one is the guardian-spirit of some flower, or plant, or tree. I hear one of them exclaim, while a tear glistens in her eye, 'that a wicked mortal has pulled up one of her sassafras trees.' Another, is mourning the death of a favorite flower; while each, in turn, is relating some incident connected with her wanderings. Excepting these few troubles, how happy and free from care are these little woodland inhabitants! Would it were thus with the beautiful among men. But this can never be; for where sin and impurity are known, peace and happiness are strangers. But look! they have spread a banquet, and are preparing to enjoy it. Their table is covered with the products of their own domain. Fruit, from the sturdy walnut and chestnut trees is there; honey, gathered from an old tree, the hive of the wild bee; and their wine is brought from the clear spring, or caught from the leaves, which are heavy with dew. Gentle music is breathing through that sylvan abode. Deeper and merrier do the cadences become. A shout! —and they are dancing and laughing with delight.

I am awake. The sweet vision has departed, and I hear no sound save the cooing of the turtle-dove, and the song of the cuckoo, and the buzzing of the humblebee, all mingled in one harmonious strain. Tell me not that the woods are mute and lonely! Ah, no—they have a thousand tongues, and are the home of many of Nature's most beautiful creatures.

They are the favorite resort of poets and philosophers. Lovers, too, delight to retire to greenwood paths, to muse on future years of happiness. The thoughts which they give birth to are of the purest and most exalted kind. Those feelings and passions engendered by familiar intercourse with men, cannot enter these holy sanctuaries of Nature. We must leave *them* all behind if we desire to have the trees, the brooks, the moss, the birds and flowers, welcome us with sympathy and love. Poetry —dreamy poetry—seems always to haunt the woodland solitude. It was in such a place the lovely Una sported with her milk-white lamb; and where the sorrowing Geraldine complained to Christabel that 'they had bound her to a palfrey white.' It is the place most appropriate to read the delightful books of Mary Howitt, Thomas Miller, and William Howitt—those lovers of green fields and shady bowers—those pure-hearted children of Nature.

How gracefully does the ivy cling to that aged oak! Most aptly has it been called an emblem of woman's love. Look at that hickory! How like one of the marble columns of Balbec does it loom upward! It is a noble tree, but seems proud of its strength and majesty. And it has a right to feel so; for it bears within its arms one of the largest and most luxuriant grape-vines of the forest. I am reminded of those comforting words which came from the lips of our Savior, when he said to his disciples —'I am the true vine; my Father is the husbandman; and you are the branches.'

What a specimen of royalty is yonder oak! The tip of its topmost limb is a hundred feet from the earth. The oak is the goodliest tree that grows—whether we behold it towering above its brethren of the forest, or standing alone upon the plain or mountain. It was under its shadow that the patriarch Abraham rested in the heat of the day; and Jacob hid the idols under the oak of Shechem. In history or poetry it is the most celebrated of trees. The ancient Druids made it the emblem of their deity, and paid it divine honors. Countless are the ships that have been wrought out of its timbers. Who can estimate the merchandise it has transported from one continent to another?—or the number of souls it has safely borne across the pathless ocean? Even if these facts did not have that effect, its name has been immortalized by the poetry of Shakspeare, Spencer, and many more. Yes; of all the trees, the goodliest and most magnificent is the aged oak. Whether we behold it propping the sky with its huge

masses of foliage, or lying in the dust, disarmed, sublime and glorious are the emotions it inspires.

Let us resume our walk, but with careful steps, for our pathway is covered with flowers. I see a pale delicate lily peeping out from under the shadow of a fallen tree. How much does it seem like some lovely maiden whose spirit strives to rise above the darkness caused by unrequited affection! Are not flowers the emblems of everything we love? They have a silent voice which sinks deeply into the heart. We behold the furrow pass over the field, and view, on its cold damp bosom, the crushed image of the daisy; and, recalling to mind the following lines by Burns, we acknowledge their wisdom and truth.

'Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!—
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust;
Till she, like thee, all soiled is laid
Low in the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless stand;
Unskilful he, to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er.

Such fate of suffering worth is given,
Who long with want and woe has striven,
By human pride and cunning driven
To misery's brink;
Till, wreck'd of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sinks.

E'en thou, who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date
Stern ruin's ploughshare, driven slate,
Full on thy bloom;
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom.

Here we come at last to my favorite retreat. It is a little shady dell, through the centre of which a rivulet goes murmuring along. A tree has fallen across, which will answer the purpose of a bridge. On that, we will again seat ourselves. This nameless brook is the most constant of all my friends, for every time I come here, it teaches me the same sweet and soothing lessons. Even when clasped in the cold embrace of winter, it has a voice of instruction. I have known it for many years, and I verily believe I am the only person who has rested upon its banks before. It was the delight of youth to come all alone to this lonely spot, during the long hours of the pleasant summer time, to study the mysteries of the Universe. Many, many days have I spent on these soft green banks—shaded from the hot sun by the thick foliage of overhanging trees. And I do not deem those days as mis-spent time; far from it. I held communion with my own heart; looked deep into that fountain, and wondered at the shadows which were wont to darken its unruffled waters. I have mused on the holy character of God, and on my own insignificance; and these thoughts have made me humble, though contented and happy. In these solitudes I prepared myself to meet with fortitude the troubles and trials of actual life.

Here, too, I have pondered the pages of Milton, and been startled by his sublimity; with him have walked through the Garden of Eden and on the burning pavements of Hell. Over those of Shakspeare, and held converse with the wonderful beings of his mighty mind; over those of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and been charmed by their melody, and their deep and beautiful philosophy.

If we are desirous to meditate on the past, or look into the mysterious future, there is no place better fitted for this purpose than the lonely woods—remote from town and hamlet. Everything we there see will inspire us with peaceful thoughts of purity and love. Here, as well as everywhere, nature will speak to you in emblems. Like man, this little rivulet is born a wanderer; but unlike him, the business of its life is to laugh and be happy. Far up among the hills it commences its career. At first, it skips along as though it feared to come in contact with the rude rocks around; but as it proceeds, it gathers confidence, and in a little while the echo of its dashing is in the glen below. Now, it is gliding by so silently, you would hardly believe it to be so near were it not for the music of its ripples, and the noise of breaking bubbles. How beautiful is that water-lily, bending over to gaze at its own sweet image in the liquid mirror! See, under that drooping willow, and almost hid from view by the tall reeds,

'How peaceful sails
Yon little fleet—the wild-duck and her brood.'
GRAHAME.

Let us approach the brink, but carefully, around this cluster of hazels, so as not to frighten a single creature. How like gold do those pebbles appear in the sunshine! but in the shade they are of the varied colors of a bubble—crimson, purple, scarlet, white, brown, green, yellow, blue, and variegated! Lo! an army of

minnows!—headed, I declare, by an immense trout, who appears to be their king. What a place is this to read that delicious book, 'The Complete Angler,' *listening*, (as it were,) to the heavenly discourse of good old Izaak Walton.

But come, my friend, we will continue our walk, for there are other sights and sounds to enjoy before we wend our homeward pathway. Look! I told you so. A red-winged blackbird has perched on the topmost bough of that slender ash, for the express purpose of giving us a song. His weight and parts have overwhelmed him in the green waves. Now, he is plainly seen above the highest leaf. How clear, loud and shrill his voice! There—there he goes again! What a fellow! Just as though he thought us too ignorant to appreciate his song. Dear bird—I love you for your coquettish impudence! Ah! here comes a robin! It has lit upon that stump. Why does it flutter so? Alas, it is suffering with a wound. Some cruel sportsman has shot it; perhaps while it was singing a sweet song in a neighboring field. And now, alone, it has come to die far from the haunts of men. O what a sad lesson does this simple incident inculcate! Reader, wilt thou not lay it to thy heart?

We have come out of the thick wood, and are now in the open fields. It is the time of harvest. The scythe, wielded by the brawny farmer, cuts down the golden grain. The more delicate portion of the reapers gather it into sheaves. But in the midst of the rural company there is one eye more brilliant than the rest. Sarah Bell, who is known in every cottage as 'the primrose of the vale,' is there. She is the exact counterpart of that lovely being which Bloomfield saw among the gleaners, when he wrote the following:

For lo! encircled there, the lovely maid,
In youth's own bloom and native smiles array'd;
Her hat awry, divested of her gown,
Her creaking stays of leather stout and brown:
Invidious barrier: why art thou so high,
When the slight covering of her neck slips by:
Then half revealing to the eager sight
Her full, ripe bosom, exquisitely white:
In many a local tale of harmless mirth,
And many a joke of momentary birth,
She bears a part, and as she stops to speak,
Strokes back the ringlets from her glowing cheek.

Happy and independent indeed is the life of the industrious farmer. The green field is his home, the blue sky his canopy, and the meadow-lark is the living lute which cheers him with melody.

Glance upward; how proudly does that eagle bathe his rough bosom in the upper air? He is all alone—playing, it would seem, with his own thoughts—wheeling suddenly round—now falling or rising—then gliding smoothly away. He looks with scorn upon our earth. If we could follow him with our eyes, in half an hour we should see him feeding his young, on the brow of some cliff which frowns upon a distant sea.

See yonder hill, whose summit is visible above the trees, skirting the eastern border of this field? Well! from that spot I wish you to gaze with me upon the setting sun.

Our desired eminence is attained. What a gorgeous landscape is before us! How refreshing is the evening breeze which comes to us laden with the fragrance of flowery fields.

How beautiful are those clouds! They seem like fairy islands in a stormless sea. Do you not behold mountains and valleys and far winding streams? Are they not inhabited by angels? Do you not hear their evening anthem as they welcome approaching night? They are gone—all, all gone.

The far-extending valley before us fast melting into the dusk of twilight. 'The flies of evening are on their feeble wings, the hum of their course is on the fields.' The birds have gone to their nests. The flowers, afraid of the breath of night, have bid adieu to the sun and closed their petals. No sound is heard save the sighing of the gentle wind, and the dying murmur of rural sounds.

And now, before we part, kind reader, I wish you to drink in the sad sweet melody of a favorite minstrel, whose harp was tuned at such an hour as this.

Evening, as slow thy placid shades descend,
Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
The lonely battlement and farthest hill
And woods, *I think of those who have no friend*,
Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led,
From the broad blaze of day where pleasure flaunts
Retiring, wander mid thy lonely haunts
Unseen: and watch the tints that on thy bed
Hang lovely, to their pensive Fancy's eye,
Presenting fairy vales, where the tired mind
Might rest beyond the murmurs of mankind,
Nor hear the hourly moans of misery!
Ah: beauteous views that Hope's fair gleams the while,
Should smile like you, and perish as they smile!'

BOWLES.

Silence has again settled upon town, hamlet, and cottage. The woods are dark and solitary. Nature and all her works have retired to repose. God is looking down upon the world in watchfulness and love.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF THE IRISH.

From a new and splendidly illustrated work now in course of publication in London, entitled

IRELAND, ITS SCENERY, CHARACTER, &c.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Accompanied with the

ORIGINAL ENGLISH ILLUSTRATIONS!

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BOSTON NOTION.

Thoughts of the Irish on Death—formalities over the corpse—description of the IRISH WAKE accompanied with a SPLENDID ILLUSTRATION—*lines of music giving the air usually chaunted at Irish funerals—the lamentations—description of the KEENER, or ban caoianthe, with a* SPLENDID ILLUSTRATION—*an Irish curse—caoines, or extempore compositions over the dead, by the Keener* (a woman)—*composition of "a fosterer" of Morty Oge Sullivan, the chieftain of Berehaven, being eight verses translated from the original Irish by Mr. Callanan—description of a funeral procession—party contests when two funerals meet at the same ground—abhorrence at disinterring the dead—account of a touching and sad, though interesting funeral—two widows at a grave yard, &c. &c.*

The most anxious thoughts of the Irish peasant through life revert to his death; and he will endure the extreme of poverty in order that he may scrape together the means of obtaining "a fine wake" and a "decent funeral." He will, indeed, hoard for this purpose, though he will economise for no other; and it is by no means rare to find among a family clothed with rags, and living in entire wretchedness, a few untouched garments laid aside for the day of burial*. It is not for himself only that he cares; his continual and engrossing desire is, that his friends may enjoy "full and plenty" at his wake; and however miserable his circumstances, "the neighbors" are sure to have a merry meeting and an abundant treat after he is dead†. His first care is, as his end approaches, to obtain the consolations of his religion; his next, to arrange the order of the coming feast. To "die without the priest" is regarded as an awful calamity. We have more than once heard a dying man exclaim in piteous accents, mingled with moans—"Oh, for the Lord's sake, keep the life in me till the priest comes!" In every serious case of illness the priest is called in without delay, and it is a duty which he never omits; the most urgent business, the most seductive pleasure, the severest weather, the most painful illness, will fail in tempting him to neglect the most solemn and imperative of all his obligations—the preparing a member of his flock to meet his Creator. When the Roman Catholic sacrament of extreme unction has been administered, death has lost its terrors—the sufferer usually dies with calmness, and even cheerfulness. He has still, however, some of the anxieties of earth; and, unhappily, they are less given to the future destinies of his family, than to the ceremonies and preparations for his approaching wake.

The formalities commence almost immediately after life has ceased‡. The corpse is at once laid

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* Only a month ago, we gave a poor woman, an inmate of our parish workhouse, a few shillings. On asking her soon afterwards what she had done with her money, she said she had purchased with it a fine calico under-garment, to be kept for her shroud, that she might be buried decently.

† The wake-feast of the present day, however, is confined to the use of tobacco and snuff. In some cases, indeed, punch is distributed; more rarely still, tea and coffee. The practice, first perhaps prompted by hospitality, was carried to injurious, and often ruinous excess.

‡ Indeed, sometimes, that event is anticipated by the assembling of friends and neighbors. Mr. Wakefield mentions the following circumstance, which occurred to him at a cottage where he called to inquire after a poor man who was ill of consumption, but who, having a good constitution, seemed likely to live for some time. "I found," says he, "the kitchen full of men and women, all dressed in their Sunday clothes; I, therefore, asked one of them what are they going to do, and the answer was, 'We are waiting for the wake.' I inquired who was dead. 'No one; but the man within is all but dead, and we are chatting a bit that we may help the widow to lift him when the breath goes out of his body.'"

out, and the wake begins: the priest having been first summoned to say mass for the repose of the departed soul, which he generally does in the apartment in which the body reposes! It is regarded by the friends of the deceased as a sacred duty to watch by the corpse until laid in the grave; and only less sacred is the duty of attending it thither.

The ceremonies differ somewhat in various districts, but only in a few minor and unimportant particulars. The body, decently laid out on a table or bed, is covered with white linen, and, not unfrequently, adorned with black ribbons, if an adult; white if the party be unmarried; and flowers, if a child *. Close by it, or upon it, are plates of tobacco and snuff; around it are lighted

candles. Usually a quantity of salt is laid upon it also † The women of the household range themselves at either side, and the keen (caoine‡) at once commences. They rise with one accord,

* There is among the peasantry a religious order called "The order of the Virgin," the members of which, male and female, are always buried in a brown habit. The duties of this order are to say daily certain stated prayers. The garment is always prepared long before death.

† Salt has been considered by all nations as an emblem of friendship; and it was anciently offered to guests at an entertainment, as a pledge of welcome. In Egypt, and the neighboring idolatrous countries, salt, when strewed about, was emblematic of calamity and desolation. Hence the popular superstition respecting "spilling the salt." The Persian Berhani Kattea, cited by Wait, explains the phrase, "to have salt upon the liver," as a metaphor expressive of enduring calamity upon calamity, and torment upon torment.

‡ The Irish words "Caoin" and "Cointhe" cannot easily be pronounced according to any mode of writing them in English. The best idea that can be given of the pronunciation, is to say that the word has a sound between that of the English words "Keen" and "Queen." The word was anciently written Cine (Cine) and was similar to the Hebrew, i. e Lamentation,—lamentatio planctus, ploratus. Vide 2 Sam. i. 17. To enter, with any degree of minuteness, into the antiquity of the Keen, and the arguments in support of its Eastern origin and character, would be impossible within reasonable limits. "The custom," observes the Rev. G. N. Wright, "of pouring forth a loud strain of lamentation at the funerals of their friends and relatives, though now probably peculiar to Ireland, is of very ancient date, and can be traced back to heathen origin with tolerable certainty. As far as the analogy of languages will prove, there is very singular testimony to this point; the Hebrew is *Hulvul;* the Greek, *Ololuzo;* the Latin, *Ululo;* and the Irish, *Hulluloo.* If it be then of heathenish origin, it may be supposed to arise from despair, but if otherwise, from hope. That it is not a fortuitous coincidence of terms, but also a similarity of customs to which these mixed modes are applicable, may easily be proved. We find in the sacred Scriptures many passages proving the existence of this practice among those who used the Hebrew tongue—"Call for the mourners,' &c. "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets," &c. Its existence amongst persons speaking the Greek tongue is proved from the last book of Homer, where females are introduced mourning over Hector's dead body. It is not alleged that the Greeks

and moving their bodies with a slow motion to and fro, their arms apart, they continue to keep up a heart-rending cry. This cry is interrupted for a while to give the *ban caointhe* (the leading keener,) an opportunity of commencing. At the close of every stanza of the dirge, the cry is repeated, to fill up as it were, the pause, and then dropped; the woman then again proceeds with the dirge, and so on to the close. The only interruption which this manner of conducting a wake suffers, is from the entrance of some relative of the deceased, who, living remote, or from some other cause, may not have been in at the commencement. In this case, the *ban caointhe* ceases, all the women rise and begin the cry, which is continued until the new-comer has cried enough. During the pauses of the women's wailing, the men, seated in groups by the fire, or in the corners of the room, are indulging in jokes, exchanging repartees, and bantering each other, some about their sweethearts, and some about their wives, or talking over the affairs of the day—prices and politics, priests and parsons, the all-engrossing subjects of Irish conversation.

A very accurate idea of an Irish wake may be gathered from a verse of a rude song, with the singular title of "O'Reilly's Frolics," beginning—"When death at the bowlster approaches to summon me." We purchased it from a ballad vender in Limerick, who was bawling it through the streets in the voice of a stentor:—

"When my corpse will be laid on a table along the room,
With a white sheet on me down to my toes,
My lawful wife by me, and she crying most bitterly,
And my dear loving children making their moans!
The night of my wake long steamers of tobacco,
Cut on a plate, on my navel for fashion's sake,
Mould candles in rows, like torches, watching me,
And I cold in my coffin by the dawn of day."

It is needless to observe that the merriment is in ill keeping with the solemnity of the death chamber, and that very disgraceful scenes are or rather were, of frequent occurrence; the whiskey being always abundant, and the men and women nothing loath to partake of it to intoxication.*

The keener is usually paid for her services—the charge varying from a crown to a pound, according to the circumstances of the employer. They—

"live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad."

It often happens, however, that the family has some friend or relation, rich in the gift of poetry;

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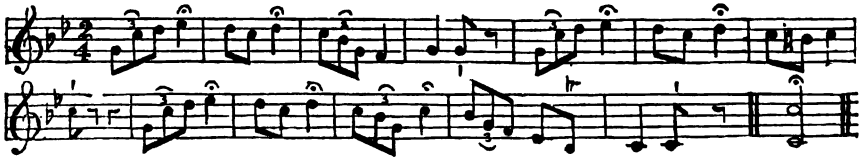
introduced the name or the custom, but that the Greeks were in Ireland might perhaps be proved from the Greek church at Trim, in the county of Meath, and also from the life of St Virgilius, Bishop of Saltzburg, where mention is made of Bishop Dobda, a Grecian, who followed St. Virgilius out of Ireland. Amongst the Romans there were women called *Præficæ*, who uttered *conclamatio*, and Virgil speaking of Dido's funeral says, '*Fœmineo ululatu* tecta fremunt.' "The analogy between the Roman and Irish funeral ceremony before the government of the Decemviri, was amazingly striking. The Keenaghers or Keeners (for so the *Præficæ mulieres* are called by the Irish) are in the habit of beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and wringing their hands. Now we find the following law relative to Roman funerals, among those of the twelve tables—'Mulier ne faciem carpito'—'Mulieres genas ne radunto.' The antiquity of this custom is thus established beyond doubt, and secures for the Irish peasantry the sanction of ages for a practice which a stranger might otherwise contemplate with horror."

* Two English Gentlemen, one an officer, visiting Killarney a few years ago, were exceedingly anxious to be present at a wake; and as their stay was to be very brief, they had some fear that their curiosity was not likely to be gratified. The carmen who drove them, overhearing their conversation, at once removed all dread on the subject, by information that "a decent boy, a cousin of his, died suddenly that very morning; and sure he was to be waked that night; only as his people lived far up the mountain, it would be troublesome to bring him into the town." To oblige their honors, however, the thing was to be done. Of course the news was followed by a liberal donation; and a promise of whiskey enough to make the party merry. Evening came, and with it the two gentlemen. The body of "my poor cousin" was laid out in proper style; the empty bottles were filled by contributions from the strangers; and an ample supply of pipes and tobacco was also procured. The evening commenced; one visitor after another dropt in; some expressing their astonishment and horror at finding "laid out" the hearty young man they walked and talked with yesterday. The affair was proceeding capitally; the Englishmen asking questions, and passing comments upon the novel and singular scene; until after some remark more than ordinarily luscious, the mouth of the corpse was observed to have a sudden twinge. One of the strangers noted the fact, and, starting up, exclaimed, "By Jove, the rascal is alive!" and at the same moment thrust a lighted cigar against his cheek. The dead man instantly started up, grave-clothes and all, made a rush to the door, fortunately plunged through it, and ran along the road, pursued by the exasperated officer. The dead outran the living—or there might have been a wake in earnest. It is needless to add that the carman and his friends speedily vanished.

and who will for love of her kin give the unbought eulogy to the memory of the deceased. The Irish language, bold, forcible and comprehensive, full of the most striking epithets and idiomatic beauties, is peculiarly adapted for either praise or satire—its blessings are singularly touching and expressive, and its curses wonderfully strong, bitter and biting. The rapidity and ease with which both are uttered, and the epigrammatic force of each concluding stanza of the keen, generally bring tears to the eyes of the most indifferent spectator, or produce a state of terrible excitement. The dramatic effect of the scene is very powerful: the darkness of the death chamber, illumined only by candles that glare upon the corpse, the manner of repetition or acknowledgement that runs round when the keener gives out a sentence, the deep, yet suppressed sobs of the nearer relatives, and the stormy, uncontrollable cry of the widow or bereaved husband, when allusion is made to the domestic virtues of the deceased—all heighten the effect of the keen; but in the open air, winding round some mountain pass, when a priest or person greatly beloved and respected, is carried to the grave, and the keen, swelled by a thousand voices, is borne upon the mountain echoes—it is then absolutely magnificent.*

The following affords an idea of the air to which it is usually chaunted.



This keen is very ancient, and there is a tradition that its origin is supernatural, as it is said to have been first sung by a chorus of invisible spirits in the air over the grave of one of the early kings of Ireland. The keener having finished a stanza of the keen, sets up the wail (indicated in the music by the *semibreve* at the conclusion) in which all the mourners join. Then a momentary silence ensues, when the keener commences again, and so on—each stanza ending in the wail. The keen usually consists in an address to the corpse, asking him, "Why did he die? &c., or a description of his person, qualifications, riches, &c."; it is altogether extemporaneous, and it is sometimes astonishing to observe with what facility the keener will put the verses together, and shape her poetical images to the case of the person before her.* This, of course, can only appear strongly to a person acquainted with the language, as any merit which these compositions possess is much obscured in a translation.

The lamentation is not always confined to the keener; any one present who has the "gift" of poetry may put in his or her verse: and this sometimes occurs. Thus the night wears away in alternations of lamentation and silence, the arrival of each new friend or relative of the deceased being, as already observed, the signal for renewing the keen. But we have witnessed the arrivals of persons who, instead of going over and sitting down by the corpse (which indicated an intention to join in the keen,) fell on their knees immediately on entering, and offered up a silent prayer for the repose of the departed soul. The intervals in the keen are not, however, always silent —they are often filled up by "small plays" on the part of the young, and on the part of the aged or more serious, by tales of farie and phantasie; nor is it uncommon to have the conversation varied by an argument on religion, for even in the most remote parts, so large an assemblage is seldom without a few straggling Protestants.

* Mr. Beauford, in a communication to the Royal Irish Academy, remarks, that "the modes of lamentation, and the expressions of grief by sounds, gestures, and ceremonies, admit of an almost infinite variety. So far as these are common to most people, they have very little to attract attention; but where they constitute a part of national character, they then become objects of no incurious speculation. The Irish," continues that gentleman, "have been always remarkable for their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity has been noticed by almost every traveller who visited them;" and he adds, "It has been affirmed of the Irish, that to cry was more natural to them than to any other nation; and at length the Irish cry became proverbial."

† The facility of producing rhymes in Irish arises from this, that vocal rhymes are sufficient for poetry. Provided the closing vowels be the same, like consonants are unnecessary—contrary to the laws of rhyme in other tongues.

The keener is almost invariably an aged woman; or if she be comparatively young, the habits of her life make her look old. We remember one, whom the artist has pictured from our description; we can never forget a scene in which she played a conspicuous part. A young man had been shot by the police as he was resisting a warrant for his arrest. He was of "decent people," and had a "fine wake." The woman, when we entered the apartment, was sitting on a low stool by

the side of the corpse. Her long black uncombed locks were hanging about her shoulders; her eyes were the deep set greys peculiar to the country, and which are capable of every expression, from the bitterest hatred and the direst revenge to the softest and warmest affection. Her large blue cloak was confined at her throat; but not so closely as to conceal the outline of her figure, thin and gaunt, but exceedingly lithesome.—When she arose, as if by sudden inspiration, first holding out her hands over the body, and then tossing them wildly above her head, she continued her chaunt in a low monotonous tone, occasionally breaking into a style earnest and animated; and using every variety of attitude to give emphasis to her words, and enforce her description of the virtues and good qualities of the deceased: "Swift and sure was his foot," she said, "on hill and valley. His shadow struck terror to his foes; he could look the sun in the face like an eagle; the whirl of his weapon through the air was fast and terrible as the lightning. There had been full and plenty in his father's house, and the traveller never left it empty; but the tyrants had taken all except his heart's blood—and that they took at last. The girls of the mountain may cry by the running streams, and weep for the flower of the country—but he would return no more. He was the last of his father's house; but his people were many both on hill and valley; and they would revenge his death!" Then, kneeling, she clenched her hands together, and cursed bitter curses against whoever had aimed the fatal bullet—curses which illustrate but too forcibly the fervor of Irish hatred. "May the light fade from your eyes, so that you may never see what you love! May the grass grow at your door! May you fade into nothing like snow in summer! May your own

blood rise against ye, and the sweetest drink ye take be the bittherest cup of sorrow! May ye die without benefit of priest or clergy!" To each of her curses there was a deep "Amen," which the ban caoinhe paused to hear, and then resumed her maledictions. Akin to this is another keen, of which we have been favored with a translation:—A keen, by a poor widow on her two sons, executed for treason, on the testimony of a perjured informer, whose name it appears was Hugh: translated as literally as the idiom of the English language will permit.

"My beloved, my faithful boys,
When yesterday your case was called,
Soon started up Hugh,
How many falsehoods did he not swear,
That would hang men a hundred and one.
Then shook the court to its foundations,
The earth shook, and the skies,
The bolt of heaven fell.
It blasted the bloom of the trees,
It stopped the song of the birds,
Alas! Alas! a thousand times,
That the bolt fell not on Hugh.

"Evil befal the grand jury, and the judge;
Evil befal the twelve who tried you.

"That did not look upon your brows,
To see the bloom of youth there,
And give arms to each upon his shoulders,
And send you beyond the waters far away;
For even then your mother would hope for you.
O, that she was not your judge or your jury!
She would spend days twenty and one
Without or food, or drink,
That she might save her boys."

The following is brief, but contains a volume of Irish history. A female member of the McCarthy More family dying in indigence, was carried to the grave on the shoulders of peasants; her coffin supported by poles. An old woman named Mary Riordan, celebrated in the south for her caoines, seeing her thus borne to her last home, pronounced the following lamentation:

"O mo cara thu as mo runcri,
A gaoil na prunci,
As na Carhach coolmui,
A mead na diag a nun div,
As nar vaag a thruliv,
Don clan do rug eunthis,
D'iarla Muiscri,
Ad vzeh er da stumpin,
Thri do duhiv."

"O my love, my heart's love,
Thou kin of princes,
The yellow-haired McCarthys—
Of those who went not into exile,
Or were not drowned in the waves,
The children whom a countess bore
To the Earl of Muskerry.
Carried on two poor sticks
Throughout thine own territory."

Another caoine of this woman's has been preserved; she was known by the name of Maura Vaan—"White Mary"—this being a distinctive title of her kindred, perhaps from the color of their hair. An indigent stranger, an itinerant vender of small wares, died at a farmstead. The neighbors attended his poor wake; and among them was this woman. In the course of the night some one said, "It is a pity to let him lie there like a cow or a horse; get up, Mary, and say something over him." "What can I say?" she answered; "I know nothing about him." She was prevailed upon; and thus began:—

"Approach me, women:
If you grieve not for him who lies here,
You have yourselves lost many friends."

In this manner she continued to appeal to their private feelings and sorrows—reminding one of the loss of a husband, another of a lover, another of a father; and worked upon their feelings to such a degree, that every woman present was soon in tears, and all of them rose with one accord, and over the corpse of the unknown indulged each her own private grief.

Besides *caoines*, extempore compositions over the dead, *thirrios*, or written elegies deserve mention. They are composed almost exclusively by men, as the *caoines* are by women. Many of them are of no mean pretensions as efforts of genius. Specimens are to be found in manuscript in the house of every peasant who cultivates the language of his country. They differ from the keens in little more than that they are written with more regard to metre. The measure, in English called *heroic*, is the most common, and suits them best.

We might greatly extend this portion of our inquiries; but, however interesting to some, we should do so at the risk of being tedious in the opinion of a large portion of our readers. The following, however, we must be permitted to transcribe; it is a translation from the original Irish by Mr. Callanan, the poet, whose lines on Gougane Barra we have already quoted. It is said to be the composition of "a fosterer" of Morty Oge O'Sullivan, the chieftain of Berehaven, who was shot in attempting to resist the service of a warrant for his arrest on the charge of murdering a gentleman, his near neighbor. His body was conveyed to Cork, lashed to the stern of a king's cutter, and towed through the ocean. His head was subsequently exposed on the gaol of that city. He was, it is said, betrayed by one of his own followers.

"The sun on Ivera no longer shines brightly;
The voice of her music no longer is sprightly;
No more to her maidens the light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling, O'Sullivan Bear.

"Scully, thou false one! you basely betrayed him
In his strong hour of need, when thy right hand should aid him!
He fed thee, he clad thee, you had all could delight thee,
You left him, you sold him: may Heaven requite thee!

"Scully, may all kinds of evil attend thee!
On thy dark road of life, may no kind one befriend thee!
May fevers long burn thee, and agues long freeze thee!
May the strong hand of God in his red anger seize thee!

"Had he died calmly, I would not deplore him,
Or if the wild strife of the sea-war closed o'er him;
But with ropes round his white limbs, through ocean to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter,—'tis therefore I wail him.

"Long may the curse of his people pursue them;
Scully, that sold him, and soldier that slew him!
One glimpse of Heaven's light, may they see never!
May the hearth-stone of hell be their best bed for ever!

"In the hole which the vile hands of soldiers had made thee,
Unhonored, unshrouded, and headless they laid thee;
No sigh to regret thee, no eye to rain o'er thee:
No dirge to lament thee, no friend to deplore thee.

"Dear head of my darling! how gory and pale
These aged eyes see thee, high spiked on their gaol!
Thy cheek in the summer sun ne'er shall grow warm;
Nor that eye e'er catch light, but the flash of the storm.

"A curse, blessed ocean, is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork to Ivera of slaughter!
Since thy billows were dyed with the red wounds of fear,
Of Muiertach Oge, our O'Sullivan Bear."

The wake usually lasts two days; sometimes it is extended to three, and occasionally to four.

Where the survivors are "poor and proud," however, the body is consigned to earth within twenty-four hours after death; for it is obvious that the expenditure is too great to allow of its continuance longer than is absolutely necessary. When the corpse is about to be taken out, the wail becomes most violent; but as then *nature* is most predominant, it is less *musical*. Before the coffin is nailed down, each of the relatives and friends kisses the corpse, then the coffin is brought out and placed on chairs before the door; and in some districts, the candles (which from the first were kept constantly lighted) are brought out also, and placed on other chairs in the same relative position they occupied within, and they are not taken away until the coffin is settled in the hearse, and the procession beginning to move.

The funerals are invariably attended by a numerous concourse; some from affection to the deceased: others, as a tribute of respect to a neighbor; and a large proportion, because time is of small value, and a day unemployed is not looked upon in the light of money lost. No invitations are ever issued. Among the upper classes, females seldom accompany the mourners to the grave; but among the peasantry the women always assemble largely.

The procession, unless the churchyard is very near, (which is seldom the case) consists mostly of equestrians—the women being mounted behind the men on pillions; but there are also a number of cars, of every variety. The wail rises and dies away, at intervals, like the fitful breeze.—On coming to a cross road it is customary, in some places, for the followers to stop and offer up a prayer for the departed soul; and in passing through a town or village, they always make a circuit round the site of an ancient cross.* In former times the scene at a wake was re-enacted with infinitely less decorum in the church-yard; and country funerals were often disgraced by riot and confusion. Itinerant venders of whiskey always mingled among the crowd, and found ready markets for their inflammatory merchandise. Party fights were consequently very common; persons were frequently set to guard the ground where it was expected an obnoxious individual was about to be interred; and it often happened that, after such conflicts, the vanquished party have returned to the grave, disinterred the body, and left it exposed on the highway.† The horror against suicide is so great in Ireland, that it is by no means rare to find the body of a wretched man, who has been guilty of the crime, remaining for weeks without interment—parties having been set to watch every neighboring church yard to prevent its being deposited in that which they consider belongs peculiarly to them.

It is well known that if two funerals meet at the same churchyard, a contest immediately takes place to know which will enter first; and happily if, descrying each other at a distance, it is only a contest of speed; for it is often a contest of strength, terminating in bloodshed and sometimes in death. This arises from a belief that the last person buried in a churchyard is employed in bringing water to his fellow-tenants of the "narrow house," until he is relieved in turn by the arrival of a new sojourner in the dreary regions of mortality.

The lower classes of the Irish have always held in exceeding abhorrence the practice of disinterring the dead for the purpose of assisting science; and the men who, in former times, were employed by surgeons to procure "subjects," always held their lives by very slight tenures.‡—

* Thus a corpse, passing through Fethard, in the county of Tipperary, is always carried round the pump, because the old cross stood there in former times; and there is a certain gate of the same town (for a considerable part of the fortifications remain), through which a corpse is never carried, though in their direct course, because it was through that gate that Cromwell entered the town.

† In August, 1839, our informant saw lying amongst the nettles in the burial-ground at Mucross, a coffin, the lid of which had been removed, and in it there lay exposed to the unhallowed gaze of curiosity, a body in an awful state of decomposition, which had been left there by its relations, because they were not strong enough to possess themselves of some particular nook in the abbey, which was defended by the friends of a body already in possession; which this party would have exhumed, but failing to do so, threw the coffin into the nettles, and suffered it to remain unburied.

‡ A distinguished lecturer on anatomy in Cork, Dr Woodroffe, whose name is familiar to men of science in every quarter of the globe, related to us some sterling anecdotes in illustration of the strength of this feeling among the humbler Irish. He was once summoned hastily to visit a family of considerable respectability, the head of which had died of apoplexy. He was the only son of his mother—and she was a widow. Dr. Woodroffe described the scene with a degree of eloquence in which we should vainly attempt to follow him. The "neighbors," poor as well as rich, had gradually strolled into the room in which the corpse lay; and the narrow chamber was crowded. The departed had been loved and respected by all; and there was everywhere signs of earnest sympathy in his fate. The agony of the bereaved household was absolutely appalling. The doctor tried several experiments with a view to restore life—or rather to satisfy the eager demands of the sur-

Indeed, the surgeons themselves were generally objects of suspicion, and not unfrequently of dislike. In order to prevent the possibility of disinterment, we have known parties watch the grave night after night—always in large groups, and, in those days, never without an abundant supply of whiskey. To many of the country churchyards—(the church having vanished ages ago)—a rude hovel is attached, where the parties may sit at night; and where some man is paid to watch, by the friends of the deceased persons.

The most touching and sad, though interesting funeral, we ever attended, was at Mucross, during our recent visit. It was a damp and somewhat gloomy morning, and the waiter, who entered fully into our desire, told us, with evident pleasure, that "we were in great luck, for two widows' sons were to be buried that day,"—adding, "I'm sorry for their trouble, but sure it was before them; and as they could not get over it, and as you had the curiosity to see it, I'm glad they're to come to-day.'

We walked about a quarter of a mile away, as it were, from the Cloghreen entrance to Mucross, to arrive at the gate appropriated for the passage of the dead to their last homes. Long before we could see any portion of the crowd, we heard the keen swelling on the ear, now loud and tremulous, anon low, and dying, dying away. Keening has fallen into disuse in this district; but the Kerry keen was more like what we imagine the wild wail of the Banshee to be, than the demonstration of human sorrow. The body had been placed in a plain coffin, what, in England, would be called a shell; and this was put upon a very common hearse, not unlike a four-post bed, drawn by an active but miserable-looking horse. The widowed mother, shrouded in her blue cloak, sat beside the coffin; and when the keeners cried the loudest, she rocked her body to and fro, and clasped her hands, as if to mark the beatings of her stricken heart. Those who followed were evidently the poorer class of artisans from the town of Killarney, and peasants of the neighborhood; yet they were orderly and well-behaved—no drunken man disturbed the mournful ceremony. The humble grave was dug, not by any appointed sexton, but by a "neighbor," and before it was half-finished, the other funeral we had been told of had filled another corner of the churchyard. This one had no hired keeners, yet there was no lack of tears, and sighs, and bitter wailings. To us it was a wild and singular scene. While the narrow and shallow graves were preparing, the mothers were crouching at the head of each coffin. The deep blue hoods completely concealed each countenance; and so alike in attitude was one to the other, that they could not have been distinguished apart. Groups of men and boys were scattered throughout the churchyard. In the distance, a young girl was kneeling beside a grave: sometimes she wept, and then threw herself upon the green sward with every demonstration of agony. Not heeding the crowd, who waited patiently for the lowering of the coffins, two aged women were seated, midway between the two funeral parties, on a broad flat stone, intent upon observing both: like the crones in the Bride of Lammermoor, they discoursed of the departed.

"And which of the two widdy women do you pity most, Ally?"

"Och and troth, by dis and by dat, I can't tell. Sure I saw Mary O'Sullivan's boy alive and well yesterday mornin', an' he said—it was mighty quare—'Mother,' says he to her, an' he going out at the door—"

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vivers; for he well knew that all human efforts were vain. Every minute, the mother murmured, "Doctor, doctor, give me back my good son!" At length, he prepared to depart, when the half-frantic woman seized him by the arm, exclaiming, in a very angry voice, "I say, you shall give me back my brave son!" The doctor placed his hand on her shoulder, and said, in a deep and impressive tone, while the whole room was hushed, "Woman, apply to God—*can I raise the dead?*" Instantly, the solemnity of the scene was broken by a voice screaming out from a far corner of the apartment, "Raise the dead! raise the dead! that ye can, ye thieving villain—didn't ye take my poor mother out of her quiet grave, in Douglas churchyard, bare three weeks ago?" On another occasion, the doctor driving in one of the hired cars from Passage to Cork, observed that a pretty young country girl was his fellow-traveller; and on returning at night found she was again in his company.—The circumstance led to a conversation; and the girl told him she had been to Kilcrea to see her grandmother buried, for the robber-doctor had sworn he would have the old woman's body; and she (the grand-daughter) had sworn to baulk him. Our readers will easily imagine that a curious and amusing scene ensued; the unsuspecting girl frankly explaining the mode she had adopted to keep her oath; which consisted principally in her having interred the bo y in a remote corner of the old abbey, and covered it with *large* stones. The dialogue was terminated only by the doctor's saying, "Well, if Dr. Woodroffe said he would have her, you may be sure he will keep his word—for I am Dr. Woodroffe." The astonished and terrified girl screamed to the driver to stop the car; sprung off—ran back to Cork—instantly proceeded to Kilcrea, a distance of several miles: and having explained her case, had no difficulty in procuring assistance to remove her old grandmother from the place she had, in her simplicity, pointed out to the very person from whom she most desired to conceal it.

"Did he turn back to say it, alana?" interrupted the first speaker.

"He did."

"Inugh! Inugh! see that now. I wonder he hadn't better sinse than to turn back of a Saturday mornin'."

"'Mother,' says he, 'what a handful you'll have of white silver to-night, and I in work all the week!'"

"'God bless you, my darlint, Amin!' she answered, and then he came about and kissed her. Oh, wasn't she turned intirely from life when, in less than an hour after, he was brought in a corpse, and he her only comfort and help! I remember her a fine brave-looking woman, and see what she is now. Well, God look down upon us all!"

"Yarra! amen—there's Betsy Doolan out there, showing her bran new shawl at a funeral! Well, the consate of some people! Do you know where the up funeral is from?"

"T'other side of Mangerton, they say—an only son too!"

"Oh Peggy, you aint in airnest, are ye?"

"Fait, it's as thrue as gospel, Ally; or may I never light another pipe—two lone women's only sons: aint it a sorrowful sight? But her boy was going off in a consumption this many a day: and sure that was some comfort to her, to have him left in the sight of her eyes, and left to do what she could for him till the last; that *was* some comfort. Holy Mary! did ye hear that cry from Widdy O'Sullivan? What ails her? I—"

"Yah! they've got down on her husband's coffin, and she can't abide his bones being disturbed, and small blame to her; he was a dacent man. Yah! yah! hear to that screech, it bates the head-keener of them all—the strength of the trouble of the widdy's heart was in it; poor craythur! the Lord above look down and comfort ye."

"I wonder will any of the quality in Killarney look to her? It's a pity my Lady Kenmare's not in it; sure she looks to every poor craythur that wants. Oh, thin, sure the power of the blessings she resaves from the poor will carry her sowl to heaven! Its a comfortable blanket I had from her last frost. May she have all her heart's delight to the end of her days."

"Some people have grate luck," said the other woman, with a sneer; "but by dis and by dat, I never made a poor mouth to the quality."

"And the dickons thank ye for your perliteness, and the man that owns ye in constant work: not like a poor craythur such as me, who has no head, God help us, these ten years, to think for the childhre—only our own two hands to gather for them and ourselves the scrapings of the earth.*"

At last we saw the coffin lowered, but a little way beneath the turf, and the humble grave was quickly filled. There was no priest of any description present, nor do the Catholic priests in general attend the humble funerals. This we think exceedingly improper; it is distinctly and positively his duty—a duty he owes to the poor as well as the rich; and yet the victim of sudden death had prayers, many and sincere, offered up over his grave! When the coffin was completely covered, and the friendly grave-digger threw down his spade, every person in the churchyard knelt down; the men uncovered their heads, the females clasped their hands; the very children crowded to the spot, and knelt reverently and silently under the canopy of heaven; there was no word spoken — no sentence uttered; the desolate widow even suppressed the sobbings of her broken heart; and thus the people remained prostrate, perhaps for several minutes. When they arose, the funeral howl broke forth afresh, in all its powerful and painful modulations.

The other funeral was soon over; and the people from beyond the mountain exchanged greetings with those who dwelt in the town. After a little time, their immediate friends—for the poor are the friends of the poor—persuaded the widows to rise from the earth, and their tottering limbs were supported with the most tender care, while every epithet to soften and cheer was used to-

* In Ireland, as we have said, they keep their relatives but a short time from the grave, after death. We expressed much pain at this hurrying mortality to decay. "Yah!" said an old Kerry man "sure they could not afford to keep it longer, even the richest of us." "How do mean 'afford,' my good friend? the dead require no entertainment." "Avick! no; but the living do. Sure no one would lave a corpse widout company, and company must have welcome; and how could they afford the entertainment for more than three days at most? Sure they never turn the neighbors out while the corpse is in; that's the custom of the country, my lady, you see."

wards them Much that was said was in the native Irish, and of that we understood little; but it was impossible to mistake the eager looks and sympathising tears of many who were present.

It so happened that the two widows met when leaving the place where their last earthly blessings were consigned to the earth. "I'm sorry for your trouble, my poor woman,' said the mountain widow to the townswoman.

"Thank ye, and kindly toe; the Lord's hand is heavy on us both;" she replied, looking earnestly, and yet with an almost meaningless gaze on the widow who addressed her, and who was a much younger woman. "Two only sons," she added—"they tell me, two only boys, yours and mine, and we to be left! but not for long. Tell me, avourneen"—and she laid her hand on her arm, and peered into her face—"*did your boy die hard?*"*

"God be praised! he did not; he wasted away without any pain or trouble. Long summer days and winter nights I watched and prayed for him—my gra boy! but the Lord took him for the best, if I could only think so." She paused to weep, while the people round her—some in Irish, some in English—exclaimed, "God comfort her!"—"the Lord look down on her!"—"Holy Mary pity her!"—"Well, she has great strength intirely." "The breath left him," she added "as easy as the down of the wild rush leaves its stem."

"Then thank God always," said the old woman—"thank God that he did not die hard! the neighbors will tell ye how I lost mine. He was alive yesterday; ay, he was as full of strength as the finest deer on Glena, and what is he now? Oh! but death was hard on him; I didn't know his face when I looked in it! think of that, my poor woman, think of that; the mother that bore him didn't know his face! Oh! it's a fine thing to have an easy death, and time to make our souls. Holy Mary!" and she commenced repeating the litany to the Virgin with inconceivable rapidity, while her face wore the cadaverous hue of death, and her eyes gleamed like lamps in a sepulchre.

"She's turnin' light-headed," said a man in the crowd. "Get her home, Peggy, the throuble is too strong for her, intirely, and no wonder."

* This means—"Did he suffer severely at the last?"

TAKING HIMSELF OFF.

SPLENDID HARRISON *BAWL.*

MARRYAT'S NEW NOVEL.

"THE POACHER."

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

PART 7.

CHAPTER XIX.

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND IN DEED.

Rushbrook and Jane returned to their cottage; Jane closed the door, and threw herself into her husband's arms. 'You are saved, at least,' she cried; 'thank Heaven for that! You are spared. Alas! we do not know how much we love till danger comes upon us.'

Rushbrook was much affected; he loved his wife, and had good reason to love her. Jane was a beautiful woman, not yet thirty; tall in her person, her head was finely formed, yet apparently small for her height; her features were full of expression and sweetness. Had she been born to a high station, she would have been considered one of the greatest belles. As it was, she was loved by those around her; and there was a dignity and commanding air about her which won admiration and respect. No one could feel more deeply than she did the enormity of the offence committed by her husband; and yet never in any moment since her marriage did she cling so earnestly and so closely by him as she did now. She was of that bold and daring temperament, that she could admire the courage that propelled to the crime, while the crime itself she abhorred. It was not, therefore, anything surprising that, at such a moment, in a husband to whom she was devoted, she thought more of the danger to which he was exposed than she did of the crime which had been committed.

To do Rushbrook himself justice, his person and mind were of no plebeian mould. He was a daring, venturous fellow, ready at any emergency, cool and collected in danger, had a pleasure in the excitement created by the difficulty and risk attending his nocturnal pursuits, caring little or nothing for the profits. He, as well as his wife, had not been neglected in point of education; he had been born in humble life, and had, by enlisting, chosen a path by which advancement became impossible; but, had Rushbrook been an officer instead of a common soldier, his talents would probably have been directed to more noble channels, and the poacher and pilferer for his captain might have exerted his dexterity so as to have gained honorable mention. His courage had always been remarkable, and he was looked upon by his officers, and so he was by his companions, as the most steady and collected man under fire to be found in the whole company.

We are the creatures of circumstances.—Frederick of Prussia had no opinion of phrenology, and one day he sent for the professor, and dressing up a highwayman and a pickpocket in uniforms and orders, he desired the phrenologist to examine their heads, and give his opinion as to their qualifications. The savant did so, and turning to the King, said, 'Sire, this person,' pointing to the highwayman, 'whatever he may be, would have been a great general, had he been employed. As for the other, he is quite in a different line. He may be, or if he is not, he would make, an admirable financier.' The King was satisfied that there was some truth in the science. 'For,' as he very rightly observed, 'what is a general but a highwayman, and what is a financier but a pickpocket?'

'Calm yourself, dear Jane,' said Rushbrook; 'all is well now.'

'All well! yes; but my poor child—£200 offered for his apprehension! If they were to take him!'

'I have no fear of that; and if they did, they could not hurt him; it is true that they have given their verdict, but still they have no positive proof.'

'But they have hanged people upon less proof before now, Rushbrook.'

'Jane,' replied Rushbrook, 'our boy shall never be hung; I promise you that; so make your mind easy.'

'Then you must confess, to save him, and I shall lose you.'

A step at the door interrupted their colloquy. Rushbrook opened it, and Mr. Furness, the schoolmaster, made his appearance.

'Well, my good friends, I'm very sorry the verdict has been such as it is, but it cannot be helped; the evidence was too strong, and it was a sad thing for me to be obliged to give mine.'

'You!' exclaimed Rushbrook, 'why, did they call you up?'

'Yes, and put me on my oath. An oath, to a moral man, is a very serious responsibility; the nature of an oath is awful: and when you consider my position in this place, as the inculcator of morals and piety to the younger branches of the community, you must not be surprised at my telling the truth.'

'And what had you to tell?' inquired Rushbrook, with surprise.

'Had to tell!—why, I had to tell what you told me this morning; and I had to prove the bag as belonging to you; for you know you sent me some potatoes in it by little Joey, poor fellow.—Wilful murder, and £200 upon apprehension and conviction!'

Rushbrook looked at the pedagogue with surprise and contempt.

'Pray, may I ask how they came to know that

anything had passed between us yesterday morning, for, if I recollect right, you desired me to be secret?'

'Very true, and so I did; but then they knew what good friends we always were, I suppose, and so they sent for me and obliged me to speak upon my oath.'

'I don't understand it,' replied Rushbrook;—'they might have asked you questions, but how could they have guessed that I had told you any thing?'

'My dear friend, you don't understand it;—but, in my situation, looking up to me, as every one does, as an example of moral rectitude and correctness of conduct—as a pattern to the juvenile branches of the community—you see—'

'Yes, I do see that, under such circumstances, you should not go to the alehouse and get tipsy two days at least out of the week,' replied Rushbrook, turning away.

'And why do I go to the alehouse, my dear friend, but to look after those who indulge too freely—yourself for instance. How often have I seen you home?'

'Yes, when you were drunk and I was—'

Jane put her hand upon her husband's mouth.

'And you were what, friend?' inquired Furness, anxiously.

'Worse than you, perhaps. And now, friend Furness, as you must be tired with your long evidence, I wish you a good night.'

'Shall I see you down at the Cat and Fiddle?'

'Not for some time, if ever, friend Furness, that you may depend upon.'

'Never go to the Cat and Fiddle! A little wholesome drink drowns care, my friend; and, therefore, although I should be sorry that you indulged too much, yet, with me to look after you—'

'And drink half my ale, eh? No, no, friend Furness, those days are gone.'

'Well, you are not in a humor for it now—but another time. Mrs. Rushbrook, have you a drop of small beer?'

'I have none to spare,' replied Jane, turning away; 'you should have applied to the magistrates for beer.'

'O, just as you please,' replied the pedagogue; 'it certainly does ruffle people's temper when there is a verdict of wilful murder, and £200 for apprehension and conviction of the offender. Good night.'

Furness banged the cottage door as he went out.

Rushbrook watched till he was out of hearing, and then said, 'He's a scoundrel.'

'I think so too,' replied Jane; 'but never mind, we will go to bed now, thank God for his mercies, and pray for his forgiveness. Come, dearest.'

The next morning Mrs. Rushbrook was informed by the neighbors that the schoolmaster had volunteered his evidence. Rushbrook's indignation was excited, and he vowed revenge

Whatever may have been the feelings of the community at the time of the discovery of the murder, certain it is that, after all was over, there was a strong sympathy expressed for Rushbrook and his wife, and the condolence was very general. The gamekeeper was avoided, and his friend Furness fell into great disrespect, after his voluntarily coming forward and giving evidence against old and sworn friends. The consequence was, his school fell off, and the pedagogue, whenever he could raise the means, became more intemperate than ever.

One Saturday night, Rushbrook, who had resolved to pick a quarrel with Furness, went down to the ale-house. Furness was half drunk and pot valiant. Rushbrook taunted him so as to produce replies. One word brought on another, till Furness challenged Rushbrook to come outside and have it out. This was just what Rushbrook wished, and after half an hour Furness was carried home beaten to a mummy, and unable to leave his bed for many days. As soon as this revenge had been taken, Rushbrook, who had long made up his mind to do so, packed up and quitted the village, no one knowing whither he and Jane went; and Furness, who had lost all means of subsistence, did the same in a very few days afterwards, his place of retreat being equally unknown.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH WE AGAIN FOLLOW UP OUR HERO'S DESTINY

After the resolution that Major M'Shane came to, it is not surprising that he made, during their journey home, every inquiry of Joey relative to his former life. To these Joey gave him a very honest reply in every thing except that portion of his history in which his father was so seriously implicated: he had the feeling that he was bound in honor not to reveal the circumstances connected with the murder of the pedlar. M'Shane was satisfied, and they arrived in London without further adventure. As soon as M'Shane had been embraced by his wife, he gave a narrative of his adventures, and did not forget to praise little Joey as he deserved. Mrs. M'Shane was all gratitude, and then it was that M'Shane expressed his intentions towards our hero, and, as he expected, he found his amiable wife wholly coincided with him in opinion. It was therefore decided that Joey should be put to a school, and be properly educated, as soon as an establishment that was eligible could be found.

Their full intentions towards him, however, were not communicated to our hero; he was told that he was to go to school, and he willingly submitted; it was not however for three months that M'Shane would part with him; a difficulty was raised against every establishment that was named. During this time little Joey was very idle, for there was nothing for him to do. Books there were none, for Mrs. M'Shane had no time to read, and Major M'Shane no inclination. His only resort was to rummage over the newspapers which were taken in for the benefit of the customers, and this was his usual employment. One day, in turning over the file, he came to our ac-

count of the murder of the pedlar, with the report of the coroner's inquest. He read all the evidence, particularly that of Furness the schoolmaster, and found that the verdict was wilful murder, with a reward of £200 for his apprehension. The term, wilful murder, he did not exactly comprehend; so, after laying down the paper, with a beating heart he went to Mrs. M'Shane, and asked her what was the meaning of it.

'Meaning, child,' replied Mrs. M'Shane, who was then very busy in her occupation, 'it means child, that a person is believed to be guilty of murder, and, if taken up, he will be hanged by the neck till he is dead.'

'But,' replied Joey, 'suppose he has not committed the murder?'

'Well, then, child, he must prove that he has not.'

'And suppose he has not committed it and cannot prove it.'

'Mercy on me, what a number of supposes! why then, he will be hanged all the same to be sure.'

A fortnight after these queries, Joey was sent to school: the master was a very decent man, the mistress a very decent woman, the tuition was decent, the fare was decent, the scholars were children of decent families; altogether, it was a decent establishment, and in this establishment little Joey made very decent progress, going home every half-year. How long Joey might have remained there it is impossible to say; but having been there a year and a half, and arrived at the age of fourteen, he had just returned from the holidays with three guineas in his pocket, for M'Shane and his wife were very generous and very fond of their protege, when a circumstance occurred which again ruffled the smooth current of our hero's existence.

He was walking out as all boys do walk out in decent schools, that is, in a long line, two by two, as the animals entered Noah's Ark, when a sort of shabby genteel man passed their files. He happened to cast his eyes upon Joey and stopped.

'Master Joseph Rushbrook, I am most happy to see you once more,' said he, extending his hand.

Joey looked up into his face; there was no mistake, it was Furness, the school-master.

'Don't you recollect me, my dear boy; don't you recollect him who taught the infant idea how to shoot, don't you recollect your old preceptor?'

'Yes,' replied Joey, coloring up, 'I recollect you very well.'

'I am delighted to see you; you know you were my fairest pupil, but we are all scattered now; your father and mother have gone no one knows where; you went away, and I also could no longer stay. What pleasure it is to meet you once more!'

Joey did not respond exactly to the pleasure. The stoppage of the line had caused some confusion, and the usher who had followed it, now came up to ascertain the cause.

'This is my old pupil, or rather, I should say, my young pupil, but the best pupil I ever had. I am most delighted to see him, sir,' said Furness, taking off his hat. 'May I presume to ask who has the charge of this dear child at this present moment?'

The usher made no difficulty in stating the name and residence of the preceptor, and having gained this information, Furness shook Joey by the hand, bade him farewell, and wishing him every happiness, walked away.

Joey's mind was confused during the remainder of his walk, and it was not until their return home that he could reflect on what had passed. That Furness had given evidence upon the inquest he knew, and he had penetration, when he read it, to feel that there was no necessity for Furness to have given such evidence.—He also knew that there was a reward of £200 for his apprehension; and when he thought of Furness's apparent kindness, and his not reverting to a subject so important as wilful murder having been found against him, he made up his mind that Furness had behaved so with the intention of lulling him into security, and that the next day he would certainly take him up for the sake of the reward.

Now, although we have not stopped our narrative to introduce the subject, we must here observe, that Joey's love for his parents, particularly his father, was unbounded; he longed to see them again; they were constantly in his thoughts, and yet he dared not to mention them, in consequence of the mysteries connected with his quitting his home. He fully perceived his danger: he would be apprehended, and, being so, he must either sacrifice his father or himself. Having weighed all this in his mind, he then reflected upon what should be his course to steer. Should he go home to acquaint Major M'Shane? He felt that he could trust him, and would have done so, but he had no right to trust any one with a secret which involved his father's life. No, that would not do; yet to leave him and Mrs. M'Shane after all their kindness, and without a word, this would be too ungrateful.—After much cogitation, he resolved that he would run away, so that all clue to him should be lost; that he would write a letter for M'Shane and leave it. He wrote as follows:—

'Dear Sir—Do not think me ungrateful, for I love you and Mrs M'Shane dearly, but I have been met by a person who knows me, and will certainly betray me. I left my father's home, not for poaching, but a murder that was committed. *I was not guilty.* This is the only secret I have held from you, and the secret is not MINE. I could not disprove it, and never will. I now leave because I have been discovered by a bad man, who will certainly take advantage of having fallen in with me. We may never meet again. I can say no more, except that I shall always pray for you and Mrs. M'Shane, and remember your kindness with gratitude.—Yours truly, JOEY M'SHANE.

Since his return from St. Petersburgh, Joey had always, by their request, called himself Joey M'Shane, and he was not sorry when they gave him the permission, although he did not

comprehend the advantages which were to accrue from taking the name.

Joey, having finished this letter, sat down and cried bitterly—but in a school there is no retiring place for venting your feelings, and he was compelled to smother his tears. He performed his exercises, and repeated his lessons as if nothing had happened, and nothing was about to happen, for Joey was in essence a little stoic. At night he went to his room with the others; he could only obtain a small portion of his clothes, these he put up in a handkerchief, went softly down stairs about one o'clock in the morning, put his letter addressed to M'Shane on the hall table, opened the back door, climbed over the play ground wall, and was again on the high road to seek his fortune.

But Joey was much improved during the two years since he had quitted his father's house. Before that he was a reflective boy; now, he was more capable of action and decision. His ideas had been much expanded from the knowledge of the world gained during his entry, as it were, into life; he had talked much, seen much, listened much, and thought more; and naturally quiet in his manner, he was now a gentlemanlike boy. At the eating-house he had met with every variety of character; and as there were some who frequented the house daily, with those Joey had become on intimate terms. He was no longer a child, but a lad of undaunted courage and presence of mind; he had only one fear, which was, that his father's crime should be discovered.

And here he was again adrift, with a small bundle, three guineas in his pocket, and the world before him. At first he had but one idea, that of removing to a distance which should elude the vigilance of Furness, and he therefore walked on, and walked fast. Joey was capable of great fatigue; he had grown considerably, it is true, during the last two years, still he was small for his age; but every muscle in his body was a wire, and his strength, as had been proved by his schoolmates, was proportionate. He was elastic as India rubber, and bold and determined as one who had been all his life in danger.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SCENE IS AGAIN SHIFTED, AND THE PLOT ADVANCES.

It will be necessary that for a short time we again follow up the fortunes of our hero's parents. When Rushbrook and Jane quitted the village of Grassford, they had not come to any decision as to their future place of abode; all that Rushbrook felt was a desire to remove as far as possible from the spot where the crime had been committed. Such is the feeling that will ever possess the guilty, who, although they may increase their distance, attempt in vain to fly from their consciences, or that All-seeing eye which follows them everywhere. Jane had a similar feeling, but it arose from her anxiety for her husband. They wandered away, for they had sold everything before their departure, until they found themselves in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and there they at length settled in a small village. Rushbrook easily obtained employment, for the population was scanty, and some months passed away without anything occurring of interest.

Rushbrook had never taken up his employment as a poacher since the night of the murder of the pedlar; he had abjured it from that hour. His knowledge of woodcraft, was, however, discovered, and he was appointed first as under, and eventually as head-keeper to a gentleman of landed property in the neighborhood. In this situation they had remained about a year, Rushbrook giving full satisfaction to his employer, and comparatively content (for no man could have such a crime upon his conscience and not pass occasional hours of remorse and misery,) and Jane was still mourning in secret for her only and darling child, when one day a paper was put into Rushbrook's hands by his master, desiring him to read an advertisement it contained, and which was as follows:—'If Joseph Rushbrook, who formerly lived in the village of Grassford, in the county of Devon, should be still alive, and would make his residence known to Messrs. Pearce, James, and Simpson, of 14 Chancery-lane, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage. Should he be dead, and this advertisement meet the eyes of his heirs, they are equally requested to make the communication to the above address.'

'What does this mean, sir?' inquired Rushbrook.

'It means that if you are that person, in all probability there is some legacy bequeathed to you by a relative,' replied Mr. S———; 'is it you?'

'Yes, Sir,' replied Rushbrook, changing colour; 'I did once live at Grassford.'

'Then you had better write to the parties and make yourself known. I will leave you the newspaper.'

'What think you, Jane?' said Rushbrook, as soon as Mr. ——— had quitted.

'I think he is quite right,' replied Jane.

'But, Jane, you forget—this may be a trap; they may have discovered something about—you know what I mean.'

'Yes, I do, and I wish we could forget it; but in this instance I do not think you have anything to fear. There is no reward offered for your apprehension, but for my poor boy's, who is wandering over the wide world; and no one would go to the expense to apprehend you, if there was nothing to be gained by it.'

'True,' replied Rushbrook, after a minute's reflection; 'but, alas! I am a coward now—I will write.'

Rushbrook wrote accordingly, and in reply, received a letter enclosing a bank-bill for £20, and requesting that he would come to town immediately; he did so, and found, to his astonishment, that he was the heir-at-law to a property of £7000 per annum—with the only contingency that he was, as nearest of kin, to take the name of Austin. Having entered into the arrange-

ments required by the legal gentlemen, he returned to Yorkshire with £500 in his pocket, to communicate the intelligence to his wife, and when he did so, and embraced her, she burst into tears.

'Rushbrook, do not think I mean to reproach you by these tears; but I cannot help thinking that you would have been happier had this never happened. Your life will be doubly sweet to you now, and Joey's absence will be a source of more vexation than ever. Do you think that you will be happier?'

'Jane, dearest! I have been thinking of it as well as you, and, on reflection, I think I shall be safer Who would know the poacher Rushbrook in the gentleman of £7000 a year, of the name of Austin? Who will dare accuse him, even if there were suspicion? I feel that once in another county, under another name, and in another situation, I shall be safe.'

'But our poor boy, should he ever come back ——'

'—Will also be forgotten. He will have grown up a man, and, having another name, will never be recognized; they will not even know what our former name was.'

'I trust that it will be as you say. What do you now mean to do?'

'I shall say that I have a property of four or five hundred pounds left me, and that I intend to go up to London,' replied Rushbrook.

'Yes, that will be wise; it will be an excuse for our leaving this place, and will be no clue to where we are going,' replied Jane.

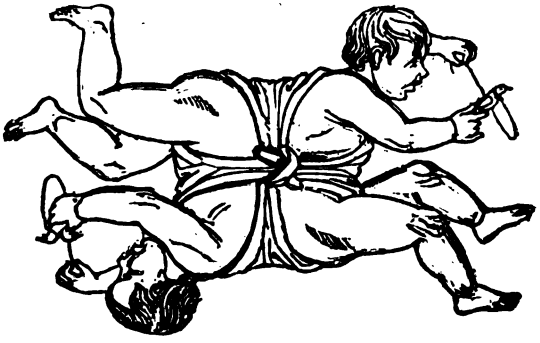
Rushbrook gave up his situation, sold his furniture, and quitted Yorkshire. In a few weeks afterwards he was installed into his new property, a splendid mansion, and situated in the North of Dorsetshire. Report had gone before them; some said that a common laborer had come into the property, others said it was a person in very moderate circumstances; as usual, both these reports were contradicted by a third, which represented him as a half-pay lieutenant in the army. Rushbrook had contrived to mystify even the solicitor as to his situation in life; he stated to him that he had retired from the Army, and lived upon the Government allowance; and it was in consequence of a reference to the solicitor, made by some of the best families in the neighborhood, who wished to ascertain if the new-comers were people who could be visited, that this third report was spread, and universally believed. We have already observed that Rushbrook was a fine, tall man; and if there is any class of people who can be transplanted with success from low to high life, it will be those who have served in the Army. The stoop is the evidence of a low-bred, vulgar man, the erect bearing equally so that of a gentleman. Now, the latter is gained in the Army, by drilling and discipline, and being well dressed will provide for all else that is required, as far as mere personal appearance is concerned. When, therefore, the neighbors called upon Mr. and Mrs Austin they were not surprised to find an erect, military-looking man, but they were very much surprised to find him matched with such a fine, and even elegant-looking woman as his wife—Timid at first, Jane had sufficient tact to watch others and copy, and before many months were passed in their new position, it would have been difficult to suppose that Mrs. Austin had not been born in the sphere in which she then moved. Austin was brusque and abrupt in his manners as before; but still there was always reserve about him, which he naturally felt, and which assisted to remove the impression of vulgarity. People who are distant are seldom considered ungentlemanlike, although they may be considered unpleasant in their manners. It is those who are too familiar who obtain the character of vulgarity.

Austin, therefore, was respected, but not liked; Jane, on the contrary, whose beauty had now all the assistance of dress, and whose continued inward mourning for her lost son had improved that beauty by the pensive air which she wore, was a deserved and universal favorite—People of course said Austin was a harsh husband, and pitied poor Mrs. Austin; but that people always do say if a woman is not inclined to mirth.

Austin found ample amusement in sporting over his extensive manor, and looking after his game. In one point the neighboring gentlemen were surprised, that, although so keen a sportsman himself, he never could be prevailed upon to convict a poacher. He was appointed a magistrate, and, being most liberal in all his subscriptions, was soon considered as a great acquisition to the county. His wife was much sought after, but it was invariably observed that, when children were mentioned, the tears stood in her eyes. Before they had been a year in their new position, they had acquired all the knowledge and tact necessary; their establishment was on a handsome scale; they were visited and paid visits to all the aristocracy and gentry, and were as popular as they could have desired to be. But were they happy? Alas! no. Little did those who envied Austin his property and establishment imagine what a load was on his mind—what a corroding care was wearing out his existence. Little did they imagine that he would gladly have resigned all, and been once more the poacher in the village of Grassford, to have removed from his conscience the deed of darkness which he had committed, and once more have his son by his side. And poor Jane, her thoughts were day and night upon one object—where was her child? It deprived her of rest at night; she remained meditating on her fate for hours during the day; it would rush into her mind in the gayest scenes and the happiest moments; it was one incessant incubus—one continual source of misery. Of her husband she thought less; for she knew how sincerely contrite he was for the deed he had done—how bitterly he had repented it ever since, and how it would, as long as he lived, be a source of misery—a worm that would never die, but gnaw till the last hour of his existence. But her boy—her noble, self-sacrificed little Joey!—he and his destiny were ever in her thoughts; and gladly would she have been a pauper, apply-

ing for relief, if she had but that child to have led up in her hand. And yet all the county thought how happy and contented the Austins ought to be, to have suddenly come into possession of so much wealth. 'Tis God alone that knows the secrets of the heart of man.

ANTIQUE DESIGN.



The above cut is copied from an outline etching published 1560, and displays considerable ingenuity in composition.

Divide the subject vertically, that is, cover with the hand the whole of the left side from the centre, and a single figure of a child is represented in a sitting posture. Divide the subject horizontally by covering the lower half, and the head and arms of the sitting figure become attached to another pair of legs, and it assumes a flying attitude. Turn the whole subject upside down and the effect is still the same. In these changes there is not the least violation of anatomical correctness in the outline.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

Portrait of a Hat, as seen emerging from Funnel, on the evening of the 4th.

BAR PRACTICE.

SEVERE SPOON EXERCISE.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF VALENTINE VOX.

WITH OCCASIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,—THE PRINCE.

PART 6.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH GEORGE IS, WITH PECULIAR FACILITY, ARRESTED.

In order that she might not be further annoyed, George strongly advised Helen to quit the house at once; and as this advice met with Bull's ardent approval, she hastily packed up her wardrobe and left, an asylum at George's residence having been offered and accepted with gladness.

As had been anticipated, Tynte arrived in less than an hour after their departure, and on finding that his poor trembling victim had escaped, his rage became almost maniacal, his object having been to regain possession of the four thousand pounds, which object, had Helen failed to follow the advice of George, would in all probability have been accomplished. As it was, he invoked the spirit of vengeance, and during its ascendancy over his mind, he, with a characteristic series of wild imprecations, vowed to be revenged upon both Bull and George.

On reflection, however, his knowledge of George's character prompted him to be cautious. He feared him; he felt well assured that if he were openly to assail him, his arrows would recoil upon himself; still, being firmly bent upon having his revenge, he resolved to annoy if he could not destroy him; and, in order that he might do so effectually in secret, he went to consult his friend Foster, whom he knew to be in practices of secret knavery an adept

Foster was an envious, and, therefore, an unhappy man. He was one of those grovelling, selfish beings whose souls are galled by another's prosperity. He could not bear to see any one of whom he had the slightest knowledge, successful: it cut him to the heart; and hence, knowing George to be a thriving man—thriving too, not by meanly cringing to the vicious and despicable, but by a strict adherence to manliness and honor, he felt a morbid pleasure in having what he conceived to be the means to inflict an injury upon him.

'Now, then,' said Tynte, having explained all this to this most unamiable man, 'how is he to be fixed? I am firmly determined to do it, if possible: the only question is, how can it effectually be done?'

'Why, my usual way when a fellow annoys me is to arrest him at once for some decent amount—say for ten thousand pounds, you know, or *so!* You can indict him, if you like; but that is a little more troublesome and expensive; besides, you give him then a greater facility for finding bail, and pushing the thing on for trial; whereas, if you arrest him, he'd find it rather difficult, I'm thinking, to procure bail for ten thousand pounds; and if he can't—and I don't believe that *he* can—why by ruling him on you may keep him in prison for a twelvemonth, or *so!*'

'The very thing!' exclaimed Tynte; 'but this can be done without my appearing in it?'

'*Most* easily! Bless your life, there's no difficulty in it at all. You have nothing more to do than to get a plaintiff who makes an affidavit and the writ issues. The thing is like A, B, C.'

'But who's to be the plaintiff—how is he to be got?'

'Bless your innocence! And do you mean to say that you've lived in town all these years without being up to that?'

Tynte confessed that in that peculiar branch of useful knowledge he was unhappily deficient, and having expressed a highly laudable anxiety to be enlightened, Foster instructed him how to proceed.

In the immediate vicinity of Serjeant's Inn, there is and has been for more than half a century a dirty, dismal den, held in high repute by a certain class of beings who live by the trade of perjury; for a trade indeed it is, and one, too, which is followed in this metropolis by hundreds. In the parlor of this reputable establishment, at any time between the hours of ten in the morning and twelve at night, a 'goodly company' of these creatures may be seen, some drinking, some smoking, and some playing at cribbage, but all waiting anxiously to sell their immortal souls to any one who may require the dreadful sacrifice, for a few shillings. They are not to be mistaken; they look like what they are; dead to every just and virtuous feeling, their consciences seem withered with every hope of salvation, and charity would prompt every christian to pray with the Great Redeemer, 'Father forgive them for they know not what they do,' but that the knowledge of their character forbids even the hope that of the meaning and import of the awful words, 'So help me God!' they are unconscious.

There are places of this description in various parts of London; but to this particular den of iniquity Foster directed Tynte to proceed, having given him full instructions, with a word of introduction to a celebrated attorney, who was a very active candidate himself for transportation, and who was, indeed, so successful in his canvass, that he was soon after duly elected by persons who took special care to prevent his return.

On entering the dismal place in question, Tynte called for a glass of brandy-and-water, while the persons by whom he found himself surrounded looked so earnestly at him, that he felt at once convinced that the object of his visit

was well understood by them all. He appeared however to take but little notice at first, but stood sipping his brandy-and-water, and carelessly glancing round the room; but having at length caught the eye of an elderly person who had been brooding gloomily with a pipe in his mouth near the fire, he ventured to observe that the air was rather damp.

'It is, very damp,' returned the person addressed, taking the pipe from his mouth, and brightening up in an instant, 'very damp indeed.'

'Will you drink?' said Tynte.

The invitation was no sooner given than the man approached. The subject of the weather was then renewed; but a very few minutes were suffered to elapse before Tynte, in an under tone, inquired if he knew Mr. Foster.

The man nodded in the affirmative; and having looked with great significance, whispered,

'What do you want?'

'An affidavit.'

'For what?'

'A debt.'

'What amount?'

'Ten thousand pounds.'

'Very well. Who's the attorney?'

'Bogers. You know him?'

'Well; when do you want it?'

'In the morning. Will you be there at eleven?'

'To a second.'

Tynte then placed a sovereign privately in his hand, ascertained that his name was Draygon, and quitted the house. He then called upon Bogers, and having explained to that virtuous gentleman that he wished to arrest a party, an arrangement was made, as a mere matter of business, for the plaintiff to meet the common-law clerk at eleven in the morning.

At the appointed hour, Draygon the 'plaintiff' accordingly went to the office of Mr. Bogers, and saw the clerk in question; and when the affidavit had been duly prepared—to the effect that 'this deponent maketh oath and saith, that defendant is justly and truly indebted unto this deponent in the sum of ten thousand pounds for money lent and advanced by this deponent to the said defendant, and at his request'—they proceeded to the King's Bench office in the Temple, and when the plaintiff had solemnly sworn that the contents of the affidavit were true, a writ was issued.

On its being, however, placed in the hands of the sheriff's officer, who knew it to be what is classically termed 'a mace,' he required the defendant to be pointed out to him, urging, as a reason, that it was so large a sum. Tynte, therefore, accompanied him at once; and having stationed themselves in a passage immediately opposite George's office, they watched for his coming out. They had not been there long before George made his appearance, when Tynte in an instant pointed him out, and disappeared as the officer approached him.

'Mr. Julian it strikes me I've the pleasure to address?' observed the officer respectfully.

'Julian is my name,' returned George.

'Mr. George St. George Julian, if I do not mistake.'

'You are perfectly correct.'

'Then I'm sorry to say, sir, I've a writ here agin yer—a large amount raither, sir—ten thousand pounds!'

'There's some mistake here,' said George, smiling. 'I do not owe ten thousand farthings to any creature breathing.'

'Most possible, sir. There's a many of these here things now a going on, sir. Verry sorry, sir, but I in course must do my duty.'

'But at whose suit is it?'

'Christopher Draygon's the plaintiff, sir.'

'Christopher Draygon!—I dont know the man. I never heard of him before! However, what's to be done?'

'Sorry, sir; go where you like, sir; either to lock-up, or White-cross-street, just which you please, sir. But as I des say it's all a mistake, you'd better go to a house. If you'll do me the favor to walk on sir, I'll keep at a respectable distance.'

'No, no;' said George, who by no means approved of the idea of being followed through the city by an officer. 'We'll have a coach.' And as one unhired happened to be passing at the moment, they hailed it and entered together.

Tynte no sooner saw George thus secured than he went to the Bank of England, and obtained a two hundred pound note for the small ones he had in his possession, and having cut it in half, proceeded at once to Bull's office.

As he entered, Bull looked at him fiercely, although he felt somewhat tremulous, expecting that of course he had called in order to tell him exactly what he thought of his conduct in giving up the four thousand pounds.

Tynte, however, bowed with great humility, and having assumed an extremely penitential aspect, said, with a meekness which was very appropriate, 'Mr Bull, I have taken the liberty of calling to offer a thousand apologies. I am, indeed, truly sorry that I should have suffered passion to blind my judgment so far as to induce me to commit myself so grossly.'

'I am glad, sir,' said Bull, who felt greatly relieved, for he had felt, up to that very moment, apprehensive that Tynte intended to commence proceedings against him; 'I am glad, sir, that on reflection you feel that you were wrong.'

'I *was* wrong, sir; very, very wrong, and I now ask your pardon. I beg of you to believe sir, that had I been cool, or even in my senses, I would not have offended you for the world.'

'I am satisfied, sir—quite satisfied, and I hope that you are equally satisfied that I acted correctly.'

'I am, sir; I am convinced that, as an honest, upright man, you could not have acted otherwise; indeed it would have been, I feel, totally inconsistent with the reputation you have acquired for straightforwardness and honor.'

Bull was considerably softened by this compliment, and as it met with the approbation of his own heart, he acknowledged it duly.

'But, sir,' continued Tynte, 'you are aware, I

am certain that a man of your experience and knowledge of the world, cannot but be aware that this matter, by taking from me almost all I possessed, has embarrassed me sadly; I have, therefore, as a mere matter of business on your part, and without the slightest inconvenience, to ask you a favor.'

Bull instinctively thrust his hands into his pockets, and inquired with a very droll expression of countenance, how he could serve him.

'I have,' replied Tynte, 'just received from a friend of mine in Gloucester, the half of a two-hundred-pound Bank of England note: the other half will follow, of course, as soon as the receipt of this has been acknowledged; but I am just now terribly pushed, Mr. Bull, I expect indeed to be arrested every hour; and although I might induce the attorney to wait perhaps, by lodging the half note with him, I don't like to trust it in his hands, Mr. Bull, for as a man of the world, you know what these lawyers are.'

The thought at this moment flashed across Bull's mind, that if this were a genuine note, he might make a few pounds by offering the accommodation, and as the practice of cashing half notes was by no means unusual, he really did feel that he might just as well make a profit by the transaction as any one else. He therefore replied, 'Very true, I *do* know what lawyers are, sir; I've had enough to do with them in my time, I have. Let me see the note; I'll do what I can for you, I will; but money is very valuable just now, Mr. Tynte!—this is settling day; the account's a bare account, sir; the differences are very, very heavy, they are; the exchanges all against us; but I'll manage it for you nevertheless, if I can. Be good enough to amuse yourself a moment with the paper; I'll just go and see how I stand.'

Taking the half-note with him, he ran in great haste to the Bank in order to ascertain if it were genuine, and on being assured that it was, he as hastily returned.

'I am sorry,' said he, 'I can't oblige you, Mr. Tynte. I find that I have drawn very close, sir; too close; much closer indeed than I ever dreamt of.'

'But have you no friend,' urged Tynte, 'who would do a little thing of this kind? I would pay him, sir, for the accommodation, willingly!'

'Bull, who had anticipated this application, replied, 'Why, I can't say that I don't know a friend who would do it. But he's a covetous man, sir!—money's scarce, and he knows it!—a very covetous man, and I don't like to lay myself under the obligation.'

'Let it be a matter of business, Mr. Bull—Don't make an obligation of it. I'll pay him—anything in reason.'

'But I'm afraid he'll not be satisfied with anything in reason. He's such a Jew, he is. However, as it will be of so much service, I'll go, I will, and hear what he says. How much shall I offer?'

'Oh, I'll leave it to you: you'll do the best you can for me, I know.'

Bull promised to do so and left him; ostensibly in order to consult this dear friend; but in reality with the view of thinking how he could secure the direct receipt of the other half-note.

Having hit upon what he conceived to be an excellent plan, he returned with a most dismal face. Tynte, however, who understood all this well, was by no means dismayed, although assuming an expression of the most intense anxiety, he inquired with great earnestness whether he had been successful.

'I have seen him,' replied Bull, shaking his head mournfully. 'Just what I expected, exorbitant! Avarice—avarice is the curse of life, it is. It amazes me how men can be so grasping. I'd strongly recommend you to wait until the other half arrives.'

'Impossible! I cannot wait. What does your friend require?'

'I don't like to tell you. Nor do I like to have any hand in such a vilely usurious transaction. I'd rather you waited; it's only a couple of days!'

'Once more, my friend, I cannot wait. I *must* make the sacrifice; what is it?'

'Why would you believe that he wants ten pounds! Did you ever see the like of people? —*I* never did.'

'It cannot be helped, Mr. Bull; he must have ten pounds.'

'Why it's a thousand per cent.! That's the way money's made, sir, in these days: a thousand per cent. per annum!'

'I am aware of it, sir, but I must submit.'

'Well,' returned Bull, who began to be rather angry with himself, for he now felt that he might just as well have asked twenty as ten.—'I only know, sir, that *I* wouldn't make such a sacrifice. I call it a robbery, I do. But if you must have the money, why you must. I'll go and get it.'

'I am ashamed, sir, to give you so much trouble,' said Tynte.

'Don't name it. In serving a friend I feel pleasure.'

He then went direct to his banker's, drew a cheque for the amount, and returned with the money, determined however not to hand it over until that had been done which he imagined would secure him against all risk.

'Well, I've got it, sir,' said he on his return; 'but only, only on one condition, for he's a very suspicious fellow, he is. For my part I can't bear to see people so suspicious.'

'What is the condition?'

'Why, that you write to acknowledge the receipt of the half-note, and to request your correspondent to send the other by return addressed to you at my office, and give me an authority in writing to open the letter on its arrival, and to hand the contents to my friend.'

'Most certainly. I can have no objection to that. He's a clever fellow though!' he added, smiling, 'whoever he may be, he's a sharp, shrewd dog.'

'He is,' returned Bull, who really thought that he was. 'He knows a little; as much perhaps as here and there one. There's no getting over *him*.'

Mr. Tynte was quite pleased with this re-

markable observation, and occasionally smiled while writing the letter, which he delivered when finished to Bull, with the authority, received the money, and left.

While Bull, however, was rubbing his knees, chuckling at the excessively artful way in which he had made the ten pounds, and congratulating himself upon his unexampled cleverness, he received a note from George, which made him tremble, for it informed him not only of the arrest, but of the suspicion which George entertained of its having been done through the instrumentality of Tynte. He therefore lost not a moment in starting for Chancery-lane, from which the note had been dated; nay, so dreadfully alarmed had he become, that he actually called a coach, and had moreover the unprecedented generosity to tell the driver that he would give him an additional sixpence to make his horses gallop all the way.

The coachman in consequence of this did his best, and having done so, demanded a shilling more than his fare, besides insisting resolutely upon having the promised sixpence. It was well for him that Bull was not in haste alone, but also in a state of agitation; as it was, however, he paid him, with a promise of having him up for extortion, and having taken his number, which he did not retain in his memory a moment, he entered the house with a dirty individual, who had two pots of porter in one hand, and a singularly coarse beef steak in the other.

'Mr. Julian I believe is here,' said Bull to the person in attendance.

'First to the left,' said that person, unlocking a door, surmounted with spikes, at the foot of the stairs.

Bull ascended, and having knocked at the first door on the right, entered a room, which was crowded with all sorts of persons, the whole of whom looked at him in an instant, but the next instant turned with an expression of disappointment, he not being the man whom any one of them expected.

'Mr. Julian?' said he, looking round; but as it suddenly occurred to him that this was not the first to the left, he rectified his error, and found George alone.

'Dear, bless me!' he exclaimed, as he entered the room. 'Why, my dear boy, why—what is all this? What's it for? What's the amount?'

'*Only* ten thousand pounds,' replied George, with a smile.

'Ten *thousand!*' cried Bull, starting back as if struck. 'Why—why—*ten* thousand!—Lord have mercy upon us! Dear, bless my life, I'd not the slightest notion of your being in so deep!'

'Nor had I until this morning: I assure you it rather surprised *me*.'

'But what have you been doing to owe so much money?'

'I don't owe a shilling of it! not a single shilling!'

'But how can that be, my boy? How can they arrest you for a debt you don't owe? It's illegal, it is; it can't be! In a land of liberty like this!—a Christian country!—a country with laws———'

'Which afford no protection,' added George, 'save to those by whom they are violated—laws, sir, which scourge the unfortunate man, while they shield the accomplished villain.'

'But how can it be? How can they answer to arrest a man who don't owe a farthing? I believe you, of course, my dear boy, because I know you wouldn't deceive me; but I don't understand it, I don't! Who's the creditor?—the man at whose suit the writ issued?'

'His name, it appears, is Christopher Draygon.'

'Draygon—Draygon—Draygon—who's Draygon?'

'I can't tell indeed, I never heard of the name before.'

'Never heard of him—never had any transaction with him!—where does he live? *I'll* see into it!—I'll see after him!—I'll Draygon him, I will! - only just let me know where he lives'

'This is the address; I sent a man at once down to the office to look at the affidavit; but I don't expect you'll find him.'

'Not find him? I'll find him. He shan't escape me.'

'If you should see him, just bring him here,' said George; 'persuade him to come with you.'

'Persuade him!—he shall come! I'll collar him. Keep up your spirits, my dear boy. I'll see it all right. I shall soon be back; it isn't far; only in Fetter-lane;—keep up your spirits.'

Having been assured by George that he was not at all depressed, he started for the residence of Christopher Draygon, which he found to be a filthy, loathsome place, the lower part of which was kept by a dealer in old iron, rags, and bones.

'Does a Mr. Christopher Draygon live here?' inquired Bull, having entered the shop.

'Yes, sir,' replied a person, whose face and arms were protected from the inclemency of the weather by a thick coat of rust and grease commingled.

'Can I see him, pray? Is he within?'

'No; he's never at home, only at night, sir.—We don't scarce see nothing at all of him.'

'What is he, pray?'

'Don't know nothing at all about him. I only know he goes out in the morning and comes home at night.'

'Is he a rich man.

'Rich!' echoed the dirty individual, tossing his head contemptuously; 'rich! God pity him! I only wish he was; he wouldn't then be so back'ard in coming forrard with his rent.'

'What is the best time to catch him at home, my friend? I want to see him on very particular business indeed.

'Oh, you *want* to see him? Ah, then there ain't one half a chance. If you didn't want to see him you might catch him by a miracle, if you've luck; but as you do want to see him, I can't give you *no* sort of hopes: he's as slippery as a live silver eel.'

'Then there's no chance of seeing him?'

'*Not* half a ha'porth! He never sees nobody; 'specially if any body's arter him. I never see sich a fish! I'm sure the gen'elmen as calls, is

astonishing; but no, he won't see them, the eternal fool; for sich connections, in course, might do something for him. It's pride, o' my thinking; for raythey than putt hisself hunder a obligation, he goes on and on here as poor as a bug.'

'Is he a lawyer, or in any way connected with the law?'

'Heaven and earth only knows what he is, or what he does. I can't make him out, and never could.'

'Well, I'm obliged to you for the information. Good day.'

As the eyes of Mr. Bull now began to be opened; as he pretty clearly saw that this was in reality a most villanous transaction, he called upon the attorney whom he knew, and who walked to the lockup-house with him.

As they entered the room which was occupied by George, he looked at the attorney with an expression indicative of something like a desire to annihilate him without any unnecessary loss of time, conceiving that, of course, he was no other person than the veritable Christopher Draygon, Gent. On being undeceived, however, his countenance changed, and they entered calmly into the question of what was to be done.

'This is not by any means,' said the attorney, 'an uncommon occurrence, although it appears to be, and is in reality monstrous. My only wonder is that they did not proceed a little farther, and have a couple of affidavits and a couple of plaintiffs, in order that the difficulty might thereby be doubled. However, as it is, there is nothing to be done but to find good bail.'

'The amount is so large!' said George.

'True: it is, indeed, a large amount; but as the matter is certain to come to nothing, Mr. Bull, I should say, might easily find an equally responsible person to join him.'

This rather startled Bull. The idea of becoming bail for so large a sum as ten thousand pounds, had a powerful effect upon his nerves. He did not, however, see how he could refuse, and was therefore quite silent.

'But surely,' said George, who had watched Bull intently, and knew pretty well what was passing in his mind, 'surely a judge, sir, would order my discharge upon finding nominal bail, or a strong affidavit of the facts?'

'That has been tried,' replied the attorney, 'again and again. The judge assumes to have no such power. His argument is that if he could discharge on the plea of not owing the money, in a case for five or ten thousand pounds, he could do it for twenty pounds, or any other sum. He would thus have all the *trying;* and if that were once established, he would have as many cases as if he were invested with the power of unmarrying the married. Bail, sir, must be found, or you'll have to lie in a prison, sir, for twelve or eighteen months; for, of course, they'll rule you on.'

'But can't we punish the knaves?' inquired Bull. 'Is there no sort of remedy?'

'Remedy? Oh, yes: of course, there's a remedy! It's a free Briton's proudest boast that there can be no wrong without a remedy! For example, you bring your action for a malicious arrest, and what do you get? Why, after going on for perhaps a year and a half you get a verdict, and that's about all you do get. Where's the defendant? He's not to be found. His name is Christopher Draygon, and he lived at a marine store-shop in Fetter Lane once, but where is he now? Who can tell? You can't find him!—and even if you can, what then?—what is he? A beggar! Still, there's no wrong without a remedy! Bail, sir, must be had; nothing else can be done.'

'It's a monstrous sum of money,' observed Bull, 'is ten thousand pounds.'

'Yes, but then it isn't like a real debt,' said the attorney.

'*You'd* have no difficulty, at all, you know, in getting a friend to join you in such a case as this.'

'I don't know, people don't like to do it, they don't.'

'You can get it done, there's no doubt about that. The only question is, have you sufficient confidence in Mr. Julian?'

'I have every confidence in him, I have. I do not believe he would do anything wrong for the world.'

'There is nothing to induce him to do so in this case; he has not any temptation to fix his bail.'

'I see that, I do; I see it clearly. Well! I'll go at once and do what I can.'

'I only want to get out,' said George, who had for some time been pacing the room in silence, 'and I'll undertake to relieve you of all responsibility within a week.'

'My dear boy, I've the most perfect confidence in you. It shall be done. I promise you I'll do it without delay.'

This promise was faithfully performed; and as the officer was perfectly satisfied with the bail, on receiving a liberal fee, George was liberated in the course of a few hours.

'Now,' said Bull, when this had been accomplished, 'as you strongly suspect that man Tynte, I'll tell you what I did this morning.'

'He then entered into a full explanation of all that had occurred, and when he had finished, George exclaimed,—

'I am glad of it.'

'Glad!' cried Bull, in a state of amazement.

'Glad!' replied George 'And I hope it will turn out as I fully expect it will, that he has got some one else to cash the other half.'

'What, that I may be swindled out of the two hundred pounds?'

'Oh we shall find out who has got the other half, and when we do, sir, we'll fix him.'

'Fix him! I'll punish him I will, with the utmost rigor of the law! A scoundrel like that to come and swindle people out of their substance! I'll have him up before the Lord Mayor! I'll have him transported, I will! Coming to me with his rag and getting a hundred and ninety pounds here out of me! Hanging's too good for such a fellow.'

'I expect you got the worst of it.'

'The worst of it! Who'd have thought it possible? Coming to me, as he did here, with a face as long as my arm and begging my pardon, and hoping I'd forgive him, and all for the purpose of taking me in!—the scoundrel! *I'd* have forgiven him if I'd only known it. I'd have kicked him out of the office as clean as a whistle.—I'd have strangled him, I would. Is a fellow like that fit to live on the face of the earth? I'll trounce him. I'll teach him to come with his bits of rags to me! Why he ought to be brought to the stake, he ought! Plundering people like that!'

'Have you posted the letter to Gloster?'

'Oh it's gone. The scoundrel! I put it in myself to make sure.'

Well, then we shall soon see how the case stands. If it be as I anticipate, I'll in the first place, release you from all responsibility on my account, and then with arguments which shall not fail, I'll convince him of the expediency, not only of making restitution, but of never even attempting to annoy either of us in any way again!'

'Frighten him into fits, my dear boy! make him feel as if he hadn't a head on.'

'I'll manage him. Leave him to me.'

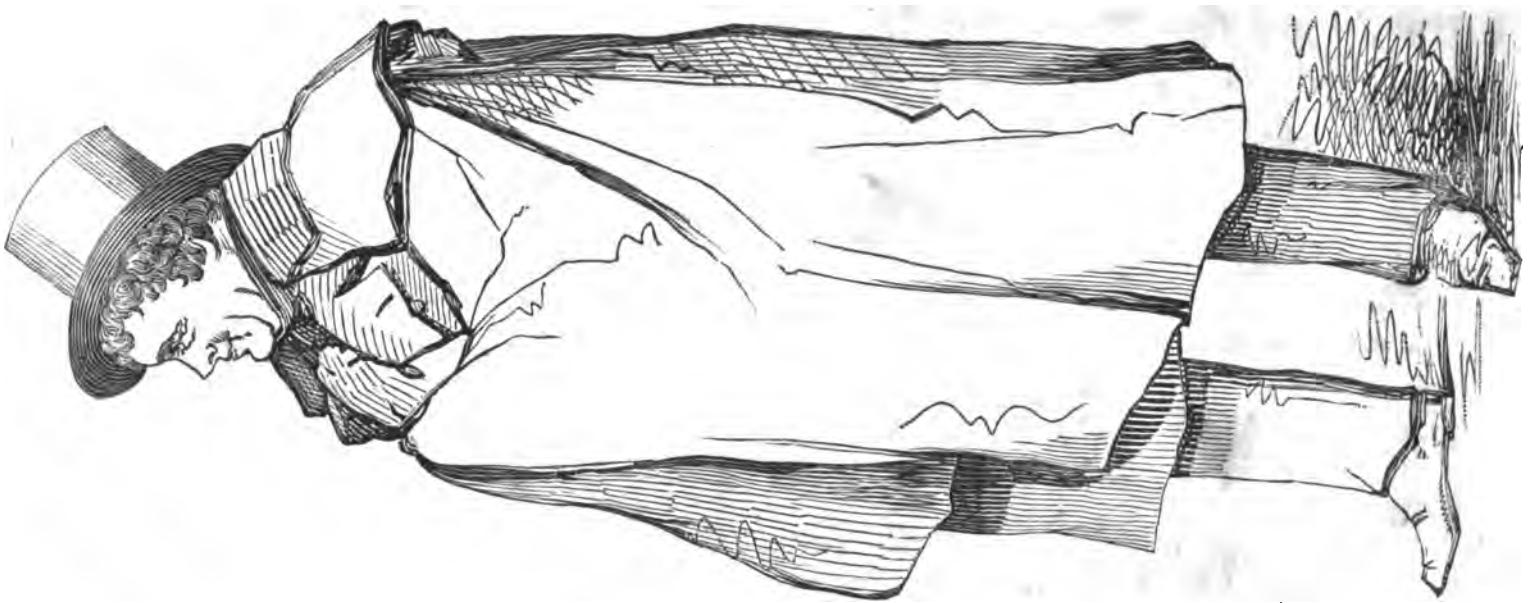
'But did you ever hear of such a blackguard? It's enough to make a man hit his mother. I shall always look with an eye of suspicion, I shall, upon him who pulls a long face and comes to beg pardon. I feel so mad, my dear boy, at being bit in this barefaced way, I don't know how to contain myself, I don't. I'm fit to bite my own nose off!'

And it is a striking fact, that as he did not believe himself then to be quite so clever as he had imagined himself to be, he was humiliated even in his own estimation.

AN ANTI-TEE-TOTAL TRIO TAKING A PARTING "DROP."

" 'We won't go home till morning,'—hic! 'To night we will merry be, to-morrow we'll be sober,'—demme!

PORTRAIT OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.



(TAKEN FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH.)

ROBERTS'

SEMI-MONTHLY

MAGAZINE.

NO. VIII. MAY 1, 1841.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF VALENTINE VOX.

WITH OCCASIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,—THE PRINCE.

PART 7.

CHAPTER IX.

THE POTATO SPECULATION.

As George had anticipated, so it occurred; no such person as the one to whom the letter had been addressed, was known at Gloucester; while Tynte, hearing that George was most anxious to meet with him, wisely kept out of the way. He could nowhere be found; the whole of his associates were applied to in vain, not one of them had seen him, but they all had to propose highly lucrative schemes, in which they hoped that he would join them, but to which he refused even to listen for a moment.

On calling, however, upon Wese to ascertain if *he* knew of Tynte's retreat, he was replied to in a manner so solemn, and under circumstances so extraordinary, that he consented to give his best attention to the matter, and to advise him when he had heard the particulars, how to act, which so delighted the immortal Peter, that he seized his hand and shook it with an expression of joy.

'I have conceived, sir,' said he, assuming a most important aspect, on becoming somewhat tranquil, 'I have conceived, sir, a project, an original project, which, if well carried out, sir, cannot fail to make our fortunes at once; and what is more, it's on the square, sir!—strictly on the square.'

'Well!' said George, who was certainly rather curious to know what sort of scheme *he* had the power to conceive, for it must be confessed that he had been taken by surprise, inasmuch as he had never even entertained the notion that Peter had been on any occasion blessed with an idea which could lay claim to anything bearing the semblance of originality. 'Well—what is it?'

'Sir,' replied Peter, 'I'll tell you; and you are the only man in the world whom I would tell. I haven't named it to a single soul; I have kept it, sir, within my own breast. Not that I'm afraid of people acting upon the idea, because they couldn't carry it out, sir; were they to make the attempt, they would only spoil it. No, sir, the thing must be done by us, we alone, can manage it; you and I sir are the only men!'

George smiled, but seemed to be anxious for him to come the point.

'In the first place, sir,' continued Peter, 'we must get a patent for it; we must secure it to ourselves, and they can't refuse to grant us a patent!—that's perfectly impossible.'

'But what is it?' said George impatiently.

'Sir,' replied Peter, who was in no sort of haste; 'it is a thing which will yield a profit, sir, of one thousand six hundred per cent. Look at that!—sixteen hundred per cent.!'

'That is rather a large profit, sir,' observed George.

'Sir, it is a large profit; but it is to be done, and what is more, sir, done with ease!'

'I am impatient to know what it is! It must be something very important, I should think.'

'It is, sir, of universal importance. I've got the prospectus drawn out, and all the preliminaries arranged; I've been working hard at it, sir: every thing is ready, and I mean, sir, to call it 'THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN ASSOCIATION FOR THE RENOVATION OF WHITE KID GLOVES!''

'For the renovation of what!' exclaimed George, laughing heartily.

'White kid gloves,' replied Peter, with a solemn expression, wondering what on earth could have made George merry: 'don't you think it a capital idea?'

'Oh, excellent!—but how do you mean to proceed?'

'Why, in the first place, sir, we must take a magnificent office; appoint a banker, a solicitor, and so on; issue prospectuses—I've got a flamer, ready capital fifty thousand pounds, in five hundred pounds each; it's of no use commencing with less than fifty thousand.'

'No; I should say that is about the smallest capital you ought to commence with to do any good. But how do you renovate gloves? and how can sixteen hundred per cent. be obtained?'

'I'll explain,—but, in the strictest confidence!'

'Of course!'

'Well, sir, then I have made the discovery, that by dipping a piece of flannel in the spirits of turpentine, and rubbing it over the gloves, every species of dirt in an instant disappears; when, by washing them well in cold water, and letting them gradually dry, you restore them to their pristine beauty; you make them, sir, just as good as new, without the shape being altered, or the stitches destroyed.'

'Very well: now, two pair of white kid gloves, sir, can be cleaned at the cost of one farthing; half a farthing's-worth of turpentine being sufficient to clean each pair—charge four pence per pair for their renovation, and that gives you a profit at once of one thousand six hundred per cent.'

'Well, certainly nothing can be clearer than that. But why do you propose to call it the British and *Foreign* Association?'

'Because most of the kid gloves worn sir, are foreigners. Those buff ones are Frenchmen, you have on. I can tell them in a moment. Now I suppose you gave half a crown for these?'

'That I believe was the price.'

'Very well then; just look at the case as it stands. When they are soiled, and they soon are, you can't wear them; you buy another pair, and have to give another half crown; whereas, if you had them renovated for the small charge of fourpence, you would save within a fraction of four hundred per cent. So that you see the importance of the scheme is so general and so vast, that I have not the slightest doubt that we realize at least twenty thousand a-year.'

'Certainly not less than that,' said George drily.

'No; I don't see how we can. And then, you know, we'll have the whole of the workmen sworn to secrecy.'

'Yes, that I should say, will be very essential. How many pair of white kid gloves are purchased every year?'

'How many?'—cried Peter—'can't tell.'

'Oh, that of course must be got for the prospectus. Show that;—get the average for the last ten years, and then you know we'll talk about the patent.'

This rather puzzled Peter. But he promised promptly to get at it—nay, he *would!*—and when George had left, began to consider *how*, without suspecting for a moment that George had not been much struck with either the excellence or the practicability of the project.

Now, at this particular period the revenue was being constantly defrauded to a considerable extent in the department of stamps; as the process by which it had been effected had become well known to him, and as he had for some time made the means by which it could be effectually prevented his study, George, wishing to do something which might place him in a better position before McGregor returned from Poyais, wrote to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, soliciting an interview and stating the object proposed.

As a brief explanation of the mode in which this species of fraud was accomplished may be held to be necessary, it will be proper here to state that by a chemical process the ink was discharged from old stamps which (the stamps themselves, of course, being perfectly uninjured) were sold again as new. This system was carried to an immense extent then, and has been practised ever since. It is indeed an indisputable fact, that the articles of a great proportion of the Jew attorneys, at present practising in London, were engrossed upon old stamps purloined from the Master's office in the Temple. But the loss to the revenue was not all; the public suffered by the system to a ruinous extent; and as names and dates could be removed from any instrument with the utmost facility, it may be readily conceived that if the system were carried to the extent which it might be carried, commercial credit in this or any other country would be utterly destroyed. George would undertake to discharge any portion of the writing on a bill of exchange, a cheque, a will, or, in fact, any other kind of instrument; and it was with the view of checking the knaves by whom it was fraudulently practised that he sought and eventually discovered the means of rendering it impossible.

His letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer was well received and an early interview promised. Indeed, the answer returned was of a character so favorable, that George went in search of premises adapted to the manufacture of paper, having explained in his letter to the Chancellor, that in consideration of the public service rendered he should expect to have the contract for the supply of all the paper to be used for stamps in the United Kingdom, it being only from a peculiarly manufactured paper that ink could not be discharged.

While looking out for premises suitable for this purpose in the vicinity of London, he happened to hear that an extremely clever person, named Colman, who had at that time the temporary management of a slate quarry near Portsmouth, and who had for years been engaged in the manufacture of paper, was the very man to whom he ought at once to apply, and who would be happy to give him whatever information on the subject he might require.

Without waiting for a second communication from the Chancellor, he therefore started for Plymouth, and had several interviews with Colman, whom he found to be a very intelligent man, and withal so exceedingly active that he promised to give him a liberal engagement in the event of his succeeding in the object he had in view, and moreover offered—as an immediate return for the politeness with which he had been received—to take his nephew with him to London, and to place him in a situation, which offer was gladly accepted, the young man being exceedingly poor, although fairly entitled to considerable property, to which, however, he had been unable to establish a claim.

The object of his visit having thus been satisfactorily attained, he proposed to leave Plymouth on the following day; but as, in the course of the evening, he happened to hear at the inn at which he had taken up his quarters that three persons had just arrived from town with the view of buying up all the potatoes, a scarcity being anticipated, he inquired further into the matter, and having ascertained that potatoes were then extremely cheap, and that the prospect of their becoming extremely dear was not very remote, he thought that he might just as well enter into a little potato speculation *himself*, he being then within a few miles of the place from which the great London market was to a very considerable extent supplied.

After weighing the matter for some time, and hearing all the landlord wished to impart—and that person was exceedingly eloquent while describing the fortunes that had been made by potato speculations—George went at once to Colman, and on finding that he knew the majority of the growers, through whom he could easily get at the rest, he determined upon starting the next morning early, with the view of buying up all that were to be had, and then selling them to those merchants who had gone down in order to do the same thing; but who, lest it should be thought that they wanted the potatoes, intended to wait till market-day.

Early the next morning he accordingly started accompanied by his protege Frederick Broadbridge, and soon found himself in the midst of a singularly uncouth set of people, with whom he discovered that in order to do any good, he must eat and drink enough at least for six.

These people complained bitterly of London merchants in the aggregate, who, in consequence of there having been no competition, had for years been in the habit of giving them what price they pleased, and declared that the result of this monopoly had been to make potatoes scarcely worth growing at all, and that they supposed—as the price got less every year—that the time was not very far distant when the merchants would expect them to give them for nothing, send them home, pay the freight, and then peel them.

Having passed nearly two days among them, he succeeded in purchasing ten thousand bags at the price he had fixed, and when they assured him that in putting them up they would do him justice—which he felt convinced they would do—he took a hearty leave of them, their wives and daughters, and returned with his companion to the inn.

On the morrow, being market-day, the monopolists made their appearance, and of course treated the farmers as usual, cavalierly. *They* didn't want potatoes!—not they. Potatoes were a drug in the market already; but they would'nt mind taking them off their hands at a price!

George explained to them all that he was connected with no monopoly, that he wished to purchase solely on his own account; and having set forth clearly the advantages which they themselves would derive from competition, he became so great a favorite with them and their wives, that they vowed they would rather let him have them at two shillings per bag, than they would sell them to the monopolists at two and twopence. George, however, insisted upon giving them two and threepence, which made him their idol at once, for they believed—and it was in reality the fact—that he wished to take no advantage of them, and therefore, could he have eaten enough for five and twenty giants, they would have been all the better pleased.

The farmers enjoyed this amazingly, and chuckled at the idea—and be it known that a Cornish farmer can chuckle when he likes, and that in a style too, which no other farmer can match—but when they informed the monopolists that they had been thus forestalled, it was found that those monopolists did want potatoes, and that very much: indeed, so much, that in the course of a few hours the price rose to three shillings and sixpence per bag.

While George was deliberating whether to sell them to the monopolists there in London, he saw a placard announcing the sale of a brig, under a commission of bankruptcy, and as the freight from thence to London was one pound per ton, it occurred to him that if he could purchase her on easy terms, he might make a considerable sum by the joint speculation, besides having her, in the event of a vessel being required—which he fully expected—to sail for Poyais.

Having spoken to Colman on the subject, he was introduced by him to several masters of vessels, from whom he learned that the brig came last from the Cape with a cargo of wine; that she had put into Plymouth in distress; that soon after her arrival her owner in London had become bankrupt; that her cargo had been landed; that the vessel and stores only were for sale; and that their opinion was that although she would be cheap at a thousand pounds, she would fetch but five or six hundred.

In consequence of this George attended the sale, which took place on the following day, having previously gone on board with a person in whose judgment Colman had informed him he could place the utmost confidence.

The brig was put up at three hundred pounds, and after various biddings reached four hundred guineas. The broker then, to gain time and to secure thereby a better price, gave a history of the vessel:

He stated that she was Spanish built; had

formerly been employed in the packet service, was a very fast sailer, had been afterwards employed in the slave trade, had been captured on the Coast of Africa, for acts of piracy, after having been fired into and her commander killed; that she was sent into Mozambique, condemned, put up for sale, purchased by a merchant residing at the Cape for himself and partner, taken round to that settlement, loaded with wine, despatched for England, encountered bad weather in the Channel and put into Plymouth in distress; and that he marvelled greatly that after all this, no more than four hundred guineas should be offered.

The immediate effect of this was very powerful; the bidding again went on until it had reached four hundred and eighty pounds, when the broker again paused, but on discovering that he had nothing more to say about the brig, he inquired for the last time if there was any advance on four hundred and eighty pounds, when George bid five hundred, and the hammer went down.

George having prepared himself for this, paid twenty-five per cent. of the purchase money then, with the understanding that the rest was to be paid within a week. An inventory of the stores was then handed to him, together with her register and other papers, and he congratulated himself upon having made the purchase, and with reason, inasmuch as, deducting the freight of his potatoes, the cost of the vessel could not exceed two hundred pounds.

On going on board the following day to look over the stores with the broker, to whom he entrusted the fitting-out of the vessel, and the appointment of the master and crew, he observed a number of peculiarly formed cheeses, and having tasted one or two of them, he determined to take home half-a-dozen to Julia. They were accordingly packed up, and when he had given full instructions to the broker and to Frederick, whom he left to look after the potatoes in his absence, he started for town with his cheeses.

On his arrival, he proceeded directly home, and was received with joy by both Julia and Helen. He had never been absent from Julia before, and her delight at seeing him, and that moreover looking so well, may be conceived—but by those alone who know what a *god* an affectionate husband is in the eyes of an amiable woman.

During the evening he entertained them with an amusing relation of all that had occurred, explaining to them how completely he had lost his heart among the wives and daughters of the Cornish farmers, and giving them a graphic description of their peculiar characteristics. But that which Julia held to be more wonderful than all was, the idea of his having absolutely purchased a vessel! Oh! how she did long for its arrival in the river! for she had already made up her mind that it must be something like a seventy-four—dear! how she should enjoy going on board while the streamers were waving and the sailors were running up the masts; and then the cabin! to dine in a sweet little cabin, how extremely delightful it must be.

George smiled at the rapture expressed, and then spoke of the cheeses, which they only wished to *see*; and when one was produced they then only wished to taste, being perfectly sure that anything coming from the vessel must indeed be delicious.

The tray was accordingly ordered, and when Julia, Helen, and Jane had seated themselves at the table, George proceeded to perforate the top of the cheese. On piercing the rind, however, he found that his knife came in contact with something which certainly was not cheese!—Stimulated thereby to further exertions, he made a circle in the centre, and on raising the piece discovered a tin case embedded! The top of the case was off in an instant, and he drew forth a roll of bank-notes, both English and Foreign, with a number of papers written in a variety of languages.

The surprise expressed by them all was of course unbounded. 'Let me count the notes,' cried Julia: and while she was engaged in that pleasing occupation, George was examining the papers.

The history which the broker had given of the brig then occurred to him. She had been captured for acts of piracy: these were false papers with which she had sailed!—the commander had been killed when the brig was fired into, those notes then were the property he had amassed and placed there for security. These inferences were natural: nothing could be more so. It was no uncommon thing, during war, for even English trading vessels to sail with false papers; nor was it unusual for the money on board to be ingeniously concealed; it was therefore clear to George that he was correct in his conjectures.

'Well,' said he, having satisfied himself on this point, 'and how much do you make of them?'

'Can't tell exactly, yet,' replied Julia. 'Here are several queer-looking foreign affairs, which we cannot at all understand.'

George looked at them; and having made the necessary calculations, found that the value of the whole exceeded two thousand pounds.

'Now, my dear George,' exclaimed Julia, 'we'll examine all the others!—we'll have them all up. Every cheese may contain the same sum: there's no telling.'

'I fear we shall find no more,' returned George, with a smile.

'But we may, you know, my dear. Who knows? Suppose we try?'

'Oh, by all means! Order the rest up.'

They were accordingly produced, and George duly pierced them all; but although nothing more was discovered, he was perfectly satisfied: for as, according to his lowest calculation, he should clear an additional thousand, he might even then be said to have realised three thousand pounds by his trip.

CHAPTER X.

TREATS OF VARIOUS MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE TO ALL CONCERNED.

Julia was so overjoyed the previous evening, that she had totally forgotten to tell George

until the morning, that, in consequence of his prolonged absence, Bull had been in a state of anxiety the most feverish and intense.'

'Forgive me dear,' she exclaimed, 'for neglecting to tell you before; but oh, he has been in *such* a way!—you cannot conceive what a fidget he has been in.'

'Has he called very often?'

'He has been constantly calling, and asking such very droll questions!—Have you any idea of going abroad?'

'Going abroad, my love!—No. What induced you to think of that?'

'Oh, only because he wished most particularly to know if I had ever heard you say that you meant to go abroad.'

It now became manifest to George, that, notwithstanding the 'unbounded confidence' Bull professed to have in his honor, he had been dreadfully apprehensive of his having intended to commit the most odious breach of confidence of which a man can be guilty—namely, that of fixing his bail.

He, therefore, on leaving home, started direct to Bull's office, and the affectionate ecstacy with which he was greeted, surpassed every species of rapture he had ever witnessed before. Bull flew to him as he entered, and seized both his hands, and shook them with a warmth which might have conveyed to a purely unsophisticated mind an idea of the most ardent friendship.

'My dear boy!' he exclaimed. 'My dear boy!—you don't know, you don't, how glad I am to see you!'

'Yes, I think I do,' said George drily.

'Well? And what have you done? What success have you had? Have you sold your potatoes? Ah, you ought to have let me into that. I'd have sent you down money; any sum you might have wanted, I would, Mrs. Julian told me all about it; and you don't know how pleased I was to hear the good news.'

'I have to thank you,' observed George, 'for calling so frequently upon Mrs. Julian; it was very polite of you, very.'

'Don't name it, don't name it!' said Bull, as his countenance underwent a sudden change. 'Oh, don't name it!'

'Of course, you began to imagine I had run from my bail?'

'My dear boy, how came you to think of such a thing? How is it possible I *could* entertain such a notion? You know me better than that, you do; you *know* you know me better. But how, how about the potatoes?'

George proceeded to explain to him all that had happened from the time he left town until he opened the cheese; but before he had perfectly finished the history, Bull was informed that a person wished to see him on very particular business indeed. George, therefore, rose at once; but Bull begged of him to remain, and proceeded to the outer office. He had, however, scarcely been absent two minutes before he returned with an elderly Jew, whom he slightly introduced as Mr. Isaacs.

'Will you be kind enough to state what you wish to explain to this gentleman,' said Bull, addressing Isaacs. 'He knows all about the transaction.'

'Vy,' returned the Jew, 'arl I vantsh to explain, Mishter Pull, ish ash thish, that I've cot arf a note, I advanched a hundred and fifty poundsh on, and vantsh for to get the other.'

'How came you to think of applying to Mr. Bull?' inquired George.

'Pecaush I heard Mishter Pull resheived the other yeshterday, and ash an honesht man, vood give it up on application.'

'Are you aware,' said George, 'that Mr. Bull advanced a hundred and ninety pounds upon the other half-note?'

'A hundred and ninety poundsh!' exclaimed Isaacs. 'Vot! then are ve shwindled? The schoundrel! I'll have him transhported! Mishter Pull, vill you go mit me to take out a varrant? Vill you join me?'

'Willingly!' cried Bull, 'I'll do anything, I will, to get him sent out of the country.'

'That'sh right, Mishter Pull!—that'sh right, ma friend. If any person ought to be shent out of the country, it'sh that shwindling scamp. And yet vatsh the ushe after arl, Mishter Pull?—vat'sh the ushe? You know vat he ish, the schoundrel. Don't you think, Mishter Pull, vee'd petter shettle it petween us? If we shend him out of the country, ve shall have to do that. It'sh petter to make the pesht of a pad job at vonsh. Shupposh ve shettle it; vill you puy mine, or shall I puy yoursh?'

'Oh, ho! I perceive!' thought George.

'Vat shay you, Mishter Pull? You know it musht come to that!—and moneysh ish very short vit me just now.'

'Do the numbers correspond?' inquired George.

'Yesh, av coursh they correshpond!'

'How do you know?'

'Here it ish!' replied Isaacs, showing his half, but holding it with both hands tightly.

George looked at it, and when Bull produced his, he found that the numbers did correspond.

'And when did you see this man last?' he inquired.

'The day pefore yesterday morning.'

'Have you known him long?'

'Not sho very long. Put I've known him long enough to know he'sh a shwindler.'

'Have you any objection to sign this paper?' said George, writing.

'Vat'sh it apout?'

'It is simply a declaration that you received the half note which you now hold, from Tynte, and that you advanced a sum of money, that is to say a hundred and fifty pounds upon it.'

'No, I never putsh my hand to papersh.'

'You will sign it, Mr. Isaacs, if you are an honest man.'

'I am an honesht man, put I will not shighn. Itsh a pad practish that ish of putting namesh to papersh.'

'Then I see how it is,' said George clearly. 'You will probably be good enough to tell Mr. Tynte, whom you will see, I have no doubt,

soon after you leave here, that Mr. Bull, by the advice of Mr. Julian, will not consent to place him in a better position than that in which he now stands; and if he be desirous of remaining in this country he will call upon Mr. Julian, or at least appoint a time for having an interview with him forthwith; and that unless Mr. Julian shall receive such an appointment within three days, he may abandon every hope of being able to make any arrangement, for nothing shall induce Mr. Julian after that to consent to his escape from transportation.'

'But you don't suppose for a moment that I am in league with him, I hope?'

'I should say that which is false were I to say that I do not. I *do* suppose it, Mr. Isaacs. It is to me palpable; finding that he had placed himself in a dangerous position, he sent you here for the purpose of coming to some arrangement.'

'I assure you,' said Isaacs, 'I know nothing at arl apout it.'

'I will *not* believe you,' returned George, 'your assurance with me, therefore, can have no effect. Go, Mr. Isaacs, tell him what I have said; unless I have an interview within three days, he need not hope to escape transportation.'

'But had'nt we petter shettle thish pisheneah at vonch? Von't it pe petter for us arl?'

'No. It would only be better for him. Mr. Bull will not hold any further communication either with him or with you. This matter must be settled with me, sir, and with me alone.'

'Vell! I didn't know that Mishter Pull vash a shild to pe led py the noshe py Mishter Julian.'

'No, you merely imagined that Mr. Bull was a fool that could be led by the nose by Mr. Isaacs.'

'I don't vant to lead any von by the noshe,' rejoined Isaacs, moving towards the door. 'I'm a reshpectable man, I vood have you to know, I came here for hish advantash. If Mishter Pull refushesh to shettle, I musht do the pesht vat I can, and he musht take the conshequenceesh of hish folly. Coot tay, Mishter Julian! Coot tay, Mishter Pull. I hope you'll get change for your note, Mishter Pull. I vish you a very coot tay.' Whereupon he left the office with a sneer, which the muscles of an Israelite only can establish.

'I didn't like to say anything,' said Bull, when Mr. Isaacs had departed; 'but I think it would have been better to come to terms. You see, my dear boy, however long it goes on, we must both make a sacrifice, we must; don't you see?'

'I see,' returned George, 'that *he* will have to make no sacrifice. He gave nothing for the half which he holds, depend upon that. He has been offered, perhaps, ten or fifteen pounds to get the other half out of your hands, and the probability is, that had he succeeded, he would, in spite of Mr. Tynte, have kept the whole.'

'Suppose he had, my dear boy—suppose he had; what have I to do with that? What is the value of the half note to me? I can do nothing with it, I can't; I may as well have a piece of blank paper.'

'Will you take a hundred pounds for it?'

'Nay,' replied Bull, suddenly assuming the shrewd and suasive aspect with which he invariably bargained. 'Nay, that is too little, it is. Nay, I'll tell you what I'll do with you: I'll lose twenty pounds—there! And that's a deal of money.'

'Keep it,' said George, 'and you will not lose a shilling: you will, on the contrary, gain ten pounds by the transaction. I have not the smallest doubt of being able to get the whole.'

'But I'd rather let you have it, I would,' rejoined Bull, who had very considerable doubts on the subject. 'Say a hundred and fifty for it. Come—there! We've never had a piece of business together yet. Come; say a hundred and fifty, and it's yours.'

'No; I'll give you a hundred, and then I shall make a hundred by it.'

Bull was by no means so sure on this point; he thought it indeed very doubtful: besides, it struck him at the time, that after what had occurred, the other half might be destroyed; and hence, feeling very acutely that it were better to lose one hundred pounds than two, he said, mournfully, after much deliberation, 'Well; it's a deal of money to lose; but as it's our first transaction, you shall have it.'

George accordingly gave him a cheque for the amount; and, in the course of the day, to Bull's bitter mortification, he placed before him the note complete. The wound thus inflicted was, however, partly healed by the information that he and his friend who had become bail for George were released; for George had seen Tynte, whom he so dreadfully alarmed that he not only gave the half note up at once, but went with him to have the villainous action withdrawn.

It being now no longer necessary for George to borrow money, and having heard nothing more from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he started for Plymouth on the following day, with the view of completing the purchase of the brig, and of giving an impetus to the progress of his speculation.

During his absence, both Frederick and the broker had been active; so active, indeed, that on his arrival a great proportion of the potatoes had been delivered, although they were in the ground when they were purchased, while the vessel had been fitted up smartly, and engagements had been made with a master and crew.

Having consulted the broker, who appeared to be, and was, extremely anxious to do all in his power to serve him, George determined on sending his first cargo to Newport, in order that they might be purchased for the Bristol market. The brig was accordingly loaded, and when Frederick, who went with her as supercargo, had sold the potatoes at Newport, at the rate of seven shillings per bag, he returned with a cargo of coals, which more than covered the whole of the expenses, and George was so much pleased with the intelligence and activity he had displayed, that he not only made him a handsome

present, but left the entire management of the rest in his hands—to the delight of Colman, who wept, he was so glad—and having taken leave of the friends whom he had made during his stay, returned to town with the best wishes of them all.

The exertions which Frederick now made were most zealous. He was up at it early and late. He saw every thing done himself; he felt bound to do all in his power to promote the interests of George, who had reposed so much confidence in him; and the result was, that when the potatoes had been disposed of, and the vessel had arrived in the river, George found that he had cleared nearly a thousand pounds more than he had ever expected.

The arrival of Frederick created quite a sensation at George's residence. Julia was exceedingly anxious to see him, and so was Helen, and so was Jane; they knew they should be delighted with him—oh! they were perfectly sure that they should; and when George brought him home the next evening, they were. Jane fell in love with him at once; in Julia's estimation, he was, in personal appearance, second only to her George; while Helen pronounced him to be, with the exception of Mr. Julian, the most elegant and unassuming person she had ever had the pleasure to know.

It was observed too, in the course of the evening that Frederick regarded Helen with more than ordinary interest, which Jane thought particularly hard, for he scarcely noticed her, although she did all she possibly could to fascinate him. She had too much tact, however, to allow her vexation to appear; she smiled, and seemed to be as much delighed as the rest, although she really did begin to think that Helen was not quite so beautiful, or so interesting as she appeared to be in her view before.

'You remember your promise,' said Julia, when the excellences of the brig had been for some time under discussion. 'You remember that you promised to take us on board, do you not?'

'Oh yes; you can go when you please.'

'But when shall it be? If you don't take us soon, Helen and I will endeavor to prevail upon Mr. Broadbridge to take us. But say, George, when shall we go?'

'To-morrow, if you like. But you must put on white dresses.'

'Oh yes; that we'll do; we'll wear anything you please. You cannot conceive, Mr. Broadbridge, how I long to go on board.'

'I fear you'll not find her quite so clean as you might expect,' returned Frederick; 'coal-dust is so very searching.'

'Oh then! that I apprehend is the reason of our being so particularly directed to wear white? Very well, master George; but we'll not be disappointed! *We* don't mind a little coal dust, Helen, do we?'

'Oh dear no,' replied Helen, 'not at all.'

'Shall we dine on board? Oh yes, do let us dine!—it will be so pleasant.'

'You must not expect a very splendid dinner.'

'Oh, anything will do! We are not at all particular. I am sure that we shall enjoy ourselves much.'

It was accordingly arranged that they were to go the next day; and as the evening was then far advanced, Frederick, in a manner which proved how highly delighted he was with them all, took his leave.

On the following morning, early, after having seen the master of the vessel, and told him who were coming on board, in order that everything might be made as clean as possible, he went to the office to arrange certain papers having reference to the brig, and found that George had already arrived.

'Mr. Julian,' said he, embracing the first opportunity that occurred, 'is Miss Grantley a sister of Mrs. Julian?'

'No; merely a friend,' replied George.

'Oh—I thought they had been sisters.'

'They are as fond of each other as if they were sisters!'

'She appears to be very amiable.'

'She is very amiable. Has she made a very deep impression, Fred?'

'Oh, no,' replied Fred, feeling slightly confused, 'that is quite out of the question.'

'I do not believe,' rejoined George, with a smile, 'that it is quite out of the question! I'll tell her of the conquest she has made.'

'Not for the world, Mr Julian!—no—please do not name it.'

'Well, I *will* not. I may perhaps tell you a little more about Helen some day.'

Here the subject dropped, and when noon had arrived, George sent Fred round to accompany the ladies, promising to be on board himself to receive them.

This was a joyful task for Fred; he undertook it with alacrity; and when he had left, George called upon Bull, and having prevailed upon him to join them—notwithstanding he wished to be on Change to see if things were looking up—he did; they walked down together, ordered a dinner at the nearest hotel, and then went on board the brig.

The ladies soon arrived, and as the master had been the whole of that morning engaged in contriving a perfectly original ladder, which he offered to back against the world, they managed to reach the deck in safety, and that with a degree of comfort, considering.

But strange as it may appear, they were not at all struck with the beauty of the vessel! No! they looked fore and aft, they looked at the rigging, they looked down the hold, they looked, in short, at everything at which they could look, and *yet* they were by no means dazzled. But the cabin—ay, it might be a beautiful cabin; of that they had no doubt. They had heard much of cabins and cabin-boys, pretty little doves with flaxen hair and lily hands; they had seen portraits of them frequently, with their shirt-collars white as the driven snow, rolling over their beautiful blue jackets, and looking as rosy and smart as the children of the aristocracy. Oh! they felt perfectly sure that all the beauty of the vessel was concentred in the cabin.

Having unanimously made up their minds to this, they were conducted by George down a hole, about four feet square, into a little semi-circular sort of a place, in which there was just room enough for six, and no more.

'Well!' said George, 'what do you think of the cabin?'

'Is *this* the cabin?' exclaimed Julia, looking with an expression of the most intense astonishment, first at Helen, and then at Jane, by both of whom the exclamation was echoed, 'Is this the cabin?'

'Yes,' replied George, 'and a very nice compact little place it is, too!'

Well; they *sat* down; but of all the surprises they ever experienced in the whole course of their lives, this was beyond all comparison the greatest.

'Now, ladies, make yourselves perfectly at home,' said George, who highly enjoyed their astonishment. 'If you'd like to lie down a little while before dinner, you'll find a bed here,' he added, opening one of the berths; 'we have everything convenient, you see, in the cabin.'

He then opened a bottle of sherry, and having told them that he would send some biscuits down immediately, went upon deck, where he procured half-a-dozen of the hardest and blackest on board, and directed one of the boys to take them down in his hand to the ladies.

Compared with those that are to be found in a regular coal brig, this boy was quite respectable in his appearance; his black hair was matted with tar, his skin was like nothing so much as the outside fat of a smoke-dried ham, and while his red woolen shirt had gone all to pieces, his canvas trousers, which were once white, were caked all over with coal dust and grease.

'Biscuits,' said he, as he entered the cabin.

'What are *you?*' inquired Julia.

'Boy!'

'But not the cabin-boy?'

'Yes I am.'

And while Julia was looking at her friends in amazement, he managed very dexterously to disappear.

'Dear me! what an untidy little creature!' exclaimed Julia, on finding that he had vanished.

'And such a shirt!' cried Jane; 'oh! Heaven knows!—*did* you see his shirt? And then the idea of his bringing the biscuits in his naked hands!—and such hands too!—dear me, what hands!'

And as a striking fact, it is worthy of being recorded, that all their previously established notions of a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed cabin-boy had been by this little living sample completely upset.

'But look at the biscuits!' cried Helen, quite struck with the color as well as the manifest hardness of the article. 'Will you permit me, ladies, to offer you a biscuit?'

'Well, did you ever see in all your days!' cried Jane; 'who can bite them? One ought to have elephant's teeth! Dear me; if I'd nothing but these things to eat, how long should I live? I am sure that I couldn't manage more than one in six months, were I to nibble at it night and day without intermission.'

'They *are* hard,' observed Julia.

'Hard!' cried Jane, 'I could almost as easily get through a brick.'

'Hush!' whispered Jane, 'they are coming.' And the next moment Pompey put in his appearance, having been sent down by George with instructions to state the fact of his being the cook.

'Please,' said Pompey, with a grin, which was very unique, 'Massa arks me to arks you wedder you have chop or steak: me am cook—yes, wedder chop or steak?'

Some men of color have decent skins, highly polished and very respectable; but the skin which Pompey were, being dull as soot, seemed as if in taking pains to look interesting and pale, he had got it to a sort of whitish black, and had thereby ruined his complexion.

As he paused for a reply at the cabin door, Julia looked at him for a moment: it was, however, but for a moment; for, as it struck her that an immediate answer was required, she pronounced the word 'either,' when he said, 'bery well,' and departed.

'Well,' said Jane, 'did you ever, since the day you were born, see half such a fright? And for a cook, too, above all things under the sun! What stomachs they must have!'

The boy produced a powerful sensation; but nothing at all *like* the sensation created by Pompey. They were all quite sure that they could not touch a thing!—that they were not long making up their minds to.

'Well,' said George, on his return with Fred, having left Bull engaged in conversation with the captain, 'and how are your appetites, ladies?'

'Do you think,' observed Julia, 'that we had better dine here?'

'I thought that was what you most particularly wished?'

'Yes, but will it not be putting them out of the way?'

'Oh no, not at all. Come, have a glass of wine, and then we'll go upon deck. But how is this? you have not eaten your biscuits!'

'I'll take one of them home as a curiosity,' said Julia; 'but it strikes me, George, that you are playing some trick! Is he not, Mr. Broadbridge?'

'Fred smiled, and thus enabled them to perceive that their conjectures on that point were not incorrect.

Having had a glass of wine, they left the cabin; and it may be observed that, on reaching the deck, the vessel did not appear to be nearly so bad as she seemed to be to them at first: nay, their ideas on the subject having descended from the highest to the very lowest scale, they then found much to interest them, much to admire, and as the captain—whom they at first thought a singularly uncouth creature, and not at all what they had conceived a gallant captain should be—was exceedingly communicative and polite, they really began to think him a very pleasant person indeed; and, by virtue of all this, they felt a great deal better.

The brig was now hailed; and when the boat had been despatched, Julia, drawing Fred aside, ascertained that a dinner was coming on board from an hotel, which she communicated instantly to Helen and Jane, who were both much delighted.

'I *thought*,' said Jane, 'that we should never have it cooked by that dirty-looking black-man. What I should have done had such been the case, I don't know. I'm sure I couldn't have touched a bit! But as it is, it will be so delightful! I have such an appetite now!'

The dinner came on board, and a delicious little dinner it was; and as arrangements had been made to dine on deck—it being an exceedingly beautiful day—a sail was spread, with the view of conveying the idea of a carpet, and when the cloth had been laid, the ladies seated themselves, and were far more delighted than if the vessel and all her appointments had realised their brilliant conceptions at once. Oh! they could much admire everything then: every craft that passed became an object of interest; they ate and drank, and rallied each other, and laughed at the captain's innumerable jokes, which, although of considerable antiquity, were quite new to them: in short, the time so joyously passed that they had cause for regret only when evening drew near.

Poor Fred, however, in the midst of all this happiness was not himself gay. His eyes were constantly fixed upon Helen; but although he derived a peculiar pleasure from her presence, the consciousness of his poverty came so strongly upon him that it almost forbade him to hope. This caused him to be dull, and his dullness was noticed by them all; but it was mentioned by the captain only, who felt himself bound to declare that he had never had in his life witnessed such a change, and that before Fred had arrived in the river, he was all life and spirit: a declaration which made the matter worse, inasmuch as it imparted to the ladies the knowledge of a fact of which they were not of course previously aware.

The time for their departure having now fully arrived they left the vessel, and Fred accompanied them home; but he still continued silent: he felt that he had nothing to say but that which he dare not say, and this feeling made him wretched.

On the following day, however, having once named the subject to George, he resolutely made up his mind to renew it.

'Does Miss Grantley,' said he, 'intend to remain with you long?'

'Until she is married, I have no doubt,' said George.

'She is not about to be married?'

'Not that I am aware of. She has, I believe, no suitor yet.'

Fred by this answer felt greatly relieved, which George observing, said earnestly,—

'Fred, conceal nothing from me. You are enamored of Miss Grantley, and she is an amiable, although unfortunate person.'

'Unfortunate!' cried Fred.

'Ay, most unfortunate.'

'You were kind enough yesterday to say, Mr. Julian, that you might, some day, tell me more about her. Indeed, Mr. Julian, I am anxious—most anxious to hear!—can I prevail upon you to tell me at once?'

George consented: he explained to him the whole of the circumstances arising out of the affair with which the reader is already acquainted, and when he had done so, Helen in Fred's view became an object of greater interest than ever.

'She is indeed unfortunate! he exclaimed.—'But may she not marry again?'

'She may: in the eye of the law she is free; but whether she would feel herself justified in doing so, remains to be seen. This I know; he who is anxious to win her must proceed with great caution; haste must be fatal to his hopes: he will have one deep impression to remove before it will be possible for him to make another, he must steal into her heart imperceptibly: *when* there, his presence may do much; but be assured, that until he has accomplished that, there is no more prospect of Helen being induced to contract another marriage, than there is of Tynte being induced to become an honest man.'

'I wish that I could establish my claim,' sighed Fred.

'It can only be done in the way I have pointed out.'

'I mean my claim to that property.'

'Oh! I thought you alluded to your other claim. By the way, now you have mentioned it, explain to me how that matter stands.—Has any one tried to establish it for you?'

'It is that which has made me so desperately poor. A solicitor was employed for some considerable time, and as he proceeded he held out the most brilliant hopes, until I became, in consequence, penniless, when the matter suddenly dropped.'

'What was he to have in the event of success?'

'Five-and-twenty per cent. upon the amount recovered.'

'And what is the amount claimed?'

'Oh, the property I have ascertained to be upwards of a hundred thousand pounds.'

'Indeed! One would imagine the temptation to be sufficiently great to have induced him to go on with it—if, indeed, he saw even the slightest prospect of success.'

'Which I fear he never did see.'

'But what are the grounds upon which the claim rests?'

Fred proceeded to explain; and from the explanation, George gathered, that a Montague Broadbridge, having been abroad from a very early age, died suddenly, and intestate, soon after his return to England; that while living he had no known relations, but when advertisements appeared for the next of kin after his death, Fred, and Joseph, a cousin of his, who was himself a rich man, presented themselves as claimants; that Joseph had made great efforts, and had expended considerable sums of money with the view of establishing his claim, and that, although he had been unsuccessful, he still ex-

pected to succeed; that according to a pedigree prepared by a celebrated genealogist after much research, there could exist no moral doubt of Frederick's right; but that there was one link in the chain which could not legally be proved, and that was the marriage of his grandfather, of which no account then existed in the register of the parish in which the marriage took place.

'Have you seen this register yourself?' inquired George.

'Oh yes,' replied Fred, 'I have spent whole days in looking over it.'

'Then nothing but an account of this marriage is wanting?'

'Nothing more.'

'It's very strange that it should not be in the register. Of course he was married?'

'Oh, yes! of that I am certain. On one of the leaves of an old Bible I have in my desk, there is a note of the occurrence; but by some means or other the date has been torn off.'

'That's unfortunate. However, send for the whole of your papers; let me have them, and I'll enter into the thing from first to last. I'll go myself and see this register. But in the mean time, Fred, as far as Helen is concerned, let me recommend you not to be in haste. You may depend upon this that I will do all I can to aid you,—but be cautious.'

Fred promised that he would, and having thanked him warmly for his advice in that affair, and endeavored to explain to him how grateful he should feel for his assistance in the other, he wrote a letter with a comparatively light heart to Plymouth for the trunk in which the whole of his papers were.

PART 2.

CHAPTER XI.

MAC GREGOR'S RETURN.

A few days after this, George received a letter from McGregor, announcing his arrival in England, and stating that every thing had been satisfactorily arranged, that he should be in town if possible that evening, and that within an hour after he arrived he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing him at the office.

George had no sooner read this letter than he started off to call on Bull, whose spirits were raised to a pitch of ecstacy at the idea alone of McGregor's return, for he certainly had, since his departure, entertained a strong notion, that as he had got a *deal* of money out of him, he never intended to come back at all. But now, here was the man!—there could be no mistake now about his honorable intentions!—he had been to Poyais and come back, and that too with news the most glorious!

'I am happy to inform you,' said he, reading the letter for the fifth time, 'that every thing has been satisfactorily arranged. My dear boy,' he added, 'our fortunes are made, they are; nothing can be clearer than that. Everything —*everything* satisfactorily arranged—*satisfactorily* arranged—mark *arranged!*—Of course he has got the authority of the king, and the resources of the country are at our disposal!'

'Well, that we shall see this evening when he arrives.'

'But here it is now, my dear boy! *Ev—ery thing sat—is—fac—torily arranged!*—What can it mean if it don't mean that? It can't mean anything else, it can't, any how! But what a singular fellow it is to sign his name Gregor—Gregor! as if he himself were the sovereign of Poyais! Well, but now what's the first thing to be done?'

'Why, the first thing,' said George, 'is to ascertain exactly *what* arrangements he has made.'

'Yes, but you know, my dear boy, we must bestir ourselves, we must. We must look out for offices; it must not be at either of ours you know; we must have them magnificent and spacious!—let me see, where are there any large offices to let?'

'In the first place,' said George, 'where are we to take McGregor when he arrives, in order to hear his explanation?'

'Where are we to take him, my dear boy!—Won't it do here?'

'We had better go to some more convenient place, I think. It may be late when he comes. Besides, we ought to know more than he might feel disposed to enter into here.'

'True, true,' returned Bull, 'I understand.—Well, let us go home to my house and have him over a glass of wine.'

'Shall we take Fred with us? He may be useful as an amanuensis; especially as I mean to propose that we give him the appointment of secretary. I think that he will be very efficient.'

'I think so too. I'm quite taken with that young man, I am; I think him a very worthy and intelligent young fellow. Oh, we'll take him, by all means. We'll all go together in a coach, we will; the fare's a deal of money, but we'll do the thing respectable.'

It was accordingly thus settled. George sent word to Julia that he should in all probability be late, and the whole of the morning was occupied by Bull in building the most magnificent castles the human imagination ever conceived.

Towards the evening, in order that they might all be in readiness, George went to Bull's office with Fred, and remained there discussing the subject of loans, until one of the clerks announced the arrival of McGregor.

Bull was up in an instant, and flew to the door with the view of being the first to explain how delighted he was to see him; but on taking his hand, he was so struck with his appearance that for a moment he had scarcely power to utter a word.

And the change that had been effected was indeed most striking. Dressed in a richly braided military frock, the breast of which was covered with orders, he appeared an altogether different man; in short, looked *like* what he represented himself to be,—the Sovereign Prince of Poyais!

After the first cordial greeting—for His High-

ness so far forgot his dignity as to relinquish for a moment his majestic air—he announced, in order to show at once what progress he had made, that he had been proclaimed publicly as GREGOR THE FIRST, SOVEREIGN PRINCE AND CAZIQUE OF THE POYAIS NATION.

'You don't say so!' exclaimed Bull, on hearing this announcement, which almost stunned him. 'I am glad of it, very glad of it, I am;' he added, rubbing his knees until his hands became hot. 'I'm delighted to hear it! Our fortunes are made!—but don't say another syllable now!—we'll all go home together, and then we can talk this great matter over calmly. But what a sensation the title will make!'

'It will have a good effect,' observed George.

'An astounding effect it will have, it will, perfectly astounding! The very thing!—nothing could possibly be better!'

'You have, of course, your credentials?' said George.

'Oh! I have them all here. This document alone will convince the most incredulous.'

A coach was then sent for, and when it arrived, they started at once for Bull's residence; and on the way his Serene Highness signified his conviction that the title by which he had been publicly proclaimed should not on any occasion be dispensed with.

'You will understand my motive,' he added; 'I feel sure that you will not ascribe it to any foolish vanity; I suggest the propriety, simply because I feel that it will tend to give *eclat* to our proceedings.'

'Oh! I see,' returned Bull, 'I see the object at a glance, and a very proper object it is. The thing will take town by storm, it will—by storm!'

On arriving at the house, Bull led the way into his drawing-room; and having produced the wine before they commenced, that they might not afterwards be disturbed, he took his seat directly opposite his Highness, who then proceeded to relate in glowing colors every circumstance connected with his expedition.

To this history—and it was a most interesting one, they listened with almost breathless attention, and certainly, according to his Highness's account, his success had been signal and complete.

'Poyais,' said he, in describing the country, 'is the paradise of the world—the most delightful spot upon earth. Some have supposed that the Mosquito-shore derived its name from the swarm of small islands by which its coast is surrounded; but the fact is, the Spaniards, being unable to subdue the noble spirited natives, gave them what they conceived to be a repulsive name. This general name of the Mosquitoes, embraces the whole of the nations occupying the territory which extends from Cape Honduras, to the beautiful Lake Nicaragua—a space which takes in more than a hundred and fifty leagues of the shore—as well as the inner space between the great coast and the chain of mountains, whose tops touch heaven. It is a lovely country! And not only is it enchanting to the eye, but its soil is, beyond conception rich. The cotton-bush grows like the thistle; cocoa and chocolate flourish spontaneously; the fruit is the finest and most delicious upon earth; while maize, yams, potatoes---nay, every description of vegetables there, spring up comparatively like mushrooms here. And as for fish! cast but a net off any part of the coast, and it is almost instantaneously full; and if you look at the produce in a commercial point of view, the revenues which might be derived are beyond all human calculation.'

'It must,' exclaimed Bull, 'be a country indeed!'

'It is, sir, a country, a lovely country, the most charming country on the face of the globe. I have been in most countries, and am able to judge; and when I assert that there is no country comparable with it under heaven, I defy contradiction.'

'And the inhabitants?' suggested George.

'Brave, loyal and intelligent! There are two distinct *castes*, the Red and the Black. The Red are the originals; the Black are the descendants of fifty negroes, who, on being sold in the neighboring islands, obtained their liberty in consequence of the vessel they were on board being wrecked. But even they are now a noble race, equally generous and virtuous with the Reds, and so highly appreciate honor, that they never trust a man who has once deceived them, or even in the most unimportant matter forfeited his word; the effect which this has upon their conduct is amazing. You find no disaffection, no discontent there: all are happy and tranquil. His Majesty, the King, has no occasion for guards; and hence he has none. It is the place to which, before all other places upon earth, the surplus population of Great Britain should emigrate. There is no country like it! If they desire to flourish, they should at once go there.'

'If I were a somewhat younger man than I am,' observed Bull, 'I should be half inclined to go out myself.'

'I hope to see you there as it is,' said His Highness. 'I hope that at a period not very remote we shall all be there together.'

Bull smiled and shook his head.

'Why not?' continued His Highness. 'If a nation be flourishing through our instrumentality should we deprive ourselves of the peculiar pleasure of witnessing the work of our own hands? Why should you not go? Why should we not all go when the great and glorious object we propose shall be attained? For my part, I not only hope but expect to see you all, and when I do, all shall be honored. Already, Mr. Julian, whom I have reason to respect highly, may henceforth consider himself Knight Commander of the Order of the Green Cross, the highest honor which I, as Sovereign Prince of Poyais, have the power to confer, and, by virtue of my authority, George St. George Julian is Knight Commander of the Order of the Green Cross accordingly.'

His Highness then solemnly transferred one of the orders from his own breast to that of *Sir* George, at the same time observing, that however unimportant it might then appear to be, he would know, anon, that by virtue of wearing

that order he stood next to him in the Republic of Poyais.

Bull's faculties were now in a state of confusion; he sat amazed, looking full over his spectacles, with his mouth wide open, while George, to whom the ceremony at first seemed a most absurd farce, was so impressed with the grandeur of McGregor, his solemn aspect and dignified air, that all ideas of mockery were supplanted by the conviction that McGregor was in reality what he assumed to be, and that he was in reality a Knight Commander of the Green Cross.

Nor did there appear to be, even on reflection, strange as it may seem, sufficient grounds to repudiate, or even to weaken that conviction; for there were the documents in which his title was set forth, clearly and distinctly acknowledging his sovereignty; while for all he assumed he produced his authority, signed by the Mosquito king. It was strange! most strange! Yet, what could they say? what could they think?—They could not but think that it was true. And they marvelled at the extraordinary character of the truth, and continued to marvel until they separated for the night, with the understanding that operations were to commence on the morrow.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH THE FIRST LOAN IS RAISED.

On the morrow proceedings were accordingly commenced, in a way well calculated to inspire public confidence. The cazique, covered with orders, appeared daily upon 'Change: he was, indeed, the observed of all observers; every one knew him to be the cazique; and being a fine, handsome, noble-looking fellow, his appearance alone created a powerful sensation; but that, in connexion with the object proposed, had the effect of taking the judgment of the citizens by storm.

Poyais was in the mouth of every speculative man: nothing was talked of so much as Poyais; for prospectuses had been plentifully distributed, while advertisements of the most flaming character appeared constantly in every paper throughout the kingdom.

It is, moreover, to be remarked, that this was peculiarly a speculative era; that they were the palmy days of bubblemongers of every caste; and that any scheme, no matter how visionary or wild, was in the hands of ingenious knaves, quite sure to succeed. An almost universal mania possessed the public mind; people became the absolute slaves of its influence; and, during its ascendancy, the basis was laid for the ruin of thousands of families, whose prospects were soon after utterly blasted.

It is, of course, well to encourage speculation; the existence of the spirit of enterprise is essential to the greatness of a nation: the whole of our vast improvements,—nay, civilization itself, and all the blessings with which it teems, are ascribable solely to the operation of that spirit; but when men of limited means are to be found embarking in a project of which the failure must involve them and all connected with them in ruin, it may truly be said that much madness prevails; for, that such blind recklessness amounts to a species of madness, is a fact which is placed beyond the pale of dispute.

At this period thousands of short-sighted persons, dazzled by the brilliant misrepresentations of dishonorable men, thus ran wild. Nor were they with even this content:—they spread the contagion; they prevailed upon all over whom they possessed influence, or who had confidence in their judgment, to follow their ruinous example; and widows innumerable, children, and aged persons having narrow incomes, were thus reduced to absolute beggary.

Of course, the most specious baits were held out; but it is, notwithstanding that, amazing that reasonable beings should have been so extensively gulled. For what real security had they? It was all essentially nominal; and yet, in spite of reason, in spite of the perpetual warnings of experienced, far-seeing men, the most transparent bubbles ever blown were, by virtue of this merely nominal security, successful.

In order, however, to impart a somewhat more exact notion of the nature of the security offered, it will be well to transcribe what His Highness was pleased to term the General Mortgage Bond which will at the same time serve to convey the idea of the scale upon which the whole thing was conducted.

THE POYAIS LOAN.

'Know all men by these presents, that I, Gregor McGregor, the First Sovereign Prince of the Independent State of Poyais and its Dependencies, Cazique of the Poyais Nation, &c., &c., have, for the purpose of consolidating the said State, defraying the expenses of the same, and promoting the general developement of the natural advantages of the country, negociated and raised a loan of £200,000*l* sterling for the service of the said State, and which has been placed at the disposal of the said state.

'Now therefore I do declare, for and in behalf and in the name of the said government of Poyais, that the terms and conditions upon which the said loan was raised, are as follows:

'First. That the said loan has been raised on security of this present instrument or general bond which shall be divided into 2000 shares or special bonds of £100 sterling each, to be hereafter issued payable to bearer with interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, which interest shall commence from the first day of May, and shall be paid half yearly in London without any deduction, the first payment to begin and be made on the first day of November.

'Second. That all the revenues of the said State of Poyais, shall be, and they are hereby declared to be, pledged by this general bond to all the holders of the aforesaid special bonds for the payment of the principal and interest of the said loan in manner hereinafter mentioned: And further, that a duty of 2 1-2 per cent. over and above the duty now imposed and payable, shall be laid upon all merchandise imported into

the State of Poyais, after the eleventh day of June, and the same together with all duties now levied, or which may hereafter be levied upon such imports, and also the proceeds of all sales of land to settlers or otherwise by the said government shall be and are hereby specially charged and pledged with and for the payment of the interest of the said loan and the redemption of the principal thereof; And that Treasurers General for the time being shall be authorised directed and bound, to collect and keep separate for the purposes hereinmentioned, the said duties upon imports and proceeds of sales of land, and shall not apply any of the said duties upon imports to the ordinary and extraordinary purposes of the state, until the sum necessary for the half yearly remittance to England, of the interest and provision for the sinking fund hereinafter mentioned, shall be completed and ready for transmission; and not more than five-sixths parts of the clear proceeds from sales of land shall be applied to those purposes until the debt for the time being under this present security shall be discharged. And if from any cause a deficiency shall occur at the end of any half year in the amount of the said duties upon imports, so especially pledged as aforesaid, then and in every such case the said treasurers general for the time being, shall be authorised directed and bound, to make good such deficiency out of the general revenues of the state; and no part of such general revenues shall be applied to the ordinary or extraordinary purposes of the state until the interest and sinking fund of the said loan shall be fully and punctually provided for at the end of every half year. And in order to provide for the redemption of the principal sum of the said loan, the sum of £2000 sterling shall be appropriated in the first year from the date hereof, and the sum of £1000 shall be remitted to England in every succeeding year by equal half yearly payments, together with one sixth part of the net proceeds of all sales of land as the same shall be made from time to time by the said government to settlers or otherwise, to be applied as a sinking fund in the redemption of the bonds in circulation at or under par; and the first of such half yearly payments, amounting to £500 sterling to be applied as a sinking fund, shall be made on the first day of January. The treasurers general for the time being shall be especially charged with the execution of this article in all its parts, and with the remittances under the direction and at the expense and for the account and use of the Goverment of Poyais to the bankers in London, in the name of the agent and commissioners for the time being for the management and redemption of this loan in London of the necessary funds for the payment of the half yearly interest and provision for the sinking fund aforesaid; which said remittances shall at all times be forwarded from Poyais at least two months before the said payments shall severally fall due and become payable in London.

'THIRD. The sums engaged to be provided by the foregoing article shall be appropriated in the following manner: that is to say, the amount necessary to pay the interest of the said loan shall be appropriated and applied in the manner set forth in Article I. The amount engaged to be provided for the sinking fund shall in the first instance to the extent of such provision, be employed in the purchase of bonds; and all future half yearly remittances for the same purpose, as hereinbefore provided for, together also with the amount of the interest of all bonds redeemed, shall be applied to the further redemption of outstanding bonds, within the period of the half year next following every such remittance until the final redemption of the said loan. And if at any time the said special bonds shall be above par, exclusive of the dividend then due, in order that the sinking fund may continue in due operation, the agent for the time being acting in the said loan, or some other person duly authorised by the government of the said state of Poyais, shall in such manner and form as they may think proper, cause it to be determined by lot, to be drawn by the said agent, which of the outstanding bonds shall be paid off at par; and the bonds thus determined to be paid off shall not exceed the amount of the then unapplied produce of the sinking fund for that half year; and the numbers of bonds so to be paid off, shall be advertised in the *London Gazette*, and be paid on demand, with interest for the half year current at the time of such advertisement; And all further interest on the same shall thenceforth cease, and all bonds so paid off shall be thereupon cancelled, and deposited at the said banking-house in London, and remain so deposited until the whole of the said loan shall be paid off; and the numbers of the bonds so paid off and cancelled in each half year shall be advertised in the *London Gazette*.

'FOURTH. That the holders of the said special bonds shall be at any time and at all times entitled to have and take a portion or portions of land in the said state of Poyais in exchange for any bond or bonds of which they may so be the holder or holders, and to the amount thereof at par, at the rate or price at which such land shall be selling at the time of such exchange, if greater than the present price, but at no less rate of price than two dollars per acre, at which the same is now selling: and the land so to be taken in exchange to be drawn by lot by the agent resident in London for the sale of the said land, out of any allotment or allotments thereof which shall then be on sale, but subject to a feudal duty of one cent of a dollar per acre.

'FIFTH. That the holders of the said special bonds shall at any time and at all times be entitled to pay one half the duties due by any one individual ship to the customs in Poyais, in the aforesaid special bonds, which shall be taken and received at par

'SIXTH. That, as an additional security for the due payment of the interest, and for the redemption at any time of all or any part of the principal of the said loan, one-tenth part of the net proceeds of all special bonds sold, shall be set apart and laid out in the purchase of four per cent. annuities in England, or deposited with the bankers of the said loan, they allowing interest

for the same in the name of the said agent for the time being, for the said loan, or of commissioners to be appointed for that purpose, to be from time to time applied by him or them to any of the purposes or stipulations of this general bond, as may become necessary or expedient.

'SEVENTH. That if, at the expiration of thirty years from the day of the date hereof, any of the said bonds should remain not discharged, or unredeemed by the sinking fund, exchange in land or payment of duties at the customs in Poyais as aforesaid, then and in that case the government of the said state of Poyais shall pay off all and every of such bonds at par.

'EIGHTH. That this present instrument or general bond shall be deposited and remain in the said banking-house in London until the final redemption of the said loan.

'And I, the said Gregor McGregor, for and in the name of the said government of Poyais, declare, that in raising the said loan, it was stipulated and agreed, and I do as Sovereign Prince of the said state of Poyais hereby engage and agree that I shall not raise a contract for any new loan in Europe, unless one-eighth part of the present loan shall have been previously redeemed, or unless in the contract for such new loan it is stipulated that the first proceeds of and from such new loan, or a competent part of such proceeds shall be applied in or towards the discharge of the debt then remaining unpaid upon the present loan at par within twelve months from the date of such contract.

'And I do, as Sovereign Prince of the said state of Poyais, and as fully representing the same, hereby bind myself my heirs and successors, together with the government and all the public authorities thereof which now do, or may hereafter exist, to perform and fulfil faithfully and truly all the foregoing engagements and conditions, and for no reason and on no pretence whatsoever, at any time, or under any circumstances, to refuse, evade or delay, the full and ample performance and fulfilment, as in me may lie and be practicable of the aforesaid engagements and conditions on the part and behalf of the said state, or any of them.

'And I do, by these presents, declare the said government responsible, and legally and solemnly bound to all persons collectively intrusted in the said loan of £200,000 sterling, and individually to each of them for the amount of the special bonds and interest for which for the time being they may be the holders.

'In faith whereof I, the said Gregor McGregor, as such Sovereign Prince, of and for, and on behalf of the said government of Poyais, have signed the present general bond, and have affixed thereto the seal of state.

'GREGOR MAC GREGOR, P.'

This was the security offered, and upon this and this alone, however incredible it may appear, nearly a hundred and fifty thousand pounds were in a short time actually raised!

While, however, the 'Loan' was progressing, His Highness lived in magnificent style; every thing about him was of a character the most superb, and during his stay in Paris, which he honored with a visit, as a matter of business solely, he never appeared in public but in his carriage of state, drawn by six richly caparisoned horses. Upon the Parisians this well sustained grandeur had a powerful effect, and more especially as his breast was always studded with orders; they hailed him as a prince! he was indeed in their view most *distingué!* and being firmly resolved to keep alive the sensation he had created, he lived at the rate of fifty thousand a year, although he had been but a few months previously starving in a prison.

This monstrous extravagance at first partially opened the eyes of George; but as they were ingeniously closed again by His Highness, he proceeded with indefatigable zeal to accomplish the object proposed. From the dawn of day until midnight he was at it without intermission; he may be said to have set his soul upon the business in hand, for all the energies of his mind and body were devoted exclusively with a view to its success.

This McGregor well knew; he knew besides that if the real object were to appear he should be deprived at once of his valuable services and hence his anxiety to keep him in the dark.—George firmly believed that all was just and legitimate, and acting upon this belief he viewed the object as being most noble in its character, and therefore resolved to do all in his power to promote it.

As the special bonds were eagerly secured, advertisements appeared in the newspapers daily, some for vessels, some for implements of husbandry, others for provisions; in short, estimates for every thing essential to the foundation of a new settlement were constantly demanded, which gave an *eclat* to the whole affair, and kept up the price of the bonds not in London alone, but in Amsterdam, Paris, and Hamburg.

Emigrants especially were directed to turn their attention to this land of promise, to which arrangements had been made to convey them on terms the most liberal, while the collateral advantages they were to derive were portrayed in the most tempting colors. Mechanics of every description, agricultural laborers, butchers,—bakers, grocers, grooms, brickmakers, schoolmasters, and barbers were assured of the most brilliant success, while persons of small capital received peculiarly pressing invitations to go out, not because His Highness imagined that their capital would have a tendency to increase the importance of Poyais in the scale of nations, but because he was anxious both to let them have land at the rate of two dollars per acre, and to oblige them by exchanging their surplus cash for the notes of the National Bank of Poyais.

Half pay officers were also invited, with medical men and curates, who imagined that mitres would become them: clerks were moreover solicited to fill lucrative offices in the customs and excise, for which of course they were expected to pay premiums here. A lieutenant-governor was appointed, with instructions to raise a mighty army—a treasurer-general; a

governor of the imaginary national bank, with commissioners, magistrates, superintendents—in short functionaries of every description received appointments on application to the prince, who administered to most of them the oath of allegiance!—and when all these preliminaries had been arranged, to the entire satisfaction of His Highness, he being extremely anxious to send off the first batch of emigrants, appointed a day for their going on board, when the provisions and stores having previously been shipped, the first vessel sailed for Poyais.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

FRIENDS DROPPING OFF.

THE BEARER'S NOOSE MAY BE DEPENDED ON.

POT VALIANT.

A NEW NOVEL BY

D. C. Johnston.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

"THE POACHER."

PART 8.

VOL. II.—CHAPTER I.

A VERY LONG CHAPTER, BUT IN WHICH OUR HERO OBTAINS EMPLOYMENT IN A VERY SHORT TIME.

The preparatory establishment for young gentlemen to which our hero had been sent was situated on Clapham-rise. Joey did not think it prudent to walk in the direction of London; he therefore made a cut across the country, so as to bring him, before seven o'clock in the morning, not very far from Gravesend. The night had been calm and beautiful, for it was in the month of August; and it had for some time been broad daylight, when our hero, who had walked fifteen or sixteen miles, sat down to repose himself; and, as he remained quietly seated on the green turf on the wayside, he thought of his father and mother, of the kindness of the M'Shanes, and his own hard fate, until he became melancholy and wept; and, as the tears were rolling down his cheeks, a little girl, of about ten years old, very neatly dressed, and evidently above the lower ranks of life, came along the road, her footsteps so light as not to be perceived by Joey; she looked at him as she passed, and perceived that he was in tears, and her own bright, pretty face became clouded in a moment. Joey did not look up, and, after hesitating awhile, she passed on a few steps, and then she looked round, and observing that he was still weeping, she paused, turned round, and came back to him; for a minute or two she stood before him, but Joey was unconscious of her presence, for he was now in the full tide of his grief, and, not having forgotten the precepts which had been carefully instilled into him, he thought of the God of Refuge, and he arose, fell on his knees, and prayed. The little girl, whose tears had already been summoned by pity and sympathy, dropped her basket and knelt by his side—not that she prayed, for she knew not what the prayer was for, but from an instinctive feeling of respect towards the Deity which her new companion was addressing, and a feeling of kindness towards one who was evidently suffering. Joey lifted up his eyes, and beheld the child on her knees, the tears rolling down her

cheeks; he hastily wiped his eyes, for, until that moment, he imagined that he had been alone, and he had been praying on account of his loneliness; he looked up, and he was not alone, but there was one by his side who pitied him, without knowing wherefore; he felt relieved by the sight. They both regained their legs at the same time, and Joey went up to the little girl, and, taking her by the hand, said, 'Thank you.'

'Why do you cry?' said the little girl.

'Because I am unhappy; I have no home,' replied Joey.

'No home!' said the little girl; 'it is boys who are in rags and starving, who have no home, not young gentlemen dressed as you are.'

'But I have left my home,' replied Joey.

'Then go back again—how glad they will be to see you!'

'Yes, indeed they would,' replied Joey, 'but I must not.'

'You have not done anything wrong, have you? No, I'm sure you have not—you must be a good boy, or you would not have prayed.'

'No, I have done nothing wrong, but I must not tell you any more.'

Indeed, Joey was much more communicative with the little girl than he would have been with anybody else; but he had been surprised into it, and, moreover, he had no fear of being betrayed by such innocence. He now recollected himself, and changed the conversation.

'And where are you going to?' inquired he.

'I am going to school at Gravesend. I go there every morning, and stay till the evening. This is my dinner in my basket. Are you hungry?'

'No, not particularly.'

'Are you going to Gravesend?'

'Yes,' replied Joey; 'and what is your name?'

'Emma Phillips.'

'Have you a father and mother?'

'I have no father; he was killed fighting, a little while after I was born.'

'And your mother—?'

'—Lives with grandmother, at that house you see there through the trees.—And what are you going to do with yourself? Will you come home with me? and I'll tell my mother all you have told me, and she is very kind, and will write to your friends.'

'No, no; you must not do that, I am going to seek employment.'

'Why what can you do?'

'I hardly know,' replied Joey; 'but I can work, and am willing to work, so I hope I shall not starve.'

With such conversation they continued their way, until the little girl said, 'There is my school, so now I must wish you good bye.'

'Good bye; I shall not forget you, Emma,' replied Joey, 'although we may never meet again.' Tears stood in the eyes of Joey, as they reluctantly unclasped their hands and parted.

Joey, once more left alone, now meditated what was the best course for him to pursue.—The little Emma's words, 'Not young gentlemen dressed as you are,' reminded him of the remarks and suspicions which must ensue if he did not alter his attire. This he resolved to do immediately; the only idea which had presented itself to his mind was, if possible, to find some means of getting back to Captain O'Donahue, who, he was sure, would receive him if he satisfied him that it was not safe for him to remain in England; but, then, must he confess to him the truth or not? On this point our hero was not decided, so he put off the solution of it till another opportunity. A slop warehouse now attracted his attention, he looked into the door after having examined the articles outside, and seeing that a sailor boy was bargaining for some clothes, he went in as if waiting to be served, but, in fact, more to ascertain the value of the articles which he wished to purchase. The sailor had cheapened a red frock and a pair of blue trousers, and at last obtained them from the Jew for 14s. Joey argued that, as he was much smaller than the lad, he ought to pay less; he asked for the same articles, but the Jew, who had scanned in his own mind the suit of clothes which Joey had on, argued that he ought to pay more. Joey was, however, firm, and about to leave the shop, when the Jew called him back, and, after much haggling, Joey obtained the dress for 12s. Having paid for the dress, Joey begged permission to be permitted to retire to the back shop and put it on, to ascertain if it fitted him, to which the Jew consented. A Jew asks no questions where a penny is to be turned; who Joey was he cared little; his first object was to sell him the clothes, and having so done he hoped to make another penny by obtaining those of Joey at a moderate price. Perceiving that our hero was putting his own clothes which he had taken off into a bundle, the Jew asked him whether he would sell them, and Joey immediately agreed; but the price offered by the Jew was so small, that they were returned to the bundle, and once more was Joey leaving the shop, when the Jew at last offered to return Joey the money he had paid for the sailor's dress, and take his own clothes in exchange, provided that Joey would also exchange his hat for one of tarpaulin, which would be more fitting to his present costume. To this our hero consented, and thus was the bargain concluded without Joey having parted with any of his small stock of ready money. No one who had only seen him dressed as when he quitted the school, would have easily recognized Joey in his new attire.—Joey sallied forth from the shop with his bundle under his arm, intending to look out for a breakfast, for he was very hungry. Turning his head right and left to discover some notice of where provender might be obtained, he observed the sailor lad, who had been in the shop when he went in, with his new purchases under his arm, looking very earnestly at some prints in a shop window; Joey ranged up alongside of him, and inquired of him where he could get something to eat; the lad turned round, stared, and, after a little while, cried, 'Well, now, you're the young gentleman chap that came into the shop; I say, arn't you after a rig, eh? given them leg bail I'll swear. No consarn of mine, old fellow.—Come along, I'll show you.'

Joey walked by his new acquaintance a few yards, when the lad turned to him. 'I say, did your master whop you much?'

'No,' replied Joey.

'Well,then, that's more than I can say of mine, for he was at it all day. Hold out your right hand, now your left,' continued he, mimicking; 'My eyes! how it used to sting. I don't think I should mind it much now;' continued the lad, turning up his hand; 'it's a little harder than it was then. Here's the shop, come in; if you haven't no money I'll give you a breakfast.'

The lad took his seat on one side of the table and Joey on the other, and his new acquaintance called for two pints of tea, a twopenny loaf, and two penny bits of cheese. The loaf was divided between them, and with their portion of cheese and pint of tea each, they made a good breakfast. As soon as it was over, the young sailor said to Joey,—

'Now, what are you going arter; do you mean to ship?'

'I want employment,' replied Joey; 'and I don't much care what it is.'

'Well, then, look you; I ran away from my friends and went to sea, and do you know that I've only repented of it once, and that's ever since. Better do anything than go to sea—winter coming on and all; besides, you don't look strong enough; you don't know what it is to be coasting in the winter time; thrashed up to furl the top-gallant-sail, when it is so dark you can't see your way, and so cold that you can't feel your fingers, holding on for your life, and feeling as if life, after all, was not worth caring for; cold and misery aloft, kicks and thumps below. Don't you go to sea; if you do, after what I've told you, why then you're a greater fool than you look to be.'

'I don't want to be a sailor,' replied Joey, 'but I must do something to get my living. You are very kind; will you tell me what to do?'

'Why, do you know, when I saw you come up to me, while I stood looking at the pictures, in your frock and trousers, you put me in mind, because you are so much like him, of a poor little boy who was drowned the other day along side of an India ship; that's why I stared, for I thought you were he, at first.'

'How was he drowned, poor fellow?' responded Joey.

'Why, you see, his aunt is a good old soul; who keeps a bumboat and goes off to the shipping.'

'What's a bumboat?'

'A boat full of soft tommy, soldiers, pipes and backey, rotten apples, stale pies, needles and threads, and a hundred other things; besides a fat old woman sitting in the stern sheets.'

Joey stared; he did not know that 'soft tommy' meant loaves of bread, or that 'soldiers' was a term for red herrings. He only thought that the boat must be very full.

'Now you see that little Peter was her right-hand man, for she can't read and write. Can you? but of course you can.'

'Yes, I can,' replied Joey.

'Well, little Peter was holding on by the painter against a head sea, but his strength was not equal to it, and so he was pulled right overboard, when a swell took the boat and he was drowned.'

'Was the painter drowned too?' inquired Joey.

'Ha! ha! that's capital; why the painter is a rope. Now the old woman has been dreadfully put out, and has done nothing but cry about little Peter, and not being able to keep her accounts. Now, you look very like him, and I think it very likely the old woman would take you in his place, if I went and talked her over; that's better than going to sea, for at all events you sleep dry and sound on shore every night, even if you do have a wet jacket sometimes.—What d'ye think?'

'I think you are very kind, and I should be glad to take the place.'

'Well, she's a good old soul, and has a warm heart, and trusts them who have no money; too much, I'm afraid, for she loses a great deal. So now I'll go and speak to her, for she'll be along side of us when I go on board; and where shall I find you when I come on shore in the evening?'

'Wherever you say, I'll be.'

'Well then, meet me here at nine o'clock; that will make all certain. Come, I must be off now. I'll pay for the breakfast.'

'No—I have money, I thank you,' replied Joey.

'Then keep it, for it's more than I can do; and what's your name?'

'Joey.'

'Well, then, Joey, my hearty, if I get you this berth, when we come in, and I am short, you must recollect to let me go on tick till I can pay.'

'What's tick?'

'You'll soon find out what tick is, after you have been a week in the bumboat,' replied the lad, laughing. 'Nine o'clock, my hearty; good bye.'

So saying the young sailor caught up his new clothes, and hastened down to the beach.

The room was crowded with women and seamen, but they were too busy talking and laughing to pay any attention to Joey and his comrade. Our little hero sat some little while at the table after his new acquaintance had left, and then walked out into the street, telling the people of the house that he was coming back again, and requesting them to take care of his bundle.

'You'll find it here, my little fellow, all right when you ask for it,' said the woman at the bar, who took it inside, and put it away under the counter.

Joey went out with his mind more at ease.—The nature of his new employment, should he succeed in obtaining it, he could scarcely comprehend, but still it appeared to him one that he could accomplish. He amused himself walking down the streets, watching the movements of the passers by, the watermen in their wherries, and the people on board of the vessels which were lying off in the stream. It was a busy and animating sight. As he was lolling at the land-

ing place, a boat came on shore, which, from the description given by his young sailor friend, he was convinced was a bumboat; it had all the articles described by him, as well as many others, such as porter in bottles, a cask probably containing beer, leeks, onions, and many other heterogeneous matters; and, moreover, there was a fat woman seated in the stern.

The waterman shoved in with his boat-hook, and the wherry grounded. The fat personage got out, and the waterman handed to her a basket, a long-book, and several other articles, which she appeared to consider indispensable; among others, a bundle which looked like dirty linen for the wash.

'Dear me! how shall I get up all these things?' exclaimed the woman; 'and, William, you can't leave the boat, and there's nobody here to help me.'

'I'll help you,' said Joey, coming down the steps; 'what shall I carry for you?'

'Well, you're a good, kind boy,' replied she; 'can you carry that bundle; I'll manage all the rest.'

Joey tossed the bundle on his shoulder in a moment.

'Well, you're a strong little chap,' said the waterman.

'He's a very nice little fellow, and a kind one. Now come along, and I'll not forget you,' said the old woman.

Joey followed with the bundle, until they arrived at a narrow door not eighty yards from the landing place, and the woman asked him if he would carry it up stairs to the first floor, which he did.

'Do you want me any more?' said Joey, letting down the bundle.

'No, dear, no; but I must give you something for your trouble.'

'Nothing at all,' replied Joey, 'I shall not take any thing; you are welcome; good bye;' and so saying, Joey walked down stairs, although the woman halloed after him, and recommenced his peregrination in the streets of Gravesend; but he was soon tired of walking on the pavement, which was none of the best, and he then thought he would go out into the country, and enjoy the green fields; so off he set, the same way that he came into town, passed by the school of little Emma, and trudged away on the road, stopping every now and then to examine what attracted his notice, watching a bird if it sang on the branch of a tree, and not moving lest he should frighten it away, at times sitting down by the road side, and meditating on the past and future. The day was closing in, and Joey was still amusing himself as every boy who has been confined in a school-room would do; he sauntered on until he came to the very spot where he had been crying, and had met with little Emma Phillips; and as he sat down again, he thought of her sweet little face and her kindness towards him—and there he remained some time till he was roused by some one singing as they went along the road. He looked up, and perceived it was the little girl, who was returning from school. Joey rose immediately, and walked towards her to meet her, but she did not appear to recognise him, and would have passed him if he had not said,—

'Don't you know me?'

'Yes, I do now,' replied she smiling 'but I did not at first—you have put on another dress. I have been thinking of you all day—and, do you know, I've got a black mark for not saying my lesson,' added the girl with a sigh.

'And then it's my fault,' replied Joey; 'I'm very sorry.'

'O, never mind; it is the first that I have had for a long while, and I shall tell mamma why. But you are dressed as a sailor-boy—are you going to sea?'

'No, I believe not—I hope to have employment here in town, and then I shall be able to see you sometimes when you return from school. May I walk with you as far as your own house?'

'Yes, I suppose so, if you like it.'

Joey walked with her until they came to the house, which was about two hundred yards farther.

'But,' said Joey, 'you must make me a promise.'

'What is that?'

'You must keep my secret. You must not tell your mother that you saw me first in what you called gentlemen's clothes—it might do me harm—and, indeed, it's not for my own sake I ask it. Don't say a word about my other clothes or they may ask me questions which I must not answer, for it's not my secret. I told you more this morning than I would have told any one else—I did, indeed.'

'Well,' replied the little girl, after thinking a little, 'I suppose I have no right to tell a secret, if I am begged not to do it, so I will say nothing about your clothes. But I must tell mother that I met you.'

'O, yes; tell her you met me, and that I was looking for some work, and all that, and to-morrow or next day I will let you know if I get any.'

'Will you come in now?' said Emma.

'No, not now; I must first see if I can get this employment promised for me, and then I will see you again: if I should not see you again I will not forget you, indeed I won't—Good bye.'

Emma bade him adieu, and they separated, and Joey remained and watched her till she disappeared under the porch of the entrance.

Our hero returned towards Gravesend in rather a melancholy mood; there was something so unusual in his meeting with the little girl—something so uncommon in the sympathy expressed by her—that he felt pain at parting. But it was getting late, and it was time that he kept his appointment with his friend, the sailor-boy.

Joey remained at the door of the eating-house for about a quarter of an hour, when he perceived the sailor-lad coming up the street. He went forward to meet him.

'O, here we are. Well, young fellow, I've seen the old woman, and had a long talk with her, and she won't believe there can be another

in the world like her Peter, but I persuaded her to have a look at you, and she has consented; so come along, for I must be on board again in half an hour.'

Joey followed his new friend down the street, until they came to the very door to which he had carried the bundle. The sailor-boy mounted the stairs, and turning into the room at the first landing, Joey beheld the woman whom he had assisted in the morning.

'Here he is, Mrs. Chopper, and if he won't suit you I don't know who will,' said the boy. 'He's a regular scholar, and can sum up like winkin.'

This character, given so gratuitously by his new acquaintance, made Joey stare, and the woman looked hard into Joey's face.

'Well, now,' said she, 'where have I seen you before? Dear me! and *he is* like poor Peter, as you said Jem; I vow he is.'

'I saw you before to-day,' replied Joey, 'for I carried a bundle up for you.'

'And so you did, and would have no money for your trouble. Well, Jem, he is like poor Peter.'

'I told you so, old lady; ay, and he'll just do for you as well as Peter did; but I'll leave you to settle matters, for I must be a-board.'

So saying, the lad tipped a wink to Joey, the meaning of which our hero could not understand, and went down stairs.

'Well, now, its very odd, but you do look like poor Peter, and the more I look at you the more you are like him; poor Peter! did you hear how I lost him?'

'Yes, the sailor-lad told me this morning.'

'Poor fellow! he held on too fast, most people drown by not holding on fast enough; he was a good boy and very smart indeed; and so it was you who helped me this morning when I missed poor Peter so much? Well, it showed you had a good heart, and I love that; and where did you meet with Jim Paterson?'

'I met him first in a slop-shop as he calls it, when I was buying my clothes.'

'Well, Jim's a wild one, but he has a good heart, and pays when he can. I've been told by those who know his parents, that he will have property bye-and-bye. Well, and what can you do? I am afraid you can't do all Peter did.'

'I can keep your accounts, and I can be honest and true to you.'

'Well, Peter could not do more; are you sure you can keep accounts, and sum up totals?'

'Yes, to be sure I can; try me.'

'Well, then, I will, here is pen, ink, and paper. Well, you are the very image of Peter, and that's a fact. Now write down, beer, 8d.; tobaccco, 4d.; is that down?'

'Yes.'

'Let me see; duck for trousers, 3s. 6d.; beer, again, 4d.; tobacco, 4d.; is that down? Well, then, say beer again, 8d. Now sum that all up.'

Joey was perfect master of the task, and, as he handed over the paper announced the whole sum to amount to 5s. 10d.

'Well,' says Mrs. Chopper, 'it looks all right, but just stay here a minute while I go and speak to somebody.' Mrs. Chopper left the room, went down stairs, and took it to the bar girl at the next public house to ascertain if it was all correct.

'Yes, quite correct, Mrs. Chopper,' replied the lass.

'And is it as good as Peter's was, poor fellow?'

'Much better,' replied the girl.

'Dear me! who would have thought it!—and so like Peter, too!'

Mrs. Chopper came up stairs again, and took her seat. 'Well,' says she, 'and now what is your name?'

'Joey.'

'Joey what?'

'Joey—O'Donahue,' replied our hero, for he felt fearful of giving the name of M'Shane.

'And who are your parents?'

'They are poor people,' replied Joey, 'and live a long way off.'

'And why did you leave them?'

Joey had already made up his mind to tell his former story; 'I left there because I was accused of poaching, and they wished me to go away.'

'Poaching; yes, I understand that—killing hares and birds. Well, why did you poach?'

'Because father did.'

'O, well, I see: then if you only did what your father did, we must not blame his child; and so you come down here to go to sea?'

'If I could not do better.'

'But you shall do better, my good boy, I will try you instead of poor Peter, and if you are an honest and good careful boy, it will be much better than going to sea. Dear me! how like he is, but now I *must* call you Peter; it will make me think I have him with me, poor fellow!'

'If you please,' said Joey, who was not sorry to change his name.

'Well, then, where do you sleep to-night?'

'I did intend to ask for a bed at the house where I left my bundle.'

'Then don't do so, go for your bundle, and you shall sleep in Peter's bed, (poor fellow, his last was a watery bed, as the papers say,) and then to-morrow morning you can go off with me.'

Joey accepted the offer, went back for his bundle, and returned to Mrs. Chopper in a quarter of an hour; she was then preparing her supper, which Joey was not sorry to partake of; after which she led him into a small room, in which was a small bed without curtains; the room itself was hung round with strings of onions, papers of sweet herbs, and flitches of bacon; the floor was strewed with empty ginger-beer bottles, oakum in bags, and many other articles. Altogether the smell was anything but agreeable.

'Here is poor Peter's bed,' said Mrs. Chopper: 'I changed his sheets the night before he was drowned, poor fellow! Can I trust you to put the candle out?'

'O, yes; I'll be very careful.'

'Then good night, boy. Do you ever say your prayers, poor Peter always did?'

'Yes, I do,' replied Joey, 'good night.'

Mrs. Chopper left the room. Joey threw open the window, for he was almost suffocated, undressed himself, put out the light, and when he had said his prayers, his thoughts naturally reverted to the little Emma, who had knelt with him on the road-side.

PART 9.

VOL. II.—CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH OUR HERO GOES ON DUTY.

At five o'clock the next morning Joey was called up by Mrs. Chopper; the waterman was in attendance, and, with the aid of Joey, carried down the various articles into the boat. When all was ready, Mrs. Chopper and Joey sat down to their breakfast, which consisted of tea, bread and butter, and red herrings; and, as soon as it was finished, they embarked and the boat shoved off.

'Well, Mrs. Chopper,' said the waterman, 'so I perceive you've got a new hand.'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Chopper; 'don't you think he's the moral of poor Peter?'

'Well, I don't know but there is a something about the cut of his jib which reminds me of him, now you mention it. Peter was a good boy.'

'Ay, that he was, and as sharp as a needle.—You see,' said Mrs. Chopper, turning to Joey, 'sharp's the word in the bumboat. There's many who pay, and many who don't; some I trust, and some I don't—that is, those who won't pay me old debts. We lose a bit of money at times, but it all comes round in the end; but I lose more by not booking the things taken than in any other way, for sailors do pay when they have the money—that is, if they ever come back again, poor fellows. Now, Peter.'

'What? is his name Peter, too?'

'Yes; I must call him Peter, William; he is so like poor Peter.'

'Well, that will suit me; I hate learning new names.'

'Well, but Peter,' continued Mrs. Chopper, 'you must be very careful; for, you see, I'm often called away here and there, after wash clothes and such things, and then you must look out, and if they do take up anything, why you must book it at all events. You'll learn by and by who to trust and who not to trust; for I know the most of my customers. You must not trust a woman—I mean any of the sailors' wives—unless I tell you, and you must be very sharp with them, for they play all manner of tricks; you must look two ways at once. Now, there's a girl on board the brig we are pulling to, called Nancy; why, she used to weather poor Peter, sharp as he was. She used to pretend to be very fond of him, and hug him close to her with one arm, so as to blind him, while she stole the tarts with the other; so don't admit her familiarities; if you do, I shall pay for them.'

'Then, who am I to trust?'

'Bless the child! you'll soon find out that; but mind one thing—never trust a tall, lanky seaman, without his name's on the books; those chaps never pay. There's the book kept by poor Peter; and you see names upon the top of each score—at least, I believe so; I have no learning myself, but I've a good memory; I can't read nor write, and that's why Peter was so useful.'

That Peter could read his own writing it is to be presumed; but certain it was that Joey could not make it out until after many days' examination, when he discovered that certain hieroglyphics were meant to represent certain articles; after which it became more easy.

They had now reached the side of the vessel, and the sailors came down into the boat, and took up several articles upon credit; Joey booked them very regularly.

'Has Bill been down yet?' said a soft voice from the gangway.

'No, Nancy, he has not.'

'Then he wants two red herrings, a sixpenny loaf, and some baccy.'

Joey looked up, and beheld a very handsome, fair, blue-eyed girl, with a most roguish look, who was hanging over the side.

'Then he must come himself, Nancy,' replied Mrs. Chopper, 'for you know the last time you took up the things, he said that you were never told to do so, and he would not pay for them.'

'That's because the fool was jealous; I lost the tobacco, Mrs. Chopper, and he said I had given it to Dick Snapper.'

'I can't help that; he must come himself.'

'But he's away in the boat, and he told me to get the things for him Who have you there? Not Peter, no, it's not Peter; but what a dear little boy.'

'I told you so,' said Mrs. Chopper to our hero; 'now, if I wasn't in the boat, she would be down in it in a minute, and persuade you to let her have the things—and she never pays.'

Joey looked up again, and, as he looked at Nancy, felt that it would be very unkind to refuse her.

'Now, what a hard hearted old woman you are, Mrs. Chopper. Bill will come on board; and, as sure as I stand here, he'll whack me. He will pay you, you may take my word for it.'

'Your word, Nancy!' replied Mrs. Chopper, shaking her head.

'Stop a moment,' said Nancy, coming down the side, with very little regard as to showing her well-formed legs; 'stop, Mrs. Chopper, and I'll explain to you.'

'It's no use coming down, Nancy, I tell you,' replied Mrs. Chopper.

'Well, we shall see,' replied Nancy, taking her seat in the boat, and looking archly in Mrs. Chopper's face; 'the fact is, Mrs. Chopper, you don't know what a good-tempered woman you are.'

'I know, Nancy, what you are,' replied Mrs. Chopper.

'O, so does everybody; I'm nobody's enemy but my own, they say.'

'Ah! that's very true, child; more's the pity.'

'Now, I didn't come down to wheedle you out of anything, Mrs. Chopper, but mostly to talk to you, and look at this pretty boy.'

'There you go, Nancy; but an't he like Peter?'

'Well, and so he is! very like Peter; he has Peter's eyes and his nose, and his mouth is exactly Peter's—how very strange!'

'I never see'd such a likeness!' exclaimed Mrs. Chopper.

'No, indeed,' replied Nancy, who, by agreeing with Mrs. Chopper in all she said, and praising Joey, and his likeness to Peter, at last quite came over the old bumboat woman; and Nancy quitted her boat with the two herrings, the loaf, and the paper of tobacco.

'Shall I put them down, Mrs. Chopper?' said Joey.

'Oh, dear!' replied Mrs. Chopper, coming to her recollection, 'I'm afraid that it's no use; but put them down, any how; they will go for bad debts. Shove off, William, we must go to the large ship now.'

'I do wish that that Nancy was at any other port,' exclaimed Mrs. Chopper, as they quitted the vessel's side; 'I do lose so much money by her.'

'Well,' said the waterman, laughing, 'you're not the only one; she can wheedle man or woman, or as they say, the devil to boot, if she would try.'

During the whole of the day the wherry proceeded from ship to ship, supplying necessaries; in many instances they were paid for in ready-money, in others Joey's capabilities were required, and they were booked down against the customers. At last, about five o'clock in the evening, the beer barrel being empty, most of the contents of the baskets nearly exhausted, and the wherry loaded with the linen for the wash, biscuits, empty bottles, and various other articles of traffic or exchange, Mrs. Chopper ordered William, the waterman, to pull on shore to the landing place.

As soon as the baskets and other articles had been carried up to the house, Mrs. Chopper sent out for the dinner, which was regularly obtained from a cook's shop. Joey sat down with her, and when his meal was finished, Mrs. Chopper told him he might take a run and stretch his legs a little if he pleased, while she tended to the linen which was to go to the wash. Joey was not sorry to take advantage of this considerate permission, for his legs were quite cramped from sitting so long jammed up between baskets of eggs, red herrings, and the other comestibles which had encompassed him.

We must now introduce Mrs. Chopper to the reader a little ceremoniously. She was the widow of a boatswain who had set her up in the bumboat business, with some money he had acquired a short time before his death, and she had continued it ever since on her own account.—People said that she was rich, but riches are comparative, and if a person in a seaport town, and in her situation, could show £200 or £300 at her banker's, she was considered rich. If she was rich in nothing else, she certainly was in bad and doubtful debts, having seven or eight books like that which Joey was filling up for her during the whole day, all containing accounts of long standing, and most of which would probably stand for ever; but if the bad debts were many, the profits were in proportion; and what with the long standing debts being occasionally paid, the ready money she continually received, and the profitable traffic which she made in the way of exchange, &c., she appeared to do a thriving business, although it is certain the one-half of her goods were as much given away as were the articles obtained from her in the morning by Nancy.

It is a question whether these books of bad debts were not a source of enjoyment to her, for every night she would take one of the books down, and although she could not read, yet, by having them continually read to her, and knowing the pages so exactly, she could almost repeat every line which the various bills contained; and then there was always a story which she had to tell about each—something relative to the party of whom the transaction reminded her; and subsequently, when Joey was fairly domiciled with her, she would make him hand down one of the books, and talk away from it for hours; they were the ledgers of her reminiscences; the events of a considerable portion of her life were all entered down along with the baccy, porter, pipes and red herrings; a bill for these articles was, to her, time, place, and circumstance; and what with a good memory, and bad debts to assist it, many were the hours which were passed away—and pleasantly enough, too, for one liked to talk and the other to listen—between Mrs. Chopper and our little hero. But we must not anticipate.

The permission given to Joey to stretch his legs induced him to set off as fast as he could to gain the high road before his little friend, Emma Philips, had left school. He sat down in the same place, waiting for her coming. The spot had become hallowed to the poor fellow—for he had there met with a friend—with one who sympathised with him when he most required consolation. He now felt happy, for he was no longer in doubt about obtaining a livelihood, and his first wish was to impart the pleasing intelligence to his little friend. She was not long before she made her appearance in her little straw bonnet and blue ribbons. Joey started up, and informed her that he had got a very nice place, explained to her what it was, and how he had been employed during the day.

'And I can very often come out about this time, I think,' added Joey, 'and then I can walk home with you and see that you come to no harm.'

'But,' replied the little girl, 'my mother says that she would like to see you, as she will not allow me to make acquaintance with people I meet by accident. Don't you think that mother is right?'

'Yes, I do; she is very right,' replied Joey; 'I didn't think of that.'

'Will you come and see her, then?'

'Not now, because I am not very clean. I'll come on Sunday if I can get leave.'

They separated, and Joey returned back to the town. As he walked on, he thought he would spend the money he had got in a suit of

Sunday clothes of a better quality than those he had on, the materials of which were very coarse. On second thoughts he resolved to apply to Mrs. Chopper, as he did not exactly know where to go for them, and was afraid that he would be imposed upon.

'Well, Peter,' said his new mistress, 'do you feel better for your walk?'

'Yes, thank you, ma'am.'

'Peter,' continued Mrs. Chopper, 'you appear to be a very handy, good boy, and I hope we shall live together a long while. How long have you been at sea?'

'I was going to sea, I have never been to sea yet, and I don't want to go; I would rather go with you.'

'And so you shall, that's a settled thing. What clothes have you got, Peter?'

'I have none but what I stand in, and a few shirts in a bundle, and they are Sunday ones; but when I left home I had some money given me, and I wish to buy a suit of clothes for Sunday, to go to church in.'

'That's a good boy, and so you shall; but how much money have you got?'

'Quite enough to buy a suit of clothes,' replied Joey, handing out two sovereigns, and seventeen shillings in silver.

'O, I suppose they gave you all that to fit you out with when you left home; poor people, I dare say they worked hard for it. Well, I don't think the money will be of any use to you; so you had better buy a Sunday suit, and I will take care you want for nothing afterwards.—Don't you think I'm right?'

'Yes, I wish to do so. To-day is Tuesday, I may have them made by next Sunday.'

'So you can; and as soon as William comes in, which he will soon, from the washerwoman's, we will go out and order them. Here he comes up the stairs—no, that foot's too light for his.—Well, it's Nancy, I declare! Why, Nancy, now,' continued Mrs Chopper, in a deprecating tone, 'what do you want here?'

'Well, I leave you to guess,' replied Nancy, looking very demurely, and taking a seat upon a hamper.

'Guess; I fear there's no guess in it Nancy; but I will not—now it's no use—I will not trust another shilling.'

'But I know you will, Mrs. Chopper. Lord love you, you're such a good-natured creature, you can't refuse any one, and certainly not me. Why don't you take me with you in your boat as your assistant? then there would be something in it worth looking at. I should bring you plenty of custom.'

'You're too wild, Nancy, too wild, girl; but now, what do you want? recollect, you've already had some things to-day.'

'I know I have, and you're a good-natured old trump, that you are. Now, I'll tell you—gold must pass between us this time.'

'Mercy on me, Nancy! why, you're mad.—I've no gold—nothing but bad debts.'

'Look you, Mrs Chopper, look at this shabby old bonnet of mine. Don't I want a new one?'

'Then you must get somebody else to give you money, Nancy,' replied Mrs. Chopper, coolly, and decidedly.

'Don't talk so fast, Mrs. Chopper; now, I'll let you know how it is. When Bill came on board, he asked the captain for an advance; the captain refused him before, but this time he was in a good humor, and he consented. So then I coaxed Bill out of a sovereign to buy a new bonnet, and he gave it me, and then I thought what a kind soul you were, and I resolved that I would bring you the sovereign, and go without the new bonnet; so here it is, take it quick, or I shall repent.'

'Well, Nancy,' said Mrs. Chopper, 'you said right; gold has passed between us, and I am surprised. Now I shall trust you again.'

'And so you ought, it's not every pretty girl like me who will give up a new bonnet. Only look what a rubbishing affair this is,' continued Nancy, giving her own a kick up in the air.

'I wish I had a sovereign to give away,' said Joey to Mrs. Chopper; 'I wish I had not said a word about the clothes.'

'Do as you like with your own money, my dear,' said the bumboat woman.

'There, Nancy, I'll give you a sovereign to buy yourself a new bonnet with,' said Joey, taking one out of his pocket, and putting it into her hand.

Nancy looked at the sovereign, and then at Joey. 'Bless the boy!' said she, at last, kissing him on the forehead; 'he has a kind heart; may the world use him better than it has me! Here, take your sovereign, child; my bonnet's good enough for one like me.' So saying Nancy turned hastily away, and ran down stairs.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH MRS. CHOPPER READS HER LEDGER.

'Ah, poor girl!' said Mrs. Chopper, with a sigh, as Nancy disappeared. 'You are a good boy, Peter; I like to see boys not too fond of money, and if she had taken it (and I wish she had, poor thing) I would have made it up to you.'

'Is the man she calls Bill her husband?' inquired Joey.

'O, I know nothing about other people's husbands,' replied Mrs. Chopper, hastily. 'Now, then, let us go and order the clothes, and then you'll be able to go to church on Sunday; I will do without you.'

'What, won't you go to church?'

'Bless you, child! who is to give the poor men their breakfast and their beer? a bumboat woman can't go to church any more than a baker's man, for people must eat on a Sunday. Church, like every thing else in this world, appears to me only to be made for the rich; I always take my bible in the boat with me on Sunday, but then I can't read it, so it's of no great use. No, dear, I can't go to church, but I can contrive, if it don't rain in the evening, to go to meeting and hear a little of the word; but you can go to church, dear.'

A suit of blue cloth, made in sailor's fashion, having been ordered by Mrs. Chopper, she and Joey returned home; and, after their tea, Mrs. Chopper desired Joey to hand her one of the account books, which she put upon her knees and opened.

'There,' said she, looking at the page, 'I know that account well; it was Tom Alsop's—a fine fellow he was, only he made such a bad marriage; his wife was a very fiend, and the poor fellow loved her, which was worse. One day he missed her, and found she was on board another vessel; and he came on shore distracted like, and got very tipsy, as sailors always do when they're in trouble, and he went down to the wharf, and his body was picked up the next day.'

'Did he drown himself?'

'Yes, so people think, Peter, and he owed me £1 3s. 4d., if I recollect right. Arn't that the figure, Peter?'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied Joey, 'that's the sum total of the account exactly.'

'Poor fellow!' continued Mrs Chopper with a sigh, 'he went to his long account without paying me my short one. Never mind; I wish he was alive, and twice as much in my debt.—There's another, I recollect that well, Peter, for it's a proof that sailors are honest, and I do believe that, if they don't pay, it's more from thoughtlessness than any thing else; and then the women coax all their money from them, for sailors dont care for money when they do get it, and then those Jews are such shocking fellows; but look you, Peter, this is almost the first bill run up after I took up the business; he was a nice fair-haired lad from Shields, and the boy was cast away, and he was picked up by another vessel and brought here, and I let him have things, and lent him money to the amount of a matter of £20, and he said he would save all and pay me, and he sailed away again, and I never heard of him for nine years. I thought that he was drowned, or that he was not an honest lad; I didn't know which, and it was a deal of money to lose; but I gave it up, when one day a tall, stout fellow, with great red whiskers, called upon me, and said, 'Do you know me?'

''No,' said I, half frightened; 'how should I know you? I never see'd you before.'

''Yes, you do,' says he, 'and here's a proof of it; and he put down on the table a lot of money, and said, 'Now, missus, help yourself; better late than never. I'm Jim Sparling, who was cast away, whom you were as good as a mother to; but I've never been able to get leave to come and see you since. I'm boatswain's mate of a man-of-war, and have just received my pay, and now I've come to pay my debts'

'He would make me take £5 more than his bill to buy a new silk gown, for his sake; poor fellow! he's dead now. Here's another, that was run up by one of your tall, lanky sailors, who wear their knives in a sheath, and not with a lanyard round their waists; those fellows never pay, but they swear dreadfully. Let me see, what can this one be? Read it, Peter; how much is it?'

'£4 2s. 4d.,' replied our hero.

'Yes, yes, I recollect now, it was the Dutch skipper; there's murder in that bill Peter; it was things I supplied to him just before he sailed, and an old man was passenger in the cabin; he was a very rich man, although he pretended to be poor; he was a diamond merchant they say, and as soon as they were at sea, the Dutch captain murdered him in the night, and threw him out of the cabin window; but one of the sailors saw the deed done, and he was taken up at Amsterdam and had his head cut off. The crew told us when the galliot came back with a new captain. So the Dutch skipper paid the forfeit of his crime; he paid my bill, too, that's certain. 'O, deary me,' continued the old lady, turning to another page. 'I shan't forget this in a hurry; I never see poor Nancy now without recollecting it. Look, Peter; I know the sum—4s. 6d. exactly; it was the things taken up when Tom Freelove married Nancy; it was the wedding dinner and supper.'

'What, Nancy who was here just now?'

'Yes, that Nancy, and a sweet modest young creature she was then, had been well brought up too; she could read and write beautifully, and subscribed to a circulating library, they say—She was the daughter of a baker in this town. I recollect it well; such a fine day it was when they went to church, she looking so handsome in her new ribbons and smart dress, and he such a fine-looking young man. I never see'd such a handsome young couple; but he was a bad one, and so it all ended in misery.'

'Tell me how,' said Joey.

'I'll tell you all you ought to know, boy; you are too young to be told all the wickedness of this world. Her husband treated her very ill; before he had been married a month, he left her and went about with other people, and was always drunk, and she became jealous and distracted, and he beat her cruelly and deserted her, and then, to comfort her, people would persuade her to keep her spirits up, and gave her something to drink, and by degrees she became fond of it. Her husband was killed by a fall from the mast head, and she loved him still, and took more to liquor, and that was her ruin. She don't drink now, because she don't feel as she used to do; she cares about nothing; she is much to be pitied, poor thing, for she's still young and very pretty. It's only four years ago when I saw her come out of church, and thought what a happy couple they would be.'

'Where are her father and mother?'

'Both dead; don't let us talk about it any more; it's bad enough when a man drinks, but if a woman takes to it, it's all over with her, but some people's feelings are so strong that they fly to it directly to drown care and misery. Put up the book, Peter; I can't look at it any more to-night; we'll go to bed.'

Joey every day gave more satisfaction to his employer, and, upon his own responsibility, allowed his friend, the sailor lad, to open an account as soon as his money was all gone. Finding that the vessel was going up the river to

load, Joey determined to write a few lines to the M'Shanes, to allay the uneasiness which he knew his absence must have occasioned, Jim Paterson promising to put the letter in the post as soon as he arrived at London.

Our hero simply said, 'My dear sir, I am quite well, and have found employment, so pray do not grieve about me, as I never shall forget your kindness. Joey M'Shane.'

On the following Sunday, Joey was dressed in his sailor's suit, and looked very well in it.—He was not only a very good-looking but a gentlemanlike boy in his manners. He went to church, and after church, he walked out to the abode of his little friend, Emma Philips. She ran out to meet him, was delighted with his new clothes and took him by the hand to present him to her mother. Mrs. Philips was a quiet looking, pleasing woman, and the old lady was of a very venerable appearance. They made many inquiries about his friends, and Joey continued in the same story, that he and his father had been poachers, that he had been discovered and obliged to go away, and that he went with the consent of his parents. They were satisfied with his replies, and prepossessed in his favor; and as Joey was so patronised by her little daughter, he was desired to renew his visits, which he occasionally did on Sundays, but preferred meeting Emma on the road from school, and the two children (if Joey could be called a child) became very intimate, and felt annoyed if they did not every day exchange a few words. Thus passed the first six months of Joey's new life; the winter was cold and the water rough, and he blew his fingers, while Mrs. Chopper folded her arms up in her apron; but he had always a good dinner and a warm bed after the day's work was over. He became a great favorite with Mrs. Chopper, who at last admitted that he was much more useful than even Peter; and William, the waterman, declared that such was really the case, and that he was, in his opinion, worth two of the former Peter, who had come to such an untimely end.

[Contributed to the Boston Notion.]

THE AGE OF POWDER

BY J. E. DOW.

Bellona was an ancient Maid
  Who gloried in a battle,
She set on foot the sulphur trade,
  And made the bullets rattle.
Around her bloody chariot slept
  Her warriors stiff and gory;
And widows for their husbands wept,
  And poets told their story.

II.

Her ruthless fingers tore the world
  Like oyster shells asunder;
She ruined Illium for a girl,
  And Carthage for a blunder,
Grim Cæsar at her bidding died,
  And Brutus preached his sermon,
Ere Mistress Rome in all her pride
  Was rifled by the German.

III.

Her first attempt was with the gods
  Who lived on windy nectar,
She threw at Mars a mount of sods
  And backed her bully Hector;
She caused old Jupiter to rave,
  And Juno to be jealous,
And made Æolus from his cave
  Bring out his mighty bellows.

IV.

But one would think in later days
  The vixen would be quiet,
Since Emmons wrote his *soothing* lays
  And Graham ruled our diet;
While Batchelor his Essay reads
  Upon a peace of Nations,
And Mrs. General G—— succeeds
  Her husband's lucubrations.

V.

But no, the world around is full,
  Of crackers, squibs and thunder,
And round the globe goes Johnny Bull,
  For glory and for plunder;
In China now he shows his horns,
  And ravages old Jewry,
He tramples on the Pacha's corns,
  And bellows forth his fury

VI.

And every day new rumor brings
  Of wars and desolation;
Of steamers, ships and other things
  To overturn our nation.
And one would fashion wooden towers—
  A very *prince of dreamers*—
Whence balls red hot could roll in showers
  Upon the English steamers.

VII.

But wooden towers will tumble down,
  Or burn amid the battle,
And then good bye to every town
  That hears the bullets rattle.
Beside, the shot if thrown so far,
  Will stand a chance of cooling,

And then the danger of a jar—
  Why zounds, the fellow's fooling.

VIII.

The next quintessence of his pate,
  Will be to put in motion,
A war balloon to navigate
  The Atmospheric ocean;
With Espy for a pilot sage,
  And Chaubert for a colonel;
With Locke to write the storied page
  Of the celestial Journal.

IX.

Then men might well exclaim with pride
  "A fig for England's navy,"
Her captains by the Tamar's side
  Would die with gout and gravy;
Her meteor flag would float in shame
  Above a Dock-yard hurdle;
And Britain's glory be a name
  To grace a woman's girdle.

X.

But pleasantry,—a truce to thee,
  There is a way to save us,
A way to keep our nation free,
  And hold what nature gave us.
It is to let our forests stand,
  Our hot shot in the heater,
And bid our Military band
  Monopolize Salt-Petre.

XI.

Oh, such a plan would suit all round—
  The peace-men and the Quakers—
'Twould save to Maine her border ground,
  And help the undertakers.
For then a man would die at home,
  Like honest old Von Thiller,
And the Millenium would come,
  As prophecied by Miller.

XII.

This sulphur has a horrid smell,
  And Nitre hurts digestion,
A Battle is a 'bagatelle'
  In arguing a question.
For truth in spite of mangled forms
  Of terror, death and glory,
Will trample over human storms,
  And tell her simple story.

XIII.

Then let the Devil broth of kings,
  In senseless fury bubble,
We need not burn our Eagle's wings,
  In searching after trouble.
But should we smell the sulphur's breath,
  And arm, for battle giving,—
Our fathers sleep in glorious death,
  Our bus'ness's with the living.

[Contributed to the Boston Notion.]

THE OLDEN TIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"The Brothers"—"Cromwell"—"Ringwood the Rover," &c.

Oh for the time—the olden time—
When earth was in its youthful prime—
  The time of truth and glory!—
When men were men of manly mould,
Ere faith was bought, and friendship sold,
And honor but a name for gold,
  And love a minstrel's story!—
When smiles were worn to welcome friends,
  And frowns for open foes—
And smiles and frowns had honest ends,
  Zeal, faith, and lusty blows!
When words but spoke the bosom's truth,
And hands avouched that words were sooth;
And men were weighed, as they were worth,
For gallant deeds, and generous birth,
  Wit, virtue, valor, fame!—
For these nor garb the limbs might wear,
Nor glittering trash the pouches bear,
  Gave honor, place, or name!
All in the time—the olden time—
When earth was in its youthful prime—
  The time of truth and glory!

Then slavish bearing marked the slave,
And none were noble but the brave,
None louted to the golden knave,
  With pedigree in purse!
Then honest merit stood as high,
  Although his weeds were sere,
And bore his head as near the sky,
  As Paladin or Peer.
The proudest Prince, the sword who drew,
When trumpets rang, and splinters flew,
  Shields brake, and red blood ran,
Dared not—though daring was his trade—
To wrong by word unproved by blade
  The meanest gentleman!
The poet's place was honored then,
The fount of glory was his pen,
  His scorn the deepest curse!

Then courtesy was nigh to state;
And none so gentle as the great,
So humble as the high!—
And wealth was vile that decked the rude,
And gold was prized but for the good
Its owner did thereby.
All in the time—the olden time—
When earth was in its youthful prime—
The time of truth and glory!

Then ladies' love was merit's meed,
And sought in truth, and wooed indeed—
For it was worth the wooing,
When none might hope to prosper there,
By costly garb, or courtly air,
Unless his heart were right—
When hearts were only proved by trial,
And constancy by stern denial,
And courage but by fight!
When to have failed the weak to aid—
When to have wronged the humblest maid—
To have hedged one pace from truth aside—
One pace from war's most deadly tide—
Had been a king's undoing!—
When every wish, that half-expressed
Faint faltered from the maiden's breast
Who, safe as diamond wrapt in flame,
Preserved her honor's purity,
Was law to every knightly crest—
Although a queen's supreme behest,
Were but one blot upon her fame,
Had passed unheeded by,
All in the time—the olden time—
When earth was in its youthful prime—
The time of truth and glory!

Then happy was the peasant's hut—
The squire's hall door was never shut,
Nor yet his buttery hatch—
And when the Christmas chimes rang out,
Though wild the wintry storms did shout,
The yeoman sent the ale about,
Beneath his roof of thatch.
His step was firm, his bearing bold,
His heart, of the good English mould,
Changed not for force or fear!—
No slave was he, i' the olden day—
Yet dared his parents to obey,
His betters to revere!—
For though he could not pen a line,
Nor knew to read the book divine,
Nor clerkly hymns to sing,
The churchward path he weekly trod—
His soul was faithful to his God,
And loyal to his King!—
No brawling demagogues had then
Poured poison in the ears of men,
And filled their souls with gall—
The laborer by his evening cheer
Envied not, hated not the peer,
In his ancestral hall—
But rich and poor were neighbors good,
And dreamed not, in their happy mood,
Nature had made them foes—
For side by side in sport they stood,
And side by side lay in their blood,
When Briton's war-cry rose,
All in the time—the olden time—
When earth was in its youthful prime—
The time of truth and glory!

How honesty is nothing worth;
And honor nothing high;
For sordid gold commands the earth,
If it have not won the sky.
The meanest wretch that wakes at dawn
To lie, to falter, and to fawn,
Give him but wealth enough—
And how shall virtue, birth, or name,
Service, desert, wit, wisdom, fame,
Match with his gilded slough?—
For he shall cringe before the proud,
Flatter the rank ignoble crowd,
With false devices fair,
'Till he hath won his way to state,
And sit triumphant and elate,
Where heroes might despair.
And beauty is no more the meed
Of generous worth, or gallant deed,
Of truth or constancy,—
But ladies weigh the purse's length,
Against affection's holiest strength,
Virtue and lineage high!—
Fair form, young spirit, soul of fire,
All that enamored maids desire,
May sue in vain and sigh—
When wrinkled old prefers its claim,
Of loveless wedlock linked to shame—
So gold be there to buy!
The noble wastes his high estate—
The peasant shivers at his gate,
With curses deep and low—
For evil tongues have marred the scene,
That gladdened every village green,
Three hundred years ago!—
The prince's state is sullen pride—
The church's right is now denied—
Country and king forsworn—
The low, if lowly now, are slaves—
Vile from their cradles to their graves—
The brawling liberal's scorn!—
New world, alas! where all is strange,
Uncertain, dark, and full of change,
And nought preserves its name!
That men may doubt from all around,
Since nothing now is constant found,
If heaven be still the same!
Oh for the time—the olden time—
When earth was in its youthful prime,
The time of truth and glory!
Oh for the time—the olden time—
That now but lives in story!

A SERMON, DELIVERED ON SUNDAY, APRIL 18th.

BY REV. GEORGE WHITNEY,

OF JAMAICA PLAIN, ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF

PRESIDENT HARRISON.

NUMBERS, 16 CH. 29 VS.

— "THESE MEN DIE THE COMMON DEATH OF ALL MEN."

Since last I addressed you, my friends, from this place of our solemnities, an unusual bereavement has passed over our land. Disease and death have been unitedly busy, and rapidly successful in closing the earthly career of one, on whom the world had nothing higher among its honors to bestow. He, whom this great people, in numbers before unprecedented in our history, had chosen to stand at the head of its affairs, has suddenly bowed, as in the words of the text, to the common lot, and passed where sovereign and subject lie down together—their empty distinctions no longer known. He had been summoned to fill an exalted station and invested with the forms of earthly power, but they all afforded no immunity against the universal decree. He has died the common death of all men. He has fallen, too, in the morning of his work, while as yet the harness had hardly all been girded on. The sanguine hopes of friends and the waiting expectations of all have been blasted in an hour. A deep solemnity and an honorable sympathy pervade all classes and parties throughout our wide spread borders. There is a melancholy and overwhelming sense of a great and common loss.

As becomes a Christain patriot, I would turn this afflictive providence to some edifying account. I should degrade myself in my own eyes if I could be persuaded to speak of him any the sooner or the more tardily because of this party or that. He was of the noble party of good men and that is enough for me. I have no anxiety either to bespeak the patient audience of any one. I am sure of all I can desire from every right mind and every generous heart. It is an hour when honest differences lose all the prominency they may once have possessed, in a theme of deeper import—as fading stars die out before the opening day. There is a power, too in the grave, which buries up, for the most part all antipathies, and leads us to a calmer justice towards those whose memories it is soothing to us to guard. Nay more, even our well grounded preferences shrink away and give place to tender and charitable emotions, when death has arrested one in his race and summoned a kindred spirit to the presence of his God.

But, more than this, there were circumstances which tended to make the loss we are deploring more than usually affecting. It is an unwonted spectacle to see youthful faces saddened and tears in the eyes of grown men at the departure of any public servant. It has not been easy for us to divest the mind of the impression that a void has been made in the household circle. This, I think, has been to an extraordinary degree the general sentiment. Men have felt as if one had been suddenly smitten down, with whom they have been long familiar—a friend and not a stranger — an acquaintance and not a public functionary. This has been owing, in part, to the character of the man as far as it was known, having those traits preeminent which bind human sympathies with them; partly also, and to a much wider extent, I suppose, to that universal enthusiasm which manifested itself in an endless variety of forms, making his name familiar to us like a household word, and which so recently bore him up from his comparative poverty and retirement to the high station he filled, in the striking language of one, who had himself been seated there, as upon the wings of a "whirlwind."

Furthermore, the event before us has presented another feature already alluded to, always touching to the heart and full of solemn admonition to every thoughtful mind. Only a single month had passed, the waxing and waning of a single moon from the day of his elevation to the day of his death. Sudden and melancholy was the transition from the hour, when myriads

were doing him glad homage, to the feeble one, appointed to us all, when none could be found strong enough to afford him help. The robes of office and the winding sheet seemed to have been brought in together. The public congratulations of the ceremonial hall had hardly subsided to give repose to the chamber of death. The sounds of rejoicing seemed still to be lingering round its doors, while flesh and heart were failing. The chariot of state and the funeral car with its nodding plumes, we might almost fancy them one behind the other. Between triumphant joy and solemn wo, there was scarcely an intermediate scene. It was as when the hopeful are summoned to the bridal, and the burial is substituted in its place. It would be vain to attempt to portray the bereaved feelings of those before whom it immediately passed. But the emotions the event has excited have in a measure pervaded the community. The sudden transition has added to the task of sympathising with the general feeling, and at the same time, avoiding the danger of exaggeration. If I may but succeed in some humble approach to this difficult line by a few brief touches of his character, as to me it has appeared, with such reflections as may arise upon them, it will be all I ought to hope, and more than I can reasonably expect to accomplish in the present discourse. I shall feel at least, that mine has been well meant among worthier eulogies.

It is a cheering reflection that, for vastly the larger portion even of what may be termed the important stations of society, great talents or genius, or a capacious intellect are, as leading objects, neither necessary nor desirable. There is that which is better than them all. Strikingly in keeping with this, are the distributions of divine Providence. Take a large city, and how few comparatively are they, who stand out from the rest as great men in the popular acceptation of the term. Moreover, wherever those gifts are bestowed, which ensure remarkable preeminence, they are not unfrequently found in most unfortunate contrast with some great deficiency, as in Lord Bacon, for example, gigantic in intellect, but dwarfish in conscience. Among many others, there is in the world, this mistaken notion of what constitutes true greatness. It is associated indispensably with power surprisingly efficient, and like a sudden thunderbolt, startling; supposed capable also of accomplishing astonishing results in every department, and on all occasions. If I am right in the estimate I have formed of his character, he whose loss the country now deplores was not a great man in any of the popular acceptations of the term, more especially in this. His powers were not such as startle and impress, but rather those more solid qualities that wear well. His character is to be ranked in that class, of which the Father of our country was the great model among ourselves, if not among all men that ever lived. It was most remarkable for its even balance and for the rightful supremacy of all the higher elements:—a kind of greatness to which the popular voice is slowest to do justice. Its great beauty was its harmony. He had little about him, if indeed, he was not wholly destitute of anything, prominent or disjointed. There was no preponderance of love of power: no greedy covetousness of gain; no empty ambition for a name. We find him little varying in every station—the same man in them all; equally at home where his somewhat varied fortunes cast him,—in battles, where I think, neither his taste nor his nature led him to act; among the wild tribes of the wilderness who regarded him as a friend; in the new kingdoms of the south; in the councils of the nation, or in the quiet retreats of domestic life, and the unpretending, useful services, from which he was called to be a ruler.

He was not peculiarly endowed with the philosophic element. Nevertheless, though he might not be consulted as a philosopher, he would be the first to be confided in for his discretion. He had that clear good sense which oftentimes sees more surely even than the highest philosophy. Though he might not electrify and charm us with that brilliancy of mind, the gift of some, he would seldom lead us to lament that he had erred in judgment, and never that he had been betrayed by passion. Multitudes might pass him by fascinated by no glittering attractions, but they, who lingered long enough to see his worth, would feel reluctant to depart. Little occasion would he ever furnish an enemy, if any such he had, for accusation against him; certainly little in imprudence or folly, and still less in any moral delinquency. Is not this the better kind of greatness? So far as character alone is concerned, is it not that which best fills and honors every public station?

This man, whom the people had set over them,

remarkable as he was, in the general view of his character, for an even and well balanced one, had nevertheless, two or three leading points among the higher qualities, which we may cursorily notice. As striking as any, perhaps, was his sense of justice. I should be slow to ascribe to him, as a characteristic trait, either warmth of character, or ardor of temperament. But the sight of a wrong practised either upon others or himself, and much more any inducement to perpetrate such an act, or the suspicion of having committed it, would be likely sometimes to be mistaken for both. He was not the one to stand calm and unmoved in such emergencies. That, which had so firm a seat within, would show itself in the kindling eye and the warm glow of indignation. On ordinary occasions its natural expression would be seen in the absence of hasty decisions, and a calm and patient manner. It would then beget reliance. We have good assurance that this was so. I understand it to have been the first impression with which, upon a personal interview, a stranger was sure to be inspired. You would feel yourself in the presence of one from whom no wrong would be feared or suspected. This influence can never be assumed. It must be in the man. It can never be put on. We could no more be made to feel the same security in the presence of Nero or Napoleon, by any purpose of theirs, than by any efforts of our own we could transform them into angels of light. I repeat it, it must be in the man. It is enough to know that this influence was shed around him, to be assured that the element existed in him of whom we are speaking. It created confidence. It bound others to him. It made him the unsullied man he was. It set him above reproach. It raised his integrity beyond suspicion. All fair men among his opponents have acknowledged that he was an honest man. With him a trust would be safe as far as he could know how to fulfil it. He could look with no complacency upon any wrong. The highest would not escape censure were it deserved, and the meanest would lose no right it was his to claim. I err greatly if this was not a strong feature in the character of him whom we lament;—and a fitting trait it was for one whom the people had led up so high.

Close by this, and well associated with it was a hearty good will for his fellow-men. He stood within the circle of human sympathies. His benevolence was active and influential. What is recorded of his public acts and his spoken words, with all that has escaped of the gentleness and kindness of his private life leave us no room to doubt this. Moreover it seems to have been a part of himself. It was the spontaneous acting out of his nature—whether in power or out of it, commanding others or serving them—the persuasion that he was one of his race. He never parted with the feeling that he was a man. With many this is only a conviction or a recollection. With him, if I interpret him right, it was different. He was benevolent almost from necessity: it was his pleasure and natural life. He could not be otherwise but by doing violence to himself. Nothing humble or erring could exclude one from a share in his benevolent regards. It tinged his whole character, and, I may add, gave beauty to the whole. It took off the coldness and severity which, without this, sometimes encircle the man of incorruptible integrity, like a freezing atmosphere, and chill us as we would draw nigh. It gave that suavity and tenderness to his character. Oh! how much missed in the home that is now desolate, the suavity and tenderness which we are told was such a charm. It blunted the edge of a command and turned it into a persuasion. It spoke welcome and fellowship in the beaming eye, and the light of the face in anticipation of the tongue. And it was an affecting testimony to the trait which had been manifested before them, but a few days before, that on the morning before his death they gathered up in the market-place, with swimming eyes and eager inquiries, sorrowing lest they should see his face no more.

There is yet one other point, to which it would be wrong in us not to advert—a trait, if not before all, certainly behind none. The want of enthusiasm and the absence of ardor, might by some, be misconstrued here, as in other parts of his character, and be thought to preclude the possibility of deep religious feeling. But if we may judge from his life it was not so. He was a devout man. He walked with God. He adorned his life with the beauty of holiness. He who ponders his character, as displayed through eventful and trying scenes, will not find that he was the one to dissemble in anything. What he seemed, he was. He put on nothing for effect. And although we should make but little

account of the fact, for the spirit is the essential, and not the form, yet when it is related of him that he worshipped his Maker on his knees, we understand it to be the natural expression of the deep sentiment of his heart—the natural posture which his soul required for the reverential homage of his Maker. It is likewise a striking incident related among the peculiarly affecting circumstances attending his public obsequies that the funeral service, over his lifeless remains, was in part read from a copy of the Holy Scriptures he had purchased as his guide and oracle, when he first entered his new and responsible sphere of action. Both may seem a curious coincidence; on the latter only I would remark. In itself, indeed, it may to some appear but a simple and natural act. But it speaks volumes for the deep reverence with which that best of books had been regarded. It discloses to the accurate observer, as the thin smoke points the wind when no breath seems stirring, in what direction his tendencies moved him.

In analyzing his character, as portrayed to us by his conduct in the stations he had filled, together with what is left to us in public documents and speeches, and the testimony of those who had enjoyed his society, these seem to me to have been the leading traits in the character of our departed chief. If in intellect he was not startling or dazzling, he certainly was far more than ordinarily endowed. If not great in the world's estimate of greatness, that must undeniably be conceded to him, which results from powers well balanced and controlled. In this he was great. In every just sense he was good. Superior elements ever took the lead in his character. His long and successful services among the Indian tribes were enough alone to confirm this. No human being could deal with those most savage and selfish forms of humanity through such protracted periods, and to such happy issues—every influence perpetually exerted to draw out all that was selfish in himself—but by kindness and justice, and other elevating influences. He illustrated beautifully the power of moral over brute force. In this respect he resembled Penn, of whom it is recorded that he made a treaty with those wild sons of the wilderness which lasted seventy years—"the only one," says Voltaire, "ever concluded between savages and christians, that was not ratified by an oath, the only one that never was broken."

His independence was manly and straightforward; tempered meanwhile with that same suavity, which threw a rosy coloring round all he did and said. With no fear for the mightiest, he could not wound or wrong the meanest.—The fortunes of his life had thrown him into the camp and on the battle-field. But he was not made for a warrior, as warriors usually have been; and I think all the better of him that he was not. He had not enough of the contentious and destructive spirit for that. Nevertheless his high moral sentiments led him always to act bravely and well, however repugnant the task might be to his nature or taste. Of one thing I am sure; he would have made a poor military man if called to fight a battle in an unjust cause. It has been said as a marked feature in the character of him who was "first in war" as in peace, that his retreats were as remarkable as his successful engagements; showing the element of mercy ever vigilant to protect his soldiers. It was the predominance of the same trait, which must have robbed the battle-field of every charm in the eyes of him, who followed him in his last elevated station. Yet this very peculiarity only rendered him the more fit to fill it well. He had been made to shine best in the councils of State and the civilian's chair.

As to his intercourse with others, he could little sympathise with the remark of the wily Talleyrand, that "God seemed to have given us the power not to express but to conceal our thoughts." His natural frankness and openness, both of which were conspicuous, might possibly have been deemed inconsistent with the character of an eminent and successful statesman. I know not but as the intrigues of courts and their artful policy may, in the past history of the world, have been managed, it might have been so. But I have yet to learn that such crystal traits as these can be any impediment towards forming a good and virtuous one. Let us believe, rather, that if we are to consider political life as only capable of being pursued successfully by artifice, stratagem and concealment, we have not yet discovered its rightful paths; and that we have no claim as yet to be enrolled as the worthy servants of men till we have first become the true-hearted and faithful servants of God.

To the removal of such a character,—let me hope I may not have departed from the truth of

it—it is not easy at any time to be indifferent. Occurring as it has, it has seemed to render more mournful, if not to magnify the loss.—Nevertheless, let us beware lest we look at the divine appointments only through our own sorrows. "It is related as a singular felicity"—I borrow from another the beautiful description of a record of history—"it is related as a singular felicity of the great philosopher Plato, that he died at a good old age at a banquet, surrounded with flowers and perfumes, amidst festal songs, on his birth-day." Happy, I may add, in the spirit of the old Latin maxim, not more in the glory of his life than in the period of his death. I know not but that in the departure of him, on whom the nation's thoughts have been fixed, the same might be repeated with equal force. I could entertain no anxious forebodings for my country, so far as character is concerned, under such direction. I would express no fears, which we might not feel for any human strength. But at the best, it might be happiest for himself, as we know it was wisest, that he was permitted to depart before promises could even be in danger of being broken, or trials feebly borne could detract from the lustre of his renown. Could we see all its issues, we might behold him departing in a chariot of light; dropping, too, like him of old, as he ascended, a mantle, rich in blessings, on those who should come after him and on the country of his fondest prayers. Could our hearts too but be opened to every sanctifying influence, how much larger service than his life might we see his death conferring! The solemn voice of God, whose protecting care was ever over our Fathers, and those whom he raised up for their defence, has spoken with awakening tones in the deaths, on the Jubilee day of the nation, of three of those who had been successively chosen to preside over this people. Still another, whom the people had honored, has suddenly closed his eyes almost at the very hour when he had assumed the robe.—Is there no language of warning in these striking occurrences, no words of wisdom speaking from his death? Are there no monitions of the emptiness of human elevation? Of the common lot that awaits us all? Is there no encouragement to cultivate the spirit and life, which he, whom we mourn, has left us as his brightest legacy?

Yes, brethren, all these monitions are saving. All the memory of the man is good. His life was an honor to his country and humanity. He lived like a Christian patriot and he died like one,—the best good of his country at his heart in his last throbbings. The nation has become a mourner, for it had repesed confidence in his integrity, and its anticipations of him have been disappointed. A gloomy and sad reverse has passed like a sudden cloud in the stately mansion, and at the Halls of the Capitol, and among the family circle, where, but a month ago, he walked as chief, and shed, on all, the beams of his kindly countenance. I rejoice that above all this, bringing with it its disappointment and lonely bereavement, there remaineth a noble monument, that will endure forever. I rejoice in the memory of the man. Time will take not a gem from his crown of graces. It will grow brighter and brighter, age after age, the longer and the deeper it is pondered. I can think better of my country and my race,—of the one that she could put confidence in such worth,—of the other that such an example is recorded on its page. And I will believe, and bless God who permits me to do it, that one whom half a continent has honored and now mourns for, one of the Lord's noblemen, a kind-hearted, true-hearted man, with all his soul for his Maker, and more than half for his race, having faithfully finished his services on earth, has gone hence with a measure of the spirit of Heaven,—has gone to sit on a higher throne within the bright circles of glory on high.

[From the Boston Notion.]

AUTUMN—AN ELEGY.

SIR---I offer for insertion in your interesting and valuabel paper, the following beautiful Elegy, written by BENJAMIN L. OLIVER, Esq., known by the variety of his literary as well as legal writings. I accidentally met with it a day or two past, and thought it would prove a source of great pleasure to your numerous readers. I think it a misfortune that the writer will not devote himself more exclusively to compositions of this sort, as I think he could not fail to take a high stand among our literary writers.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,

HARVARD.

The sun turns pale and shines with milder ray;
  The sparkling frests o'erspread the fallow ground;
The lively forest green fades fast away,
  While zephyr strews the yellow leaves around.

The useful toils of harvest all are o'er;
  The crops are gathered and securely stored;
The harvest-home is sung with jocund roar;
  While smiling plenty crowns the festal board.

Yet nature now a mournful aspect wears;
  Spring's lustre, Summer's softness, both are fled;
Stern winter from the north relentless glares,
  And chides the stormy clouds that shroud his head:

Winter, that saddens every pleasing scene;
  Whose icy hands with desolating chill,
Congeal each brook that ripples o'er the green,
  And strip the foliage from each woodland hill.

Ah! where have fled the flowers that decked the vale,
  The breeze of Spring and Summer's fragrant breath?
Nought now remains---and Autumn lingering, pale,
  Shrinks at the lightning touch of cold and death.

Amid the air no hum of insects floats,
  No feathered minstrel warbles forth his strains,
While listening shades repeat the cheerful notes;
  But mournful silence thro' the forest reigns.

The purple woodbine breathing odours sweet,
  No longer mantles o'er yon peaceful cell;
The residents of that endeared retreat,
  Have fled to scenes where grace and beauty dwell.

The tribes of wondering birds desert the clime,
  See! in the clouds they form their long array;
Their distant voice is heard in plaintive chime,
  While hastening onward in the pathless way.

No longer o'er the wide extended glades,
  Are seen the bounding fawn and spotted deer;
To lonely thickets, wild sequestered shades,
  They glide away to wait the coming year.

Pale desolation all around extends;
  The western gale sighs o'er the faded lawn,
The air is dark; the sky in drops descends,
  As weeping for the year forever gone.

---Yet lingering on the plain, two forms are seen;
  One, sad Regret with looks of anxious care;
The other clad in never fading green,
  Sweet Hope, with beaming eyes, divinely fair.

And while along life's winding path they stray
  Hope fondly tries her sister's heart to cheer;
But she reluctant turns her face away,
  And fast descends reflection's bitter tear.

"Sad sister," Hope begins, "this mournful scene
  Shall pass away, and Nature smile again;
This lawn again resume its cheerful green,
  And singing birds enchant yon silent glen.

"These leafless trees, that fill the vale with gloom
  And melt with grief, thy feeling, thoughtful soul,
With blossoms, trees and leaves, again shall bloom
  When gentle Spring renews her mild control.

"Soft summer gales again shall fan the trees,
  And waft fresh fragrance thro' the balmy air,
While sounds of joy shall float on every breeze,
  And lull the troubled thoughts of pale despair.

"Along the mead, where yonder bubbling spring,
  Meanders glittering from its mossy urn,
New flowers shall bloom, and larks and thrushes sing;
  Then weep not thus, for Spring will soon return."

"Ah! sister," sad Regret desponding cries,
  "'Tis not for joys like these, my sorrows swell;
'Tis not for these, that pensive mem'ry sighs;
  No changing season can my grief dispel.

"I mourn not lovely scenes in early Spring;
  I mourn no shady walks in Summer's heat;
I sigh not for the gales, that fragrance bring,
  Nor long to hear the robin's note so sweet.

"But ah! remembrance brings a sad'ning train---
  The gentle forms of those I lov'd so well,
Alas! they roam in some remote domain,
  Or laid at rest in Death's still mansions dwell.

"Can Spring restore that little band of friends,
  With whom we rov'd in childhood's opening morn;
Thro' woods, o'er glades, where'er this streamlet bends,
  And where gay flowers its sloping banks adorn?

"The walk remains, where we were wont to rove,
  The mossy spring, the calm sequestered dell,
The tangled brake, the glen, the shady grove,
  The gently sloping hill and tranquil cell.

"The flowers shall bloom again, the stream still flows,
The birds shall seek the haunts they knew before,
But those few friends from whom each joy arose,
With looks affectionate---return no more."

She said, yet Hope still strives to give relief,
With voice as soft as music from the spheres,
She wipes her downcast eyes, to soothe her grief,
While from her own descend the pitying tears.

"Sister," she says, "see, thro' yon parting cloud
The glorious sky in purest azure shines,
While down the west, with bright effulgence proud
The radiant sun his golden car declines.

"Beyond those mantling clouds—that radiant sun,
Beyond the stars that gem th' expanse of night,
A realm is plac'd by virtue only won,
Where Angels dwell enrob'd in dazzling light.

"There shall we live from every sorrow free,
From pain, from want, from savage war's alarm!
And strong in conscious immortality
No longer shrink with apprehended harm.

"There shall we meet again those virtuous friends,
Whose absence now so much affects your heart;
There live in happiness, that never ends,
And never from those bless'd abodes depart.

"There Spring unceasing decks the shining plains;
There music elevates, yet melts the soul,
There peace with love and joy perpetual reigns
While round the heav'ns the constellations roll.

"Weep not; our friends have only gone before,
In heav'n, with spotless souls in joy to reign;
Soon, too, shall we on wings of rapture soar,
And see them in yon happier world again."

LINES

In memory of the Italian Patriots, murdered in their late fruitless attempts at liberty:—written in 1831.

W. GILMORE SIMMS.
Author of "Yemassee," "Atalantis," &c.

[The Revolution of the Three Days in Paris, (1830) necessarily produced its effects, partial though they were, upon the surrounding countries to which liberty was a possession still denied. In Italy, an outbreak was the immediate consequence, the grand error of the leaders in which, was, that of looking to French interposition for succour. They had not learned the truth, that,

"In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of Freedom dwells."

The rebellion was soon suppressed, but it involved many noble victims. Among these were two gentlemen who had taken a conspicuous part in the attempt.—Their names were Menotti and Borelli. The latter was a Barrister. The gallows was raised in the great square of Modena where they perished. They died with great firmness. Among the last words of Menotti were these:—"The cause of tyranny has no other support than that which is afforded by executioners and gibbets; the cause of freedom has on its side the force of opinion and the union of sentiments. The success of the latter does not depend upon the fate of individuals. I have done my duty and I descend into the grave free from remorse. I expected that France would have interfered; perhaps it is better that she did not. My death will teach the Italians to detest foreign intervention. They must place their sole confidence in the strength of their own arms." He was allowed to speak no more,—

"Libertas ultima mundi
Quo steterit ferienda loco;"

and the eloquence of truth, standing above the grave and on the threshold, equally of martyrdom and time, is apt to have a fearful effect. These two brave men were among the first examples; but more than a thousand others, guilty of desiring freedom, or suspected of it, were incarcerated at the same time for trial or for doom. "The deep damnation of their taking off," rests quite as much upon France and the leaders in the popular revolution in that country,—as upon the mere executioners in this bloody transaction. They, no doubt, incited the victims to their premature rebellion, and left them to perish. France deserves this reproach, in the case of the Italian patriots, quite as much as in that of unhappy Poland and the Poles. But

"Tears of blood shall follow yet;"—

and if the sense of retributive justice is not ere long awakened, with the scent of the bloodhound, to wreak the full measure of its wrath alike upon the drones and vampires of Europe, it will be because vengeance has lost all sweetness, and liberty has forgotten the few devoted worshippers, who yet dare, in the very dens and strongholds of despotism, to keep alive the sacred, though hidden fires, upon those broken shrines and dismembered altar-places, where, at another and now almost forgotten period, she once held her exclusive and glorious abode.

Ay, to the rack, the scaffold and the chain,—
To all your cruel tortures, bear them on,
Ye foul and coward hangmen;—but in vain!—
Ye cannot touch the glory they have won,—
And win—thus yielding up the martyr's breath,

For Freedom!—Theirs is a triumphant death!—
A sacred pledge from Nature, that her womb
Still keeps some holy fires, that yet shall burst,
Even from the reeking relics of their doom,
As glorious,—ay, more glorious than the first!
And in your cells of carnage,—in your streets,
That reek with blood and stream with winding-sheets,
In which, all vainly, have your felon hands,
Striven to strangle infant Liberty,—
A bloody retribution Heaven demands;—
And the dread hour of vengeance shall we see,
When, in his might, the Giant, now in chains,
Wrapt in his thousand terrors, o'er ye stands,—
And on the shrines—the hearthstones of the free,
The slumbering of long ages,—snaps his bands,
Avenging, in the black blood of the oppressor,
His limbs' long thraldom, his free nature's stains!
Shall such as ye be Liberty's confessor,
And, at your feet, shall freemen,—taught to bow
In long established schools of slavery,
Yield up the richest gem in nature's bravery,—
Her spirit,—God's own spirit!—while they vow
Allegiance to your rank and monstrous knavery?
Ye deadly charlatans, who school the heart
To its perdition,—crushing Heaven's goodliest guise,
Throned in man's form, and speaking in his spirit,
With the fell chains of soul which ye devise;—
In very recklessness of crime, deny
To that pure essence, of Heaven's self, a part,
Those high estates, God-chartered, in the sky,
And that first boon—great birthright!—all inherit!

Ye slaughter,—do ye triumph? Ask your chains
Ye Sodom-hearted butchers! Turn your eyes,
Where reeks your bloody scaffold; and the pains,
Ungroan'd, of a true martyr, as he dies,
Attest the damned folly of your crime,
Now at its carnival! His spirit flies,
Unscathed by all your fires, through every clime,
Into the world's wide bosom. Men arise,
Prompt at its call, and principled to strike,
The tyrant and the tyranny alike!—
Voices, against ye, speak in all your deeds,
And cry to Heaven, arm Earth, and kindle Hell!
A thousand freemen, where one martyr bleeds,
Spring from his place of death, and make his knell,
The chorus of a Jubilee. Your streets,—
Where freedom, robed in grandeur, in long hours,
Held her proud sway, but now, where all she meets,
Is chains, and a fierce fury that devours;—
Upon the high walls of your palace towers,
The spatter'd brains of the slain citizen,
The fresh blood-sprinkled marble, and the cries
Of spine-distorted, and limb-riven men,
Bound on the revolving wheel, or in cold den,
Dying of thirst and famine—have their tongue,
Whose accents, elemental-wing'd, still fly,
Crying for vengeance on the infernal wrong!
And in the bloody drops, that, from their brows,
Your racks wring forth in life's last agonies;—
The carnage of your foul and rotten house,
Whose scarlet is a name for infamy,—
Freedom has put a tongue, that still must cry,
With bitter taunt unto each passer-by,—
Point to the chains he wears,—the blood thus spilt,
The guilt of looking quietly on guilt,
Rolling in riot, while the good and brave
Scaffold the gory homes they died to save!

The curse,—the swollen curse of the long ages
Ye have dishonored:—Heaven's curse;—the curse of man—
The generations gone, and those whose pages
Are yet unwritten, yield their sulphury ban,
And blight ye into blisters! May ye live,
Immortal, in that Hell of imprecation,
The angry elements, invoked, must give,
In their far-roused, ne'er-dying indignation!
For ye are nature's by-word and her terror,
Ye monster-spawned creations of her Error;
Fashion'd in crime, with hearts and hopes as rotten,
As the foul sins in which ye were begotten!—
Ye souls that gender snakes, and do not perish,
As ye are deadlier than the things ye cherish,
Though venomous and loathsome. Be the doom,
Of life, in torture, on ye May ye live,
To seek, but never find, the sheltering tomb,—
Beholding the fair elements expire,
The earth that ye have sought to blast, survive,
To light and watch, as ye have built, her pyre;—
And not permitted, in that final fire,
To purge ye of your poison,—but to stand,
Man's night—ye were his night-shade—with a brand
That puts ye on the verge of your own crime,
Beacons betwixt eternity and time!

We mourn not for the patriots! They have perished
As the good perish, for a deathless faith!
Their memories, with their cause, must still be cherish'd
Beyond the dread of overthrow or scath.
Their blood hath grown a principle, to guide,
Onward—still onward—in continuous flow,
Restless, resistless, as the Mexique tide,
The spirit Heaven yields. Freedom here below!
How should we mourn *them* who as stars now shine,
And light the groping nations! 'Twere as wise,
To weep that other patriot of our line,—
The rock-and-vulture-tortured Titan sire,*
Whose crime, and its stern penalty alike,
Were his proud spirit's glory. It denies
All homage but in triumph—all triumph, save
That single one, which,—standing o'er the grave,
And on the scaffold,—to the nations cries,
Even in its latest agonies,—to STRIKE!

* Prometheus.

THE COST OF A REPUTATION—A PARABLE.

[From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for April.]

'No, no, the postchaise is at the door;—it is too late,' cried I to my mother and sisters,—I will not say how many years ago,—when about to set out for Sedan, bearing urgent letters of recommendation to the Duc de C., who was enjoying his ministerial holidays at a country-seat in that neighborhood. 'You cannot surely have expected, my dear mother, that, at twenty years of age, I should sit down tamely contented with—'

'Twenty thousand livres per annum,—a cheerful happy home, with the best hunting, shooting, fishing, and prettiest sisters in the provinces,' interrupted the youngest of the girls. 'Bernard! Bernard!—think twice before you sacrifice the happiness of such a destiny to idle dreams of vain ambition.'

'Think of your poor cousin Henrietta, who loves you so dearly,' remonstrated another of my sisters.

'Think of the example shown you by the best of fathers,' added my mother in a graver voice.

'My dear mother,—my dear girls,' cried I, respectfully kissing the hand of the former, as I prepared to take my leave,—'You should have spoken thus earnestly two months ago, before I addressed my first letter of solicitation to the Duc de C. Great men and great ministers are not to be trifled with. My visit has been announced, and I must go. Some day or other you will rejoice that I had courage to tear myself from among you, and create for the honor of the family a reputation destined to ennoble the obscure patronymic of my fathers. In youth we owe ourselves to the world, in order that, in later years, the world may repay the loan with its esteem. The public distinctions, essential to my happiness, once achieved, I will return straight to the chateau, marry my cousin Henrietta, and remain happy and contented among you for the remainder of my days.'

'But why not be happy and contented now?' still pleaded the three girls.

'In inglorious obscurity?—never! You will be twice as proud of me, my dear little girls when, four years hence, I return with epaulettes on my shoulders,—a gay colonel from Versailles!'

'But if you should be killed in battle in the interim, my good brother?' pleaded my little favorite Ann.

I muttered something about 'glory,'—'renown,'—'fame,'—the usual claptraps of the occasion—kissed them hastily all round; and, to avoid further importunity, jumped into the carriage.—There was no arguing with their shrewd good sense and strong affection.

A day or two afterwards I was at Sedan, a garrison town, where I was not sorry to obtain some insight into the pleasures and habits of a military life, previous to taking the first step in my career. Already I foresaw a tremendous crown of laurels impending over my head. The exigencies of war were just then direfully active. In half a dozen years I might be a general officer,—in a dozen more, perhaps a field marshal! So, at least, I assured myself, every time my servant touched his hat, addressing me by the ignominious title of 'Monsieur de Chevalier.'—Even Henrietta almost ceased to occupy a place in my memory, so warmly were my hopes engrossed by my brilliant prospects.

The fortifications of Sedan, the roll of its drums, the martial air of its very citizens, who cock their hats in the street, as much as to say to strangers visiting the town, 'We are the countrymen of Turenne!'—did not tend to refrigerate my military ardour. I hated to find myself nothing in the eyes of the garrison. 'Some day or other,' said I to myself, 'these people shall become familiar with my name.' To be famous was the height of my ambition.

I supped that night with the mess of a regiment of cuirassiers quartered at Sedan, with one of the young officers of which I had a family connexion. Among young fellows of one age it soon transpired that I was on my road to the chateau of the Duc de C.; that I was forthwith to accompany him to Versailles, where he was to present me to the king, and take care of my promotion; and so unanimous were my companions in congratulating me upon my great good fortune, and predicting that, in a few years, I should be at the head of a regiment, that I felt prouder than ever of having found courage to extricate myself from the peaceful ignominy of a country life, and the arms of my pretty cousin Henrietta.

I ventured to inquire the road to the residence of the Duc de C., for which I was to set out early in the morning.

'Any one will show you the way,' cried one of the officers,—'It is the famous chateau where Field-marshal Fabert breathed his last; and one of the finest places in the neighborhood.'

'Fine as it is, however,' added another, 'I know plenty of provincials hereabouts who would not set foot in it to command the interest at Court of the Duc de C!'

'Or even the good fortune of Marshal Fabert!' added another. Then finding me insufficiently versed in the feats and triumphs of the said marshal, they proceeded to relate the eventful history of one, who, from a printer's boy, had risen to the highest military rank in Europe;—eventually refusing, from the hands of Louis XIV., letters-patent of nobility, and the insignia of the order of the Holy Ghost.

'In Fabert's life-time,' observed one of the officers, 'his rapid rise and unexampled successes, gave grounds to a popular belief, that he was indebted to magic for his unvarying good fortune.'

'Nay, to this day,' added another, 'the peasants expressly point out the tower in which the general held his colloquies with the Evil One.'

'*Colloquies?*' retorted a third; 'did you never hear the story of the general's death-bed? The demon to whom he had pledged his soul is said to have made his appearance at the chateau during the last moments of Fabert, disappearing at the very instant of his decease.'

'Carrying off, of course, in his Satanic pouch,' added his comrade, with a hearty laugh, 'the forfeited soul of the brave soldier who had outlived so many battles!'

'Laugh, and welcome, my dear fellow,' remonstrated one of the younger officers; 'but I can tell you that scarcely a farmer in the district of Sedan but firmly believes that every month of May, about the anniversary of Fabert's decease, the general's black man, (as they familiarly denominate his Satanic Majesty,) reappears at the chateau!'

'I congratulate you, my dear sir,' rejoined the more sceptical of the set. 'If you remain long enough the inmate of the Duc de C., you may hope to enjoy the excitement of an adventure.'

A thousand idle jests resulted from this sportive hint; but though I joined heartily in the merriment of the mess-table, I confess it was not without a certain uneasy sensation that, through the misty rain of a spring morning, I descried the turrets of the chateau of the Duc de C. the following day. I tried to make myself believe that awe at approaching the presence of a man so honored with the friendship of His Majesty, was the sole cause of my nervous tremour. But in spite of my better reason, the idea of Marshal Fabert's Black Man was not without its influence. The chateau was surrounded with vast forests, while a cheerless looking lake extended its dingy mirror in the foreground. Nothing inviting in its aspect! My mind was, however, too full of castles in the air, to admit of dwelling long upon the ominous features of the place.

On presenting myself at the gates of the old Gothic manor-house, I was courteously welcomed; but the groom of the chambers informed me, it might be some hours before I received an audience of the Duke, who had slept the preceding night at a neighboring country-seat.—Refreshments were offered me; and I was installed in a sort of old armoury on the ground floor, on the walls of which a few curious military trophies were interspersed with boars' heads, stags' heads, and all the modern attributes of the chase. There were also certain old family portraits, which, at the close of a couple of hours, I began to think remarkably disagreeable companions.

Scarcely had I come to this conclusion, when a panel of the wainscot slid gently aside, and a human head suddenly intruded into the room; of which, independent of its singular mode of apparition, the aspect was sufficiently appalling,—the features being wasted, the complexion cadaverous, and the coal-black hair wild and shaggy. Still there was something so strikingly intellectual in the face, that it was impossible not to feel interested, rather than terrified.

'What are you doing here?' inquired a deep, but tremulous voice, issuing from the almost livid lips of the intruder.

'Waiting for the Duc de C,' replied I, with as much self-possession as I could manage to assume.

'And do you fancy that you are the only person waiting for him?' rejoined the stranger.—'But the hour will come!—his, and thine, and mine! The fatal hour will come. Behold! the watcher watcheth for evermore! The forests of the earth are green, and the skies of heaven are blue; but there is a worm that never dies, and a fire that is never quenched. The fatal hour is at hand! This very night, and I shall have ceased to exist!'

God forgive me!—but there was something in this announcement not altogether disagreeable. I was far from sorry to hear my singular visiter avow himself to be a mere mortal, subject to the penalty of vulgar clay. And as he had now passed the threshold, and entered the armoury, I perceived that, though wild in aspect, he was, after all, a well-dressed young man, about thirty years of age, apparently laboring under the consequences of severe indisposition or severe affliction.

'If you are waiting for the Duc de C., come into my room, where you will be better accommodated than here,' said he, probably discerning in my countenance tokens of sympathy in his condition; and I accordingly followed him through the secret door, which he closed carefully after us, into a small secluded suite of which he did the honors with the ease and politeness of a man of the world. Having taken a seat by my side, and struggled for some minutes with his emotions, as if striving to recover strength and coherency for further explanations, he thanked me for my frank confidence in his good intentions.

'You are entitled,' said he, 'to a full explanation of the strange circumstances under which we have met. Grant me your patience a while. By the time I have related my dreadful history, the Duke will probably be at liberty to receive you.

'I was born, sir, an inmate of this chateau—the youngest of three brothers; to the eldest of whom were apportioned the wealth and honors of the House of C. Nothing remained for me but the wretched insignificance of churchmanship. I was destined to become an Abbe, dependent for preferment upon ministerial patronage But with the blood and name of my heroic ancestors, I inherited their lofty ambition! Glory was my idol. Earnest purposes of shining in the world already fermented in my bosom, I was resolved to make myself heard of, or to be heard of no more. So absorbed was my soul by this overpowering yearning after distinction, that the pleasures of life became indifferent. I lived only in the future. The present was comparatively of small account.

'Yet such was the clash and brilliancy of contemporaneous celebrities,—such an influx of literary and military glory diffused its radiance on every side,—that I attained my thirtieth year

without accomplishing my end. I was still the obscure denizen of our family estates,—totally eclipsed by the poets, statesmen, and warriors of the day. I was in despair. At certain moments of profound despondency, suicide presented itself as my sole refuge from my bitter consciousness of insignificance. The purport of my life seemed frustrated. To what end an existence so obscure, so colourless as mine?

'I was alone in my family.—My elder brothers were already distinguished in the world. My only confidant at home was an old negro, attached from time immemorial to the house of C. I say from time immemorial, advisedly; for so little was recollected of his first connexion with the family, that many people pretended he had been originally seen in this chateau at the moment of the decease of Field-marshal Fabert.'

I could not altogether repress a start of surprise at this announcement. My companion inquired what was the matter; but it was not for me to refer to the singular intelligence I had received the preceding evening from my friends the cuirassiers.

'One day,' resumed he, 'when more than usually overpowered by the dispiriting sense of my own nothingness, I exclaimed aloud, 'I would sacrifice ten years of my life to accomplish a first rate literary reputation!'

"Ten years is a large amount to pay for such a trifle!' observed Iago, who happened to be in attendance upon me,—smiling as he spoke, till his two glaring rows of white teeth became frightfully apparent.

"Large,—but not more than it is worth,' I persisted. 'I say again, that I would thankfully give ten years to become a popular author.'

"Done!' replied the negro, with his wonted sang froid—(for he was the coolest fellow I ever beheld.) 'I accept your ten years. In return, know that your wish is already half accomplished.'

You may conjecture my astonishment at hearing him propose this singular engagement. But conceive my surprise when, a few days afterwards, I learned by the post, that a work of mine transmitted to Paris the preceding year for publication, had actually been crowned by the Academy! My pledge was scarcely given, and I was already a person of note!

'I flew to the capital,—and was received on all sides with open arms. The most distinguished men of the day were proud to make my acquaintance. Their praises, their examples, their counsels, encouraged my enthusiasm, as well as perfected my taste. Every successive work that emanated from my pen, was pronounced to be a *chef d'œuvre*. I had assumed a supposititious name, in order to distinguish myself from my brothers; and scarcely a newspaper in which it was not twenty times repeated! My works were translated into every European language. My books were in every hand. It was only yesterday, sir, that you yourself——but no matter.'

My feelings were, by this time, painfully excited. Into *whose* presence had I thus singularly intruded? *Who* was this mysterious stranger? Was it Diderot?—Marmontel?—D'Alembert?—Voltaire? I began to regard my companion with a degree of respect, exceeding even my previous compassion.

'To a spirit so ardently constituted as mine,' resumed he, after a heavy sigh, 'even this excess of literary honor soon became insufficient for happiness. I said to myself after all,—what is there either manly, what is there ennobling in all this waste of pens and ink! The occupations of the demigods, ere earth was peopled with mere mortals, was conquest. Military renown is the only glory worth achieving. To be a great general, to become the leader of an army, were well worth the sacrifice of ten years of one's existence.'

"You continue to bid high,' cried Iago, who was still in my service. 'But once more I accept your terms. *Ten years* and you shall become a hero!'

My countenance, I conclude, now began to evince tokens of incredulity; for the stranger suddenly exclaimed, 'You do not believe me?—Would that *I* too could be incredulous! For I swear to you by all that is holiest in the universe, from the moment when, on the faith of this mysterious compact, I entered the army, I had only to plan expeditions, to have them crowned with success beyond my most sanguine expectations. History is at hand to confirm my asseverations. My name was again an assumed one; but there was no illusion in the provinces it was my fate to attach to the sovereignty of France;—in the fortresses which ceded to my besiegement,—in the redoubts which I carried,—in the banners which I brought back to the feet of my king—*These*, at least, were real; and these still survive to attest all I have been!'

The stranger was now pacing the room with impetuous footsteps; and as I contemplated his movements, I could not forbear exclaiming to myself. 'Who on earth have I before me? Is it Coigny?—is it Richelieu?—or can it be Marshal Saxe *in propria persona?*'

After striding backwards and forwards in silence for some moments, he suddenly threw himself anew into the seat by my side.

'Iago assured me, during the intoxication of my military triumphs,' he resumed, 'that I should soon become disgusted with the fickle breath of popular applause. 'Sooner or later,' pleaded the negro, 'you will begin to understand that nothing is really important that has not a *real* value. The positive,—the tangible, is the one thing needful.' And he was so far justified in his prognostications, that I actually made him a tender of five additional years, on condition of obtaining the command over enormous riches.'

'And he *fulfilled* his part of the compact!' cried I, with a scarcely repressed smile of incredulity.

'With gold,—jewels,—houses,—lands,—all,—all that passes with mankind under the name of wealth, did he endow me,' cried my companion, clasping his hands with frantic emotion.—'Nay, when I rose this very morning, all these were still my own. I was rich,—I was great,—I was powerful! I said now to my soul, take

thine ease! I was happy,—I had no fears—no anxieties. If you doubt my word, inquire of Iago. Iago will be here presently, and confirm all I have here related.'

I shuddered at these wild assertions, for there was something terribly real in the air of horror with which he rushed to a time-piece on the chimney-piece, and anxiously ascertained the hour.

'This morning, when I opened my eyes,' he resumed, addressing me in a portentous whisper, 'I found myself so weak and dispirited, that I hastily summoned my *valet de chambre* to my assistance. Merciful Powers!—It was Iago who appeared in his place! My soul sunk within me as he accosted me.

'Yet his appearance, you say, was ever the precursor of triumph and good fortune,' said I, desirous to tranquilize the agitation of the invalid.

'I asked him the cause of my sudden illness,' continued he,—'I told him that only last night I retired to rest in perfect health!'

"It is not sickness,—*it is death!*' replied the negro, with his usual frightful grin, 'Surely you are prepared?'

"For *death?*—at MY age?' cried I, gasping for breath.

"It is not MY fault if you have been too much absorbed in your personal vanities to take heed of the lapse of time,' replied the negro, with a bitter sneer. 'Providence accorded you, as the term of your natural life, exactly threescore years.—You were thirty when we first entered into our engagements.'

"Iago,' cried I, anticipating the horrible announcement that was to follow.

"And during the five ensuing years,' he continued, with his usual facetious insolence, 'you expended in speculations an extra allowance of five and twenty. You have consequently lived out your sixty years. You will find me tolerably correct in my arithmetic; for know, that every moment subtracted from *your* life, is added to my own; and *I*, at least, recognise the value of human existence!'

"Such, then, was the motive of your pretended zeal!' cried I with indignation.

"Greater men than yourself have shown themselves more grateful,' coolly rejoined the negro: 'Fabert, for instance, who was one of my proteges, paid me a somewhat higher price for his reputation.'

"Iniquitous monster!' cried I, 'You have deceived me,—defrauded me.'

"Nay, nay,—you have only cheated yourself!' replied Iago. 'Count upon your fingers, and you will find me exact in my balance. Thirty-five years of real existence, and twenty-five expended in procuring the means of distinction;—total of the whole, sixty! Admit that you have lived your day. Prepare for immediate dissolution.'

'He was about to leave the room, when I rushed towards him, and clung to his garments.

"Only one more day!' cried I; 'only, only one!

"Not half a one,' he coolly replied. 'Reflect, that I am the loser of every minute's grace you obtain! Your time is over.'

"An hour—a single hour!' I persisted—feeling the powers of life weakening and weakening as I spoke.

"Hark ye!' cried the negro, pretending to be softened by my earnestness—'You have hitherto negotiated with me like a gentleman; and liberal treatment is due to you in return. What will you give for two hours of the life you now appear to value so highly?'

"Anything—everything!' I exclaimed; for already I felt my blood stagnating in my veins, and the dews of death rising on my forehead.—'Willingly will I sacrifice all the fame I have achieved. Take my gold—my lands. Life—life!—I only ask for the breath of life!'

"You only ask for that of which you have been so prodigal!' cried the negro, with a horrible chuckle. 'But see how tender-hearted I am growing. I accept your offer. Live till evening.—But remember you have nothing further here or hereafter to offer as a bribe. At sunset, therefore, be prepared for the worst?'

"So saying, he left me!' continued the stranger, wildly. 'He left me—and when we meet again, I must resign myself to death—must cease to enjoy the breath of spring—the harmonies of nature—the joys of life and love! Behold;' he continued, dragging me to the window, and pointing to a group of ragged peasants traversing the parks—'to-morrow, yonder people will be inhaling the pure breezes—will be sunned under the glowing orb of Heaven—*while, for me, all will be at an end!* And to have sacrificed five and twenty years of such blessing—for the vain acquirement of an uncertain renown; to be praised by those I know not, those whom I care not to know! Oh! what a price have I paid for that which is in itself valueless! What prodigality!—what waste! But why lose the few moments allotted me in idle murmurs! Let me rather enjoy, for the last time, the glorious spectacle of triumphant nature!'

So saying, he threw open the windows opening towards the park, and rushing forth, took his way towards the plantations. While watching his precipitate departure, I found myself touched upon the shoulder; and, on turning round, found a grave middle-aged man, wearing the insignia of the St. Esprit, standing beside me. I had no difficulty in recognising the Duc de C.

'I have a thousand apologies to offer you, Monsieur le Chevalier,' said he, 'for the inadvertence of my servants in leaving you exposed to an interview with my unfortunate brother; whose mental infirmities are the cause of his seclusion in this retired chateau, and of my annual visit to the place. It was to consult a physician, celebrated for his skilful treatment of lunatics, who is on a visit in the neighborhood, that I last night absented myself from home. I have now, however, the satisfaction of bidding you welcome; and to-morrow we will take our departure for Versailles. All that my friendship or recommendations can ensure, towards forwarding your advancement in life, depend upon!—The enthusiastic ambition of military distinction expressed in the letters I have had the pleasure of receiving from you, excites my earnest inter

est in your behalf. To such views the times are highly favorable. Rapid advancement awaits you. In the course of ten years, or so——'

'*Ten years*, Monsieur le Duc?' was my involuntary ejaculation: 'ten years subtracted from the sum total of life! Pardon me!—Within these walls I have received a lesson more valuable than even the patronage you thus generously promise. To-morrow, instead of proceeding to Versailles, I retrace my steps homewards! Accept my grateful thanks—my humble apologies. Fame has lost its charm in my estimation; since I have learned to recognise the value of human life, and the costs of ambition!'

'This is my brother's doing!' cried the Duke, but more in sorrow than in anger. 'The singular delusions of his monomania have already more than once sufficed to deter young aspirants of my acquaintance from embracing a public career. But is it possible that you will allow the hallucinations of a lunatic to influence you in a step so momentous?'

'Wisdom is a thing of too precious a quality, Monsieur le Duc,' replied I, 'to admit of our being over-fastidious in examining its origin.—All we have to do is, to accept such lessons, and be thankful.'

The Duc de C. was perhaps not sorry to be thus easily rid of one of the numerous candidates for his interest at court: for, after a night's hospitality, he suffered me to return home without further remonstrance.

Happy journey—auspicious return! I felt that I could not travel too rapidly; for I was returning to the bosom of my family—the arms of Henrietta.

The following May, I had nothing to dread from the apparition of the black man. Already I was a contented country gentleman; a happy husband and father! The price of fame had inspired me with a due appreciation of the value of human life.

[Written for the Boston Notion.]

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL—A BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Of Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet beard,
And cries 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest Seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking glass of crystal tall,
They call it *The Luck of Edenhall.*

Then said the Lord; "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!
The gray-beard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light,
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it; *If this glass doth fall*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
We drink deep draughts right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;—
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift, the flames upstart;
The guests in dust are scattered all
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The gray-beard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall.
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall!

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

ROBERTS'

SEMI-MONTHLY

MAGAZINE.

NO. IX. MAY 15, 1841.

NEW WORK, BY THE AUTHOR OF VALENTINE VOX.

WITH OCCASIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,—THE PRINCE.

PART 9.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE IMMORTAL PETER CONCEIVES ANOTHER SCHEME AND THEN STARTS FOR THE MOSQUITO SHORE.

Up to this point—namely, the departure of the Honduras packet with sixty-five emigrants on board, McGregor had conducted the affair with such consummate ingenuity, that even the suspicions of George had been lulled; but when on dining with His Highness immediately afterwards, he saw the oath of allegiance administered to the officers about to embark in the next vessel, and noticed the peculiar chuckle of McGregor, who had on that occasion taken too much wine, he began to entertain strong doubts on the subject of His Highnesses motives being honorable; still, in the absence of proof, he went on hoping that all his suspicions were baseless, and acting upon his original conviction of the noble character of the object proposed.

While George was thus zealously engaged, and just before the Kennersly Castle—the vessel appointed to follow the Honduras packet—was ready to sail, he was visited by Weesense, who, having conceived a plan for removing the only objection to Mosquitia that had been started by persons wishing to emigrate, was anxious to communicate the nature of that plan with the view of securing the patronage of the Prince.

'I have a scheme, Mr. Julian,' said he, on opening the subject, 'an extraordinary scheme, sir,—a scheme which will render the Mosquito-shore, sir, a paradise.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed George; 'I know, of course, that you are an extremely clever person, but I should scarcely have imagined it possible!'

'I'll prove that it is, sir; I'll prove it to demonstration; and if, when I prove it, you will only do me the favor to introduce me to His Highness the Prince, I'll stake my reputation that I'll make *your* fortune as well as my own in six months!'

'Well, if that be the case, I shall certainly appreciate its value.'

'You will, sir; I am perfectly sure that you will. I only thought of it this morning do you know, while in bed! It's extraordinary how these things, sir, will strike a man. They are like poetic images, they'll only come just when they please: you can't force them and try all you know; or like friends, farthest off when most wanted.'

'You cannot, at all events, in this case complain.'

'That is the thing, sir—the very thing which makes it so fortunate!—the fact of its recurring to me just in the nick of time, is what I look at; and the moment it struck me, I leapt out of bed and drew up the prospectus right off.'

'What! is it then to be a rival company?'—cried George, looking as if the idea had alarmed him.

'No, no, no, no; by no manner of means; I propose to act in concert; to forward your plans, to promote your views: it will be any thing but a rival company.'

'Well, that indeed alters the case; but what do you mean to call it?'

'Why, I'll tell you, sir, what I mean to call it. You are aware, sir, that the Mosquito-shore, or Mosquitia, derived its name from the swarms of mosquitoes which sometimes pretty well darken the air, and which bite with remarkable severity. Very well. Now I've looked into natural history, and I there find that this sort of thing is extremely unpleasant, for the creatures when they dig their forks into you leave a sort of poison behind, which induces a species of itching so peculiar, that you are half inclined to scratch the very flesh off your bones. Very well. Now, impressed with the conviction, sir, that if these fellows were effectually served out, that is to say, if they were utterly exterminated from the face of society, it would be of great national importance, I have invented an elixir, which, in honor of the Prince, I mean to call the Gregorian Specific, composed chiefly of asafœtida and gin, which will make the whole swarm so blind drunk, that they will instantly set to and fight among themselves, and continue to fight till they drop. Very well. Now, in order to bring this, you know, into full operation, I propose to establish a company, to be called The Imperial Poyaisian Association for the Total Intoxication of Mosquitoes, Capital twenty thousand pounds, in two hundred shares of one hundred pounds each; and according to my calculation the thing will yield about fifteen thousand a year, out of which I should say it would be as well to stipulate for an annuity of five thousand pounds for the use of the patent.'

'Yes; that of course would be as well; and the shareholders would be indeed unreasonable to complain. But suppose there are no mosquitoes in Poyais at all?'

'Oh, but there are swarms you know.'

'I understand not; but if even there be, how do you mean to get them to drink this elixir?'

'Oh, the smell is enough, sir; they don't want to drink; you have only to impregnate the air with the scent. I have tried it on flies, and the effect is very potent, and so instantaneous, that the moment they sniff it they cut away and shake their heads and buzz, and pitch into each other, and feel so indignant!—it is really very amusing, it is, indeed.'

'Oh! I shouldn't be surprised; but it occurs to me, that if its effects be so fatal to them, its value will be very inconsiderable to you; in other words, if, as you have explained, by impregnating the air you can get them into such a beastly state of intoxication that they will set to work and fight until all are destroyed, it is clear that after that there will be none to destroy, in which case your annuity will not be worth much.'

'Ah!' said Peter, biting his nails, 'I see; I didn't think of that. But it is a specific!'

'That, of course, I don't mean to dispute; but I fear you are not *au fait* to the object proposed by the inventors of specifics in general; I am inclined to believe that you are not aware of that object being to introduce artificial wants in order that they may eventually appear to be real. It would never do for them to effect cures; No: their aim is to intoxicate their patients, and thereby to lull the disease for a time in order that it may gain greater strength: and when this can be constantly done by specifics, specifics of course are in constant demand. Now, if you, by the application of your specific could so intoxicate mosquitoes as to make them seem dead for a time, that when people began to marvel at its efficacy, they might rise again and sting them with increased vigor, it would be of great value as far as you are concerned, because the more they consumed, the more of course they would require; but depend upon it, Peter, he who either kills or cures off hand, will never grow rich by inventing specifics.'

'I see, I see,' observed Peter, who appeared to have been enlightened. 'It is'nt a bad move at all, and it strikes me that if the elixir were weakened a little, you know, it might have that effect.'

'So it might; but in Poyais McGregor tells me there are no mosquitoes.'

'Well, certainly he ought to know. If there are none, of course the thing falls to the ground, but if there had been the swarms I have heard that there are, why it strikes me I just could have given them physic.'

'Take my advice, Peter; satisfy yourself on the point—go out to Poyais.'

'I go to Poyais?'

'Why should you not go? You are doing no good for yourself here; and I need not explain to you, Peter, that your associates are not of the most reputable caste. Be a man, and go out; I'll get you a good berth. It may enable you to realize an honorable fortune; and if it should not, it can do you no harm.'

'Well, but really it never occurred to me; I never even dreamt of such a thing; but now, really now, would you recommend me to go?'

'I most certainly should.'

'Well; but leave—Well that would be a start!'

'Have you any very powerful attraction here, Peter?'

'Oh! I've no attraction at all! But I say, though, what sort of swells are the natives?—eh?—they're not cannibals, are they?'

'They are as harmless as you are, Peter.'

'Because, you know, if they're all fighting swells—not that I can't fight, you know, but one don't always like, you know, to be in hot water.'

'I understand. But you'll find them all very pleasant people.'

'Well, now really I think I should *like* to go, do you know. But then what an idea!—what would they all say?'

'Why all whom you allude to would say you were a fool, merely because they could no longer make a fool of you.'

'That's true, Mr. Julian; they don't treat me well. I am sure I do all in my power to serve them; and what do I get for it? Nothing. I'll go! But then, where's all the money to come from?'

'You'll require but little. How much have you got?'

'Three shillings and all told, believe me.'

'I don't allude, merely allude to what you have in your purse.

'All I have in my purse is all I have in the world.'

'But have you no means of raising sufficient for an outfit?'

'None whatever; I might, perhaps, borrow a pound or so of Cavendish, provided I kept the thing a secret. If he knew that I intended to leave him, I shouldn't be able to get a shilling.'

'Well, but how do you manage to live?'

'Oh—why—I don t know. I run about chiefly for him, you know—finding out people—getting hold of their characters—ascertaining what they are worth—whether they're of the right sort to be victimized, and so on.'

'I see; and when he makes a hit through your instrumentality, you have a present, I suppose, in the shape of a per-centage?'

'Yes, that's it; but I can't get much out of him.'

'Why, it would not answer his purpose to make you independent of him, Peter.'

'But he might be a little more liberal, too. I make most, however, by lending my acceptance.'

'By accepting bills you mean?'

'Yes; I *will* have my half per cent. on paper.'

'Do you accept many bills in the course of a year?'

'Oh, thousands of pounds' worth! I don't know exactly, because I don't ke p any particular account; but I should say, that I have five thousand pounds worth out now.'

'And all done for Cavendish?'

'Oh, no! I accept bills for many people—for any body in fact It pays *me*'

'A bad system, Peter—very bad.'

'But what's a man to do?—he must live.'

'Have you ever tried to procure any reputable employment?'

'Yes, I've tried; but it's of no use trying. I never have succeeded, and I fear I never shall. I'm sick and tired of going on so, that's a fact. I only wish that something would turn up to enable me to cut the connexion.'

'Is it really your *wish* to do so? Tell me candidly.'

'It is. If I could only just get up some company, some new association, or something of that sort, by which I could get even barely sufficient to live upon, see how very soon I'd shake them off, sir—that's all.'

'The idea of get.ing up a company is in your case out of the question. But if you really desire to repudiate the system with which you are connected, a fair opportunity presents itself now. Go to Poyais, Peter! Try your fortune there. I'll take care that you shall have a respectable appointment, and I'll give you a free passage out.'

'Well, that's very kind, though—very, I must say. I feel much obliged, and I'll certainly think about it seriously.'

'Make up your mind at once, Peter. The Kennersly Castle sails next week; take my advice, and go out with her.'

'Well, I think I should like it; but the money, you see—I must have some money—that knocks it all on the head.'

'Not necessarily. How are you off for clothes?'

'Oh, I've got plenty of clothes; a man like me can't afford to be short of clothes.'

'Well, then, you'll want but a trifle, which trifle I'll lend you. Now what say you?'

'It'll be such a start!—The idea!—What *would* they say?'

'Recollect, Peter, I've no interest in persuading you to adopt this course. I do it solely because I believe that it will be advantageous to yourself, and feel strongly that it becomes a man more to lead those who have gone astray into an honorable path, than to denounce them for being in the path of dishonor.'

'I understand,' observed Peter, 'oh, I quite understand. Well, I'll go!—I *will* go! And I'll not say a syllable to them about it. I know they'll miss me—that's one consolation. And serve them right; they have not treated me liberally at all. I accept your offer, Mr. Julian. I'll go by the Kennersly Castle.'

'That you have made up your mind to?'

'Firmly: nothing shall shake my resolution.'

'If you have no wish to have it shaken, all you have to do is to keep from them.'

'Depend upon me, sir, I'll not go near them. They imagine that I can't do without them: we shall see. It isn't like being transported. If I don't like the place, I can return when I please.'

'Precisely. But I hope you will find it too advantageous to return until you have realised a fortune. You must not, however, expect to find everything quite so comfortable on going out as if the settlement had been for years established.'

'Of course not!—that's out of the question.—But the thought of having to put up with a few inconveniences at first shall not deter me. I'm resolved to go: and I'll send a letter to Cavendish, so that it may reach him when I have started, telling him a little of my mind.'

'In that, of course, you must use your own discretion. But it's clearly understood that you go?'

'Oh, nothing shall prevent me!'

'Very well; then call upon me to-morrow; and in the interim I'll see what can be done. You had better come early in the morning.'

Peter promised to do so, and left in high spirits. He had long wished to shake off the bonds by which Cavendish had held him, soul and body; but had never been able to summon sufficient courage. He had, indeed, frequently turned when trampled upon by the tyrant by whom he had been enslaved, in whose service he had become physically and morally enervated, and whose aim was to keep him continually poor; but, on receiving some apparent mark of favor—conferred by Cavendish as a mere matter of policy—his irresolution invariably prevailed, and he sank again into the most abject submission. Nor would he, had any exertion on his part been required, have made that exertion even in this case, although he was prepared to endure much if he could but get free from the degrading state of slavery in which he had been enthralled; but as George had thus offered to do everything for him, as he had prom-

ised not only to procure an appointment and to give him a free passage out, but to lend him whatever money he might immediately require, the case was altered; and he made up his mind at once to go; and being partially conscious of his weakness, kept aloof from Cavendish altogether.

On calling upon George in the morning, he found that he had not been forgotten: a berth had been obtained from McGregor, a berth in the Customs, for the performance of the duties of which he was to have twelve guineas per month, and a grant of fifty acres of land. This met his views precisely; and he felt extremely grateful to George, and expressed what he felt in warm terms. He had nothing to do then but to pack up his clothes and go on board; and this on being strongly urged by George, he prepared to do forthwith, without seeing his former associates, or communicating his intention to any one of them; and when the Kennersly Castle sailed at the time appointed, George saw him safely off with a hundred and fifty other emigrants, the whole of whom, although they shed tears freely on starting, were inspired with the most lively hope.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH GEORGE ABANDONS THE PRINCE.

A few days subsequently to the sailing of the Kennersly Castle, and while George was giving instructions for the fitting up of the ship Skeen, the third vessel bound for the Mosquito-shore, Cavendish honored him by calling at the office, ostensibly in order to inquire most affectionately after his health, and to congratulate him cordially upon the signal success of the Poyais speculation.

'Ah, my dear fellow!' he exclaimed as he entered; 'proud to see you, Mr. Julian! proud to see you! salubrious, I see! never saw you looking so well in all my life! Doing the trick?—eh?—all regularly regular?—glad of it!—genius! safe card! clever thing!—Artful!—very. Bye the by, do you happen to know any thing of Peter?'

'He has gone to Poyais,' replied George.

'Gone to Poyais!' exclaimed Cavendish, blowing out his cheeks to the utmost stretch, and looking as fierce as a man of his weight and size could look. 'Gone to—what Peter?—Poyais?'

'He went out in the Kennersly Castle,' said George, with the most perfect calmness.

'May the Kennersly Castle *sink!*' cried Cavendish, clenching his fists, and letting them drop with an energetic action.

'Nay;' said George, 'that is a most uncharitable wish.'

'Uncharitable, Mr. Julian! From henceforth I ll not know the word. Why, that fellow, that scoundrel, that ungrateful ingrate, has been living upon my charity for years! I have clothed him, I have fed him, I have saved him from rags and starvation!—and here's my return! From this hour I'll have no more charity in me! This is all you get for keeping fellows from starving! This is gratitude, this is! grateful gratitude!—Gone to Poyais!—Oh! I shall see him yet—a beggar!—I hope I shall—I'm sure of it!—a beggarly beggar, without a shoe to his foot, or a rag on his back.'

While Cavendish was thus bursting forth, and bouncing about the room in a passion so vehement, that as the perspiration flowed with great freedom, he looked like an over-fed maniac, bent upon reducing his weight at least a stone. George sat at the table with a most tranquil air, enjoying the rich scene before him. When, however, Cavendish, who really did display great activity, stopped for a moment to pant for more breath, George quietly inquired if he had Peter's interest at heart: and in answer to this inquiry, Cavendish declared that he had, and that the recreant knew it.

'Why, then,' said George, 'do you feel so annoyed? Had you known his intention, you surely would have had no wish to stand in the way of his advancement?'

'What right, Mr. Julian, had he to go without naming it to me?'

'That's a point I must leave you to settle with him.'

'And that too, at a time when he knew I most wanted him. He knew it! he knew that he would have been invaluable to me just now.'

'I do not believe that he was aware of his value.'

'Aware of it!—No; I should think not, indeed, I should *think* not. No; I am not such a donkey, I flatter myself, as to let my tools know their value. If they did, how could you keep them! They'd be taking the very bread out of your mouth! You know, you must know, as a man of the world you must know, the policy of concealing their value from them!'

'The policy I believe to be a bad one,' said George; 'my impression is, that you have an additional hold upon a man who knows that you appreciate his services and have confidence in him.'

'That *may* be your impression, Mr. Julian; experience has taught me the reverse. But that's neither here nor there. The question is, what right had he to go without speaking to me?'

'I don't of course, feel myself called upon to answer that question; but I never supposed that he had no such right.'

'Never supposed it!' echoed Cavendish, frowning ferociously, with the view of alarming George. 'Do you mean to say that you never supposed it?'

'Do I mean to *say* that I never supposed it?' said George, smiling sarcastically; 'why of course! Was he bound to solicit *your* permission—to obtain *your* leave, may I ask?

'He was! But is it possible that *you* could have countenanced the recreant—that *you* could have encouraged him to leave?'

'I not only encouraged him to leave, but I strongly recommended him to do so, and had it not been for my recommendation, he assuredly would not have gone at all.'

'And what was your object?' said Cavendish,

who, like the whole of his caste, was easily subdued by a manly straightforward answer.

'My object,' replied George, 'was to serve him. Perhaps you will next inquire what right I had to do that.'

'You are a free man, sir; he was not; he was bound to me by every individual tie which could bind man to man.'

'That I doubt. I tell you candidly that I doubt it. You yourself declared that you used him but as a tool; and that your policy was to make him believe that he was valueless, when his services were in reality of great value. I hate ingratitude, sir, as much as any man can, but you must not expect men to be grateful for being degraded.'

'I have no wish to quarrel with you, Mr. Julian,' said Cavendish, pompously; 'Oh dear no, not the least in life.'

'I am glad to hear it—if you had, that wish would be but to a very inconsiderable extent gratified.'

'But I must say,' continued Mr. Cavendish, 'that I consider it anything but the ticket to victimise those in the ring.'

'If you explain what you mean in intelligible language,' said George, 'I don't think that I shall be at a loss for an answer.'

'Well then, Mr. Julian, in other words, let me tell you that you have acted most unfairly in making him one of your victims.'

'One of my victims!' said George, smiling. 'What I have done, I have done solely with a view to his advantage.'

'Why, what's a poor fool like that to do out there when the bubble shall have burst?'

'The bubble—what bubble?'

'Why this Poyaisian bubble, of course.'

'I should really recommend you,' said George, still smiling, 'to hold none of the shares.'

'*Hold* them! I've bought and sold many of course, as a mere matter of business; but compel me to hold them, and I w uldn't give twopence for the lot.'

'And you do really conceive it to be a bubble?'

'Conceive it to be one?—I know it! What else can it be? It's cleverly managed, of course. Oh, I'll give you due credit for that.'

'Well, that is something; I beg to acknowledge the compliment. I at all times appreciate politeness.'

'Of course *you* know nothing about its being a dodge?'

'It is sufficient that *you* know; at all events, sufficient for yourself.'

'You are certainly a clever fellow, Mr. Julian; I've always said that—an out-and-out clever fellow.'

'Again, Mr Cavendish, I thank you.'

'You'd make almost any one believe that you really knew nothing at all about it, or at least that you fancied it all on the square; but it won't do, you know, Mr. Julian.'

'But it has done.'

'For many, but never for me; although I confess that even I might have been equally deceived if the thing had been managed entirely by you. And that's the worst of having a fool for a confederate, and especially such a fool as Mac Gregor. Whose money does he fancy men will think he's spending?—where does it all come from?—and how much will be left when he has had his full swing? The thing was well grounded, I grant; but he's a fool—as if he expected people *never* to open their eyes.'

'But did you not say, just now, the affair had been cleverly managed?'

'I did; and so it has, as far as you are concerned. It must have been, or his vanity would before this have spoiled it. But, of course, the first dividend will be paid?'

'Why surely, *you* know; I marvel that a man who knows so much should ask me that.'

'Of course, it will, though, as a draw; and a second, too, if another loan can be raised upon the strength of it. Ah, Mr. Julian, you should have had me with you. We'd have made it something; it's a clever thing murdered.'

'Then, on the whole, you think that Peter's rather in for it?'

'In for it! If he should ever come back at all I shall see him come back barefoot; and I shall glory in it. Nothing could give me greater pleasure. Oh, I shall see him yet, I hope, a ragged beggar in tatters.'

'Well,' said George, rising, for he perceived that Mr. Cavendish was about to be hot again, 'let me advise you, before you go, to have nothing more to do with Poyais bonds.'

'Don't alarm yourself at all on my account, Mr. Julian; you may safely take your oath that I know what's what within a little.'

At this moment George thought of bringing out the wine, and asking Cavendish to drink success to Peter; but as he the next moment imagined that it might be construed into a wish to propitiate the man, he allowed him to go away empty.

He had, however, no sooner taken his departure, than George, who had treated the matter lightly in his presence, sat down to reflect upon all he had said having reference to Mac Gregor. Who supported the style in which he lived?—Whose money was he squandering away?—These questions had certainly occurred to him before: but the suspicions they had created had always been removed by Mac Gregor, who had made him believe that style was essential to the success of the scheme, and that his expenses were comparatively inconsiderable. He had, therefore, gone on from week to week, and from month to month, hoping, until he felt, whenever suspicions arose, that they would prove to be baseless, and especially as no doubt on the subject of Mac Gregor's intentions had ever been, to his knowledge, entertained by any one else; but now that he knew that doubts were entertained by others, and had heard them unequivocally expressed, he felt himself bound to have the honorable designs of Mac Gregor proved before he consented to stir another step.

Engaged as he had been from morning till night drawing up advertisements, answering correspondents, treating with contractors, having interviews with those who wished to emigrate,

and so on, he had had no time to attend to the acounts; nor had he in fact felt it to be necessary for him to do so, they having from the commencement been placed under the sole superintendence of Mac Gregor; but feeling it now to be essential to the defence of his own reputation that he should enter into those accounts minutely, with the view of proving beyond all dispute, whether the doubts which he and others entertained were well founded or not, he resolved, to the exclusion of all other business, to have the whole matter placed fairly before him.

Having, by an immediate reference to his books, obtained the balance between the receipts and the expenditure as far as he had been concerned, he lost no time in having a private interview with Mac Gregor, who ominously locked up his books as George entered.

'Well, Mr. Julian,' said he, extending his hand. 'And how are things going on? Well as usual? Any thing new?'

'Yes,' replied George, 'I have heard a report, which to me is quite new.'

'Indeed! What is it?—any thing affecting us!'

'Deeply; or one which will affect us deeply if it be not at once checked. It is said,' continued George, looking intently at Mac Gregor, 'that the Poyais speculation is neither more nor less than a swindle.'

'Pooh!—Absurd, Mr. Julian!—Absurd! It cannot affect us, sir.—All we have to do is to treat it with contempt.'

'It is a report,' said George, 'which must not be treated with contempt: we must at least have the means at our command of proving it to be unfounded.'

'Well, we have these means at our command! But why should we heed a report so absurd, when the public in general, including the bondholders, are satisfied?'

'The public in general, including the bondholders, believe that you have private resources.'

'Still harping on the subject of my expenditure, Mr. Julian! Have I not proved to you again and again, that it is not a tithe of what it appears to be?'

'It is true you have told me so again and again, but have given no proof.'

'Is not my word of honor sufficient?'

'Whatever confidence men of business may have in each other, they depend for security more upon figures than upon honor It is not to be said that a man doubts the honor of his partner because he may wish to refer to books which are in that partner's keeping.'

'Am I to understand, Mr. Julian, that you wish to refer to *my* books?'

'Certainly, that is my wish, not only in order to satisfy myself that there exists no foundation for this report, but that I may be in a position to check it.'

'Are you not now in a position to check it?'

'I am not.'

'Then leave it to me, Mr. Julian. I'll check it.'

'But how?'

'By treating it, sir, with the contempt it deserves.'

'That will not be effectual: the thing must be proved.'

'Let the onus of proof rest with them.'

'And run the risk of having all confidence in us destroyed?'

'If the report should gain ground, what have we to do but to meet the charge by a plain, direct, and positive denial?'

'Which we can do fairly—and with truth?'

'Have you any doubt on the subject?'

'I *have*, McGregor! I will not mince the matter, nor will I suffer pseudo-delicacy to stand between me and what I conceive to be my duty as a man. I *have* doubts!—doubts which, if confirmed, will induce me to abandon this project on the instant; but if they be removed, no man shall adhere to you more firmly than I will: I'll go hand in hand, heart and soul with you, in order to accomplish the object in view.'

'Then be assured, Mr. Julian, that these doubts have no real foundation.'

'Of that I must be assured.'

'And being assured, let us continue to go on as we began, in mutual confidence, and brilliant success, sir, will be sure to crown our efforts. But come! let us have a glass of wine together, and drown this business in eternal oblivion.'

'You spoke,' said George, 'of my being assured: let me but be assured, and in oblivion all doubts on the subject shall be drowned; but I cannot be assured by a word.'

'You are a droll fellow, Julian!—a very droll fellow; but I respect you the more, because I know that you have a most excellent heart.—But come, come, we mustn't have any more to say on this subject. It will look like a quarrel; and you are the last man in the world with whom I should wish to have any misunderstanding: we'll therefore say no more about it. Will you dine with me to-day?'

'I will on one condition.'

'Nonsense about conditions! The fact is, we must go home together, and spend a merry evening.

'Shall we be alone?'

'Why no, we shall not be exactly alone.—There will be Colonel James, Captain Johnson, Lieutenant Scoles, and several others; but they are all splendid fellows!—you will be delighted.'

'Well, then, in order that I may enjoy myself perfectly, let us see exactly how we stand. It can all be done in a very few minutes. In the first place, how much have you got at the banker's?'

'Of what possible importance can that be, now.'

'It is of importance, McGregor, that I should know.'

'Absurd! Don't trouble your head about any thing of that kind. You have, I am sure, quite enough to attend to already. Leave that to me, Mr. Julian; I'll manage that. Come, come! we *must* say no more about it.'

'McGregor, you have no objection to let me see the banker's book?'

'Objection!—What possible objection can I have?'

'Surely none:—therefore, at once, let me see it.'

'But it has not been made up for some days.'

'Well, that will be of little importance: you have not had occasion to draw much since the Kennersly Castle sailed: let us see how we stood when it was last made up.'

'Mr. Julian,' said McGregor, with a majestic air, 'have you any desire to insult me?'

'None whatever,' replied George; 'but I *must* be satisfied on this one point.'

'I do not recognise your right to know how much I have at the banker's.'

'You do not! Mac Gregor, at our very first interview you pledged me your honor as a man, that, throughout this affair, your adherence to a strictly just course should be firm; that you would not on any point deceive me; and that, as far at least as I might be concerned, your conduct should be characterised by candor.—*Have* you forgotten that pledge?'

'No!'

'Then why not redeem it?'

'Because I think it monstrous that you should come to me and say, 'Show me your banker's book! I doubt your honor and the honesty of your intentions! I believe you to be a scoundrel! a swindler! satisfy me instantly that you are not!''

'McGregor!' said George, firmly, 'these were not my words. But put what construction you may upon my demand, torture it as you please, it is my demand still.'

'But what right have you to make it? All you have to do is to manage the bonds, the correspondence, the emigrants, the advertisements, and so on, and to deduct your expenses from the receipts. Continue to do that, Mr. Julian, and leave the rest to me.'

'But I will *not* leave the rest to you, and still be connected with you. I have a right, an indisputable right to know whether your designs are strictly honorable or not. It is a point, McGregor, upon which I *will* be satisfied! and one word, one single word will be sufficient to afford me all the satisfaction I demand. Will you or will you not let me see how you stand at the banker's?'

'You have no right to ask it!'

'Waving now all considerations having reference to my right, will you show me the banker's book?'

'No!'

'Then I am satisfied. McGregor, you have deceived me! I feel that you have! I am sure of it! Where is your boasted honor now?—Shame, McGregor!—shame! Take back the paltry bauble you gave me. To night, sir, the office shall be permanently closed, and no more from this hour will *I* have to do with His Highness the Prince of Poyais!'

'You had better reflect, Mr. Julian, upon the step you are about to take.'

'I have, McGregor, sufficiently reflected: although my words are warm, my judgment is cool: although I feel most indignant at having been deceived, that feeling does not interfere with my discretion.'

'But you have no proof of having been deceived!'

'It is abundantly proved by your refusal to produce the book in question. What objection could you possibly have if your designs were in reality just? No, McGregor, I was a fool to confide in you at all, but having now discovered my folly, I'll no longer be a party to a project so base. I leave you; and I do so with the utmost scorn, not alone because *I* have been deceived, but because you have deluded these poor wretched emigrants, ruined their prospects and blighted their every hope.'

'Beware how you proceed, Mr. Julian! Let me advise you to beware! You *mean to* shut up the office?'

'I do.'

'Do it!—at your peril!'

'At my peril!' echoed George, contemptuously; 'In less than ten minutes the office will be closed!'

He then left McGregor, and in less than ten minutes the office *was* closed, and having made all thus secure, he and Fred went to call upon Bull.

On their way McGregor's carriage dashed past; but they did not return: they proceeded direct to Bull's office, and, having ascertained that he had just gone on 'Change, they went there and saw him. They had scarcely, however, spoken a word on the subject before McGregor made his appearance, when, as George expressed a wish to avoid him, Bull was seized in an instant with so violent a tremor that he was almost unable to stand.

'Bu-bu-bu-but,' said he, 'what does it mean? I am alarmed, I am—very much alarmed. Dear bless my life—come along, come along; dear me, though, come along back to the office.'

To the office they accordingly returned, and when the clerk had informed them that McGregor had been there, and had been told that George had just gone on 'Change, they went into Bull's private room, where George at once explained the substance of all that had occurred, and, in doing so, threw poor Bull into a state of excitement the most painful that can well be conceived.

'I am ruined, my dear boy, ruined!' he cried, trembling piteously as the big tears rolled down his cheeks. 'Nothing can save me now—nothing—nothing. Fifty bonds—five thousand pounds gone forever!—lost!—utterly lost!—What am I to do—what can I do—what shall I do? Ruination stares me in the face!—starvation!—madness!'

'Hush!' cried George, who at this moment heard McGregor's voice in the outer office. 'Be calm!—trust to me!—do not despair!'

The clerk now entered to announce McGregor, who immediately afterwards appeared, trembling with almost as much violence as Bull himself.

'Well, Mr. Julian,' said he, 'so you have carried your threat, I find, into execution.'

'I have'' returned George, with his usual firmness.

'And you do not intend to open the office tomorrow?'

'I do not.'

'May I ask what your next step will be?'

'That will depend upon circumstances, entirely.'

'Will it be to destroy the speculation?'

'The same answer will equally apply. I *can* do it, McGregor. I need not explain how. It is sufficient for you to know that I can.'

'And what will you gain by it? I could not have supposed it possible, Mr. Julian; I could not have believed that your disposition was revengeful.'

'Nor is it.'

'Then why can we not go on pleasantly, as heretofore?'

'Because, McGregor, I feel that you have basely deceived me.'

'Do not be rash,' interposed Bull, tremulously, 'do not, pray do not be rash.'

'You mistake me,' returned George, 'I am not rash.'

'What, if I have been extravagant,' said McGregor, 'it has been solely with the view of giving *eclat* to our proceedings. You jump at conclusions, Mr. Julian. However, to prove to you that *I* am not vindictive, here's my hand. It will be better for all concerned that we forget what has passed, and go on again as usual.'

'Yes, yes! that's just my opinion,' said Bull; 'it will be better for all, it will, infinitely better.'

'I have been deceived once,' said George; 'I think that quite sufficient.

'But it mustn't get wind, my dear boy,' rejoined Bull; 'it will be ruination—it mustn't get wind.'

'It must and shall be known, and that immediately, too, if the condition I have to propose be not complied with.'

'What is that condition?' inquired McGregor.

'That the bonds, held by Bull, be taken back at the cost price, and a cheque for the amount given at once.'

'And, if I refuse to do this, you will blow the whole affair, and thus involve your own friend without giving him the slightest opportunity of selling?'

'Oh, you will not do that,' exclaimed Bull; 'dear, you will not do that—I shall be ruined, my dear boy, ruined.'

'I'll no longer,' said George, 'be a party to the sale of that which I know to be valueless.—You, McGregor, would hang a man for uttering the counterfeit representative of a shilling, knowing it to be a counterfeit, and yet you would have Bull pass these bonds at their nominal value, conscious of their being of no value at all.'

'But ruination stares me in the face,' cried Bull, 'consider that.'

'If,' said McGregor, 'I take these bonds back, will you rejoin me?'

'Yes, do,' urged Bull, 'my dear boy, do; for my sake do—pray do!'

'No!' replied George, 'I'll have nothing more to do with a transaction so disgraceful.

'Will you, then, consent to be silent on the subject?'

'Yes, yes, he will,' cried Bull, 'I'll guarantee that he will; I'll answer for it—will you not?'

'For your sake,' replied George, 'I will.'

'I knew he would. Didn't I tell you so?—I knew it. Here they are, here they are; fifty of them—count them yourself, but they are all correct, all quite correct. Here's the price, here, you see here; I only want you to take them back for a time, you know, for a time—you and I shall have other transactions, we shall—you know it's only to satisfy him.'

'I feel,' said McGregor, 'that I can trust you, although you cannot trust me.'

'*I* have never deceived *you*, McGregor,' replied George.

'Well, well, never mind now,' cried Bull, trembling with impatience; 'we'll settle that by-and-by, we will. One thing at a time; yes, there—come now, let's arrange this first;—yes, it can make no difference to you—you can sell them in the market, you know, somebody else will have them—you won't lose, you won't;—fifty of them—fifty, you find fifty?'

McGregor made no reply, but drew a cheque for the amount; and having done so, inquired who were Bull's bankers.

'Don't cross it—please—thank you!' cried Bull; 'yes—don't cross it—yes—that will do, nicely.'

'You doubt, I suppose, that I have even so much in hand?'

'Oh, by no means! Oh dear, not at all!'

'You had better present it at once, and be satisfied.'

'Bless my life, no—unless you wish it!'

'Oh, it matters not to me.'

'Yes—exactly, I'll do as you desire; yes, Frederick, my dear boy, just run, yes, there—bring it short, you know short. Be quick!' he energetically whispered, having pushed Fred fairly out of office. 'Run like *lightning* all the way there and back—like *lightning*.'

'And now, Mr Julian,' said McGregor, 'I presume that all connexion between us is at an end?'

'It is,' replied George.

'Have you any objection to give up the office to me?'

'No. I shall be there in the morning at eleven; and when the accounts have been arranged, which can be done in an hour, I wash my hands of the whole affair: you can then have possession if you please.'

'And can nothing induce you to rejoin me?'

'Nothing!'

'Very well. I am sorry for it; but must do the best I can.'

'But, but, but,' stammered Bull, who had been, up to that moment, half dead with suspense; 'when—when do you think you shall hear from Poyais?'

'Do not be alarmed, Mr. Bull,' said McGregor, who saw that the question was put to detain him, 'I shall not leave until your messenger returns.'

George smiled, but all were silent until Fred came in, when McGregor perceiving that Bull was quite satisfied, coldly withdrew.

The very instant he had left, however, Bull started up in a state of ecstacy; he laughed and danced about, and cut the most extraordinary capers ever witnessed on *any* stage, British or foreign.

'You have been my *salvation*,' he cried, 'my salvation!—You're a good fellow—a fine fellow, a fine noble fellow! I'm so delighted; But come, you must dine with me to-day, you and Fred, and I'll treat you to a ride I will, all the way home, and I'll stand some champagne—there! champagne. Come,' he added, locking his arms tightly in their's, and fairly pulling them out of the office, 'come! let us all go and be jolly!'

MARRYAT'S NEW NOVEL.

"THE POACHER."

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

PART 10.

VOLUME II.—CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH THE BITER IS BIT.

The disappearance of Joey from the school was immediately communicated to M'Shane by the master, who could not imagine how such an incident could have occurred in such a decent establishment as his preparatory seminary; it was an epoch in his existence, and ever afterwards his chronology was founded upon it, and everything that occurred was so many months or weeks before or after the absconding of young master M'Shane. The letter had of course been produced, and as soon as the schoolmaster had taken his departure, M'Shane and his wife were in deep council.

'I recollect,' said Mrs. M'Shane, who was crying in an easy chair, 'I recollect now, that one day the boy came up and asked me the meaning of wilful murder, and I told him. And now I think of it, I do also remember the people at No. 1 table, close to the counter, some time ago, talking about a murder having been committed by a mere child, and a long report of it in the newspapers. I am sure, however, (as Joey says in his letter,) that he is not guilty.'

'And so am I,' replied M'Shane. 'However, bring up the file of newspapers, dear, and let me look over them. How long back do you think it was?'

'Why, it was about the time you went away with Captain O'Donahue, I think, or a little before—that was in October.'

'M'Shane turned over the file of newspapers, and after a quarter of an hour's search, found the report of the coroner's inquest.

'Here it is, my dear, sure enough,' said McShane.

As soon as he had read it over, and came to the end, he said—

'Yes; wilful murder against Joseph Rushbrook the younger, and £200 for his apprehension. This it was that drove the lad from home, and not poaching, although I have no doubt that poaching was the cause of the murder.—Now, my dear,' continued M'Shane, 'I think I can unravel all this; the murder has been committed, that's evident, by somebody, but not by Joey, I'll be sworn; he says that he is not guilty, and I believe him. Nevertheless, Joey runs away, and a verdict is found against him. My dear wife, I happen to know the father of Joey well; he was a fine, bold soldier, but one who could stick at nothing; and if I could venture an opinion, it is, that the murder was committed by Rushbrook, and not by Joey, and that the boy has absconded to save his father.'

The reader will acknowledge that M'Shane was very clear sighted.

'That's my opinion,' continued M'Shane.—'How it has been managed to make the boy appear as the party, I cannot tell; but knowing the father, and knowing the son, I'd stake my commission that I've guessed the truth.'

'Poor boy!' exclaimed Mrs. M'Shane; 'well, the commandments say that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children. What can be done, M'Shane?'

'Nothing at present; it would injure Joey to raise a hue and cry after him; for, you see, if he is apprehended, he must either be tried for his life, and convicted himself, or prove that he did not do it, which probably he could not do without convicting his father; I will, however, make some inquiries about Rushbrook himself, and if I can I will see him.'

The same evening the schoolmaster called upon M'Shane, to say that two persons had come to the school in the afternoon and asked to see him: that one of them, shabbily dressed, but evidently a person who was not of so low a class in life, as the other, had accosted him when he came into the parlor with—

'I believe I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Slappum; if so, may I request the favor to see my little friend Joey, whom I met yesterday walking out with the other young gentlemen under your care, as I have a message to him from his father and mother? The dear boy was once under my tuition, and did me much credit, as I have no doubt that he has done you.'

Now, the usher had told Mr. Slappum that Joey had been addressed by this person the day before, and the schoolmaster presuming, of course, that it was Joey M'Shane, replied—

'I am sorry to say that he left this house last night and has absconded we know not where. He had left a letter for Major M'Shane, which I have this day delivered to him, acquainting him with the unpleasant circumstance.'

'Bolted, by all that's clever!' said the second personage to the first, who looked very much surprised and confounded.

'You really astonish me, my dear Sir,' replied the first person, whom the reader will of course recognise to be Furness; 'that a lad brought up by me in such strict moral principles, such pious feelings, should have taken such a step, is to me incomprehensible. Major M'Shane, I think you said, lives at ——?'

'Major M'Shane lives at No. — in Holborn,' replied the schoolmaster.

'And the lad has not gone home to him?'

'No, he has not; he left a letter, which I took to Major M'Shane; but I did not break the seal, and am ignorant of the contents.'

'I am stupified with grief and vexation,' replied Furness, 'and will not intrude any longer. Bless the boy! what can have come of him?'

So saying, Furness took his departure with the peace-officer, whom he had intrusted with a warrant which he had taken out to secure the person of our hero.

M'Shane heard the schoolmaster's account without interruption, and then said, 'I have no doubt but that this person who has called upon you will pay me a visit; oblige me, therefore, by describing his person particularly, so that I may know him at first sight.'

The schoolmaster gave a most accurate description of Furness, and then he took his leave.

As the eating-house kept by Mrs. M'Shane had a private door, Furness (who, as M'Shane had prophesied, came the next afternoon,) after having read the name on the private door, which was not on the eating-house, which went by the name of the Chequers, imagined that it was an establishment apart, and thought it advisable to enter into it, and ascertain a little about Major M'Shane before he called upon him. Although M'Shane seldom made his appearance in the room appropriated for the dinners, it so happened that he was standing at the door when Furness entered and sat down in a box, calling for the bill of fare, and ordering a plate of beef and cabbage. M'Shane recognised him by the description given of him immediately, and resolved to make his acquaintance incog., and ascertain what his intentions were; he therefore took his seat in the same box, and winking to one of the girls who attended, also called for a plate of beef and cabbage. Furness, who was anxious to pump any one he might fall in with, immediately entered into conversation with the Major.

'A good house this, Sir, and well attended, apparently?'

'Yes, Sir,' replied M'Shane; 'it is considered a very good house.'

'Do you frequent it much yourself?'

'Always, Sir; I feel much interested in its success,' replied M'Shane; 'for I know the lady who keeps it, well, and have a high respect for her.'

'I saw her as I passed by—a fine woman, Sir! Pray may I ask who is Major M'Shane, who I observe lives in the rooms above?'

'He is a Major in the army, Sir—now on half-pay.'

'Do you know him?'

'Remarkably well,' replied M'Shane; 'he's a countryman of mine.'

'He's married, Sir, I think? I'll trouble you for the pepper.'

'He is married, Sir, to a very amiable woman.'

'Any family, Sir?'

'Not that I know of; they have a young protege, I believe now at school,—a boy they call Joey.'

'Indeed! how very kind of them; really, now, it's quite refreshing to me to see so much goodness of heart still remaining in this bad world. Adopted him, I presume?'

'I really cannot exactly say that; I know that they treat him as their own child.'

'Have you seen Major M'Shane lately, Sir?'

'Saw him this morning, Sir, just after he got up.'

'Indeed! This is remarkably good ale, Sir—will you honor me by tasting it?'

'Sir you are very kind; but the fact is, I never drink malt liquor. Here, girl, bring a half-pint of brandy. I trust, Sir, you will not refuse to join me in a glass, although I cannot venture to accept your polite offer.'

Furness drank off his pot of ale, and made ready for the brandy, which had been offered him; M'Shane filled his own glass, and then handed the decanter over to Furness.

'I have the pleasure of drinking your good health, Sir,' said M'Shane. 'You are from the country, I presume; may I inquire from what part?'

'I am from Devonshire; I was formerly head of the Grammar School at ——; but, Sir, my principles would not allow me to retain my situation; rectitude of conduct, Sir, is absolutely necessary to the profession which inculcates morality and virtue, as well as instruction to youth, Sir. Here is to our better acquaintance, Sir.'

'Sir, to yours; I honor your sentiments.—By the powers! but you're right, Mr.—— I beg your pardon—but I don't catch your name exactly.'

'Furness, Sir; at your service. Yes, Sir, the directors of the foundation which I presided over, I may say, with such credit to myself, and such advantage to the pupils under my care, wished to make a job,—yes, Sir—of a charity; I could not consent to such deeds, and I resigned.'

'And you have been in London ever since?'

'No, Sir; I returned to the small village of Grassford, where I set up a school, but circumstances compelled me to resign, and I am now about to seek for employment in another hemisphere; in short, I have an idea of going out to New South Wales as a preceptor. I understand they are in great want of tuition in that quarter.'

'I should think so,' replied M'Shane; 'and

they have a great deal to unlearn as well as to learn.'

'I speak of the junior branches—the scions or offsets, I may say—born in the colony, and who, I trust, will prove that crime is not hereditary.'

'Well, I wish you luck, sir,' replied M'Shane; 'you must oblige me by taking another glass, for I never shall be able to finish this decanter myself.'

'I gladly avail myself of the pleasure of your company, Sir.'

As the reader is well aware that Furness was an intemperate man, it is not to be surprised that he accepted the offer; and before the second glass was finished, the ale and brandy had begun to have the effect, and he had become very communicative.

'What was the village which you stated you had resided in, lately, Sir?' inquired M Shane.

'The village of Grassford.'

'There is something I recollect about the village; let me see—something that I read in the newspapers. I remember now—it was the murder of a pedler.'

'Very true, Sir; such a circumstance did take place; it was a dreadful affair—and, what is more strange, committed by a mere child, who absconded.'

'Indeed! What was his name?'

'Rushbrook, Sir; his father was a well-known poacher—a man who had been in the army, and had a pension for wounds. There is an old saying, Sir, of high authority—'Bring up a child in the way he should go, and he will not depart from it.' I instructed that boy, Sir, but, alas! what avails the instruction of a preceptor when a father leads a child into evil ways?'

'That's the truth, and no mistake,' replied M'Shane. 'So the boy ran away? Yes; I recollect now. And what became of the father?'

'The father, Sir, and mother have since left the village, and gone nobody knows where.'

'Indeed! are you sure of that?'

'Quite sure, Sir; for I was most anxious to discover them, and took great pains, but without success.'

'What did the people say thereabouts? Was there no suspicion of the father being implicated?'

'I do not think there was. He gave evidence at the inquest, and so did I, Sir, as you may suppose, most unwillingly; for the boy was a favorite of mine. I beg your pardon, Sir—you say you are acquainted with Major M'Shane, and saw him this morning: is the interesting little boy you speak of as under his protection now at home or still at school?'

'I really cannot positively say,' replied M'Shane; 'but this is not holyday-times. Come, Sir, we must not part yet; your conversation is too interesting. You must allow me to call for some more brandy; poor as I am, I must treat myself and you, too. I wish I knew where I could pick up a little money; for, to tell you the truth, cash begins to run low.'

Furness was now more than half drunk.—'Well, Sir,' said he, 'I have known money picked up without any difficulty; for instance, now, suppose we should fall in with this young rascal who committed the murder; there is £200 offered for his apprehension and conviction.'

'I thought as much,' muttered M'Shane; 'the infernal scoundrel!—I suspect that you will find him where you are going to, Mr Furbish; he's got that far by this time.'

'Between you and I, I think not, Sir. My name is Furness, Sir—I beg your pardon—not Furbish.'

'Why, you do not think he would be such a fool as to remain in the country after such an act?'

'The wicked are foolish, Sir, as well as others,' replied Furness, putting his finger to his nose, and looking very knowingly.

'That's truth, Sir. Help yourself; you drink nothing. Excuse me one minute; I'll be back directly.'

M'Shane left the box for a few minutes to explain to his wife what he was about, and to give time for the liquor to operate upon Furness.—As he expected, he found, on his return, that Furness had finished his glass, and was more tipsy than when he left him.

The conversation was renewed, and M'Shane again pleading his poverty, and his wish to obtain money, brought out the proposal of Furness, who informed him that he had recognised the *protege* of Major M'Shane to be the identical Joseph Rushbrook; that the boy had absconded from the school, and was concealed in Major M'Shane's house. He concluded by observing, that, as he was so intimate with the Major, it would be very easy for him to ascertain the fact, and offered him £50 as his share of the reward, if he would assist him in the boy's capture. It was lucky for Furness that M'Shane was surrounded by others, or in all probability there would have been another murder committed.—The Major, however, said he would think of it, and fell back in deep thought; what he was thinking of was, what he should do to punish Furness. At last an idea came into his head;—the rascal was drunk, and he proposed that they should go to another house; where they might find the Major, and he would present him. Furness consented, and reeled out of the box; M'Shane, although he would as soon have touched a viper, controlled himself sufficiently to give Furness his arm, and leading him down by two or three back courts, he took him into an alehouse where there was a rendezvous for enlisting marines for the navy. As soon as they were seated, and had liquor before them, M'Shane spoke to the Sergeant, tipped him a guinea, and said he had a good recruit for him, if he could be persuaded to enlist. He then introduced the Sergeant as the Major, and advised Furness to pretend to agree with him in everything. The Sergeant told long stories, clapped Furness, who was now quite intoxicated, on the back, called him a jolly fellow, and asked him to enlist.—'Say yes, to please him,' said M'Shane in his ear. Furness did so, received the shilling, and when he came to his senses the next day, found his friend had disappeared, and that he was under an escort for Portsmouth. All remonstrances were unavailing; M'Shane had fee'd the Sergeant, and had promised him a higher fee not

to let Furness off; and the latter, having but a few shillings in his pocket, was compelled to submit to his fate.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH OUR HERO AGAIN FALLS IN WITH AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

For nearly two years Joey had filled his situation as chancellor of the exchequer to Mrs. Chopper. He certainly did not find himself always in the humor or the disposition for business, especially during the hard winter months, when, seated almost immovably in the boat during the best portion of the day, he would find his fingers so completely dead, that he could not hold his pen. But there is no situation under any of the powers that be that has not some drawback. People may say that a sinecure is one that has not its disadvantages; but such is not the case—there is the disgrace of holding it. At all events, Joey's place was no sinecure, for he was up early, and was employed the whole of the day.

Nancy, the young woman we have introduced to our readers, had contracted a great regard for our hero, ever since his offering her his money, and Joey was equally partial to her, for she possessed a warm heart and much good feeling;—she would very often run up stairs into Mrs. Chopper's room, to talk with the old lady and to see Joey, and would then take out her thimble and needle, examine his clothes, and make the necessary repairs.

'I saw you walking with little Emma Phillips, Peter,' said Nancy; 'where did you come to know her?'

'I met her in the road the day that I came down to Gravesend.'

'Well, I'm sure! and do you speak to every young lady you chance to meet?'

'No; but I was unhappy, and she was very kind to me.'

'She's a very sweet child, or rather, I can only say that she was, when I knew her.'

'When did you know her?'

'Four or five years ago; I lived for a short time with Mrs. Phillips; that was when I was a good girl.

'Yes, indeed, Nancy,' said Mrs. Chopper, shaking her head.

'Why aint you good, now, Nancy?' replied Joey.

'Because——' said Nancy.

'Because why?'

'Because I am not good,' replied the girl; 'and now, Peter, don't ask any more questions, or you'll make me cry. Heigho! I think crying very pleasant now and then; one's heart feels fresher, like flowers after the rain. Peter, where are your father and mother?'

'I don't know; I left them at home.'

'You left them at home! but do you never hear from them? do you never write?'

'No.'

'But, why not? I am sure they have brought you up well. They must be very good people, are they not?'

Joey could not answer; how could he say that his father was a good man after what had passed?

'You don't answer me, Peter; don't you love your father and mother dearly?'

'Yes, indeed I do; but I must not write to them.'

'Well, I must say there is something about Peter and his parents which I cannot understand, and which I have often tried to make him tell, and he will not,' said Mrs. Chopper. 'Poaching aint such a great crime, especially in a boy. I can't see why he should not write to his father and mother, at all events. I hope, Peter, you have told me the truth.'

'I have told you what is true; but my father was a poacher, and they know it; and if they did not punish me, they would him, and transport him too, if I gave evidence against him, which I must do, if put to my oath; I've told you all I can tell; I must not tell of father, must I?'

'No, no, child; I dare say you are right,' replied Mrs. Chopper.

'Now, I don't ask you to tell me, Peter,' said Nancy, 'for I can guess what has taken place; you and your father have been out poaching, there has been a scuffle with the keepers and there has been blood shed; and that's the reason why you keep out of the way. Aint I right?'

'You are not far wrong,' replied Joey; 'but I will not say a word more upon it.'

'And I won't ask you, my little Peter; there, that's done, and now I shall have a peep out of the window, for its very close here, Mrs. Chopper.'

Nancy threw the window open and leaned out of it, watching the passers-by. 'Mercy on us! here's three soldiers coming up the street with a deserter handcuffed,' cried she 'Who can it be? he's a sailor. Why, I do believe it's Sam Oxenham, that belongs to the Thomas and Mary, of Sunderland. Poor fellow! Yes, it is him.'

Joey went to the window, and took his stand by the side of Nancy.

'What soldiers are those?' inquired he.

'They're not soldiers after all,' replied Nancy; 'they are jollies—a sergeant and two privates.'

'Jollies! what are they?'

'Why, marines, to be sure.'

Joey continued looking at them until they passed under the window, when Nancy, who had a great disgust at anything like arbitrary power, could not refrain from speaking.

'I say, master Sergeant, you're a nice brave fellow, with your two jollies. D'ye think the young man will kill you all three, that you must put the darbies on so tight?'

At this appeal the sergeant and privates looked up at the window and laughed, when they saw such a pretty girl as Nancy. The eyes of one of the privates were, however, soon fixed on our hero's face, and deeply scrutinising it, when Joey looked at him. As soon as Joey recognised him, he drew back from the window, pale as death, the private still remaining staring at the window.

'Why, what's the matter, Peter?' said Nancy;

'what makes you look so pale? do you know that man?'

'Yes,' replied Joey, drawing his breath, 'and he knows me, I'm afraid.'

'Why do you fear?' replied Nancy.

'See if he's gone,' said Joey.

'Yes, he has; he has gone up the street with the sergeant; but every now and then he looks back at this window; but perhaps that's to see me.'

'Why, Peter, what harm can that marine do you?' inquired Mrs. Chopper.

'A great deal; he will never be quiet until he has me taken up, and then what will become of my poor father?' continued Joey, with the tears running down his cheeks.

'Give me my bonnet, Peter. I'll soon find out what he is after,' said Nancy, leaving the window. She threw her bonnet on her head, and ran down stairs.

Mrs. Chopper in vain endeavored to comfort our hero, or make him explain—he did nothing but sit mournfully by her side, thinking what he had best do, and expecting every minute to hear the tramp of Furness (for it was he who had recognised Joey) coming up the stairs.

'Mrs. Chopper,' at last said Joey, 'I must leave you, I'm afraid; I was obliged to leave my former friends on this man's account.'

'Leave me, boy! no, no, you must not leave me—how could I get on without you?'

'If I don't leave you myself, I shall be taken up, that is certain; but indeed I have not done wrong—don't think that I have.'

'I'm sure of it, child; you've only to say so, and I'll believe you; but why should he care about you?'

'He lived in our village, and knows all about it; he gave evidence at——'

'At what, boy?'

'At the time that I ran away from home; he proved that I had the gun and bag, which were found.'

'Well, and suppose you had; what then?'

'Mrs. Chopper, there was a reward offered, and he wants to get the money.'

'O, I see now—a reward offered; then it must be as Nancy said; there was blood shed;' and Mrs. Chopper put her apron up to her eyes.

Joey made no answer. After a few minutes' silence, he rose, and went into his room where he slept, and put his clothes up in a bundle.—Having so done, he sat down on the side of the bed and reflected what was the course he ought to pursue.

Our hero was now sixteen, and much increased in stature; he was no longer a child, although, in heart, almost as innocent. His thoughts wandered—he yearned to see his father and mother; and reflected whether he might not venture back to the village, and meet them by stealth; he thought of the M'Shanes, and imagined that he might in the same way return to them; then little Emma Philips rose in his imagination, and his fear that he might never see her again; Captain O'Donahue was at last brought to his recollection, and he longed to be once more with him in Russia; and, lastly, he reviewed the happy and contented life he had lately led with his good friend Mrs. Chopper, and how sorry he should be to part with her. After a time he threw himself on his bed, and hid his face in the pillow; and, overcome with the excess of his feelings, he at last fell asleep.

In the meantime Nancy had followed the marines up the street, and saw them enter, with their prisoner, into a small public-house, where she was well known; she followed them, spoke a few kind words to the seaman who had been apprehended, and with whom she was acquainted, and then sat down by Furness to attract his attention.

Furness had certainly much improved in his appearance since he had (much against his will) been serving his Majesty. Being a tall man, he had, by drilling, become perfectly erect, and the punishment awarded to drunkenness, as well as the difficulty of procuring liquor, had kept him from his former intemperance, and his health had improved in consequence. He had been more than once brought up to the gangway upon his first embarkation, but latterly had conducted himself properly, and was in expectation of being made a corporal, for which situation his education certainly qualified him. On the whole, he was now a fine-looking marine, although just as unprincipled a scoundrel as ever.

'Well, my pretty lass, didn't I see you looking out of a window, just now?'

'To be sure you did, and you might have heard me too,' replied Nancy; 'and when I saw such a handsome fellow as you, didn't I put on my bonnet in a hurry, and come after you? What ship do you belong to?'

'The Mars, at the Nore.'

'Well, I should like to go on board of a man-of-war. Will you take me?'

'To be sure I will; come, have a drink of beer.'

'Here's to the jollies,' said Nancy, putting the pewter pot to her lips. 'When do you go on board again?'

'Not till to-morrow; we've caught our bird, and now we'll amuse ourselves a little. Do you belong to this place?'

'Yes, bred and born here; but we hardly ever see a man-of-war; they stay at the Nore, or go higher up.'

Nancy did all she could to make Furness believe she had taken a fancy to him, and knew too well how to succeed. Before an hour had passed, Furness had, as he thought, made every arrangement with her, and congratulated himself on his good fortune. In the meantime the beer and brandy went round, even the unfortunate captive was persuaded to drink with them, and drown reflection. At last Furness said to her, 'Who was that lad that was looking out of the window with you? Was it your brother?'

'My brother! bless you, no. You mean that scamp Peter, who goes in the bumboat with old mother Chopper.'

'Does he?—well I have either seen him before or some one like him.'

'He's not of our town,' replied Nancy; 'he came here about two years ago, nobody knows

where from, and has been with Mrs. Chopper ever since.'

'Two years ago,' muttered Furness, 'that's just the time. Come, girl, take some more beer.'

Nancy drank a little and put down the pot.

'Where does Mrs. Chopper live?' inquired Furness.

'Where you saw me looking out of the window,' replied Nancy.

'And the boy lives with her? I will call upon her by-and-bye.'

'Yes, to be sure he does; but why are you talking so about the boy? Why don't you talk to me, and tell me what a pretty girl I am, for I like to be told that.'

Furness and his comrades continued to carouse, and were getting fast to a state of intoxication; the sergeant only was prudent; but Furness could not let pass this opportunity of indulging without fear of punishment. He became more loving towards Nancy, as he became more tipsy, when Nancy who cajoled him to the utmost of her power, again mentioned our hero; and then it was that Furness, who when inebriated could never hold a secret, first told her that there was a reward offered for his apprehension, and that if she would remain with him, they would spend the money together. To this Nancy immediately consented, and offered to assist him as much as she could, as she had the entrance into Mrs. Chopper's house, and knew where the lad slept. But Nancy was determined to gain more from Furness, and as he was now pretty far gone, she proposed that they should take a walk out, for it was a beautiful evening. Furness gladly consented. Nancy again explained to him how she should manage to get Joey into her power, and appeared quite delighted at the idea of there being a reward, which they were to obtain; and finding that Furness was completely deceived, and that the fresh air had increased his inebriety, she then persuaded him to confide to her all the circumstances connected with the reward offered for our hero's apprehension. She then learned what had occurred at the inquest—Joey's escape—his being again discovered by Furness—and his second escape from the school, to which he had been put by the M'Shanes.

'And his father and mother, where are they? When I think of them, I must say that I do not much like to assist in taking up the boy. Poor people, how they will suffer when they hear of it! Really I don't know what to say,' continued Nancy, biting the tip of her finger as if hesitating.

'Don't let them stop you,' said Furness; 'they will not be likely even to hear of it; they left the village before me, and no one knows where they are gone. I tried to find out, myself, but could not It's very clear that they're gone to America.'

'Indeed!' said Nancy, who had put the questions because she wished to give Joey some information relative to his parents; 'gone to America, do you say?'

'Yes, I am inclined to think so, for I lost all trace of them.'

'Well, then,' replied Nancy, 'that scruple of mine is got over.'

She then pointed out to Furness the propriety of waiting an hour or two, till people were in bed, that there might be no chance of a rescue; and they returned to the public-house. Furness took another glass of ale, and then fell fast asleep on the bench, with his head over the table.

'So,' thought Nancy, as she left the public-house, 'the drunken fool makes sure of his £200; but there is no time to be lost.'

Nancy hastened back to Mrs. Chopper, whom she found sitting with a candle, turning over the leaves of an old account-book.

'O, Nancy, is that you? I was just sighing over you; here's the things that were ordered for your wedding. Poor girl! I fear you have not often been to church since.'

Nancy was silent for a short time. 'I'm sick of my life and sick of myself, Mrs. Chopper; but what can I do?—a wretch like me! I wish I could run away, as poor Peter must directly, and go to where I never was known; I should be so happy.'

'Peter must go, do you say, Nancy; is that certain?'

'Most certain Mrs. Chopper, and he must be off directly. I have been with the marines, and the fellow has told me everything; he is only waiting now for me to go back, to come and take him.'

'But tell me, Nancy, has Peter been guilty?'

'I believe from my heart that he has done nothing; but still murder was committed, and Peter will be apprehended, unless you give him the means of running away. Where is he now?'

'Asleep, fast asleep; I didn't like to wake him, poor fellow!'

'Then he must be innocent, Mrs. Chopper; they say the guilty never sleep. But what will he do—he has no money?'

'He has saved me a mint of money, and he shall not want it,' replied Mrs. Chopper 'What shall I do without him? I can't bear to part with him.'

'But you must, Mrs. Chopper; and if you love him, you will give him the means, and let him be off directly. I wish I was going too,' continued Nancy, bursting into tears.

'Go with him, Nancy, and look after him, and take care of my poor Peter,' said Mrs. Chopper, whimpering; 'go, my child, go, and lead a good life. I should better part with him, if I thought you were with him, and away from this horrid place.'

'Will you let me go with him, Mrs. Chopper—will you, indeed?' cried Nancy, falling on her knees. 'Oh! I will watch him as a mother would her son, as a sister would her brother!—Give us but the means to quit this place, and the good and the wicked both will bless you.'

'That you shall then, my poor girl; for it has often pained my heart to look at you; for I felt that you are too good for what you are, and will be again a good, honest girl. You both shall go. Poor Peter! I wish I were young enough,

I would go with you; but I can't. How I shall be cheated again when he is gone! but go he must. Here, Nancy, take the money; take all I have in the house;' and Mrs Chopper put upwards of £20 into Nancy's hand as she was kneeling before her. Nancy fell forward with her face in the lap of the good old woman, suffocated with emotion and tears. 'Come, come, Nancy,' said Mrs. Chopper, after a pause, and wiping her eyes with her apron, 'you mustn't take on so, my poor girl. Recollect poor Peter; there's no time to lose.'

'That is true,' replied Nancy, rising up. 'Mrs. Chopper, you have done a deed this night for which you will have your reward in heaven.—May the God of mercy bless you! and, as soon as I dare, night and morning will I pray for you.'

Mrs. Chopper went into Joey's room with the candle in her hand, followed by Nancy. 'See, how sound he sleeps!' said the old woman; 'he is not guilty. Peter! Peter! come, get up, child.'

Joey rose from his bed, confused at first with the light in his eyes, but soon recovered himself.

'Peter, you must go, my poor boy, and go quickly, Nancy says.'

'I was sure of it,' replied Joey. 'I am very, very sorry to leave you, Mrs. Chopper. Pray think well of me, for, indeed, I have done nothing wrong.'

'I am sure of it; but Nancy knows it all, and away you must go. I wish you were off; I'm getting fidgetty about it, although I cannot bear to lose you; so good bye at once, Peter, and God bless you! I hope we shall meet again yet.'

'I hope so, indeed, Mrs. Chopper; for you have been very kind to me, as kind as a mother could be.'

Mrs. Chopper hugged him to her breast, and then said, in a hurried tone, as she dropped on the bed, 'There; go now.'

Nancy took up Joey's bundle in one hand and Joey by the other, and they went down stairs.—As soon as they were in the street Nancy turned short round, went to the house where she usually slept, desiring Joey to wait a moment at the door. She soon returned with her own bundle, and then, with a quick pace, walked on, desiring Joey to follow her. They proceeded in this manner until they were clear of the town, when Joey came up to Nancy, and said, 'Thank you, Nancy; I suppose we'd better part now.'

'No, we don't part yet, Peter,' replied Nancy.

'But where are you going, and why have you that bundle?'

'I am going with you, Peter,' replied Nancy.

'But, Nancy——' replied Joey; and then after a pause: 'I will do all I can for you—I will work for you—but I have no money, and I hope we shall not starve.'

'Bless you, boy! bless you for that kind feeling! but we shall not starve; I have Mrs. Chopper's leave to go with you; indeed, she wished me so to do, and she has given me money for you—it is for you, although she said for both.'

'She is very kind; but why should you go with me, Nancy? you have nothing to fear.'

'We must not talk now, Peter; let us walk on; I have more to fear than you.'

'How is that? I fear being taken up for that of which I am not guilty, but you have nothing to fear.'

'Peter, dear,' replied Nancy, solemnly, 'I do not fear for any thing this world can do for me; but don't talk now—let us go on.'

PART II.

VOL. II.—CHAPER. VI.

IN WHICH THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE BRINGS OUR HERO'S NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE.

When Nancy and our hero had proceeded about three miles on their way, Nancy slackened her pace, and they entered into conversation.

'Which way are you going?' demanded Joey.

'I'm cutting right across the country, Peter, or rather Joey, as I shall in future call you, for that is your real name—the marine told me it was Joseph Rushbrook—is it not?'

'Yes, it is,' replied Joey.

'Then in future I shall call you so, for I do not wish to hear even a name which would remind me of the scene of my misery; and, Joey, do you never call me Nancy again, the name is odious to me; call me Mary.'

'I will if you wish it; but I cannot imagine why you should run away from Gravesend, Mary. What do you mean to do? I ran away from fear of being taken up.'

'And I, Joey, do more; I fly from the wrath to come. You ask me what I intend to do; I will answer you in the words of the catechism which I once used to repeat, 'to lead a new life, have a thankful remembrance of Christ's death, and be in charity with all men.' I shall seek for service; I care not how humble—it will be good enough. I will sift cinders for brick-making, make bricks, do anything, as long as what I do is honest.'

'I am very glad to hear you say that, Mary,' replied Joey, 'for I was always very fond of you.'

'Yes, Joey, and you were the first who offered to do a kind thing for me for a long while; I have never forgotten it, and this night I have done something to repay it.'

Nancy then entered into a detail of all that had passed between her and Furness, of which Joey had been ignorant, and which proved to him what a narrow escape he had had.

'I little thought you had done all this while I slept,' replied Joey, 'but I am very grateful, Mary.'

'I know you are, so say no more about it. You see, Joey, he gave me all your history, and appears to believe that you committed the murder. I do not believe it; I do not believe you would do such a thing, although your gun might have gone off by accident.'

'No, Mary, I did not do it, either on purpose or by accident; but you must ask me no more questions, for if I were put on my trial I should not reveal the secret.'

'Then I will never speak to you any more

about it, if I can help it. I have my own thoughts on the business, but now I drop it. It is nearly day-light, and we have walked a good many miles; I shall not be sorry to sit down and rest myself.'

'Do you know how far we have to go before we come to any town, Mary?'

'We are not far from Maidstone; it is on our right, but it will be as well not to go through so large a town so near to Gravesend. Besides, some of the soldiers may know me. As soon as we come to a good place, where we can find a drink of water, we will sit down and rest ourselves.'

About a mile further on they came to a small rivulet, which crossed the road.

'This will do, Joey,' said Nancy; 'now we'll sit down.'

It was then daylight; they took their seats on their bundles as soon as they had drank from the stream.

'Now Joey,' said Mary (as we shall call her for the future), 'let us see what money we have. Mrs. Chopper put all she had in my hands; poor, good old woman; bless her! Count it, Joey; it is yours.'

'No, Mary, she gave it for both of us.'

'Never mind; do you keep it; for you see, Joey, you might have to run at a minute's warning, and it would not do for you to be without money.'

'If I was to run off at a minute's warning, I should then take it all with me, and it would not do for you to be left without any money, Mary, so we mus halve it between us, although we will always make one purse.'

'Well, be it so, for if you were robbed, or I were robbbed, on the way, the other might escape.'

They then divided the money, Joey putting his share into his pocket, and tying it in with a string. Mary dropped hers down in the usual deposit for women for bank notes and billets-doux. As soon as this matter had been arranged, Mary opened her bundle. and took out a handkerchief, which she put on her shoulders; combed out the ringlets which she had worn, and dressed her hair flat on her temples; removed the gay ribbons from her bonnet, and substituted some plain brown in their stead.

'There,' says she; 'now don't I look more respectable?'

'You do look more neat and more——'

'—More modest, you would say, Joey. Well, and I hope in future to become what I look.—But I look more fit to be your sister, Joey, for I have been thinking we had better pass off as brother and sister to avoid questioning We must make out some story to agree in. Who shall we say that we are (as we dare not say who we really are)? I am looking out for service, and so are you, that's very clear; father and mother are both dead; father was a baker. That's all true, as far as relates to me; and as you are my brother, why you must take my father and mother. It's no very great story after all.'

'But it won't do to say we came from Gravesend.'

'No; we need not say that, and yet tell no story; the village we passed through last night was Wrotham, so we came from thence.'

'But where do you think of going, Mary?'

'A good way farther off yet; at all events, before we look out for service, we will get into another county. Now, if you are ready, we will go on, Joey, and look out for some breakfast, and then I shall be able to change my gown for a quieter one.'

In half an hour they arrived at a village, and went into a public-house. Mary went up stairs and changed her dress; and now that she had completed her arrangements, she looked a very pretty modest young woman, and none could have supposed that the day before she had been flaunting in the street of a seafaring town. Inquiries were made, as might be supposed, and Mary replied that she was going to service, and that her brother was escorting her. They had their breakfast, and, after resting two hours, they proceeded on their journey.

For some days they travelled more deliberately, until they found themselves in the small town of Manstone, in Dorsetshire, where they as usual, put up at an humble public house.—Here Mary told a different story; she had been disappointed in a situation, and they intended to go back again to their native town.

The landlady of the hotel was prepossessed in favor of such a very pretty girl as Mary, as well as with the appearance of Joey, who although in his sailor's dress, was very superior in carriage to a boy in his supposed station in life, and she said, that if they would remain there a few days, she would try to procure them some situation. The third day after their arrival, she informed Mary that she had heard of a situation as under-housemaid at the squire's, about a mile off, if she would like to take it, and Mary gladly consented. Mrs. Derborough sent up word, and received orders for Mary to make her appearance, and Mary accordingly went up to the hall, accompanied by Joey. When she arrived there, and made known her business, she was desired to wait in the servants'-hall until she was sent for. In about a quarter of an hour she was summoned, and leaving Joey in the hall, she went up to see the lady of the house, who inquired whether she had ever been out at service before, and if she had a good character.

Mary replied that she had never been out at service, and that she had no character at all (which, by-the-bye, was very true).

The lady of the house smiled at this apparently naive answer from so very modest-looking and pretty a girl, and asked how her parents were.

To this question Mary's answer was ready, and she further added, that she had left home in search of a place and had been disappointed; that her father and mother were dead, but her brother was down below, and had escorted her; and that Mrs. Chopper was an old friend of her mother's, and could answer as to her character.

The lady was prepossessed by Mary's appearance, by the report of Mrs. Derborough, and by the respectability of her brother travelling with

her, and agreed to try her; but at the same time said she must have Mrs. Chopper's address, that she might write to her; but, the place being vacant, she might come to-morrow morning; her wages were named and immediately accepted, and thus did Mary obtain her situation.

People say you cannot be too particular when you choose servants; and, to a certain degree, this is true; but this extreme caution, however selfishness and prudence may dictate it, is but too often the cause of servants, who have committed an error and have in consequence been refused a character, being driven to destitution and misery, when they had a full intention, and would have, had they been permitted, redeemed their transgression.

Mary was resolved to be a good and honest girl. Had the lady of the house been very particular, and had others to whom she might afterwards have applied been the same, all her good intentions might have been frustrated, and she might have been driven to despair, if not to her former evil courses. It is perhaps fortunate that every body in the world is not so particular as your very good people, and that there is an occasional loophole by which those who have erred are permitted to return to virtue. Mary left the room delighted with her success, and went down to Joey in the servants' hall. The servants soon found out from Mary that she was coming to the house, and one of the men chucked her under the chin and told her she was a very pretty girl. Mary drew back, and Joey immediately resented the liberty, stating that he would not allow any man to insult his sister; for Joey was wise enough to see that he could not do a better thing to serve Mary. The servant was insolent in return, and threatened to chastise Joey, and ordered him to leave the house. The women took our hero's part. The housekeeper came down at the time, and hearing the cause of the dispute, was angry with the footman; the butler took the side of the footman; and the end of it was, that the voices were at the highest pitch, when the bell rang, and the men being obliged to answer it, the women were for the time left in possession of the field.

'What is that noise below?' inquired the master of the house.

'It is a boy, Sir—the brother, I believe, of the girl who has come as under-housemaid—who has been making a disturbance.'

'Desire him to leave the house instantly'

'Yes, Sir,' replied the butler, who went down to enforce the order.

Little did the master of the house imagine that in giving that order he was turning out of the house his own son: for the squire was no other than Mr. Austin. Little did the inconsolable Mrs. Austin fancy that her dear, lamented boy was at that minute under the same roof with her, and being driven out of it by her menials; but such was the case. So Joey and Mary quitted the hall, and bent their way back to the village-inn.

'Well, Mary,' said Joey, 'I am very glad that you have found a situation.'

'And so am I very thankful indeed, Joey,' replied she, 'and only hope that you will be able to get one somewhere about here also, and then we may occasionally see something of one another.'

'No, Mary,' replied Joey, 'I shall not look for a situation about here; the only reason I had for wishing it was, that I might see you; but that will be impossible now.'

'Why so?'

'Do you think that I will ever put my foot into that house again, after the manner I was treated to-day? Never.'

'I was afraid so,' replied Mary, mournfully.

'No, Mary, I am happy that you are provided for; I can seek my own fortune, and I will write to you and let you know what I do; and you will write to me, Mary, won't you?'

'It will be the greatest pleasure that will be left to me, Joey; for I love you as dearly as if you were my own brother.'

The next day our hero and Mary parted, with many tears on her side, and much sorrow on his. Joey refused to take more of the money than what he had in his possession, but promised, in case of need, to apply to Mary, who said that she would hoard up everything for him, and she kept her word. Joey, having escorted Mary to the Hall-lodge, remained at the inn till the next morning, and then set off once more on his travels.

Our hero set off at break of day, and had walked, by a western road, from Manstone, about six miles, when he met two men coming towards him. They were most miserably clad, neither of them had shoes or stockings; one had only a waistcoat and a pair of trousers, with a sack on his back; the other had a pair of blue trousers, torn to ribands, a Guernsey frock, and a tarpaulin hat; they appeared what they represented themselves to be, when they demanded charity, —two wrecked seamen, who were travelling to a northern port to obtain employment; but, had these fellows been questioned by a sailor, he would soon have discovered, by their total ignorance of anything nautical, that they were impostors. Perhaps there is no plan more successful than this, which is now carried on to an enormous extent by a set of rogues and depredators, who occasionally request charity, but too often extort it, and add to their spoils by robbing and plundering everything in their way. It is impossible for people in this country to ascertain the truth of the assertions of these vagabonds, and it appears unfeeling to refuse assistance to a poor seaman who has lost his all: even the cottager offers his mite, and thus do they levy upon the public to an extent which is scarcely credible; but it should be known that, in all cases of shipwreck, sailors are now invariably relieved and decently clothed, and supplied with the means of travelling to obtain employment; and, whenever a man appeals for charity in a half-naked state, he is invariably an impostor or a worthless scoundrel.

The two men were talking loud, and laughing when they approached our hero. As soon as they came near, they looked hard at him, and stopped right before him, so as to block up the footpath.

'Hilloah, my little sailor! where are you bound to?' said one to Joey, who had his common sailor's dress on.

'And, I say, what have you got in that bundle?' said the other; 'and how are you off for brads! havn't you something to spare for brother seamen? Come, feel in your pockets; or shall I feel for you?'

Joey did not much like this exordium; he replied, stepping into the road at the same time, —'I've no money, and the bundle contains my clothes.'

'Come, come,' said the first, 'you're not going to get off that way; if you don't wish your brains beaten out, you'll just hand over that bundle for me to examine;' and so saying, the man stepped into the road towards Joey, who continued to retreat to the opposite side.

There was no footpath at the side of the road to which Joey retreated, but a very thick quickset hedge, much too strong for any man to force his way through. Joey perceived this, and as the man came at him to seize his bundle, he contrived, by a great effort, to swing it over the hedge into the field on the other side. The man, exasperated at this measure on the part of our hero, ran to seize him; but Joey dodged under him, and run away down the road for a few yards, where he picked up a heavy stone for his defence, and there remained, prepared to defend himself, and not lose his bundle if he could help it.

'You get hold of him, Bill, while I go round for the bundle,' said the man who had followed Joey across the road, and he immediately set off to find the gate, or some entrance into the field, while the other man made after Joey. Our hero retreated at full speed; the man followed but could not keep pace with our hero, as the road was newly gravelled, and he had no shoes. Joey, perceiving this, slackened his pace, and when the man was close to him, turned short round, and aiming the stone with great precision, hit him on the forehead, and the fellow fell down senseless. In the meantime, the other miscreant had taken the road in the opposite direction to look for the gate, and Joey, now rid of his assailant, perceived, that in the hedge opposite to that part of the road where he now stood, there was a gap which he could get through. He scrambled into the field, and ran for his bundle; the other man, who had been delayed, the gate being locked, and fenced with thorns, had but just gained the field when Joey had his bundle in his possession. Our hero caught it up, and ran like lightning to the gap, tossed over his bundle, and followed it, while the man was still a hundred yards from him.—Once more in the high-road, Joey took to his heels, and having run about two hundred yards, he looked back to ascertain if he was pursued, and perceived the man standing over his comrade, who was lying where he had fallen. Satisfied that he was now safe, Joey continued his journey at a less rapid rate, although he continued to look back every minute, just by way of precaution; but the fellows, although they could not lose an opportunity of what appeared such an easy robbery, had their own reasons for continuing their journey, and getting away from that part of the country.

Our hero pursued his way for two miles, looking out for some water by the wayside to quench his thirst, when he observed in the distance that there was something lying on the roadside. As he came nearer he made it out to be a man lying on the grass, apparently asleep, and a few yards from where the man lay was a knife-grinder's wheel, and a few other articles in the use of a travelling tinker; a fire nearly extinct was throwing up a tiny column of smoke, and a saucepan, which appeared to have been upset, was lying beside it. There was something in the scene before him which created a suspicion in the mind of our hero that all was not right, so, instead of passing on, he walked right up to where the man lay, and soon discovered that his face and dress were bloody. Joey knelt down by the side of him, and found that he was senseless, but breathing heavily. Joey untied the handkerchief which was round his neck, and which was apparently very tight, and almost immediately afterwards the man appeared relieved and opened his eyes. After a little time he contrived to utter one word—'Water!' and Joey taking up the empty saucepan, proceeded in search of it. He soon found some and brought it back. The tinker had greatly recovered during his absence, and as soon as he had drank the water, sat upright.

'Don't leave me, boy,' said the tinker; 'I feel very faint.'

'I will stay by you as long as I can be of any use to you,' replied Joey; 'what has happened?'

'Robbed and almost murdered!' replied the man, with a groan.

'Was it by those two rascals without shoes and stockings, who attempted to rob me?' inquired Joey.

'Yes; the same, I've no doubt. I must lie down for a time, my head is so bad,' replied the man, dropping back upon the grass.

In a few minutes the exhausted man fell asleep, and Joey remained sitting by his side for nearly two hours. At last, his new companion awoke, raised himself up, and, dipping his handkerchief into the saucepan of water, washed the blood from his head and face.

'This might have been worse, my little fellow,' said he to Joey, after he had wiped his face; 'one of these rascals nearly throttled me, he pulled my handkerchief so tight. Well, this is a wicked world this, to take away a fellow-creature's life for thirteen pence halfpenny, for that was all the money they found in my pocket. I thought an itinerant tinker was safe from highway robbery, at all events. Did you not say that they attacked you, or did I dream it?'

'I did say so; it was no dream.'

'And how did a little midge, like you, escape?'

Joey gave the tinker a detail of what had occurred.

'Cleverly done, boy, and kindly done, now, to come to my help, and to remain by me. I was

going down the road, and as you have come down, I presume we are going the same way,' replied the tinker.

'Do you feel strong enough to walk now?' inquired Joey.

'Yes, I think I can; but there's the grindstone.'

'O, I'll wheel that for you'

'Do, that's a good boy, for I tremble very much, and it would be too heavy for me now.'

Joey fixed his bundle, with the saucepan, &c., upon the knife-grinder's wheel, and rolled it along the road, followed by the tinker, until they came to a small hamlet, about two miles from the spot from which they had started; they halted when they were fifty yards from the first cottage, and the tinker, having selected a dry place under the hedge, said, 'I must stop here a little while.'

Joey, who had heard the tinker say that the men had robbed him of thirteen pence halfpenny, imagined that he was destitute, and as he wished to proceed on his way, he took out two shillings, and held them out to the man, saying, 'This will keep you till you can earn some more. Good-bye, now; I must go on.'

The tinker looked at Joey. 'You're a kind-hearted lad, at all events, and a clever, bold one, if I mistake not,' said he; 'put up your money, nevertheless, for I do not want any. I have plenty, if they had only known where to look for it.'

Joey was examining his new companion during the time that he was speaking to him.—There was a free and independent spirit about the man, and a refinement of manner and speech very different from what might be expected from one in so humble a situation The tinker perceived this, and, after meeting his glance, said, 'Well, what are you thinking of now?'

'I was thinking that you have not always been a tinker.'

'And I fancy that you have not always been a sailor, my young master; but however, oblige me by going into the village and getting some breakfast for us. I will pay you the money when you return, and then we will talk a little.'

Joey went into the village, and finding a small chandler's shop, bought some bread and cheese, and a large mug which held a quart of beer, both of which he also purchased, and then went back to the tinker. As soon as they had made their breakfast, Joey rose up and said,—'I must go on now; I hope you'll find yourself better to-morrow.'

'Are you in a very great hurry, my lad?' inquired the tinker.

'I want to find some employment,' replied Joey; and, therefore I must look for it.'

'Tell me what employment you want. What can you do?'

'I don't exactly know, I have been keeping accounts for a person.'

'Then you are a scholar, and not a seafaring person?'

'I am not a sailor, if you mean that; but I have been on the river.'

'Well, if you wish to get employment, as I know this country well, and a great many people, I think I may help you. At all events, a few days can make no difference; for you see, my boy, to-morrow I shall be able to work, and then, I'll answer for it, I'll find meat and drink for both of us; so, what do you say? suppose you stay with me, and we'll travel together for a few days, and when I have found work that will suit you, then we can part?'

'I will, if you wish it,' replied Joey.

'Then that's agreed,' said the tinker; 'I should like to do you a good turn before we part, and I hope I shall be able; at all events, if you stay with me a little while I will learn you a trade which will serve you when all others fail.'

'What, to mend kettles and to grind knives?'

'Exactly; and depend upon it, if you would be sure of gaining your livelihood, you will choose a profession which will not depend upon the caprices of others, or upon patronage. Kettles, my boy, will wear out, knives will get blunt, and therefore, for a good trade, give me 'kettles to mend, knives to grind.' I've tried many trades, and there is none that suits me so well. And now that we've had our breakfast, we may well look out for lodgings for the night, for I suppose you would not like the heavens for your canopy, which I very often prefer.—Now, put yourself to the wheel, and I'll try my old quarters.'

The knife-grinder walked into the village, followed by Joey who rolled the wheel, until they stopped at a cottage, where he was immediately recognised and welcomed; Joey was ordered to put the wheel under a shed, and then followed the tinker into the cottage. The latter told his story, which created a good deal of surprise and indignation, and then complained of his head and retired to lie down, while Joey amused himself with the children. They ate and slept there that night, the people refusing to take any thing for their reception. The next day the tinker was quite recovered, and having mended a kettle and ground three or four knives for his hostess, he set off again, followed by Joey, who rolled the wheel.

[From Frazer's Magazine for April.]

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SWINDLER.

The extreme edge of a precipice is hazardous ground to make haste on; yet such is the nature of the path a vast body of swindlers in this metropolis tread, in full confidence that they are so well acquainted with the exact line of legal demarcation as to be in no danger of falling headlong into the abyss of the criminal law.

In the days of which we write there were upwards of one hundred and fifty offences punishable by extinction of life, the greater part of which was included under the head of *furtum* (theft) or *latrocinium* (larceny). Yet, under these sanguinary enactments, so anomalously did the laws operate, swindlers could with almost impunity rob whom they pleased, so long as they did not use physical means in obtaining the property. It is true that the law at all times was supposed to take cognisance of fraud; but then the distinctions between fraud and simple contract debts throughout the vast range of mercantile transactions were either undefined, or unintelligible in their definition.

The broad distinctions made by the law are the means used for the privation of property—that is, physical and moral; physical, when taken by the hand—moral, when it is given up by the owner himself from the influence of causes operating on the mind. This broad distinction between larceny and fraud, however warranted in the abstract, has very properly in more recent days been gradually abandoned in practice. The case which is the subject of this chapter is, perhaps, one of the most striking among those on which our courts brought the criminal law to bear on the privation of property by deceit; an agency that in many subsequent cases has been ranked as larceny.

By a refinement in legal reasoning, a delivery by the owner has been considered no delivery at all; and the act, therefore, of obtaining possession thereon, an act of taking without his consent. In one point of view, there is much public convenience in this doctrine, without any injury to the criminal. It is at all times much easier to guard property from open violence than secret fraud. Hence the latter crime, then, is of a more mischievous description; its moral guilt is greater, from adding falsehood to theft, and falsehood of a most flagitious kind. To make, therefore, fraud a felony, and thus oppose to it the penalties that are opposed to larceny, is just and beneficial. On the other hand, by removing, not in every instance, but in certain cases only, the plain distinction between the two offences, a prosecutor is frequently under difficulties (arising from analogical reasoning) as to his mode of proceeding; litigation is multiplied, the authorities are divided, and sometimes criminals escape.

It must not, however, be inferred that every privation of property from a criminal motive is either larceny or fraud. Many privations, however worthy of condign punishment, are not criminal (in law) at all, from not falling within the terms of the definition of larceny.

Were this definition to be framed anew, it would without doubt include all appropriations of another's property from a fraudulent motive. A guardian who appropriates the fortune of his ward commits an offence more immoral in its nature, and more injurious in its consequences, than a pickpocket; and should, therefore, receive a similar punishment. His case, however, with many others, is not criminal, as not squaring with the definition of theft, settled as it was centuries ago.

In the case before us, a branch establishment of a company of swindlers purchased a quantity of hogs' bristles, valued at £190; we should rather say, ordered them, promising to pay for them on delivery. When the goods were sent, a clerk attended to receive the cash, with strict injunctions not to complete a delivery till the money was in hand. He received a check on a banking-house for the amount; but, obeying his instruction, desired the carman not to part with the goods, or suffer them to be removed from the cart, until his return.

During his absence one of the swindlers and his auxiliaries inveigled the carter into a public-house, and in the interim removed the goods into a cart of their own, and conveyed them away. On the clerk's return with the check unpaid, the swindlers had the effrontery to tell him that the purchase and delivery of the goods had been completed in the regular way of trade, and that his only remedy then was to sue on the dishonored check.

This transaction placed three individuals before a magistrate on a charge of having committed a felony. One was discharged for want of identification, and the other two were committed to take their trial. One of these was a man of very gentlemanly exterior, who was highly indignant at the insult offered him, and with perfect nonchalance laughed at the notion of his having been guilty of a criminal act. The other prisoner was an humble, though an acute agent of the swindling party. He saw his danger, and prepared himself to meet it. His plea was that he was almost naked, and was hungry, and was employed from the street at a moment's notice, to unload the goods for the payment of a shilling. The better to render this plea available, he dressed himself with admirable judgment for the part. In all probability, there never before stood two prisoners at the Old Bailey, or any other bar, that exhibited in appearance such antithesis of character. One was tall, handsome, elegantly dressed, with rings on the fingers, and gold snuff box in hand. He stood erect, darting looks of disdain and contempt at those whose audacity had placed him in his then position. The other was covered with rags, patched together

in a manner so as to show parts of his flesh, which was uncovered by linen. Clothing had been offered him from the prison-store, which he refused, saying the court ought to see his real distress. The ordinary, who was consulted as to the decency of permitting this man to appear in court in his then condition, was not aware that he had undergone a metamorphosis, and was aiming at a *coup de theatre;* he therefore, in his usual feeling of adhering strictly to principles of justice in all instances, declared that the man was entitled to all the benefits on his trial that the nature and truth of his case could afford him. During this man's imprisonment, he had adopted every available means of reducing himself: and as his name was called for trial, he was seen thumping his elbows violently against the walls of the dock, to effect a temporary suspension of the circulation, and cadaverise his countenance. Notwithstanding the rags and half-starved appearance of this performer at the Old Bailey, he possessed a good countenance, although his face was muscular and fierce, with one eye involved in perfect obscurity, which added to the interest. He was altogether a figure Salvator Rosa would have taken for Iago in the moment of detection: villany, fear, subtlety, and conscience, were mixed in yellow and livid colors on his countenance. His lips were contracted by tremor; the face, however, advanced, as if eager to lie for the sake of life.—His legs were drawn back, as thinking to escape. He had thrust one hand precipitately into the bosom; the fingers of the other were catching in uncertainty at the button-holes. If it had been a portrait, it would have been the finest ever drawn: but it was a reality.

The evidence having been gone through, the judge, in a lengthened but lucid address, charged the jury, who took one hour in considering the verdict they should give. During this suspense the well-dressed prisoner every instant evidently re-assured himself of an acquittal.—He entirely recovered the little he had lost of his self-possession, and applied his finger and thumb to his nose with the most imperturbable air of confident assurance of his case being without the pale of the criminal law. On the contrary, every moment that the jury was absent increased the fears of the man in rags; his tremor at length becoming visible to all persons in the gallery of the court-house, when the reappearance of the jury relieved him for a moment from the eyes of the thronged court. The confident prisoner was found guilty, the self-condemned acquitted. The latter instantly displayed a countenance lighted up with glee, exhibiting contortions not unlike the risible action of the muscles of a clown's face in a pantomime.—Turning round suddenly to the condemned man, he thrust forward his hand, saying, 'Come, let us part friends, though you have pretty nigh capsized me by sailing too near the wind this time. What! turned sulky over it! Well, the Old Bailey court for once has placed the saddle on the right horse. Good by. I wish you comfortably through it.' Then turning towards the audience, he winked his only eye, and elevating his voice, added, 'It'll be a long time before the likes of him,' pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to the prisoner, 'catches me playing second fiddle in their *consort*' Then, seeing the gaoler approach for the purpose of removing him, he made one spring and bounded out of court, as if suddenly afraid of a revision of the verdict.

The man of decided character was no sooner gone, than all eyes were fixed on the well-dressed prisoner, who stood at the bar aghast and paralysed with surprise at the verdict. A feeling of horror succeeded, which crept slowly over his countenance, till he became as pale as the image of death. His eyes, though in vacancy, wandered in every direction, as fearing the immediate presence of the executioner.—His whole appearance was that of one who, a moment before, had been carousing in full health at the jovial table, and from whence he had that instant been snatched by the figure of Death from amidst his boon companions, and beheld the dart of the grim monster presented to his breast.

The gaoler, stern and bluff, with rigid features, touched him on the shoulder. The wretched convict started and sprang from his seat as if a bullet had penetrated his heart.—The gaoler then waved his hand and motioned him to leave the court; and he instantly obeyed, moving with a measured step and drooping head. Preceded by his keeper, who appeared to poise a bias in his gait, with a huge bunch of keys in his right hand, they slowly threaded the passages leading from the court-house to the gloomy cells; they passed through one of the felons' yards—the main one of the prison—called the Master's Side. Here many crowded round them, as is the prisoners' wont on these occasions, to note the aspect and demeanour of a man just capitally convicted, travelling, as they say, with his billet and coffin into close quarters.

'Poor fellow!' ejaculated one, 'all up, eh?'

'Why, my mace-cove,' called out another at the top of his voice, 'may I be dissected but you're down in the mouth! Come brace up your nether lip! I say, Brandy Bill, what would you charge for shaving such a long mug as that?' pointing to the convict.

Others, in a spirit of more kindness, essayed, in their own peculiar way, to offer words of consolation. 'Why, man,' said one, 'don't draw such a long phiz. Let the worst come to the worst, they can only hang you for an hour—no more; you'll be cut down then."

'Hold up your head, and die game like a man,' called out a second; 'they won't allow you any thing for snivelling. You hear the worst they can do is to hang you, and, like gaping fools at a grinning-match, get a crowd together to laugh at them.'

A third, in a commiserating tone of voice said, 'Why take it so much to heart? When the game is all up outside, what's the matter about topping? Your swell appearance proves you have had your day. Things, you know, don't any where last for ever. Every man has

his chance. As the soldier says, some must fall in every fight. Like judges' sentences, shots fly at random. Devils sometimes hurl them, and furies guide them.'

Another then ran before him, staring him hard in the face, and placing his hand on the downcast man's shoulder, exclaimed, 'For shame, man! you'll hip us all. Why, it'll be my turn to-morrow, I shall be your companion in another day. I'm not joking, by G—d! Come, cheer up—cheer up! You'll find me a devilish good companion while it lasts.'

As the convict left the yard, several voices simultaneously called out, 'Good luck to you, my boy! Don't make so many wry faces over your physic: it's a sure cure for the heartache, any how. Besides, it's so d—d womanlike to whine over what can't be helped.'

As the gaoler and his charge left the yard, one man said to those around him, 'Won't he have his ears stuffed, and won't the parson roll him about like a piece of soft clay! It makes me sick to see a fellow go to the cells like a great blubbering *blowen*.'

However despair may seize on the mind, and for a time control it, still hope is ever fresh in the heart, and will intermittently effect a reaction.

The unhappy man was then conducted through the devious avenues, which he would have to retrace on the last day of his terrestrial existence. He was well aware that he was traversing the path that led to and from the cells to the scaffold; yet here it was that he recovered from his despondency. Entering the cell-yard, he, in a lively and careless manner, inquired whether that place was not formerly designated the press-yard. Being answered in the affirmative, he remarked, 'Ay! there are many tranditive stories connected with this place. The press, I believe, has fallen into dissuetude.'

The ordinary was now by his side, to whom he turned, and continued: 'How is it that we never read of a press-yard but in Newgate?'

'Formerly,' replied the minister, 'pressing was practised in most parts of England, and was not confined to the metropolis.'

'Pray,' said the prisoner, assuming the air of a visitor, 'does that wall,' pointing to the north wall, 'separate this yard from Newgate street?' casting his eyes about in every direction.

To this question he received no reply: the parties to whom it was addressed knew from experience what was passing that moment in his mind. Plunged, as the miserable man had been, suddenly into the depths of despair, he had found a temporary relief from his agony in the foolish hope of effecting an escape. We say foolish hope; but it is more than probable that this hope is a natural operation of the mind to relieve itself from the intensity of a pressure, which cannot be continuously borne without crushing it, and leaving its possessor nothing but frayed chords to respond to the actions of the heart. 'More,' say the physicians, 'are pressed down to the grave by chronic disorders, brought on by the troubles of the mind, than are cut off by acute diseases.' If the mind, then, be uneasy under minor troubles, what must it feel when called on to suddenly separate from its tenement, unprepared by sickness and debility? Writhing under the acme of agony, the mind is constrained to do something for its own relief. Christian hope, under sincere repentance, is always the sufferer's only resource; but few, even of those that are not criminals, are prepared to suddenly adopt this course.—Whence it is that condemned persons at first always seize on the hope of pardon, or escape from death in some way. As these hopes fall from under them, many reason themselves into the notion of being martyrs to a vile or misconstrued law. When this fails them, they are sacrificed to perjured witnesses. In this state, if they do not early seek the advice of the minister, they persuade themselves that others are more in fault than they; and assuming an heroic air, go to the scaffold with courage, if such a term may be applied to one who affects to contemn death.

The ordinary, as we have said, kept his eye on the culprit; and after he had asked a series of questions, the last being whether he might be permitted to see the place where he would be lodged at night, the reverend gentleman addressed him as follows: 'The topography of this prison is not a subject for one in your situation to concern himself about; and as to your place of rest, be assured that it will be one of perfect security. This is not a time or a place in which to indulge in vain hopes. Your case has caused some excitement in the minds of the mercantile people: the verdict appears to have given general satisfaction. The sentence you know; and be assured that it will be carried into effect.'

'The sentence given satisfaction!' exclaimed the culprit.

'Who doubts it? You, of all other persons, ought to know that a London tradesman would hang half the inhabitants of his own parish to secure a yard of bobbin from theft.'

'But, sir, not all the doctors of law in Europe shall convince me that I have committed an offence coming under the criminal law.'

'I will not dispute the question with you,' replied the minister mildly, 'because it will now be an idle waste of time. You are convicted, and there is every probability of your being called on to suffer the penalty of the law, which is death; all your time, therefore, ought to be spent in preparation. And yet I do not know how you can well set about it in your present state of mind. You must first acknowledge your guilt, and admit the justice of your punishment.'

The gentleman of whose experience we avail ourselves was a minister of strict orthodox principles, and peculiarly conscientious in the performance of his duty. He was, however, considerably annoyed by the sectarian individuals, who at that period obtained free access to the cells, to act as auxiliaries in preparing malefactors for death. The ordinary thought this a very important business, and labored hard to acquit his mind; while his opponents, after a little

praying, and the singing of a few hymns, thought themselves warranted in assuring malefactors that there were rejoicings in heaven over their salvation, and that angels were already appointed, with a choir of music, to welcome their arrival into a state of blessedness.

The experienced chaplain of the prison always readily granted that the Scriptures promised pardon to sinners, if they truly and sincerely repented of their sins before God, and had true faith in the merits of the Saviour. He never would, however, disguise, that he considered a death-bed repentance rather a late one; and that a person appointed to die on a certain day was in a similar predicament to one stretched on a bed afflicted with an incurable disease.

He uniformly urged, that a repentance, to be effectual, must be free, full, unconstrained, and unconditional; not a repentance to be binding only on the contingence of the non-arrival of a respite. The following anecdote used to explain to the obtuse and uneducated sufferer his meaning:—

'I remember,' he would say, 'that I was once called to a man in this prison who in a quarrel had received a wound in his abdomen, which caused protrusion of a small portion of the omentum. The wounded man, thinking that his life was in danger, begged that I might be sent for. I found him stretched on a table, with the surgeons over him Whether before my arrival he had ascertained that there was but little danger, I do not know; but, fixing his eyes on me, he made signs for me to approach. As I did so, he anxiously said, 'Shall I die?' 'Why do you ask me?' said I? 'Oh!' he replied, 'only, if you thought I should, you had better get the Bible; but if not, it's a pity you should be kept out such a cold night.' I should inform you that this man was a transport, who had been under sentence of death, and, expecting to suffer, had shewn some signs of contrition; when, however, he was respited, he immediately collected some books that I had lent him, and presented them to me, saying, 'Here are the books, sir; they are no longer of use to me, as I am respited you know.'

Such conduct he failed not to denounce, in unmeasured terms, as trifling not only with their own souls, but with God.

In the instance before us, the ordinary had an educated man to deal with, yet one that was very reluctant to acknowledge his offence, or was prepared to give up the world and the excitements he had found in it. Unremitting, however, in his duties, the reverend gentleman at length thought that he had made some progress, when to the inoculcation of repentance he added that of restitution.

'Restitution!' exclaimed the doomed man; 'what do you mean?'

'Mean!' replied the Christian teacher; 'restitution in the most extended sense of the word; if you have not the goods or money to restore to the injured parties, make restitution to society. Inform the world who were your confederates; expose their practices, and do all in your power to put traders on their guard against sustaining further losses.'

There has always been a tendency with all condemned criminals to dispute the justice of the law under which they have been convicted; whence the difficulty there has ever been experienced in bringing their minds to the sticking-place of preparation for death. Human character is like the contents of an ample cabinet, brought together by the untired zeal of some curious collector, who has ticketed his rarities with numbers. It is, however, otherwise with habitual criminals; it matters not what their education may have been, or their previous station in life, their categories are all alike. They are all schooled in what may be designated *furtive* logic, in the use of which, with those who have the command of words, no inconsiderable degree of tact is displayed, when endeavoring to persuade their hearers that they possess *mens sibi conscia recti*. The stealer of the bristles had actually reasoned himself into this state of mind,—an achievement that was the result of supposing all persons necessarily equally guilty with himself.

But we must allow him a small space to speak for himself. Doubting, perhaps, the soundness of his own doctrine, and also being desirous to cheat himself out of time, for the reflection of his own mind to operate on his better judgment, he constantly interrupted the minister when offering him advice,—most frequently flying off tangentally from the subject-matter before him. As the ordinary concluded his remarks on restitution, the prisoner started as from a state of abstraction, and said,

'I was thinking, sir, of the *naivete* with which Partridge, in *Tom Jones*, says, 'It is indeed charming sport to hear trials on life and death.' You must have often noticed, sir, how coolly these affairs are conducted, and what importance all parties engaged in a trial assume, as if they were not in another sense all equally guilty with those they call the criminals. I read the passage, 'man is born to sin as the sparks fly upwards' to mean, that every human being commits more or less sin, or what is called wrong to his neighbor, in proportion to the environment of circumstances; add that all, from the crowned head to the meanest person, do equally wrong in some way or other,—wrong being an inseparable adjunct to the condition of social existence.

'Crimes or sins, call them which you may, are as rife in one walk of society as another; there is no distinction in any of the classes in this particular, excepting that some acts are legalised, and others are not. Power grants itself a license to commit crimes with impunity, while the very virtues of the weak are converted into crimes.

'Let me call your attention to the acts of the church. When possessed of uncontrolled power, it tolerised the punishment of death for the taking of any sum above twelve-pence; yet exempted themselves from any punishment for the commission of crimes of the greatest enormity, and called this gross unequal justice, piety in the king. I allude, sir, to the benefit of clergy, which, when in force, as you, without doubt, are aware, operated as a pardon of all clergyable

felonies that had been previously committed; so that, if one received a slight punishment for a trifling offence, and it was afterwards discovered that he had committed a number of offences of enormity, he could not be put on his trial again. I mention this, sir, because these acts of the government emanated from, or were especially sanctioned by, men of your cloth, who are, I believe, still willing, as my case exemplifies, to justify any species of tyranny on remunerating terms. But all I can urge will pass for nothing, since you have fastened on me, and stigmatised me with the name of malefactor, as if the act of taking away my life were not one of the worst doings perpetrated by man.'

But we must not stain our pages with all this man said, or would have said, had he been permitted to develope the whole of his moral code. It was such as could not carry him, with any degree of satisfaction at the last extremity, over the gulf that separated life from death.—When first brought into the cell-yard, he was alternately captious and disputative, or downcast and despairing; but when the fallaciousness of his creed was made manifest to him, he became calm, and in a measure resigned. Still, the theory by which he had appeased his conscience, when pursuing his career of crime, if we may judge from the subjoined biography of himself was never wholly eradicated. It may be proper to remark, that it was written and delivered before the order arrived for the execution of the condemned.

'It would be a difficult problem to solve, even for those of the acutest judgment, and the most observant eye, were they called on to decide whether the happiness of mankind be promoted or retarded by the practice of educating children to fill stations in life above those occupied by their parents.

'My father had in early life been a journeyman mechanic—*terræ filius*: he, however, raised himself to the station of a respectable master in a tolerable way of business; but still continued to wear a velveteen jacket and corduroy trousers, saying, 'That rough garments covered more honest hearts than were to be found under fine clothes.' His bluntness pleased many of his customers, who belonged to the higher classes of society,—a contact with whom every day occasioned him to bitterly lament his own want of education, and to form a resolution to educate his children in the best manner possible.

'I was the eldest of three sons, who all received an education at an expensive school.—After spending several years in idleness at home, I was sent to Oxford, the expenses attending which my father, from his habits of life, could not foresee.

'He had not even calculated the charges of my admission, leaving me with only twenty-five shillings in my pocket, after taking possession of my rooms. In the evening of the day of my entrance, I was sitting in an arm chair, cogitating on my situation and future prospects, when I was roused by the presence of two fellow-students, who advanced towards me, the one introducing the other.

''This, sir,' said one, 'is my friend Trap; so surnamed, as we say in regal chronology, from the capaciousness of his mouth, and a habit he has of swallowing all the good things that come in his way.'

'Trap then opened his mouth, and introduced his introducer, saying:—

''This, sir, is my friend Bifront.'

'I looked up, and beheld a young man with an enormous head, and a double chin that only wanted eyes to give the countenance an appearance of being duplicated. Trap continued:

''The cause of our intrusion is soon explained. We have reason to suspect that our friend, Mr. Bifax, who is your opposite neighbor, has taken refuge in your room, and has sported oak, with a design of swindling us out of a promised bottle and dessert.'

'The two friends then, *sans ceremonie*, commenced searching my rooms for their pretended lost friend, calling repeatedly out, 'Bifax! it won't do, by G—d! We'll draw you from cover.'

'Having thrown every thing in the rooms into confusion, they seated themselves. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Bifax.'

''Then you soon shall,' exclaimed Trap, placing his leg on the table; 'for we'll wait here for his return, and introduce you to him;' adding, with imperturbable *sang froid:* 'Suppose, Mr. Newcome, in the interim, we drink success to your *little-go!*'

'Before I had time to reply, or recover from my surprise, the scout, who that instant had entered the room, inquired if he should place wine on the table. 'Wine!' said I, mechanically feeling for my purse.

''I don't want the money,' whispered the scout, who was in the confederacy.

'In a short time, two decanters of wine and a dessert embellished my table: these were soon emptied, and again filled; when Mr. Bifax made his *entree*.

''Mr. Bifax, Mr. Newcome,' said Trap, introducing us with mock ceremony.

'A hot supper, consisting of several covers, with more wine, and late in the evening, devilled biscuits, punch, &c.; ending with coffee, as I after discovered from the charges, for eight.—How or when the party increased in number, or how I got to bed, I have no recollection; but, awaking at day-light, my olfacteries made me sensible of the debauch that had been perpetrated in my rooms; while my head and stomach informed me of the part I had taken in it. Being dreadfully ill, I was again composing myself for rest as the sounds, 'Yoick! yoick!' assailed my ears, and five persons rushed into my room.

''Holloa! holloa! Johnny Newcome! What! asleep at this time of the morning?'

'Four of the party then began to sing vociferously,

> 'Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn;
> The sun is on the upland lawn!'

while the other applied a dog-whistle to his

mouth, the thrills from which pierced my distracted head like an augur. A moment afterwards I found myself sprawling on the floor; Bifront and Trap had achieved this feat.

"'God bless me!' said the latter, 'how very ill he is!'

"'Yes,' replied the former, 'he must immediately have fresh air. You go to Barnett's stables, Trap, and have a horse saddled, while we dress him: a ride will recover him.'

'Half dead with my initiatory debauch, I was led from my bed to mount a horse. Unused as I was to riding, I cannot tell how I managed to keep my seat for ten miles, the distance we rode to meet the hounds that morning.

'I remember the fox breaking cover, and a sudden movement, and nothing more, till three weeks afterwards, when I found myself in bed at a house at Witney I was then a convalescent, having suffered from a fractured skull, and the supervention of a severe fever. As I opened my eyes to consciousness, my mother was standing over me. From her I learned that my recovery was deemed a miracle; and was but too soon afterwards made sensible that her health had received a shock from my imprudence. But I must dwell as little as possible on the events that occurred at this period of my life. My heart was then in its freshness, and, compared with what it is, wholly without guile: it is now seared,—a condition in which it rather delights to contemplate itself than to stir up the reminiscences of days of less guilt.

'When an individual, in a moral or physical sense, takes the right road for the attainment of an object, it only requires that he should turn round to follow a diametrically opposite course. On entering the university, my resolutions were good; but I was turned round at starting, and my course invested with a chain of circumstances that con trained me to follow the wrong path throughout the whole of my career. When I was sufficiently recovered to return to Oxford, my mother informed me that my father was so incensed with my conduct, that she feared he would withhold the supplies, and give up all further thoughts of enabling me to take orders. In this he committed a fatal error; he rendered me reckless, by cutting off at one stroke every means of return to the path from which I had wandered.

'Scarcely had I resettled myself in my rooms at college, when the evil genii that blighted all my pr spects renewed their attacks.

"'Well, well!' exclaimed Bifront, 'don't reproach us; what we did was out of pure kindness. You know that every vessel must have a seasoning; but who was to know you had been brought up a tailor, and could not straddle a horse?'

"'Well, well!' interrupted Bifax, slapping me on the back; 'there is one satisfaction; you may now drink with impunity, defying all attacks of a sick headache. Be assured, my boy, that your initiation has been managed *secundum artem*, and that you are now bottle-proof.'

'After much bantering in this strain, and a little coaxing, I gradually, and almost imperceptibly, and I may add irresistibly, fell into the habits of my seducers, too soon afterwards to be made sensible, that at all times a man must suffer severely, if not fatally, for keeping bad company.

'My college life was but a brief one. The death of my mother called me to town, and brought me into immediate contact with my father, on whom I became wholly dependent for supplies. It was at this period that my two brothers made heavy claims on my father's purse. One was attending hospital lectures, with a view of qualifying himself for the medical profession; the other had been placed with an attorney preparatory to his being articled.

'The occurrence of circumstances work mighty effects, if not all effects in the moral world.—My mother had exercised a powerful influence over my father; she was now covered up with the cold earth; and, strange to say, the widower, being no monogamist, had already selected another, who was to become his second. My brothers, as in my case, had caused an outlay far beyond the calculations made. These things were pressing heavily on my father's mind just as my Oxford creditors took a panic, and inclosed all their bills to him. On the receipt of these, his rage knew no bounds. He paused not a moment to reflect on his own indiscretion, in bringing his sons up with expectations which could never be realized; but, calling us together, abruptly informed us that we were fast bringing him into a state of bankruptcy, and that we must no longer look to him for support, and forthwith prepare ourselves to quit the house. Such in his rage was his mandate,—one which he carried out to the letter.

'Better had he taken us to the deserted plain, and there have left us to be devoured by wild beasts, than to have turned us, destitute of means on a society so surcharged with self-complacency, as to be incapable of appreciating the influence of circumstances on those who are the children of poverty. Better would it have been had he transported us to the plains of Siberia, there to starve, unwept and untombed.

'I was so astounded at his tone and manner, in declaring his resolution, that I could scarcely essay one effort to reason or remonstrate with him.

"'You have,' said he, in answer to what I did say, 'got from me more than I ever got from my father—an education. Now, go and work, as I did, for your living.'

'It was a very wet and stormy evening in the end of October, two hours after sunset, when we brothers quitted the house where we first saw the light, to seek another home. We bent our steps to the residence of a poor relation, who lived seven miles north of London. We were wet to the skin when we arrived, and made our case known. As there were no beds ready for our reception, we sat up by the fire. My brother next to me in age was the most affected and fatigued.

"'Avarice,' he exclaimed, 'has frozen his heart, and congealed his blood! Oh God! how cold I am!'

'He then, placing his hands over his face, bent his head to his knees, and in that position fell into a sleep. Oh! how have my feelings castigated me since for allowing him to do so! He awoke shivering and chilly; the sleep he had indulged in was the precursor of the sleep of death. In less than a week afterwards, he was removed from a cruel and thoughtless world.

'Of my younger brother I know no more than that subsequently, in a fit of desperation, he enlisted into the East India Company's service, and left England.

'As to myself, I was still buoyant in spirits, though full of bitterness and rancour against my only surviving parent; burning with rage, I resolved never to apply to him or acknowledge him ever afterwards. In my pride I denounced him as a mean-spirited mechanic, devoid of any touch of soul, and thus in a short time brought myself to look on him as a being despicable in nature, and an object only for my detestation.—I acknowledge that this was a feeling I ought to have avoided, as it tended to lower the moral feeling, and deteriorate the character.

'Without any one whom I respected, and whose feeling I should hurt by wandering from the path of social duties, I commenced a sort of predatory life. It is, however, due to myself to say, that I made several efforts, without success, to employ my talents in an honest calling.

'My poor relative could do nothing for me, beyond affording me shelter in the house. I had to seek my own means of subsistence from day to day, still I felt no disposition to run into the miry path of evil-doing. My first departure from strict integrity was at a billiard-table, where I had frequently picked up a few shillings a-day by my superior play at the game.

'After leaving the table one evening, I was addressed by a very gentlemanly-looking man, who said,

''You play a fine game, sir; it must have cost a good patrimony for the attainment. The skill of playing well is not easily acquired.'

'The word patrimony rang in my ear. 'Patrimony,' I replied, 'I have never had, or ever shall have.' The word was used with a view of coming to the state of my finances at once.

''The man that is born to misfortune,' he replied, 'ought not to throw away such a talent as you possess. If I could play as well as you can, I should soon be a richer man.'

''To make a calling,' I rejoined, 'of it, would, I fear, be but an indifferent sort of living.'

''I beg your pardon,' retorted he; 'there is no want of moneyed carcasses to feed on in this Babylon. Tact, skill at the game, and confederacy, are the raw materials, out of which gold may be manufactured.'

''The blood must be cold indeed,' I replied, 'that sins from reflection and calculation.—You mean, I presume, that I should disguise my play, and wait for heavy bets?'

''Precisely so,' continued my tempter.—'When there are a certain number of pigeons to be shot, it matters not to the birds who pulls the trigger—they are already doomed. So it is with fools; better or worse provided with cash, the town swarms with them. They are ever on the wing, and are the natural prey of those who have a stomach to feed, and possess the talent to bring them down. They cannot escape; if you don't shoot them, others will. Indeed, some of the cullies are such asses, that you have only to open your bag, and they will fly into it.'

''But, sir,' I answered, 'there are such things as honest and dishonest means of obtaining a living.'

''Ay, ay!' he continued, 'I see you are not yet out of your horn-book; but there lies the great volume of the world open before you, every page is filled with interest; read it; no man need remain a novice twenty-four hours in this town. In every square, street, court, or alley, the moneyed man laughs in his sleeve at his poor but honest neighbor. Come! we will have a glass of punch together, while I translate a few pages of this book to you.'

'Staying that evening late at a tavern, my new acquaintance gave me an invitation to take a bed at his house. Time had fled so fast while I had been taken up with his conversation, that I was glad to accept the offer. One taste of Circe's cup will poison the stream of a whole life, yet this time I was not an easy conquest; for a long period I stood fast by the post of virtue, and argued the question with surprising moral courage. My adversary, however, one by one, battered down, with what he called his *utile logic*, every barrier within which I had circumvallated myself. He spun and spread his web so artistically, that I was soon entangled.

'The following morning my patron laid me under further obligation, by introducing me to his tailor. Need I say that he was a black-leg, and one profusely liberal in giving his orders to tradesmen?

'He was of the opinion of the Chinese, that nine-tenths of the world are minocular, and he acted on it with success.

''Assume a meekness,' said he, emphatically, 'and a gentleness of demeanor, now so conventionally fashionable; give your natural, animal spirits, a soporific draught; become as listless as a love-sick girl; never appear obtrusive; if you would have overtures from others, you must establish a character for being a gentleman; and this can only be done by moving as if you were made of wax, and afraid of defacement by contact with others. What if your meekness be that of a cat for provender, or of a judge for affected gentleness, it will only be apparent to the few, always answering your purpose with the many. Give all parties you meet with full credit for gullibility. One sole condition of the mind is, however, indispensable, even under your mild bearing, and that is—audacity, *vulgus*, impudence. Study common-places, and do not appear to be better informed than your opponents. Give an oiliness to all you do or say, while you keep the tongue prepared to well defend yourself if attacked. Mount your horse properly, when necessary, and you may soon have the whole under your feet.'

'I was taught, and proved an apt scholar. Our gains were for some time great, but the sun

does not always shine, either on the unjust or the just.

'All glory runs but a course: it rises, culminates, and then hastily sets. Although we took every precaution to avoid the appearance of being connected, the secret of our confederacy soon got wind, when we were soon posted as black-legs by those who had lost their money.

'I was somewhat surprised that my colleague had changed his residence three times within the year, especially as he was married and had a family, but as yet I had only seen him in one character. In a short time he procured me a situation in a merchant's house, recently opened in Fenchurch street.

'I was surprised, but was rejoiced to be placed in a way of obtaining an honest livelihood.—Circumstances, however, still invested my path, and circumvented the realization of fruits from good intentions.

'Bad company, I have before remarked, is generally fatal to those who are found in it; extraordinary as it may appear to the unsophisticated, professed swindlers always prefer employing innocent agents as clerks and servants to fill offices in their establishments, to subordinate colleagues.

'I was so engaged; my eyes, however, were soon opened to the whole system, ultimately becoming one of the principals in the company.

'For the information of the judges and the ends of justice, there is one fact I am especially anxious to make known; one which, at the moment I write, weighs heavily on my mind. It is this; that our company, during the period of my connexion with them, transported thirteen individuals, their employees. All swindling companies contemplate, even from the first hour of employing their servants, the transporting of them; that is, when the parties become too well acquainted with the nature of the establishment, and the kind of transactions in which they are made auxiliaries, their employers deem it prudent to effectually ship them off out of the way. More especially if these agents manifest any disposition to be troublesome to them; in most cases, however, after a certain period, they think it desirable to bring the criminal law to bear on them.

'This is generally effected by entrapping the party into some act of appropriation of property to their own use, on which a criminal prosecution may be instituted. I am ashamed to say, that when a plot of this nature fails them, prosecutions of a more disgraceful character are got up.

'One instance that occurred in our company may suffice to illustrate the practice generally. At the time of which I speak, we had four houses open for working our operations; in one was a clerk, who had been long enough employed to fathom their connexion and plans. Presuming on his position and the ability he possessed to annoy us, he became loose and extravagant in his habits, and at length went so far as to hold out a threat to us, which sealed his doom: his removal from the country was instantly resolved on. For this purpose he was given a check of ten pounds, and desired to obtain the cash for it: at the same time he was handed a note to leave in his way back at a branch firm, connected *sub rosa* with our own. Having received the ten pounds, he proceeded to leave the note; when he saw the gentleman to whom it was addressed, he knew him to be an active principal in the general concern.

'The clerk was then drawn into a conversation, in which he was led to expatiate on the remuneration he received for his services, complaining of its insufficiency.

''Well, well,' said the person who was in the plot, 'I confess that it is hard, it shall be seen to, and, in the meantime, I will make it up by a *douceur* out of my own pocket;' pretending at the same time to feel for money, continuing, 'I have no cash at this moment, but I'll come down to the house and see about your having ten pounds given you in the course of the day.'

'The unwary clerk, who was never much accustomed to handle cash, or too soon receive his wages, thought he would not, if possible, let slip the present moment.

''I have, sir,' he replied, 'just received that sum belonging to our own firm.'

''That is *apropos* enough,' answered his destroyer; 'keep it as a bonus, and take a week's holyday. I'll undertake to make it all right when I see the parties.'

'Three days subsequently, the clerk was in Newgate under a charge of embezzlement on the firm of Messrs. Bowen, Gibson, and Company.

'The story of his being at another establishment, and having another person's sanction for the appropriation of the ten pounds to his own use, together with some remarks about swindling transactions, only served, as it always does at the Old Bailey, to aggravate his guilt in the eyes of the court, and increase the severity of the sentence. This man was transported for fourteen years.*

'Whatever may be thought by traders of companies or bands of swindlers, they, in fact, on the whole, effect much less mischief to society in bodies than when spread over the country on their individual operations.

'A company, or even a few swindlers combined, rarely continue faithful or honest in their dealings with each other long together; those who obtain possession of the largest share of plunder on any single transaction are sure, the first opportunity offered, to retain it, and break with their previous auxiliaries.

'From these causes it was that I was never for any length of time together connected with a party, however well organized. Off and on I have had many associates; but the principal part of my operations have been conducted single-handed, or with only a single partner.

'At one period I was four years making the

* Coster, the celebrated swindler, over whose conviction, subsequent transportation, and flogging on board the hulks, Sir Peter Laurie triumphed so much, is said to have transported upwards of twenty of his employees.

tour of England, the happiest and least agitated of all my life. I started with the *nom de guerre* of Major St. Aubin, in the Austrian service. I affected to be travelling for the purpose of writing a tour in England; but latently encouraged the idea which followed me somehow wherever I moved, of being employed by the Austrian government on a political mission. In this disguise I moved from town to town; and for one who was unendowed with patrimony, lived in luxury. I attired myself in a fanciful, gaudy uniform, wearing enormous moustaches. I always made the principal inn of the town my head-quarters, depending on my appearance, address, and conversational powers, for an introduction to the principal inhabitants of the place. Billiard-tables and coffee-rooms were the inlets to society. Paying my way at first, I generally succeeded in obtaining the entire confidence of landlord and the tradesmen that visited the house, and most frequently could stay long enough at a place to obtain credit, and thereby improve my condition, without incurring the slightest risk of stepping into the pit of the law.

'I learned to perform on several instruments, and could exert my vocal powers with some effect; with these accomplishments, and my knowledge of the world, I generally, after the first ground was broken up, found myself courted, and obtained free access to the most wealthy tradesmen and others of the town. I would not, in my present situation, appear to draw on myself a charge of egotism; but so well did I play my part, that I have often been addressed by my inn-keepers, and desired not to distress myself regarding my unsettled accounts with them, as I gave them more than an equivalent in my company and the custom I brought to the house. Further, though I may not be believed in the forthcoming prosaic times, I have often met with tradesmen in one town who had been sufferers in another, who stated to me that they did not regard the loss of their money so much as my society, and that if I would again visit the town I should be well received; adding, that it was a pity I left, as they were sure nobody would molest me.

'The monotony of country towns was often, too, relieved by invitations to spend weeks together at some isolated residence, where I amused myself with shooting and fishing, according to the season. Still, as may be supposed, I always left my debts in the rear of my retreat; till at length I had so far covered the country with my fame, as to make it expedient it should die, and this I effected by killing myself in the following manner.

'Renown may be very agreeable to those who covet it, but it did not answer my purpose; so I caused the following paragraph to be inserted in an Essex paper, as being more certain to attract the attention of the metropolitan journals, and from thence go the whole round of the provincial papers:—

"A Caution.—Last Thursday morning a case of poisoning occurred in this town through the carelessness of a chemist's shopman. The very celebrated Major St. Aubin, of swindling notoriety, having honored our town with a visit, and feeling himself indisposed from his previous evening's debauch, requested the waiter at the inn where he was staying, to procure him a dose of Epsom salts. The chemist's shopman, little intending to confer a benefit on society, gave the waiter in mistake an ounce of oxalic acid, which the Major swallowed at a draught, and almost instant death ensued, precluding the possibility of his old acquaintances in the provincial towns having another visit from him.'

'This paragraph, as I expected, had ample circulation throughout the country; and, as a matter of course, like other dead persons, I was soon forgotten.

'I now took the map, and pricked out all the towns where I had not previously been, or was, I supposed, but little known. I then attired myself in a new uniform, consisting of a blue military frock-coat, the seams being covered with broad gold lace, and the button-holes worked to match; white cassimere trousers, also braided; and a large fur cap, with a broad gold band. My name and title were Count Orliff, as before from Germany, and making the tour of England. As the range of action was much circumscribed by my previous peregrinations, my second flight continued only for one year, when the metropolis again afforded me a shelter.

'Such are the outlines of the life of one not yet quite six-and-thirty years of age. Much of detail has been omitted, which, had it been published, would rather have tended to corrupt as well as inform society, of the various ways extravagant and profligate men, when in need, resort to for the purpose of obtaining money. I conclude with a few observations on the last ill-fated transaction. My funds were getting low, when meeting an old associate, he informed me that he and another were about to do business again in the city, and that same day a spec was to come off. It appeared that the party I met had recently become acquainted with a bankrupt trader who had, up to the time of his failure, had an account with a banker, and that he thought this an opportunity not to be lost, as a check drawn by one who had, up to a very short period before, kept cash at the house, when given in payment for goods purchased, could not in law be considered a fraud. The bristles, as we have seen, were the goods to be obtained; doubting their own tact in completing the adventure satisfactorily, I was offered a share to assist in managing it; and I now confess that I thought the purchase regularly established, or I should not have gone to the extremity I did; nor am I now quite sure that the law has not been strained to gratify the traders of this city, amongst whom the spirit of revenge is ever rife when their pockets are affected.

'However it may be determined as regards my fate, I avail myself of this opportunity to thank the ordinary for his anxious attention to me, regretting at the same time that I cannot gratify him by acknowledging the justice of the sentence.

'I have confessed my offences to the world, and shall acknowledge my sins to God; but I cannot die with a lie in my mouth, as I fear too many previous occupants of these cells have

done. To admit the right of man to destroy the life of man, in my opinion would be to commit a new sin. By the way, why should it be thought so desirable for condemned persons to make this acknowledgment? Do those who inflict the punishment doubt their right to do so, and are glad to seize the expressions forced from a broken mind at the moment of death to appease the public voice against the practice, and justify themselves to their own consciences?'

This offender was not called on to attest his resolution; he was respited, and subsequently transported for life.

A SERMON, DELIVERED ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF
PRESIDENT HARRISON.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH,
AT ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, SOUTH BOSTON.

ROMANS, CH. 9, VS. 7.

"*Render therefore to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor.*"

It has been well observed by some ancient writer that the sincere Christian must be a good citizen and a good member of society in all its various relationships. In fact if all the world were completely Christianised and every individual walked and acted strictly according to the moral laws laid down in the New Testament, there would no longer be any necessity for human laws or human government—if every one loved his neighbor as himself and regarded the rights of others as sacredly as his own, no man would "go beyond or defraud his brother in any matter," and that millenium for which the crude transcendental philosophy of the present day would fain persuade us that the world is ready, saying "lo! here is Christ, or lo! there!" would then in reality be established. But, my brethren, to all human seeming that glorious day is yet far distant in which "the envy of Ephraim shall depart and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off—Ephraim shall not envy Judah and Judah shall not vex Ephraim." And until it shall arrive, the Gospel has furnished us with principles and rules of action to regulate our conduct in the various reciprocal relationships of life, in which it is necessary that *imperfect* man should be placed:—rules for the governor and for the governed—for the citizen towards his fellow citizens, and for the proper observance of those laws, grades, and ranks of society, by which the whole system of social man, constituted as he now is and as for many ages probably he *must* be, is bound and linked together.

We find in the words of our text one of the most striking of these rules, written too, it should be observed, at a time when all human government was arrayed in open and direct hostility against the cause and the followers of Christ. Nevertheless curtailed as the Christians of that day were of *their* rights, and unjustly defrauded of their *own* dues, to which as citizens of the great Roman Empire they were legally entitled, they are still commanded to "render unto all *their* dues; tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, *honor to whom honor.*"

It is in obedience to this command, my brethren, that I have deemed it a duty incumbent upon me as a Minister of that Gospel in which the command is written to "render honor to whom honor is due" to notice in this place the recent lamented death of the Chief Magistrate of this nation.

This sacred edifice, consecrated and set apart for ever from all ordinary and mere worldly uses, is no place for the introduction and discussion of any political or party subject, and I need not assure you, my brethren, that on this occasion I would render honor not to the head of a party, but to the President of these United States, not to the individual merely, but to the office.—After the heat of political warfare has passed away, and the voice of the people has declared to whose hands they wish the chief power confided, the individual so selected is thenceforward the Head of the *whole nation*, and by *virtue of his office* the Christian of whatever political faith he may be, is bound to do him honor and to yield him cheerful obedience. Suffice it to say, that within these sacred walls we "know no man after the flesh"—

we honor the office, and the individual in and by the office.

I. I wish to call your attention, my brethren, not to any labored Eulogium on the late Chief Magistrate,—that will be done in the hall of politics and by the civic orator—not to a biographical notice of him who so recently assumed the reins of government by command of the people, and so recently resigned them by the command of the King of kings,—that will be done by the historian—possibly it has been done already:—I would call your attention rather to a religious consideration of this mournful dispensation by which the American people, for the first time since they were a nation, have been called to assume the garb of mourning for a President dying in office.

Were it proper or expedient on an occasion like the present to separate the individual from the office, we, as Episcopalians, might do so with the more propriety in consequence of the late President having been himself an Episcopalian, and though not a member of the church, a regular attendant upon her services. And we may be pardoned some little degree of pride, when we consider the high moral character—the uprightness, the honorable feelings and the integrity, which even his opponents were willing to concede to the late Chief Magistrate, in boasting that our church has given to the country two such men as *Harrison* and *Washington*.

In calling your attention, my brethren, to the death of the late President, I would, in the first place, observe, that we are warned by this event of the instability of human hopes and wishes. It is but a little more than one short month, since a large majority of the population of this extensive and powerful land were loud in their rejoicings at the inauguration of him whom they had selected from the whole nation to preside over the administration of their public affairs—they were looking forward with confident hopes to his skill and wisdom to direct the energies of their country, to watch over its interests, to reconcile, by his moderation and firmness, the jarring elements of internal strife, to stand in short, like a veteran pilot, at the helm of the ship of State, and guide her course through whatever hidden dangers might beset her way. What grounds his public conduct gave during the brief month which elapsed from his inauguration to his death, to anticipate a fulfilment of these hopes and expectations I say nothing—it is not for me, nor is this the place, to discuss such topics; it is for me, only to turn your minds to the fact, that all these hopes have been suddenly crushed and blasted—that the unerring hand of Divine Providence has seen fit to remove him suddenly from the eyes of an expecting nation, and from the fond circle of his domestic relationships, and to place another in his office. What a commentary upon the words of the inspired penman, "put not your trust in princes nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help—his breath goeth forth, he returneth to the earth, in that very day his thoughts perish"—"it is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in man." Is it not possible that the nation needed such an impressive lesson to teach them where alone they ought to look for success? Is it not possible that they required to be taught "to cease from *man* whose breath is in his nostrils," and to look more to Him by whom, "princes rule and nobles, even all the judges of the earth?" Is it not possible that we have been trusting too much to the arm of flesh—to human sagacity and foresight to advance the honor and the welfare of the nation, and too little to that Holy Hand which is mighty to save? I believe that God, in the exercise of His paternal government, deals with nations precisely as He does with individuals;—when they "start aside like a broken bow" from His ordinances and His laws, He sends afflictive judgments upon them,—judgments which bear so close an affinity to the offence, that those who are accustomed to investigate the dealings of God with men, can read the *one* when they behold the *other*. If this be so, my brethren, can we not recognise, in the death of the Chief Magistrate of the nation, an afflictive correction for a kindred sin—and that sin, what is it, but the idolatry of *man*—man-worship and human dependence?

II. I would further observe, in relation to the melancholy event which has just called a nation to robe itself in the habiliments of grief, that we may learn from it the solemn truth, that there is no state or condition of life, exempt from the visitation of the universal enemy. This is a truth, which without the warning of the pulpit,

must suggest itself spontaneously to every mind —but it is not, therefore, by any means the less necessary to be enforced, because it is one which man too frequently disregards.

"All men think all men mortal but themselves." It is true that the late President had nearly reached that term of three score years and ten, which is assigned as the general limit of human existence—but nevertheless he was in the enjoyment of a green old age, and to all human appearance he might be one of those of whom the psalmist says that "by reason of strength they come to four score years"—his life had been spent in the robust exercises of the camp, or in the culture of the soil, the most healthy perhaps of all employments, "therefore," to use the expressive language of the poet,

> "Therefore his age was as a lusty winter,
> Frosty but kindly."

He had entered upon the discharge of an office *in* which not one of his predecessors had died—an office which had almost seemed to confer on those who bore it "a charmed life." Upon him too had centered the hopes of millions; and can we doubt, in addition to the public prayers offered week by week for "those in authority" from every christian temple in the land, that from the retirement of many a closet and from the home altar of many a household, there were fervent petitions sent daily up to heaven for his health and preservation? How little immediate prospect was there of the removal of such a one! And yet, the nation is now *weeping over his tomb*.—Surely, "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

And with *this* and similar examples before our eyes, what right have any of us to count upon the certainty of a day beyond the present, for we know not what a day will bring forth?—The most favorable combination of circumstances, which was ever vouchsafed to man, offers no security against the arrows of death—health is no safeguard, nor is strength any protection—those invisible darts are flying every where around us and among us—and every age and every condition in life is constantly falling before them. How important is it then that we should "set our house in order," as we have reason to hope that he did, whose death we mourn. How important is it, however favorable and bright our hopes of long life and continued usefulness, that we should seek to prepare ourselves to meet our Judge, having on the wedding garment of a Saviour's righteousness. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation"—"Seek, then, the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near, let the wicked man forsake his ways and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him turn unto the Lord and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God and He will abundantly pardon."

III. I would further remark in reference to the demise of our late President, that wherever the designs of Providence run counter to our hopes and expectations, it becomes us to submit unmurmuringly to those events which God in the exercise of perfect goodness and perfect wisdom, decrees. "His thoughts are not as our thoughts," for they are holier, wiser, better, and higher, "even as the heavens are higher than the earth." In this melancholy event of which we are now speaking, how many have been disappointed in the hopes which they had formed—in the plans which they had projected—in the anticipations which they had indulged—how many have murmured at the dispensation, looking upon the removal of one, for whose elevation they had earnestly prayed and labored, and in whose entrance into office they beheld in anticipation all their expectations realized, as an act of stern and arbitrary power in the great Ruler of the Universe. Such thoughts are vain and sinful. "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth to Him good"—this should be the language of every one on occasions like the present. "He seeth not as men seeth," for man can behold nothing beyond the veil of the present hour —his keenest glance cannot penetrate even the faint twilight of the obscurity which hangs over the future. To God the remotest link in the long chain of events, reaching down through the countless generations of all time, are distinctly and immediately visible. He knows, and we know not, the results and consequences of every action. How *foolish* then, not to say wicked, must our murmurings and repinings be in His sight.

We should remember also that, in God's government of the universe, afflictive events are often sent for the trial of our faith and patience—that sometimes

> "Behind a frowning Providence
> He hides a smiling face."

And that even in the very act of the infliction of His wrath He thinketh upon mercy. How dost thou know, short-sighted murmurer at the will of God, that the afflictive dispensation which thou art deprecating and deploring, will not work out for thee, under the direction of a good and wise Providence, more real benefit than ever could have flowed from the fulfilment of thy former expectations? How dost thou know but that God, by teaching thee in this event how impotent was thine own hand, and how frail the noblest agencies of thine own selection, to bring salvation and strength, has conferred upon the country, and upon thee as an individual member of the great community, a benefit of unspeakable value—in leading thee henceforth to depend more upon Him and less upon thyself? For be well assured, and it is a truth which the lapse of ages will render more and more conspicuous by throwing around it the light of long experience and the illustration of accumulated facts,—be well assured that the true and only certain spring of national prosperity is *the honor of God and the observance of His laws.* "Those that honor me, I will honor, saith the Lord." Look at the nations of the old world,—show me the one which has done most by its influence and its wealth to civilize and to Christianize the globe—which in short has done most to advance the cause and the honor of God upon Earth, and I will show you the most powerful nation of Europe. Not so large as the State of New York, is that little island—and look at its influence, its power and its almost infinite resources—and what may not *this* immense nation become, once the daughter and now the sister of that ancient kingdom, to what glorious height of power and magnificence might not these United States attain, if by a bold and consistent and faithful recognition of the authority and government of God, as well in their public as their private acts, they secure His favor and the defence of His protecting arm?—Have we done so—are we doing so?

IV. Lastly—in connection with the melancholy subject before us, I would suggest whether or not this sudden striking down of the Head of the nation for the first time in its history, might not be a mark of the displeasure of Heaven, roused by our national sins. I would not assert that such is the case, but I would put the question seriously to every man's conscience, whether our national and individual departures from the strict rules of right and justice, have not been many and great? Were I to particularize, I would point to the proverbial tendency of the nation at the present day to "prefer gain to godliness"—the open and almost universal idolatry of Mammon—the wild haste to be rich which is declared to be incompatible with innocence. I would point to our Indian policy—characterized as it appears to me by treachery, cruelty and injustice of the basest kind; and I do believe and I utter it as the settled and solemn conviction of my heart, that unless the course of policy, hitherto adopted towards these unfortunate human beings, is changed, radically and entirely changed, that the displeasure of the Almighty will be still more clearly and signally exhibited, till the heavy debt of injustice and cruelty is wiped out in national degradation and in blood. I would point out, further, amongst other things, small a matter as it may seem to some, but not small I am convinced, in the sight of God, to our observance of the day solemnly and yet ridiculously designated as a day of "fasting, humiliation, and prayer."—Has not the appointment of that day, as it is now observed, degenerated into a solemn mockery of God?—Were the day kept as it ought to be kept, it could not fail to be attended with the approval and the blessing of Heaven—as it is, what is it but "a vain oblation"—what is "it but iniquity, even the solemn meeting?"

I might enlarge this enumeration, but time will not permit. I have said enough to show that we deserve the judgments of Heaven, and I think that in the recent death of our Chief Magistrate, I see the clouding of Jehovah's brow, and the lifting up of his avenging arm.—But, O, Lord, in mercy spare thy people and give not thine heritage to reproach!

Surely, under such circumstances, it becomes us as a nation and as individuals, to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God—to acknowledge and to forsake the sins of which we may have been guilty, and to implore the forgiveness of the great Father and governor of all the nations of the earth.

We should endeavor, my brethren, to draw from this afflictive event, all the improvement and instruction which it is so well calculated to

convey. We should accustom ourselves in every dispensation, as we have endeavored to do in this, to read aright the book of God's providence and to inquire what lessons it may have to unfold for our "reproof, for our encouragement, for our instruction in righteousness."—We should learn in particular from this event to set a bound and a limit to our earthly hopes and anticipations, and to feel that there is but *one* well grounded hope which can never fail and never deceive its votary—and that "hope we have, an anchor of the soul, sure and stedfast, which entereth into that which is within the veil." We should learn that in whatever state we are, we should therewith be content, in the conviction that every station, even that which appears to be the most highly favored and to which so many aspire, has its peculiar cares, and trials, and perils, and sorrows—and that death, the common lot of all, knocks at the palace gates as well as at the low browed door of the humblest cottage—and that God, (and oh, how unlike man in this respect as in every other,) is no respecter of persons—but in every nation, and in every state in life, he only that worketh righteousness is accepted with him.

We should learn also to be resigned under every afflictive visitation of Divine justice and goodness, being assured that we shall never be called upon to suffer more than our iniquities deserve, and that God chastises us, as a father corrects and punishes the children of his love, for our temporal and our eternal good: and more than this, that He *never does* send these corrective judgments, unless they are required by our sins of forgetfulness or of disobedience—therefore whenever they are sent it becomes us to inquire wherein we have transgressed and wherein consists the remedy.

Finally, my brethren, let me exhort you in the words of the text to "render unto all their dues—tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honor to whom honor." The great and good man who has so recently been removed (great by reason of his station and good by reason of his virtues) demands from us as *his* dues, the *tribute* of our tears —the *customary* respect which should ever be paid to virtue, whether in the highest or the lowest rank of society, and the *honor* which his elevated station emphatically claims. Pay then to his memory the honor which is due; to whichever political party you may be attached, remember that the *office* itself which he held is of no party, but is of the Constitution. Unite therefore with your fellow citizens in the demonstration of respect which the city is about to evince, and assist in showing to the world the sublime spectacle, hitherto confined to the monarchies of the old world, of a whole people weeping at the tomb of their Chief Magistrate.

THE TOURIST IN KERRY,—IRISH GAMES.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

With the original illustration, designed and engraved by eminent Artists in London and purchased from the London publisher expressly for the Boston Notion.

The tourist in Kerry will be most agreeably disappointed if he imagine that his sources of information and pleasure, in visiting it, are limited to the far-famed lakes. Kerry abounds in natural wonders; and the beauty and grandeur of the scenes to which we have more especially referred, may certainly be equalled, if not surpassed, in other, although less celebrated, districts of the county; above all, by the wild sublimity of its sea-coast. It will be in our power to do little more than direct the attention of the reader to the map, in order to convey an idea of the numerous bays and harbors by which it is indented from the Shannon to Bantry Bay. Our description of their advantages and attractions can be little more than a mere list of names of places, upon which Nature has abundantly lavished her rarest gifts.

The town of Killarney may be dismissed in a sentence; the tourist will be satisfied with a drive through it; a short time ago, he was compelled to make it his head-quarters, but the inns

established on the borders of the lake have ruined those of the streets, although there still exist many neat and convenient lodging-houses for the accommodation of visitors who object either to the cost or bustle of an hotel. In the year 1830, the number of houses exceeded 1000; and the population was about 8000; both, however, have since largely increased. It has little or no trade; and the only approach to manufactures, are the toys made of Arbutus wood, which are purchased by strangers as souvenirs of the place: the best are made by a widow and her daughters, who have a shop in the High street, immediately opposite the Kenmare Arms.

Before we direct the attention of the reader to the sea-coast of Kerry, we shall require him to visit another of the inland lakes, although from its proximity to the sea it appertains almost as much to the ocean as the land—having, to a considerable extent, the advantages and attractions of both. The vicinity of Lough Carah has long been a terra incognita—partly owing to the fact that its beauties were unknown to, and consequently undescribed by, tourists—having been penetrated only by the sportsman, for whom it had, and has, temptations irresistible—and partly in consequence of the bad roads that led to it, and the ill accommodation provided for strangers when there. These obstructions to its fame are now in a great degree removed. There is a small and well-conducted inn, kept by an Englishman, at Glenbay, on the coast of Castlemaine—on the high road to Iveragh and Cahirceveen—a tolerable centre for the sportsman and the tourist; and it is more than likely that the Magillicuddy to whom the property belongs, will within a very short period build 'a house of entertainment' immediately adjoining the lake.

Carah Lake lies about fifteen miles west of Killarney, and is approached by the high road to Killarglin, a miserable village, about four miles from the lake, where is also a small inn. The approach on this side, with the exception of the view of the Reeks, is uninteresting. It may be reached also by a new road, branching off from the former about ten miles from Killarney, and leading through a ravine in the Reeks called Glouncetane, by the very beautiful lake of Coos, and through the valley of Glencar to the upper end of the lake. This road is on the eve of completion, and well deserves to be explored, as there are few parts of Ireland which exceed the valley of Glencar in wild and solitary beauty. The lake of Carah, taking its origin in this valley, runs in a northerly direction to the sea, to which it is connected by the Carah river, about five miles in length, celebrated for its winter salmon-fishing. The length of the lake is about seven miles, and its breadth varies from two to four. It is divided into upper and lower. The lower, which is widest and least picturesque, is however a very fine sheet of water, and contains many objects of interest. From this point is obtained one of the best views of the Reeks.—The mountains on the eastern side terminate in that of Gortnagloron; it is almost perpendicular and luxuriantly wooded. One of the chain contains a singular cave—the retreat of a band of Rapparees in the olden time. The upper lake may be classed among the grandest and most beautiful of the lakes of Kerry, being little, if at all, inferior to its more celebrated namesake of Killarney. The mountains here open, surrounding Glencar like an immense amphitheatre, at the distance of five or six miles, rising one above the other in endless varieties, with the Reeks—and Carran-Tuel towering high above the rest. The lake terminates in a long river or bay, navigable for about two miles, running up into the glen between scenery of surpassing beauty*.

Postponing, for a while, our descriptive details of the wildest, but perhaps most picturesque of the Irish counties, we shall take some note of the games in favor with the peasants of the

* This river ceases to be navigable at a place called Blackstones, where the river from the mountains rushes into it, through large masses of black rock, from whence its name. At this spot, one of the prettiest on the lake, Petty, the ancestor of the Lansdowne family, established, about the end of the seventeenth century, a little colony of Englishmen, who selected the site for a foundry for smelting iron, both for the convenience of water carriage, and the neighborhood of the large forests that then covered the country. Of this little settlement there still exist very interesting remains, their furnace is almost perfect, surrounded with large heaps of clinkers, the residue of the iron stove, and the ruined gables of their habitations, amongst which can be discovered that of their clergyman and their chapel. A very peculiar interest attaches to those remains of bygone industry. The destruction of the Irish woods must have been a very profitable speculation, which could have induced them to encounter the many difficulties of their situation, where they were obliged to form their little gardens on the bare rocks with earth brought a distance of many miles, and where their only communication for provisions and the export of their iron was by the lake. Large masses of iron have been found in turning up the ground; and the hops they planted for their ale are now growing wild in the woods They remained some years in the country; until, indeed, they had consumed nearly all the timber.

county, and then introduce the reader to a scene and a character peculiar to Kerry—the 'Hedge School,' and the 'Poor Scholar.'

In some parts they have a singular and primitive mode of playing at backgammon in the fields. The turf is cut out, so as to make 'a board' of large size; flat stones are used for the men; and to perform the business of dice, a person sits with his back to the players, and calls out whatever cast he pleases; upon this principle the play is conducted. But the great game in Kerry, and indeed throughout the South, is the game of 'Hurley'—a game rather rare, although not unknown, in England *. It is a fine, manly exercise, with sufficient of danger to produce excitement; and is, indeed, par excellence, the game of the peasantry of Ireland. To be an expert hurler, a man must possess athletic powers of no ordinary character; he must have a quick eye, a ready hand, and a strong arm; he must be a good runner, a skilful wrestler, and withal patient as well as resolute. In some respects, it resembles cricket; but the rules, and the form of the bats, are altogether different; the bat of the cricketer being straight and that of the hurler crooked, as shown in the accompanying print.

The forms of the game are these:—the players, sometimes to the number of fifty or sixty, being chosen for each side, they are arranged (usually bare-foot) in two opposing ranks, with their hurleys crossed, to await the tossing up of

the ball, the wickets or goals being previously fixed at the extremities of the hurling-green, which, from the nature of the play, is required to be a level extensive plain. Then, there are two picked men chosen to keep the goal on each side, over whom the opposing party places equally tried men as a counterpoise; the duty of these goal-keepers being to arrest the ball in case of its near approach to that station, and return it back towards that of the opposite party, while those placed over them exert all their energies

* In 'Hone's Every-Day Book,' hurling is described as a game 'peculiar to Cornwall.' According to the account there given, it differs materially from the Irish game 'It is played with a wooden ball about three inches in diameter, covered with a plate of silver, which is sometimes gilt, and has commonly a motto—'Fair play is good play.' The success depended on catching the ball dexterously when thrown up, or dealt, and carrying it off expeditiously, in spite of all opposition from the adverse party; or, if that be impossible, throwing it into the hands of a partner who, in his turn, exerts his efforts to convey it to his own goal, which is often three or four miles distant.'

to drive it through the wicket. All preliminaries being adjusted, the leaders take their places in the centre. A person is chosen to throw up the ball, which is done as straight as possible, when the whole party, withdrawing their hurleys, stand with them elevated, to receive and strike it in its descent; now comes the crash of mimic war, hurleys rattle against hurleys—the ball is struck and re-struck, often for several minutes, without advancing much nearer to either goal; and when some one is lucky enough to get a clear 'pluck' at it, it is sent flying over the field. It is now followed by the entire party at their utmost speed; the men grapple, wrestle, and toss each other with amazing agility, neither victor nor vanquished waiting to take breath, but following the course of the rolling and flying prize; the best runners watch each other, and keep almost shoulder to shoulder through the play, and the best wrestlers keep as close on them as possible, to arrest or impede their progress. The ball must not be taken from the ground by the hand; and the tact and skill shown in taking it on the point of the hurley, and running with it half the length of the field, and when too closely pressed, striking it towards the goal, is a matter of astonishment to those who are but slightly acquainted with the play. At the goal, is the chief brunt of the battle. The goal-keepers receive the prize, and are opposed by those set over them; the struggle is tremendous—every power of strength and skill is exerted; while the parties from opposite sides of the field run at full speed to support their men engaged in the conflict; then the tossing and straining is at its height; the men often lying in dozens side by side on the grass, while the ball is returned by some strong arm again, flying above their heads, towards the other goal.—Thus, for hours has the contention been carried on, and frequently the darkness of night arrests the game without giving victory to either side. It is often attended with dangerous, and sometimes with fatal, results*.

* Matches are made, sometimes, between different town-lands or parishes, sometimes by barony against barony, and not unfrequently county against county;—when the 'crack men' from the most distant parts are selected, and the interest excited is proportionably great. About half a century ago, there was a great match played in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, between the Munster men and the men of Leinster. It was got up by the then Lord Lieutenant and other sporting noblemen, and was attended by all the nobility and gentry belonging to the Vice-Regal Court, and the beauty and fashion of the Irish capital and its vicinity. The victory was contended for, a long time, with varied success; and at last it was decided in favor of the Munster men, by one of that party running with the ball on the point of his hurley, and striking it through the open windows of the Vice-Regal carriage, and by that manœuvre baffling the vigilance of the Leinster goals-men, and driving it in triumph through the goal. This man is still living; his name is Mat Healy, and he has been many years a resident in London. Between twenty-five and thirty years ago, there were several good matches played on Kennington Common, between the men of St. Giles's and those of the eastern parts of the metropolis; the affair being got up by the then notorious Lord Barrymore, and other noblemen who led the sporting circles of the time.

WHY ARE THEY SHUT?

BY HORACE SMITH.

"Let us pass through, and none shall do you any hurt; howbeit they would not open unto him."—I. MACCABEES.

MADAME DE STAEL, as well as many other pious and enlightened foreigners, have condemned our English custom of closing all places of public worship excepting on the Sabbath, as tantamount to a denial of religion, or at least of devout meditation in its most appropriate locality, on six days out of the seven. They do not require that service should be daily solemnized, as it is in Catholic countries, (though it ought, I suspect, to be more frequently performed in our own, if the canon law and the rubrick were literally obeyed,) but they urge that much good might be effected by leaving our Cathedrals and Churches constantly open, as inevitable stimulants of devout feeling and perhaps of occasional thanksgiving, or prayerful reflection, to those who might visit them, however casually or hastily. It has been objected, that where there are doors at each extremity, the sacred edifices might be used as mere thoroughfares or short cuts, as is frequently the case upon the continent. And why should they not, if we admit the possibility, that while hundreds may pass through unreflecting and unbenefited, a single individual may feel and durably retain the hallowing influence of the place, however hurried may be his transit? As Eternity hangs from the present moment, so may the amendment of a whole life depend upon a passing impression. Grace may be vouchsafed even to the supplication of an instant. There is no presumption in the

well-known epitaph on a man killed by a fall from his horse—

> 'Betwixt the stirrup and the ground,
> Mercy I asked, and mercy found.'

Why should we not, therefore, avail ourselves of every accessory, every stimulant and situation, that may awaken holy feelings and aspirations, however transitory; and what so likely to elicit them, what spectacle or site so suggestive and sanctifying, as the interior of a sacred edifice?

Contemplating, as I do, the whole world as a vast natural temple, whose lamps are the glorious firmamental lights, whose choir the mingled voices of all living things, whose organ the sonorous euphony of winds and waves, whose congregation the vast brotherhood of man—I can never cast my eyes over the three-leaved bible of earth, sea, and sky, without holy impressions, which, I would humbly hope, have tended to convert every day into a Sabbath, and have exercised a practical influence upon my life. From the mass of mankind, as I am well aware, it were vain to expect any such abstract or creative imaginings;—the more necessary is it that they should be supplied with all such visible and tangible aids as may elevate their minds as often as possible from their daily grovellings into a higher and a happier sphere. In point of suggestiveness, our simple, unadorned, and spiritual Protestant Churches, have become a sort of '*caviare* to the million,' whose imagination can only be stimulated through the instrumentality of the senses. There is a medium between idolatry and admiration, between the worship of images and pictures, or a belief in the intercession of saints, and the wholesome use of types and emblems, as stimulants to pious yearnings; or a reverence for particular tombs and monuments, as sources of elevating association with the past or the future. For one over-apprehensive visionary whose devotion may be pushed into idolatry by the sight of religious sculptures or paintings, there are at least a hundred of our phlegmatic and unimaginative countrymen, whose piety remains altogether dormant for want of some such awakening harbingers and appellants. In a choice between the certain indifference of many, and the possible observation of a few, we should be more anxious to animate the faith of the former, than fearful that the faith of the latter may become too lively.

Stated worship has been chiefly instituted for the people; and if we cannot bring their minds up to religion as a spiritual abstraction, we must bring the religion down to the level of their apprehensions in the best way we can. Shrines, images, and paintings, are but so many conductors, which bring down the light from heaven and direct it into a safe channel. Of their elevating influence upon art, in drawing forth the divinity of genius, whose works, thus inspired, elicit in their turn the devout yearnings of the spectator, thus engendering a holy action and reaction, I need not adduce instances, for the fact has been established in all times and in all countries where Religion has availed herself of the Artist's aid. If we are to banish from our Churches the poetry of painting and sculpture, why not proscribe the Muse herself, and suppress the Psalms? Why not interdict the music of the choir?

The following stanzas were composed while the author was sitting *outside* a Country Church in Sussex, much regretting that, as it was a week day, he could not gain admittance to the interior of the sacred edifice:—

Why are our churches shut with jealous care,
  Bolted and barred against our bosoms' yearning,
Save for the few short hours of Sabbath prayer,
  With the bell's tolling statedly returning?
    Why are they shut?

If with diurnal drudgeries o'er-wrought,
  Or sick of dissipation's dull vagaries,
We wish to snatch one little space for thought,
  Or holy respite, in our sanctuaries,
    Why are they shut?

What! shall the Church, the house of Prayer no more
  Give tacit notice from its fastened portals,
That for six days 'tis useless to adore,
  Since God will hold no communings with mortals?
    Why are they shut?

Are there no sinners in the churchless week
  Who wish to sanctify a vowed repentance?
Are there no hearts bereft which fain would seek
  The only balm for Death's unpitying sentence?
    Why are they shut?

Are there no poor, no wronged, no heirs of grief,
  No sick, who, when their strength or courage falters,
Long for a moment's respite or relief.
  By kneeling at the God of Mercy's altars?
    Why are they shut?

Are there no wicked whom, if tempted in,
  Some qualm of conscience or devout suggestion
Might suddenly redeem from future sin?
  Oh! if there be, how solemn is the question,
    Why are they shut?

In foreign climes mechanics leave their tasks
  To breathe a passing prayer in their Cathedrals:
There they have week-day shrines, and no one asks,
  When he would kneel to them, and count his bead-rolls,
    Why are they shut?

Seeing them enter sad and discontented,
  To quit those cheering fanes with looks of gladness,—
How often have my thoughts to ours reverted!
  How oft have I exclaimed, in tones of sadness,
    Why are they shut?

For who within a Parish Church can stroll,
  Wrapt in its week-day stillness and vacation,
Nor feel that in the very air his soul
  Receives a sweet and hallowing lustration?
    Why are they shut?

The vacant pews, blank aisles, and empty choir,
  All in a deep sepulchral silence shrouded,
An awe more solemn and intense inspire,
  Than when with Sabbath congregations crowded.
    Why are they shut?

The echoes of our footsteps, as we tread
  On hollow graves, are spiritual voices;

And holding mental converse with the dead
In holy reveries our soul rejoices.
Why are they shut?

If there be one—one only—who might share
This sanctifying week-day adoration,
Were but our Churches open to his prayer,
Why—I demand with earnest iteration—
Why are they shut?

THE DISTINCTIVE DIE.

From the British Miscellany for April.]

BY HENRY COCKTON.

AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX"—"GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN," &c.

When the science of Phrenology shall have established an universal Lynch Law, by virtue of the testimony of a man's own organs being considered legal evidence against him, it must be abundantly manifest to all, save those who are either extremely thick-headed, or whose organs are rather suspiciously developed, that such perfection will be held to be a sound constitutional comfort *per se*, by every regular philanthropist alive.

Happily, however, there is no real necessity for waiting until Trial by Phrenology shall have totally superseded our present corrupt system of Trial by Jury, in order to illustrate the strictly scientific proposition, that there is among men no organ so universally developed by either the cerebellum or the cerebrum, as that of Philoprogenitiveness proper. Its influence, moreover, is most powerful: if viewed solely with reference to a man's own offspring, nothing can surpass it in point of strength: it is shed upon every infant, in every social sphere, from the royal angel to the dustman's duck.

Such being the case, then, it will not, by the intellectual be deemed extraordinary, that Thomas Trimmer, the respectable individual now about to be introduced, should have had this particular organ large. It will be, notwithstanding, quite right to explain, that its influence, previously to his own little stranger being welcomed, had been so completely unfelt that he never gave the children of his friends the apparition of a glance, although subsequently to that important period of history, he amused, caressed, and romped with them all, with a daring disregard of those natural consequences with which such temerity commonly teems; for he loved them, and they loved him; even with those who were old enough to judge of the human countenance, he was a favorite, he was so ugly.

It is, of course, well known there are several species of ugliness which are repulsive; but the ugliness of this gentleman was of an interesting caste. His laugh was the most contagious laugh ever beheld; for as he brought every muscle into play, he laughed completely all over his face, which was very agreeable. But, independently of this pleasing characteristic, there was a peculiar charm about his figure; for although he was short, he was strikingly plump, and as he prided himself especially upon the undeniably fashionable cut of his clothes, his appearance, on the whole, was unique.

Now, that a man thus gifted should have an amiable, elegant wife, is not marvellous; the fact, therefore, of Mrs. Trimmer being elegant and amiable, is not stated with the view of inducing the world to wonder but in order to show how natural it was for Trimmer himself to be happy; for happy, indeed, he was, very happy, and so was Mrs. Trimmer; they loved each other fondly, and when the heir arrived, he was, in the estimation of both, the most extraordinary specimen of his species ever invented. In the annals of infants not one could be found remotely comparable with him. He was, indeed, a phenomenon; there was nothing at all like him alive. He had ten of the most remarkable *toes* in nature! and so extremely precocious was he, that before he was ten months old he could actually lie upon his back, bring the two great ones up to his mouth, and continue to suck them, like an angel, for hours! Nor was this all! Not by any means; no—in less than twelve months from the period of his birth, he had three of the most wonderful teeth that ever sprang from human gums. They were perfectly unparalleled teeth Nothing like them had ever been seen. And he would *show* them!—it was amazing how that child would show those three teeth. Nor did he stop even here! One morning, a *fourth* was discovered in the act of peeping through, and that discovery led to circumstances which render that particular morning memorable—circumstances which it is now deemed correct to record.

Philosophers who have dived to any depth in to the study of human motives, have, in all probability, observed that children, in general, are extremely fond of paper; but whether philosophers have, in reality, observed this or not, it may be stated, that children in general *are*, and that the value of any paper within reach, is not, in their view, a matter of the smallest impertance, for they would as soon tear up a five pound note as they would pick to bits a five-cent-and-a-half representative of the beautiful currency of Natchez or Mississippi.

The propriety of alluding to this fact, may not, at present, perhaps, be very apparent; but anon, it will be seen how this singular fond-

ness for paper produced those results which have now to be explained.

Having somewhat miraculously discovered this fourth fancy tooth, Mrs. Trimmer, in the pride of her heart, rushed into the parlor, with the view of showing the novel production to papa; and as the sight of it threw them both into a state of inexpressible rapture, the infant managed, unperceived, to pluck a note from the joyous bosom of Mrs. Trimmer, and to hold it tightly until she had quitted the room alone.

She had scarcely, however, left a single instant before Trimmer, while dancing and singing and lavishing the usual endearments upon his own little beauty, saw this horrid note, of which the contents were as follows:—

'My dearest Love,

Indeed, it delights me to think that I shall, this evening, pass another happy hour with you alone. It was kind of you to inform me that Trimmer dines out, and I will give you a thousand kisses for that act of kindness; but till seven, my sweetest, adieu, and believe me to be ever your own ALFRED.'

Trimmer groaned on reading this; he groaned fiercely: and having pursed his lips and knitted his brows, groaned again.

'Is it possible?' he exclaimed, as the perspiration sprang from every pore. 'Is it, can it be, possible! Woman!—woman! oh! woman!—*Another* happy hour!' he added, on recurring with a fiend-like smile to this most unhappy note. 'He dines out!—*does* he? a *thousand* kisses!—I should like to catch him at it! Come here, you little wretch!' he continued, placing the infant upon his knee, and looking at it with an expression of the most intense severity. '*If* you could tell tales! if *you* knew what *I* wish to know!—What likeness is there between us? Is that my nose? Is that mouth like mine?—Would I own such a mouth? You miserable little imp—I almost hate you!'

As the infant had been by no means accustomed to such extremely harsh language, he began to express his feelings of indignation in the usual manner, when Trimmer, with an aspect of disgust, rolled him roughly upon the rug, and rang the bell.

'Take that kid from the room,' said he, furiously, as the servant entered; 'I'll not have the little wretch squalling here.'

The girl *looked* at her master with an expression of amazement; for she really did not know what to make of it all! Instead, however, of calling upon him to explain, she demanded an immediate explanation of the child.

'What is the masser wis se little man?' she cried. 'What is the masser wis my littly ducks of diamonds? Never mind sen!—come and tell me all about it! Come sen!—and sen we'll go abroady. There!—bless his little heart sen!—Isn't he a little ducks?'

'I'm a miserable man!' exclaimed Trimmer, intensely, on being left alone. 'Who would have thought it? Who *could* have conceived it to be possible?—I'll strangle him! And as for her!—Monstrous hypocrisy! Oh! monstrous!—What's to be done? How am I to act? Shall I tell her at once that I have discovered her perfidy, or shall I watch her, and thereby deprive the base creature of the power to deny her shameless conduct?'

'Dear Tom! Why what on *earth* is the matter?' exclaimed the lady, as she entered into the room at this moment with the infant in her arms.

'The matter, madam!' echoed Trimmer, with a look of scorn.

'Why, what in the name of goodness can this mean?'

'Do you, madam,' said Trimmer, severely, and he trembled with violence as he spoke.—'Do you perceive any resemblance between that child and me?'

'Resemblance!' said the lady, who could not assert with the slightest show of truth that she did, simply because there really was none.—'Why he may resemble you more as he grows up. It's impossible to say; children at his age are so much alike.'

'That's the misery. They are much alike!—That's the germ of impunity for baseness.—There should be some *distinctive die*, madam!—some DISTINCTIVE DIE!'

'What *do* you mean?'

'Mean, madam! Can you thus shamelessly look in my face, and, with the calmness of innocence, ask what I mean?'

'*Shamelessly* look in your face! Tom, you are a monster!'

'I know it! I *feel* it! That ever I should have lived to see this day!'

'I will not put up with it, sir! You treat me very ill! My father shall know of your cruelty.'

'Weep, madam, weep! But oh! that I could see you weep for shame!'

'Shame! What is it you mean, sir? I insist upon knowing what you mean!'

'I dine out this evening, do I not? You will pass, madam, *another* happy hour alone! A *thousand* sweet kisses.—Oh! model of deception!—you amaze me!'

'You amaze *me*, sir!'

'Leave the room, madam!'

'I have never before disobeyed you; but I will *not* leave the room!—nor shall you, sir! until you have explained.'

'Do *you* require an explanation?'

'I do.'

'Then do you happen,' said he, with a most sarcastic sneer, as he held the dreadful note in his left hand, and violently struck it with his right: 'do you happen to have seen this handwriting before?'

'I have—it is that of Captain Todd.'

'The devil fly away with Captain Todd!—And can you stand confessed—can you stand there and proclaim your shame—without even a blush!'

The lady smiled.

'What!' exclaimed Trimmer. 'And are you thus abandoned?'

'I have a great mind to tease you, Tom! I now perceive what you mean. It would serve you quite right, sir!—you richly deserve it.'

'Tease me, madam! Though my heart is tor-

tured, though my fond hopes are blighted, though you have driven me almost to madness, I am not to be played with like a child!'

'And *is* he jealous!'

'No, madam, I am not jealous; but I *will* be satisfied!'

'Do you see this envelope, Tom?'

Trimmer snatched it from her hand when she had drawn it from her bosom, and found it addressed to his sister!

'Harriet!' he exclaimed, '*was* this sent to Harriet?'

'Why, of course!'

Trimmer dropped both the note and the envelope, and stood for a moment as if petrified.

'Fool!' said he at length. 'Oh!—fool!'

'Are you satisfied, sir?'

'Oh! Maria, forgive me!'

'Indeed, sir, I shall not. I have given you no cause to doubt my fidelity and will not tolerate your unjust suspicions. This is all for which you jealous creatures care! You pay no regard whatever to *our* feelings. Oh, no—wound us as you will; charge us with whatever wickedness you will; you imagine, when you find that you are in error, that all you have to say is, 'Maria, forgive me!' Indeed, I'll do nothing of the sort.'

'But I'm really very sorry; I am, upon my honor. I am fit to strike my head off, for being such an ass. I, indeed, had no idea that they corresponded now; nor did I even know that his name was Alfred!'

'You should have inquired, sir, instead of at once accusing me of wickedness. I am surprised at you!'

'I am wrong, my love; I know that I am wrong; and am anxious to make all the reparation in my power; what *can* I do, what can I say, more!'

'Tom! Is it not amazing, that those who profess to love their wives—nay, who do love them fondly—should be so anxious to catch at every word, at every thought, having reference to their infidelity, when they know that the suspicions thus engendered, may alone, however baseless they may be, have the direct effect of withering their happiness for ever?'

'Maria; as a husband and wife are morally one, so all men who are jealous of their own honor, must, of necessity, be jealous of the honor of their wives.'

'Nay, but when men are jealous, they appear to be most anxious to have their suspicions confirmed!'

'Not when they really love. That is the case only with those who wish to repudiate their wives. Do you think, now, that *I* would rather have my suspicions confirmed than removed?'

'I don't know.'

'You do know, Maria! You know that I would not. You know that you are all the world to me.'

'Indeed, I know nothing of the sort. You are very cruel, Tom. I have a great mind to be seriously angry with you.'

'Come! you must forgive me! *Can* you resist?'

At this moment his look was so droll that she could not help smiling, and the moment he perceived that, he kissed her with unfeigned affection.

'This is the way in which you cruel creatures triumph over our weakness,' she observed.—'But, indeed, I will not love you, if you are jealous.'

'I'll be jealous no more. I am now so happy, that I could almost be tempted to let Captain Todd come to the house when he pleased. And you, my little beauty!' he added, taking the infant in his arms, 'why, I might have been sure, as far as you were concerned!—those little laughing eyes of yours might alone have convinced me!'

Still he strongly felt, that in the absence of every test we are left completely in the dark upon the subject, it would be quite as well, not only as an improvement upon phrenology, but as a means of effectually preventing all mistakes, if every child were born with some DISTINCTIVE DIE

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

[From the London and Edinburg Magazine for April.]

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

Man's life is but a voyage. By the shore
Of sunny Youth his barque awhile doth float,
'Till comes the fresh ning of the breeze and tide,
And sends it far abroad There with the waves
It buffets bravely,—holds its constant course,
Despite of hell or tempest—passes ships
Of statelier size and sail,—is left itself
Far, far behind by little tiny boats
One scarce would trust upon a waveless lake,—
Reaches the port of Age with battered hulk,
(If it escape the hidden rocks which make
The sea of Time most dangerous,)—and at last,
Its broken planks bestrew the rugged strand!
—Happy, methinks, are they who glide between
The banks of some fair river, nor speed forth
Dallying with Danger on Life's troubled sea.

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MARRYAT'S NEW NOVEL.

"THE POACHER."

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

VOL. II.—PART 12.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE SCIENCE OF TINKERING, AND THE ART OF DESPATCHES.

They had proceeded about two miles when the tinker said:—

'Come my lad let us sit down and rest ourselves a bit, for it is past noon, and you must be tired by shoving that wheel along; I would have taken it from you before this, but the fact is, I'm rather stiffened yet about the head and shoulders; I feel it more than I thought I should; here's a nice spot; I like to sit down under a tree, not too well covered with leaves, like this ash; I like to see the sunshine playing here and there upon the green grass, shifting its spots, as the leaves are rustled by the wind. Now, let us lie down here, and not care a fig for the world. I am a philosopher; do you know that?'

'I don't exactly know what it means; a very clever, good man—is it not?'

'Well, not exactly; a man may be a philosopher without being very clever. A philosopher is a man who never frets about anything, cares about nothing, is contented with a little, and don't envy any one who appears better off than himself; at least, that is my school of philosophy. You stare, boy, to hear a tinker talk in this way—I perceive that; but, you must know, that I am a tinker by choice; and I have tried many other professions before, all of which have disgusted me.'

'What other professions have you been?'

'I have been—let me see—I almost forget; but I'll begin at the beginning. My father was a gentleman, and until I was fourteen years old, I was a gentleman, or the son of one; then he died, and that profession was over, for he left nothing; my mother married again, and left me; she left me at school, and the master kept me there for a year, in hopes of being paid; but, hearing nothing of my mother, and not knowing what to do with me, he at last (for he was a kind man) installed me as an under usher of the school; for, you see, my education had been good, and I was well qualified for the situation, as far as capability went; it was rather a bathos though, to sink from a gentleman's son to an under usher; but I was not a philosopher at that time. I handed the toast to the master and mistress, the head ushers, [illegible] orders, but was not allowed any myself; [illegible] Latin and Greek, and English Grammar, to the little boys who made faces at me and put crooked pins on the bottom of my chair; I walked at the head of the string when they went out for an airing, and walked up stairs the last when it was time to go to bed. I had all the drudgery, and none of the comforts; I was up first, and held answerable for all deficiencies; I had to examine all their nasty little trousers, and held weekly conversation with the botcher, as to the possibility of repairs; to run out if a hen cackled, that the boys should not get the egg; to wipe the dirty noses of my mistress's children, and carry them if they roared; to pay for all broken glass, if I could not discover the cul

prit; to account for all bad smells, for all noise, and for all spilled ink; to make all pens, and keep one hundred boys silent at church; for all which, with deductions, I received £40 a year, and found my own washing. I stayed two years, during which time I contrived to save about £6; and with that, one fine morning, I set off on my travels, fully satisfied that, come what would, I could not change for the worse.'

'Then you were about in the same condition that I'm in now,' said Joey.

'Yes, thereabouts; only a little older I should imagine. I set off with good hopes, but soon found that nobody wanted educated people—they were a complete drug. At last I obtained a situation as waiter, at a posting house on the road, where I ran along all day long to the tinkling of bells, with hot brandy-and-water ever under my nose; I answered all the bells, but the head waiter took all the money. However, I made acquaintances there; and at last obtained a situation as clerk to a corn-chandler, where I kept the books; but he failed, and then I was handed over to the miller, and covered with flour the whole time I was in his service. I stayed there till I had an offer from a coal-merchant (that was going from white to black); but, however, it was a better place. Then, by mere chance, I obtained the situation of clerk on board a fifteen gun brig, and cruised in the Channel for six months; but as I found that there was no chance of my being a purser, and as I hated the confinement and discipline of a man-of-war, I cut and run as soon as I obtained my pay. Then I was shopman at a draper's, which was abominable, for if the customers would not buy the goods I got all the blame; besides I had to clean my master's boots and my mistress's shoes, and dine in the kitchen on scraps, with a slipshod, squinting girl, who made love to me. Then I was a warehouseman; but they soon tacked on to it the office of light porter, and I had to carry weights enough to break my back. At last I obtained a situation as foreman, in a tinman and cutler's shop, and by being constantly sent into the work-shop I learnt something of the trade; I had made up my mind not to remain much longer, and I paid attention, receiving now and then a lesson from the workmen, till I found that I could do very well; for, you see, it's a very simple sort of business, after all.'

'But a tramping tinker is not so respectable as being one of the situations you were in before,' said Joey.

'There I must beg your pardon, my good lad; I had often serious thoughts on the subject, and I argued as follows:—What is the best profession in this world of ours?—That of a gentleman; for a gentleman does not work, he has liberty to go where he pleases, he is not controlled, and is his own master. Many a man considers himself a gentleman who has not the indispensables that must complete the profession. A clerk in the treasury or the public offices, considers himself a gentleman; and so he is by birth, but not by profession; for he is not his own master, but is as much tied down to his desk as the clerk in a banker's counting-house, or in a shop. A gentleman by profession must be his own master, and independent; and how few there are in this world who can say so!—Soldiers and sailors are obliged to obey orders, and therefore I do not put them down as perfect gentlemen, according to my ideas of what a gentleman should be. I doubt whether the Prime Minister can be considered a gentleman until after he is turned out of office. Do you understand me, boy?'

'O, yes, I understand what you mean by a gentleman; I recollect reading a story of a negro who came to this country, and who said that the pig was the only living being who did not work.'

'The negro was not far wrong,' resumed the tinker. 'Well, after thinking a long while, I came to the decision that, as I could not be a perfect gentleman, I would be the nearest thing to it that was possible; and I considered that the most enviable situation was that of a travelling tinker. I learned enough of the trade, saved money to purchase a knife-grinder's wheel, and here I have been in this capacity for nearly ten years.'

'And do you hold to the opinion that you formed?'

'I do; for, look you, work I must, therefore the only question was, to take up the work that was lightest and paid best; I know no trade where you can gain so much with so little capital and so little labor. Then, I am not controlled by any living being; I have my liberty and independence; I go where I please, stop where I please, work when I please, and idle when I please; and never know what it is to want a night's lodging. Show me any other profession which can say the same! I might be better clothed—I might be considered more respectable; but I am a philosopher, and despise all that; I earn as much as I want, and do very little work for it. I can grind knives and scissors and mend kettles enough in one day to provide for a whole week; for instance, I can grind a knife in two minutes, for which I receive twopence. Now, allowing that I work twelve hours in the day, at the rate of one penny per minute, I should earn £3 per day, which, deducting Sundays, is £939 a year. Put that against £40 a year, as a drudge to a school, or confined to a desk in a shop, or any other profession, and you see how lucrative mine is in proportion; then I am under no control; not ordered here or there, like a general or admiral: not attacked in the House of Commons or Lords, like a prime minister; on the contrary, half a day's work out of the seven, is all I require; and I therefore assert that my profession is nearest to that of a gentleman than any other that I know of.'

'It may be as you style it, but you don't look much like one,' replied Joey, laughing.

'That's prejudice; my clothes keep me as warm as if they were of the best materials, and quite new. I enjoy my victuals quite as much as any gentleman does—perhaps more; I can indulge in my own thoughts; I have been as well educated, as it happens, and I am too much of a philosopher not to despise all

the rest. Besides, as I must work a little, it is pleasant to feel that I am always in request and respected by those who employ me.'

'Respected! on what account?'

'Because I am always wanted, and therefore always welcome. It is the little things of life which annoy, not the great; and a kettle that won't hold water, or a knife that won't cut, are always objects of execration; and as people heap their anathemas upon the kettle and knife, so do they long for my return, and when I come, they are glad to see me, glad to pay me, and glad to find their knives are sharp, and their kettles, thrown on one side, are useful again, at a trifling charge. I add to people's comforts; I become necessary to every poor person in the cottages; and therefore they like me and respect me.—And, indeed, if it is only considered how many oaths and execrations are used when a person is hacking and sawing away with a knife which will not cut, and how by my wheel I do away with the cause of crime, I think that a travelling tinker may be considered, as to his moral influence upon society, more important than any parson in his pulpit. You observe that I have not degraded the profession by marriage as many do.'

'How do you mean?'

'I hold that, whatever may be the means of a gentleman, that he must be considered to lose the most precious advantage appertaining to the profession when he marries; for he loses his liberty, and can no longer be said to be under no control. It is very well for other professions to marry, as the world must be peopled; but a gentleman never should. It is true he may contrive to leave his clog at home, but then he pays dear for a useless and galling appendage; but in my situation as a travelling tinker, I could not have done so; I must have dragged my clog after me through the mud and mire, and have had a very different reception than what I have at present.'

'Why so?'

'Why, a man may stroll about the country by himself—find lodging and entertainment for himself: but not so if he had a wife in rags, and two or three dirty children at his heels. A single man, in every stage of society, if he pays his own way, more easily finds admission than a married one, that is, because the women regulate it; and although they will receive him as a tinker, they invariably object to his wife, who is considered and stigmatized as the tinker's trull. No, that would not do—a wife would detract from my respectability, and add very much to my cares.'

'But have you no home, then, anywhere?'

'Why, yes, I have, like all single men on the *pave*, as the French say—just a sort of 'chambers' to keep my property in, which will accumulate in spite of me.'

'Where are they?'

'In Dudstone, to which place I am now going. I have a room for £6 a year; and the woman in the house takes charge of every thing during my absence. And now, my boy, what is your name?'

'Joey Atherton,' replied our hero, who had made up his mind to take the surname of his adopted sister, Nancy.

'Well, Joey, do you agree with me that my profession is a good one, and are you willing to learn it? if so, I will teach you.'

'I shall be very glad to learn it, because it may one day be useful; but I am not sure that I should like to follow it.'

'You will probably change your opinion; at all events, give it a fair trial. In a month or so you will have the theory of it by heart, and then we will come to the practice.'

'How do you mean?'

'It's of no use attempting anything till you're well grounded in the theory of the art, which you will gain by using your eyes. All you have to do at first is to look on; watch me when I grind a knife or a pair of scissors; be attentive when you see me soldering a pot, or putting a patch upon a kettle; see how I turn my hand when I'm grinding, how I beat out the iron when I mend, and learn how to heat the tools when I solder. In a month you will know how things are to be done in theory, and after that we shall come to the practice. One only thing in the way of practice, must you enter upon at once, and that is turning the wheel with your foot; for you must learn to do it so mechanically, that you are not aware that you are doing it, otherwise you cannot devote your whole attention to the scissor or knife in your hand.'

'And do you really like your present life, then, wandering about from place to place?'

'To be sure I do. I am my own master; go where I like; stop where I like; pay no taxes or rates; sleep in the open air when the weather is warm, and where I please when it is cold.—Besides, mine is a philanthropic profession; I go about about doing good, and I've the means of resenting an affront like a despot.'

'As how?'

'Why you see, we travellers never interfere in each other's beats; mine is a circuit of many miles of country, and at the rate I travel it is somewhat about three months until I am at the same place again; they must wait for me if they want their jobs done, for they cannot get any one else. In one village they played me a trick one Saturday night when all the men were at the alehouse, and the consequence was, I cut the village for a year; and there never was such a village full of old kettles and blunt knives in consequence. However, they sent me a deputation, hoping I would forget what had passed, and I pardoned them.'

'What is your name?' inquired Joey.

'Augustus Spikeman My father was Augustus Spikeman, Esq.; I was Master Augustus Spikeman, and now I'm Spikeman, the tinker; so now we'll go on again. I have nearly come to the end of my beat; in two days we shall be at Dudstone, where I have my room, and where we shall probably remain for some days before we start again.'

'In the afternoon they arrived at a small hamlet where they supped and slept. Spikeman was very busy till noon grinding and repairing;

they then continued their journey, and on the second day, having waited outside the town till it was dusk, Spikeman left his wheel in the charge of the landlord of a small alehouse, to whom he appeared well known, then walked with Joey to the house in which he had a room, and led him up stairs to his apartments.

When our hero entered the chamber of Spikeman, he was very much surprised to find it was spacious, light, and airy, and very clean. A large bed was in one corner; a sofa, mahogany table, chest of drawers, and chairs, composed the furniture; there was a good sized looking-glass over the chimney-piece, and several shelves of books round the room. Desiring Joey to sit down and take a book, Spikeman rang for water, shaved off his beard, which had grown nearly half an inch long, washed himself, and then put on clean linen, and a very neat suit of clothes. When he was completely dressed, Joey could hardly believe that it was the same person. Upon Joey expressing his astonishment, Spikeman replied, 'You see, my lad, there's no one in this town who knows what my real profession is. I always go out and return at dusk, and the travelling tinker is not recognized; not that I care for it so much, only other people do, and I respect their prejudices. They know that I am in the ironmongery line, and that is all; so I always make it a rule to enjoy myself after my circuit, and live like a gentleman till a part of my money is gone, and then I set out again. I am acquainted with a good many highly respectable people in this town, and that is the reason why I said that I could be of service to you. Have you any better clothes.

'Yes, much better.'

'Then dress yourself in them, and keep those you wear for our travels.'

Joey did as he was requested, and Spikeman then proposed that they should make a call at a friend's, where he would introduce our hero as his nephew. They set off, and soon came to the front of a neat looking house, at the door of which Spikeman rapped. The door was opened by one of the daughters of the house, who, on seeing him, cried out, 'Dear me, Mr Spikeman, is this you! Why, where have you been all this while?'

'About the country for orders, Miss Amelia;' replied Spikeman; 'business must be attended to.'

'Well, come in; mother will be glad to see you,' replied the girl, at the same time opening the door of the sitting-room for them to enter.

'Mr Spikeman, as I live!' exclaimed another girl, jumping up, and seizing his hand.

'Well, Mr Spikeman, it's an age since we have seen you,' said the mother, 'so now sit down and tell us all the news; and, Ophelia, my love, get tea ready; and who is it you have with you, Mr Spikeman?'

'My little nephew, madam; he is about to enter into the mysteries of the cutlery trade.'

'Indeed! well, I suppose, as you are looking out for a successor, you soon intend to retire from business and take a wife, Mr. Spikeman?'

'Why, I suppose it will be my fate one of these days,' replied Spikeman; 'but that's an affair that requires some consideration.'

'Very true, Mr Spikeman, it's a serious affair,' replied the old lady; 'and I can assure you that neither my Ophelia nor Amelia should marry a man with my consent, without I was convinced the gentleman considered it a very serious affair. It makes or mars a man, as the saying is.'

'Well, Miss Ophelia, have you read all the books I lent you the last time I was here?'

'Yes, that they have, both of them,' replied the old lady; 'they are so fond of poetry.'

'But we've often wished that you were here to read to us,' replied Amelia, 'you do read so beautifully; will you read to us after tea?'

'Certainly, with pleasure.'

Miss Ophelia now entered with the tea-tray; she and her sister then went into the kitchen to make some toast, and to see to the kettle boiling, while Mr. Spikeman continued in conversation with the mother. Mrs. James was the widow of a draper in the town, who had, at his death, left her sufficient to live quietly and respectably with her daughters, who were both very good, amiable girls; and, it must be acknowledged, neither of them was unwilling to listen to the addresses of Mr. Spikeman, had he been so inclined; but they began to think that Mr. Spikeman was not a marrying man, which, as the reader must know by this time, was the fact.

The evening passed very pleasantly. Mr. Spikeman took a volume of poetry, and, as Miss Ophelia had said, he did read very beautifully; so much so, that Joey was in admiration, for he had never yet known the power produced by good reading. At ten o'clock they took their leave, and returned to Spikeman's domicile

As soon as they were up stairs, and candles lighted, Spikeman sat down on the sofa. 'You see, Joey,' said he, 'that it is necessary not to mention the knife-grinder's wheel, as it would make a difference in my reception. All gentlemen do not get their livelihood as honestly as I do; but, still, prejudices are not to be overcome. You did me a kind act, and I wished to return it; I could not do so without letting you into this little secret, but I have seen enough of you to think you can be trusted.'

'I should hope so,' replied Joey; 'I have learnt caution, young as I am.'

'That I have perceived already, and therefore I have said enough on the subject. I have but one bed, and you must sleep with me, as you did on our travels.'

The next morning the old woman of the house brought up their breakfast. Spikeman lived in a very comfortable way; very different to what he did as a travelling tinker; and he really appeared to Joey to be, with the exception of his conversation, which was always superior, a very different person from what he was when Joey first fell in with him. For many days they remained at Dudstone, visiting at different houses, and were always well received.

'You appear so well known, and so well liked in this town,' observed Joey, 'I wonder you do

not set up a business, particularly as you say you have money in the bank?'

'If I did, Joey, I should no longer be happy, no longer be my own master, and do as I please; in fact, I should no longer be the gentleman, that is, the gentleman by profession, as near as I can be one—the man who has his liberty and enjoys it. No, no, boy; I have tried almost every thing, and have come to my own conclusions. Have you been reading the book I gave you?'

'Yes; I have nearly finished it.'

'I am glad to see that you like reading. Nothing so much improves or enlarges the mind. You must never let a day pass without reading two or three hours, and when we travel again, and are alone by the way-side, we will read together; I will choose some books on purpose.'

'I should like very much to write to my sister Mary,' said Joey.

'Do so, and tell her that you have employment; but do not say exactly how. There is paper and pens in the drawer. Stop, I will find them for you.' Spikeman went to the drawer, and when taking out the pens and paper, laid hold of some manuscript writing. 'By-the-bye,' said he, laughing, 'I told you, Joey, that I had been a captain's clerk on board the Weasel, a fourteen gun brig; I wrote the captain's despatches for him; and here are two of them of which I kept copies, that I might laugh over them occasionally. I wrote all his letters; for he was no great penman in the first place, and had a very great confusion of ideas in the second. He certainly was indebted to me, as you will acknowledge, when you hear what I read and tell you. I served under him, cruising in the Channel; and I flatter myself that it was entirely through my writings that he got his promotion He is now Captain Alcibiades Ajax Boggs, and all through me. We were cruising off the coast of France, close in to Ushant, where we perceived a fleet of small vessels, called Chasse Marees (coasting luggers,) laden with wine, coming round; and, as we did not know of any batteries thereabouts, we ran in to attempt a capture; we cut off three of them; but just as we had compelled them, by firing broadsides into them, to lower their sails, a battery, which our commander did not know anything of, opened fire upon us, and before we could get out of range, which we did as soon as we could, one shot came in on deck, and cut the topsail halyard's fall, at the very time that the men were hoisting the sail (for we had been shaking another reef out,) and the rope being divided, as the men were hauling upon it, of course they all tumbled on the deck, one over the other.—The other shot struck our foremast, and chipped off a large slice, besides cutting away one of the shrouds, and the signal halyards Now, you do not know enough about ships to understand that there was very little harm done, or that the coasting vessels were very small, with only three or four men on board of each of them; it therefore required some little management to make a flaming despatch. But I did it—only listen, now—I have begun in the true Nelson style.

''TO THE SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

''Sir,—It has pleased the Great Disposer to grant a decided victory to his Majesty's arms, through the efforts of the vessel which I have the honor to command. On the 23d day of August last, Ushant then bearing S. W. 6 4 West, wind W., distant from three to four leagues, perceiving an enemy's fleet, of three-masted vessels rounding the point, with the hopes, I presume, of gaining the port of Cherburg. Convinced that I should have every support from the gallant officers and true British tars under my command, I immediately bore down to the attack; the movements of the enemy fully proved that they were astounded at the boldness of the manœuvre, and instead of keeping their line, they soon separated, and sheered off in different directions, so as to receive the support of their batteries.'

'You see, Joey, I have said three-masted vessels, which implies ships, although, as in this case, they were only luggers.

''In half an hour we were sufficiently close to the main body to open our fire, and broadside after broadside were poured in, answered by the batteries on the coast, with unerring aim. Notwithstanding the unequal contest, I have the pleasure of informing you, that in less than half an hour we succeeded in capturing three of the vessels (named as per margin), and finding nothing more could be done for the honor of his Majesty's arms, as soon as we could take possession, I considered it my duty to haul off from the incessant and galling fire of the batteries.

''In this well-fought and successful contest, I trust that the British flag has not been tarnished What the enemy's loss may have been it is impossible to say; they acknowledge themselves, however, that it has been severe.''

'But, did the enemy lose any men?' demanded Joey.

'Not one; but you observe I do not say loss of life, although the Admiralty may think I refer to it—that's not my fault. But I was perfectly correct in saying the enemy's loss was great; for the poor devils who were in the Chasse Marees, when they were brought on board, wrung their hands, and said that they had *lost their all.* Now, what loss can be greater than *all?*

''His Majesty's vessel is much injured in her spars and rigging from the precision of the enemy's fire; her lower rigging—running rigging being cut away, her foremost severely wounded, and, I regret to add, severely injured in the hull; but, such was the activity of the officers and men, that, with the exception of the foremast, which will require the services of the dock yard, in twenty-four hours we were ready to resume the contest. I am happy to say, that, although we have many men hurt, we have none killed; and I trust that, under the care of the surgeon, they will, most of them, be soon able to resume their duty.''

'But you had no men wounded?' interrupted Joey.

'None wounded! I don't say wounded, I only say hurt. Didn't a dozen of the men, who

were hoisting the main-topsail when the fall was cut away, all tumble backwards on deck r and do you think they were not hurt by the fall?—of course they were; besides, one man nearly had his finger jammed off, and another burnt his hand by putting too much powder to the touch-hole of his carronade. So I continue:—

"It now becomes my duty to point out to their Lordships the very meritorious conduct of Mr John Smith, an old and deserving officer, Mr James Hammond, Mr Cross, and Mr Byfleet; indeed, I may say that all the officers under my command vied in their exertions for the honor of the British flag.'

'You see the commander had quarrelled with some of his officers at that time, and would not mention them. I tried all I could to persuade him, but he was obstinate.

"I have the honor to return a list of casualties and the names of the vessels taken, and have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

"ALCIBIADES AJAX BOGGS.

"Report of killed and wounded on board of his Majesty's brig Weasel, in the action of the 23d of August:—Killed, none; wounds and contusions, John Potts, William Smith, Thomas Snaggs, William Walker, and Peter Potter, able seamen; John Hobbs, Timothy Stout, and Walter Pye, marines.

"Return of vessels captured in the action of the 23d of August, by his Majesty's brig Weasel:—Notre Dame de Misericorde, de Rochelle; La Vengeur, de Bordeaux; L'Etoille du Matin, de Charente.

(Signed) "ALCIBIADES AJAX BOGGS, Com.

'Well I'em sure, if you had not told me otherwise, I should have thought it had been a very hard fight.'

'That's what they did at the Admiralty, and just what we wanted; but now I come to my other despatch, which obtained the rank for my captain, and upon which I plume myself not a little. You must know, that when cruising in the Channel, in a thick fog, and not keeping a very sharp look-out, we ran foul of a French privateer. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and we had ver few hands on deck, and those on deck were most of them, if not all, asleep We came bang against one another, and carried away both spars and yards; and the privateer, who was by far the most alert after the accident happened, cut away a good deal of our rigging, and got clear of us before our men could be got up from below. Had they been on the look-out, they might have boarded us to a certainty, for all was confusion and amazement; but they cleared themselves and got off before our men could get up and run to their guns.—She was out of sight immediately, from the thickness of the fog; however, we fired several broadsides in the direction we supposed she might be; and there was an end of the matter.—

'Why, no,' replied Joey; 'I don't see how you could make much out of that.'

'Well, if you can't see, now you shall hear:'

"TO THE SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

"Sir,—I have the honor to acquaint you that, on the night of the 10th November, cruising in the Channel, with the wind from S. E., and foggy, a large vessel hove in sight on our weather bow.'

'You see, I didn't say, we perceived a vessel, for that would not have been correct.

"As she evidently did not perceive us, we continued our course towards her; the men were summoned to their quarters, and, in a very short time, were ready to uphold the honor of the English flag. The first collision between the two vessels was dreadful; but she contrived to disengage herself, and we were therefore prevented carrying her by boarding. After repeated broadsides, to which, in her disabled and confused state, she could make no return, she gradually increased her distance; still, she had remained in our hands, a proud trophy—I say, still, she had been a proud trophy—had not the unequal collision'—[it was a very unequal collision, for she was a much smaller vessel than we were]—'carried away our fore yard, cat-head, fore-topgallant mast, jibboom and dolphin-striker, and rendered us, from the state of our rigging, a mere wreck. Favored by the thick fog and darkness of the night, I regret that, after all our efforts, she contrived to escape, and the spoils of victory were wrested from us after all our strenuous exertions in our country's cause.

"When all performed their duty in so exemplary a manner, it would be unfair, and indeed, invidious, to particularize; still, I cannot refrain from mentioning the good conduct of Mr Smith, my first lieutenant; Mr Bowles, my second lieutenant; Mr Chabb, my worthy master; Mr Jones and Mr James, master's mates; Messrs. Hall, Smith, Ball, and Pall, midshipmen; and Messrs. Sweet and Sharp, volunteers. I also received every assistance from Mr Gruff, the purser, who offered his services, and I cannot omit the conduct of Mr Spikeman, clerk.—I am also highly indebted to the attention and care shown by Mr Thorne, surgeon, who is so well supported in his duties by Mr Green, assistant surgeon of this ship. The activity of Mr Bruce, the boatswain, was deserving of the highest encomiums; and it would be an act of injustice not to notice the zeal of Mr Bite, the carpenter, and Mr Sponge, gunner of this ship. James Anderson, quarter-master, received a severe contusion but is now doing well; I trust I shall not be considered presumptuous in recommending him to a boatswain's warrant.

"I am happy to say that our casualties, owing to the extreme panic of the enemy, are very few, I have the honor to be, Sir, your very obedient and humble servant,

"ALCIBIADES AJAX BOGGS.

"Wounded—Very severely, James Anderson, quarter master. Contusions—John Peters, able seamen; James Morrison, marine; Thomas Snowball, captain's cook.'"

'There, now; that I consider a very capital letter; no Frenchman, not even an American, could have made out a better case. The Admiralty were satisfied that something very gallant had been done, although the fog made it appear not quite so clear as it might have been;

and the consequence was, that my commander received his promotion. There, now write your letter, and tell your sister that she must answer it as soon as possible, as you are going out with me for orders in three or four days, and shall be absent for three months.'

Joey wrote a long letter to Mary; he stated the adventure with the two scoundrels who would have robbed him, his afterwards falling in with a gentleman who dealt in cutlery, and his being taken into his service; and as Spikeman had told him, requested her to answer directly, as he was about to set off on a circuit with his master, which would occasion his absence for three months.

Mary's reply came before Joey's departure. She stated that she was comfortable and happy, that her mistress was very kind to her, but that she felt that the work was rather too much;—however, she would do her duty to her employers. There was much good advice to Joey, much affectionate feeling, occasional recurrence to past scenes, and thankfulness that she was no longer a disgrace to her parents and her sex; it was an humble, grateful, contrite, and affectionate effusion, which did honor to poor Mary, and proved that she was sincere in her assertions of continuing in the right path, and doatingly attached to our hero. Joey read it over and over again, and shed tears of pleasure as he recalled the scenes which had passed. Poor Joey had lost his father and mother, as he supposed, for ever; and it was soothing to the boy's feelings to know that there were some people in the world who loved him; and he remained for hours thinking of Mary, Mrs Chopper, and his good and kind friends, the M'Shanes.

Two days after the receipt of Mary's letter, Spikeman and Joey went to the houses of their various acquaintances and bade them adieu, announcing their intention to set off on the circuit. Spikeman paid up every thing, and locked up many articles in his room which had been taken out for use. Joey and he then put on their travelling garments, and, waiting till it was dusk, locked the chambers and set off to the little public-house, where the knife-grinder's wheel had been deposited. Spikeman had taken the percaution to smut and dirty his face, and Joey, at his request, had done the same. When they entered the public-house, the landlord greeted Spikeman warmly, and asked him what he had been about. Spikeman replied that, as usual, he had been to see his old mother, and now he must roll his grindstone a bit. After drinking a pot of beer at the kitchen-fire, they retired to bed: and the next morning, at daylight, they once more proceeded on their travels.

PART 13.

VOL. II —CHAPTER. VIII.

IN WHICH THE TINKER FALLS IN LOVE WITH A LADY OF HIGH DEGREE.

For many months Spikeman and our hero travelled together, during which time Joey had learned to grind a knife or a pair of scissors as well as Spikeman himself, and took most of the work off his hands; they suited each other, and passed their time most pleasantly; indulging themselves every day with a few hours' repose and reading on the way side.

One afternoon, when it was very sultry, they had stopped and ensconced themselves in a shady copse by the side of the road, not far from an old mansion, which stood on an eminence, when Spikeman said, 'Joey, I think we are intruding here; and, if so, may be forcibly expelled, which will not be pleasant; so roll the wheel in, out of sight, and then we may indulge in a siesta, which, during this heat, will be very agreeable.'

'What's a siesta?' said Joey.

'A siesta is a nap in the middle of the day, universally resorted to by the Spaniards, Italians, and, indeed, by all the inhabitants of hot climates; with respectable people it is called a siesta, but with a travelling tinker it must be, I presume, called a snooze.'

'Well, then, a snooze let it be,' said Joey, taking his seat on the turf by Spikeman, in a reclining position.

They had not yet composed themselves to sleep, when they heard a female voice singing at a little distance. The voice evidently proceeded from the pleasure-grounds which were between them and the mansion.

'Hush!' said Spikeman, putting up his finger, as he raised himself on his elbow.

The party evidently advanced nearer to them, and carolled, in very beautiful tones, the song of Ariel,—

"Where the bee sucks there lurk I,
In the cowslip's bell I lie, &c."

'Heigho!' exclaimed a soft voice, after the song had been finished; 'I wish I could creep into a cowslip bell. Miss Araminta, you are not coming down the walk yet; it appears you are in no hurry, so I'll begin my new book.'

After this soliloquy there was silence. Spikeman made a sign to Joey to remain still, and then, creeping on his hands and knees, by degrees arrived as far as he could venture to the other side of the copse.

In a minute or two another footstep was heard coming down the gravel walk, and soon afterwards another voice.

'Well, Melissa, did you think I never would come? I could not help it. Uncle would have me rub his foot a little.'

'Ay, there's the rub,' replied the first young lady. 'Well, it was a sacrifice of friendship at the altar of humanity. Poor papa! I wish I could rub his foot for him; but I always do it to a quadrille tune, and he always says I rub it too hard; I only follow the music.'

'Yes, and so does he; for you sometimes set him a dancing, you giddy girl'

'I am not fit for a nurse, and that's a fact, Araminta. I can feel for him, but I cannot sit still a minute; that you know. Poor mamma was a great loss; and, when she died, I don't know what I should have done if it had'nt been for my dear cousin Araminta.'

'Nay, you are very useful in your way; for

you play and sing to him, and that soothes him.'

'Yes, I do it with pleasure, for I can do but little else; but, Araminta, my singing is that of a caged bird; I must sing where they hang my cage. O, how I wish I had been a man!'

'I believe that there never was a woman yet who has not, at one time in her life, said the same thing, however mild and quiet she may have been in disposition. But, as we cannot, why——'

'Why, the next thing is to wish to be a man's wife, Araminta; is it not?'

'It is natural, I suppose, to wish so,' replied Araminta; 'but I seldom think about it. I must first see the man I can love before I think about marrying.'

'And now, tell me, Araminta, what kind of man do you think you could fancy?'

'I should like him to be steady, generous, brave and handsome; of unexceptionable family, with plenty of money; that's all.'

'O, that's all! I admire your 'that's all.'—You are not very likely to meet with your match, I'm afraid. If he's steady, he is not likely to be very generous; and if to those two qualifications you tack on birth, wealth, beauty, and bravery, I think your 'that's all' is very misplaced. Now I have other ideas.'

'Pray let me have them, Melissa.'

'I do not want my husband to be very handsome, but I wish him to be full of fire and energy; a man that—in fact, a man that could keep me in tolerable order. I do not care about his having money, as I have plenty in my own possession to bestow on any man I love; but he must be of good education—very fond of reading—romantic not a little—and his extraction must be, however poor, respectable—that is, his parents must not have been tradespeople. You know I prefer riding a spirited horse to a quiet one; and, if I were to marry, I should like a husband who would give me some trouble to manage; I think I would master him.'

'So have many thought before you, Melissa, but they have been mistaken.'

'Yes, because they have attempted it by meekness and submission, thinking to disarm by that method. It never will do, any more than getting into a passion. When a man gives up his liberty, he does make a great sacrifice—that I'm sure of—and a woman should prevent him feeling that he is chained to her

'And how would you manage that?' said Araminta.

'By being infinite in my variety, always cheerful, and, instead of permitting him to stay at home pinned to my apron-string, order him out of way from me, join his amusements, and always have people in the house that he liked, so as to avoid being too much tete-a-tete. The caged bird ever wants to escape; open the door and let him take a flight, and he will come back of his own accord, of course. I am supposing my gentleman to be naturally good-hearted and good-tempered. Sooner than marry what you call a steady, sober man, I'd run away with a captain of a privateer. And, one thing more, Araminta, I never would, passionately, distractedly fond as I might be, acknowledge to my husband the extent of my devotion and affection for him. I would always have him to suppose that I could still love him better than what I yet did—in short, that there was more to be gained; for, depend upon it when a man is assured that he has nothing more to gain, his attentions are over. You can't expect a man to chace nothing, you know.'

'You are a wild girl, Melissa; I only hope you will marry well.'

'I hope I shall; but I can tell you this, that, if I do make a mistake. at all events, my husband will find that he has made a mistake also. There's a little lurking devil in me, which, if roused up by bad treatment, would, I expect, make me more than a match for him. I'm almost sorry that I've so much money of my own, for I suspect every man who says any thing pretty to me; and there are but few in this world who would scorn to marry for money.'

'I believe so, Melissa; but your person would be quite sufficient without fortune.'

'Thanks, coz; for a woman, that's very handsome of you. And so now we will begin our new book.'

Miss Melissa now commenced reading; and Spikeman, who had not yet seen the faces of the two young ladies, crept softly nearer to the side of the copse, so as to enable him to satisfy his curiosity. In this position he remained nearly an hour, when the book was closed, and the young ladies returned to the house, Melissa again singing as she went.

'Joey,' said Spikeman, 'I did not think that there was such a woman in existence as that girl; she is just the idea that I have formed of what a woman ought to be; I must find out who she is; I am in love with her, and——'

'Mean to make her a tinker's bride,' replied Joey, laughing.

'Joey, I shall certainly knock you down, if you apply that term to her. Come, let us go to the village, it is close at hand.'

As soon as they arrived at the village, Spikeman went into the alehouse. During the remainder of the day, he was in a brown study, and Joey amused himself with a book. At nine o'clock the company had all quitted the taproom, and then Spikeman entered into conversation with the hostess. In the course of conversation, she informed him that the mansion belonged to Squire Matthews, who had formerly been a great manufacturer, and who had purchased the place; that the old gentleman had long suffered from the gout, and saw no company, which was very bad for the village; that Miss Melissa was his daughter, and he had a son who was with his regiment in India, and, it was said, not on very good terms with his father; that the old gentleman was choleric and violent because he was always in pain; but that every one spoke well of Miss Melissa and Miss Araminta, her cousin, who were both very kind to the poor people. Having obtained these particulars, Spikeman went to bed; he slept little that night, as Joey, who was his bedfellow, could

testify; for he allowed Joey no sleep either—turning and twisting round in the bed every two minutes. The next morning they arose early and proceeded on their way.

'Joey, said Spikeman, after an hour's silence, 'I have been thinking a great deal last night.'

'So I suppose, for you certainly were not sleeping.'

'No, I could not sleep; the fact is, Joey, I am determined to have that girl, Miss Mathews, if I can; a bold attempt for a tinker, you will say, but not for a gentleman born as I was. I tho't I never should care for a woman; but there is a current in the affairs of men. I shall now drift with the current, and if it leads to fortune, so much the better; if not, he who dares greatly, does greatly. I feel convinced that I should make her a good husband, and it shall not be my fault if I do not gain her.'

'Do you mean to propose in form, with your foot on your wheel?'

'No, saucebox, I don't; but I mean to turn my knife-grinder's wheel into a wheel of fortune; and, with your help, I will do so.'

'You are sure of my help, if you are serious,' replied Joey; 'but how you are to manage I cannot comprehend.'

'I have already made out a programme, although the interweaving of the plot is not yet decided upon; but I must get to the next town as fast as I can, as I must make preparations.'

On arrival, they took up humble quarters, as usual; and then Spikeman went to the stationer's, and told them that he had got a commission to execute for a lady. He bought sealing-wax, a glass seal, with 'Esperance' as a motto, gilt-edged note-paper, and several other requisites in the stationery line, and ordered them to be packed up carefully, that he might not soil them; he then purchased scented soap, a hair brush, and other articles for the toilet; and having obtained all these requisites, he added to them one or two pair of common beaver gloves, and then went to the barber's to get his hair cut.

'I am all ready now, Joey,' said he, when he returned to the alehouse; 'and to-morrow we retrace our steps.'

'What! back to the village?'

'Yes; and where we shall remain some time perhaps'

On reaching the village next morning, Spikeman hired a bed-room, and, leaving Joey to work the grindstone, remained in his apartments. When Joey returned in the evening, he found Spikeman had been very busy with the soap, and had restored his hands to something like their proper color; he had also shaved himself, and washed his hair clean and brushed it well.

'You see, Joey, I have commenced operations already; I shall soon be prepared to act the part of the gentleman who has turned tinker to gain the love of a fair lady of high degree.'

'I wish you success; but what are your plans?'

'That you will find out to-morrow morning; now we must go to bed.'

CHAPTER IX.

PLOTTING, READING, AND WRITING.

Spikeman was up early the next morning.—When they had breakfasted, he desired Joey to go for the knife-grinder's wheel, and follow him. As soon as they were clear of the village, Spikeman said,—

'It will not do to remain at the village; there's a cottage half a mile down the road where they once gave me lodging; we must try if we cannot get it now.'

When they arrived at the cottage, Spikeman made a very satisfactory bargain for board and lodging for a few days, stating that they charged so much at the village alehouse, that he could not afford to stay there, and that he expected to have a good job at Squire Matthews's, up at the mansion house. As soon as this arrangement was completed, they returned back to the copse near the mansion house, Joey rolling the knife-grinder's wheel.

'You see, Joey,' said Spikeman, 'the first thing necessary will be to stimulate curiosity; we may have to wait a day or two before the opportunity may occur, but, if necessary, I will wait a month. That Miss Mathews will very often be found on the seat by the copse, either alone or with her cousin, I take to be certain, as all ladies have their favorite retreats. I do not intend that they should see me yet; I must make an impression first. Now, leave the wheel on the outside, and come with me; do not speak.'

As soon as they were in the copse. Spikeman reconnoitred very carefully, to ascertain if either of the young ladies was on the bench, and finding no one there he returned to Joey.

'They cannot come without our hearing their footsteps,' said Spikeman, 'so now we must wait here patiently.'

Spikeman threw himself down on the turf in front of the copse, and Joey followed his example.

'Come, Joey, we may as well read a little to pass away the time; I have brought two volumes of Byron with me.'

For half an hour they were thus occupied, when they heard the voice of Miss Mathews singing as before, as she came down the walk. Spikeman rose and peeped through the foliage.

'She is alone,' said he, 'which is just what I wished. Now, Joey, I am going to read to you aloud. Spikeman then began to read in the masterly style which we have before referred to:—

"I loved, and was beloved again;
They tell me, Sir, you never knew
Those gentle frailties: if 'tis true
I shorten all my joys and pain,
To you 'twould seem absurd as vain;
But all now are not born to reign,
Or o'er their passions, or as you
There, o'er themselves and nations too.
I am, or rather was, a Prince,
A chief of thousands, and could lead
Them on when each would foremost bleed,
But would not o'er myself
The like control. But to resume:

I loved, and was beloved again;
In sooth it is a happy doom—
But yet where happiness ends in pain.'

'I am afraid that is but too true my dear boy,' said Spikeman, laying down the book; 'Shakspeare has most truly said, 'The course of true love never did run smooth.' Nay, he cannot be said to be original in that idea, for Horace and most of the Greek and Latin poets have said much the same thing before him; however, let us go on again—

"We met in secret, and the hour
Which led me to my lady's bower
Was fiery expectation's dower;
The days and nights were nothing—all
Except the hour which doth recall
In the long lapse from youth to age,
No other like itself.'

'Do you observe the extreme beauty of that passage?' said Spikeman.

'Yes,' said Joey, 'it is very beautiful.'

'You would more feel the power of it, my dear boy, if you were in love, but your time is not yet come; but I am afraid we must leave off now, for I expect letters of consequence by the post, and it is useless, I fear, waiting here. Come, put the book by, and let us take up the wheel of my sad fortunes.

Spikeman and Joey rose on their feet. Joey went to the knife-grinder's wheel, and Spikeman followed him without looking back; he heard a rustling nevertheless, among the bushes, which announced to him that his manoeuvre had succeeded; and, as soon as he was about fifty-yards from the road, he took the wheel from Joey, desiring him to look back, as if accidentally. Joey did so, and saw Miss Mathews following them with her eyes.

'That will do,' observed Spikeman; 'her curiosity is excited, and that is all I wish'.

What Spikeman said was correct. Araminta joined Miss Mathews shortly after Spikeman and Joey had gone away.

'My dear Araminta,' said Melissa, 'such an adventure! I can hardly credit my senses.

'Why, what is the matter, dear cousin?'

'Do you see that man and boy, with a knife-grinder's wheel, just in sight now?'

'Yes, to be sure I do; but what of them?—Have they been insolent?'

'Insolent! they never saw me; they had no idea that I was here. I heard voices as I came down the walk, so I moved softly, and when I gained the seat, there was somebody reading poetry so beautifully; I never heard one read with such correct emphasis, and clear pronunciation. And then he stopped and talked to the boy about the Greek and Latin poets, and quoted Shakspeare. There must be some mystery.'

'Well, but if there is, what has that to do with the travelling tinker's?'

'What! why it was the travelling tinker himself, dearest; but he cannot be a tinker; for I heard him say that he expected letters of consequence, and no travelling tinker could do that.'

'Why, no; I doubt if most of them can read at all.'

'Now, I would give my little finger to know who that person is. Did you see his face?'

'No; he never turned this way; the boy did when they were some distance off. It's very, very strange. What was he reading?'

'I don't know; it was very beautiful. I wonder if he will ever come this way again! if he does——'

'Well, Melissa, and if he does?'

'My scissors want grinding very badly; they won't cut a bit.'

'Why, Melissa, you don't mean to fall in love with a tinker?' said Araminta, laughing

'He is no tinker, I'm sure; but why he is disguised I should like to know.'

'Well, but I came out to tell you that your father wants you. Come along.'

The two young ladies then returned to the house, but the mystery of the morning was broached more than once, and canvassed in every possible way.

Spikeman, as soon as he had returned to the cottage, took out his writing materials to concoct an epistle. After some time in correcting, he made out a fair copy, which he read to Joey.

'I tremble lest at the first moment you cast your eyes over the page you throw it away without deigning to peruse it; and yet there is nothing in it which could raise a blush on the cheek of a modest maiden. If it be a crime to have seen you by chance, to have watched you by stealth, to consider hallowed every spot you visit,—nay, more, if it be a crime to worship at the shrine of beauty and of innocence, or, to speak more boldly, to adore you—then am I guilty. You will ask, why I resort to a clandestine step. Simply, because, when I discovered your name and birth, I felt assured that an ancient feud between the two families, to which nor you nor I were parties, would bar an introduction to your father's house. You would ask me who I am. A gentleman, I trust, by birth, and education; a poor one, I grant; and you have made me poorer, for you have robbed me of more than wealth—my peace of mind and my happiness. I feel that I am presumptuous and bold; but forgive me. Your eyes tell me you are too kind, too good, to give unnecessary pain; and if you knew how much I have already suffered, you would not oppress a fallen man who was happy until he saw you. Pardon me, therefore, my boldness, and excuse the means I have taken of placing this communication before you.'

'That will do, I think,' said Spikeman; 'and now, Joey, we will go out and take a walk, and I will give you your directions.'

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH THE PLOT THICKENS.

The next day our hero, having received the letter with his instructions, went with the wheel down to the copse near to the mansion-house. Here he remained quietly until he heard Miss Melissa coming down the gravel-walk; he waited till she had time to gain her seat, and then, leaving his wheel outside, he walked round

the copse until he came to her. She raised her eyes from her book, when she saw him.

'If you please, Miss, have you any scissors or knives for me to grind?' said Joey, bowing with his hat in his hand

Miss Mathews looked earnestly at Joey.

'Who are you?' said she at last; 'are you the boy who was on this road with a knife-grinder and his wheel yesterday afternoon?'

'Yes, Madam, we came this way,' replied Joey, bowing again very politely.

'Is he your father?'

'No, Madam, he is my uncle; he is not married'

'Your uncle. Well, I have a pair of scissors to grind, and I will go for them; you may bring your wheel in here, as I wish to see how you grind.'

'Certainly, Miss, with the greatest pleasure.'

Joey brought in his wheel, and observing that Miss Mathews had left her book on the seat, he opened it at the marked page and slipped the letter in; and scarcely had done so, when he perceived Miss Mathews and her cousin coming towards him.

'Here are the scissors; mind you make them cut well.'

'I will do my best, Miss,' replied Joey, who immediately set to work.

'Have you been long at this trade?' said Miss Mathews.

'No, Miss, not very long.'

'And your uncle, has he been long at it?'

Joey hesitated on purpose. 'Why, I really don't know exactly how long.'

'Why is your uncle not with you?'

'He was obliged to go to town, Miss—that is, to a town at some distance from here—on business.'

'Why, what business can a tinker have?' inquired Araminta.

'I suppose he wanted some soft solder, Miss; he requires a great deal.'

'Can you write and read, boy?' inquired Melissa,

'Me, Miss! how should I know how to write and read?' replied Joey, looking up.

'Have you been much about here?'

'Yes, Miss, a good deal; uncle seems to like this part; we never were so long before. The scissors are done now, Miss, and they will cut very well. Uncle was in hopes of getting some work at the mansion-house when he came back.'

'Can your uncle write and read?'

'I believe he can a little, Miss.'

'What do I owe you for the scissors?'

'Nothing Miss, if you please; I had rather not take any thing from you.'

'And why not from me?'

'Because I never worked for so pretty a lady before. Wish you good morning, ladies,' said Joey, taking up his wheel and rolling it away.

'Well, Araminta, what do you think now?—That's no knife-grinder's boy; he is as well-bred and polite as any lad I ever saw.'

'I suspect that he is a little story-teller, saying that he could not write and read,' Araminta replied.

'And so do I; what made him in such a hurry to go away?'

'I suppose he did not like our questions. I wonder whether the uncle will come. Well, Melissa, I must not quit your father just now, so I must leave you with your book;' and, so saying, Araminta took her way into the house.

Miss Mathews was in a reverie for some minutes; Joey's behaviour had puzzled her almost as much as what she had overheard the day before. At last she opened the book, and, to her great astonishment, beheld the letter. She started—looked at it—it was addressed to her. She demurred at first whether she should open it.—It must have been put there by the tinker's boy—it was evidently no tinker's letter; it must be a love letter, and she ought not to read it.—There was something, however, so very charming in the whole romance of the affair, if it should turn out, as she suspected, that the tinker should prove a gentleman who had fallen in love with her, and had assumed the disguise.—Melissa wanted an excuse to herself for opening the letter. At last she said to herself, 'Who knows but what it may be a petition from some poor person or another who is in distress? I ought to read it, at all events.'

Had it proved to be a petition, Miss Melissa would have been terribly disappointed. 'It certainly is very respectful,' thought Melissa, after she had read it, 'but I cannot reply to it; that would never do. There certainly is nothing I can take offence at. It must be the tinker himself, I am sure of that; but still he does not say so. Well, I don't know, but I feel very anxious as to what this will come to. O, it can come to nothing, for I cannot love a man I have never seen, and I would not admit a stranger to an interview; that's quite decided. I must show the letter to Araminta. Shall I? I don't know, she is so particular, so steady, and would be talking of propriety, and prudence; it would vex her so and put her quite into a fever, she would be so unhappy; no, it would be cruel to say anything to her, she would fret so about it; I won't tell her until I think it absolutely necessary. It is a very gentleman-like hand, and elegant language too; but still I'm not going to carry on a secret correspondence with a tinker. It must be the tinker. What an odd thing altogether! What can his name be? An old family quarrel, too.—Why it's a Romeo and Juliet affair, only Romeo's a tinker. Well, one mask is as good as another. He acknowledges himself poor, I like that of him, there's something so honest in it. Well, after all, it will be a little amusement to a poor girl like me, shut up from year's end to year's end, with opodeldocs always in my nose; so I will see what the end of it may be,' thought Melissa, rising from her seat to go into the house, and putting the letter into her pocket.

Joey went back to Spikeman and reported progress.

'That's all I wish, Joey,' said Spikeman; 'now you must not go there to-morrow; we must let it work a little; if she is at all interested with the letter, she will be impatient to know more.'

Spikeman was right. Melissa looked up and down the road very often during the next day, and was rather silent during the evening. The next day after, Joey, having received his instructions, set off with his knife-grinder's wheel for the mansion-house. When he went round the copse where the bench was, he found Miss Mathews there.

'I beg your pardon, Miss, but do you think there is any work at the house?'

'Come here, Sir,' said Melissa, assuming a very dignified air.

'Yes, Miss,' said Joey, walking slowly to her.

'Now, tell me the truth, and I will reward you with half a crown.'

'Yes, Miss.'

'Did you not put this letter in my book the day before yesterday?'

'Letter, Miss! what letter?'

'Don't you deny it, for you know you did; and if you don't tell me the truth, my father is a magistrate, and I'll have you punished.'

'I was told not to tell,' replied Joey, pretending to be frightened.

'But you must tell; yes, and tell me immediately.'

'I hope you are not angry, Miss.'

'No; not if you tell the truth.'

'I don't exactly know, Miss; but a gentleman——'

'What gentleman?'

'A gentleman that came to uncle; well, go on.'

'I suppose he wrote the letter, but I'm not sure; and uncle gave me the letter to put it where you might see it.'

'O, then, a gentleman, you say, gave your uncle this letter, and, your uncle gave it to you to bring to me. Is that it?'

'Uncle gave me the letter, but I dare say uncle will tell you all about it, and who the gentleman was.'

'Is your uncle come back?'

'He comes back to-night Madam.'

'You're sure your uncle did not write the letter?'

'La, Miss! uncle write such a letter as that—and to a lady like you—that would be odd!'

'Very odd, indeed!' replied Miss Melissa, who remained a minute or two in thought.—'Well, my lad,' said she at last, 'I must and will know who has had the boldness to write this letter to me, and as your uncle knows, you will bring him here to-morrow, that I may inquire about it; and let him take care that he tells the truth.'

'Yes, Miss; I will tell him as soon as he comes home. I hope you are not angry with me, Miss; I did not think there was any harm in putting into the book such a nice, clean letter as that.'

'No, I am not angry with you; your uncle is more to blame; I shall expect him to-morrow, about this time. You may go now.'

EULOGY ON

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE U. S.

BY HON. CALEB CUSHING.

Fellow Citizens:

We come together this day, the toils of life suspended, its joys hushed, its dissensions rebuked, to mourn in deep and heartfelt sorrow over the death of a common father, and to render the last tribute of eulogy and respect to the memory of our country's chosen chief, snatched from us almost at the moment of his elevation to power, cut off on the very threshold of greatness, by one of those startling dispensations, which sends a thrill and a shock through the whole frame of a mighty nation as if it were a single man, which show to us that the path of glory leads but to the grave, and which testify how hollow and unstable is the proudest fabric of earthly state, and which admonish the world, and all there is in it of lofty and supreme in the world's eye, that it is but dust and nothingness in the eye of Omnipotence.

I stood, seemingly as though but yesterday, in the great portico of the capital of the Republic. What a grand, what a soul-stirring spectacle was there exhibited! The millions of the people of these United States had by their free suffrages raised William Henry Harrison to the high station of their President—the highest elevation, the culminating point, to which in this, our land, human greatness can attain, or human ambition aspire, and he, the elected Chief Magistrate of the Republic, was there, to receive, in the presence of the congregated thousands of his countrymen, the investiture of the great trust, to which, in the course of Providence, and by their voice, he had been called.

In that imposing presence, placed under the massive shadow of the nations, magnificent halls of council, amid the civil and military authorities of the country, you saw the countless multitude of persons collected from every part of the broad expanse of the Union in that, its common centre, like scattered rays of light as it were concentrated in one effulgent spot—the assembled representation of whatever there is of great and good in the men, whatever there is of lovely in the women, of America—from the wooded hill-sides and bright vallies and peopled cities of the East—from the mighty rivers and ocean-lakes and rich prairies of the West—from the teeming fields and sunlit Savannahs of the ardent South—all, all breathlessly intent on him, the one object of ear and of eye, the gallant hero of Tippecanoe and the Thames, the patriot statesman of the Northwest, the right-minded, pure-hearted, honest old man, venerable in the gray hairs of almost seventy winters, yet more venerable in the long career of honors he had won, as he stood there to take upon him the vast responsibilities of the oath of the Constitution, and to assume the guidance of the political destines of the United States.

That, fellow-citizens, was a scene, sublime and beautiful to the sense, but sublime and more beautiful still to the reflecting mind. Whether in the glorious, or joyous acts and arts of riant peace, or in the aspect of war's pomp and parade, what, indeed, was wanting of brilliant and striking in the great exhibition appertaining to the movements of civilization and public power, to give dignity, and impressiveness, and splendor to that spectacle? Nothing. It was a time and a scene, in which the pulse of every American might well quicken through his veins with pleasure and with pride. But it was in its moral incidents, and the thoughts and emotions to which they gave rise, that the true sublimity of the occasion consisted.

The various nations of Christendom, though formed into distinct governments, are yet closely associated together by the ties of a common religious faith, by imperial treaties of amity, by the relation of common and social intercourse, by territorial contiguity, by the recognition of a common international code of ethics and of law, by the cultivation of the same arts of civilization, in many instances of identity of blood, language and traditional character and history, and in all by a certain community of intellect pervading the whole mass through the instrumentality of speech and the press. Distinct as these nations may be in government, they are yet subject, therefore, to the influence of the common impulse of ideas and sentiments. Thus, there is no great discovery in science, no valuable invention in art, no high principles in government and social order, which, appearing at the beginning, wherever it may, even in the obscurest corner of Christendom, does not speedily propagate itself and spread through all its parts.

This fact is more emphatically true of those great social movements, those efforts of men to better their political condition, and to impart to government a good-promoting and a happiness-creating action, movements and efforts of which liberty is the consecrated name and sign. Well ordered free institutions, and the blessings, individual and social, which grow up under and around them, like the verdant vine clinging to the trunk of the majestic forest tree—these it is, the acquisition and preservation of which are the best objects of the political aspirations of men and of nations; and which, as they pass from man to man, and from nation to nation, though sometimes they proceed on as the current of a noble river flowing from State to State in tranquil majesty, bearing wealth as its boon, and life and fertility to all its borders, yet sometimes also more as resembling the fearful pathway of the lightning, or the throes of an earthquake, heaving empires and kingdoms to their very foundation.

Happy, thrice happy the condition of the United States, to which the valor of our fathers has given independence, and their wisdom a constitutional government, which, securing to the people the free choice of their rulers, and of the laws by which they shall be governed, has exempted us from the evils either of anarchy on the one hand, or of despotism on the other, by prescribing the limits of change, and yet leaving to us unimpeded facility of change within those prescribed limits of the Constitution.

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone
O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;
Still one great clime in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquered and sublime,
Above the broad Atlantic!

For when William Henry Harrison stood on

the stairs of the Capitol, in the face of that vast multitude, to pronounce the oath of office as President of the United States, he stood there the living proof, the embodied presentation, of the greatest political revolution, which the Federal Government has yet undergone. He was borne into power upon the irresistible water of the flood-tide of change. Yet in the accomplishment of that change the Constitution of the Union had sustained no shock. It was not, as in other countries it might have been, the overthrow of an hereditary throne amid the conflict of passion and the clash of combat, and the elevation of a republican chief upon a pedestal of authority slippery with the blood of civil carnage. Nor was it, as elsewhere it might have been, the expulsion of a dynasty from power amid the exile, imprisonment or execution of its loyal supporters, and the substitution of a new dynasty in its stead by the force of triumphant arms.—Nor was it, as here it might have been, the disastrous victory of faction over faction, rending asunder the entrails of their common mother in the rage of fratricidal strife, and achieving a blood-stained conquest of power, amid the shouts of vindictive triumph on the one hand, and the lamentation of a war-wasted country on the other. Thanks be to Heaven, it was none of these; but, on the contrary, it was the peaceful result of the struggle of fellow-countrymen, contending together in manly and generous competition for the supremacy of the men and the measures they respectively preferred, in which, though the country was agitated to its centre, yet no brother's blood was shed to defile the contest, no broken constitution or violated laws could appeal to other times for justice on the wrong-doers; and in which, if they who had succeeded might well rejoice, so also they who had failed might at least acquiesce, as in the true spirit of patriotism they nobly have done, concurring together in the proud consciousness of the proved stability and excellence of the Constitution they love alike, in submission to the will of the people, and in deference and respect for him, who now stood before them, the constitutionally elected President of the United States.

Such, it seems to me, are obvious reflections belonging to that occasion. It was the glorious exhibition of the peaceful working of constitutional government, which imparted to the scene the peculiar feature of the highest moral sublimity.

Yet in the character, career, and destinies of the man, also, who had been thus raised by the voice of his countrymen to the pinnacle of power, there were qualities of the highest order, and events of the deepest interest, to fix the attention and fill the mind of every beholder.

The fame of the great men of our country is the common property of all of us. They stamp themselves indelibly upon the surface of the times. And though, in the heat of party contention, or the collision of personal interests, we may be unreflectingly betrayed into blackening the names of those who by their intellect or their virtues are placed in the front of social movement, and are thus rendered conspicuous marks for blame as well as for praise, yet there is in our bosoms a prevailing sense of right, which impels us in the long run to feel emulous to do justice to the memory of our great men, even if, when living, we witheld from him the meed of our applause. And some there are, whose personal history is inseparably identified with the nation's, and the events of the one interwoven with those of the other like the warp and woof in the web of a beautiful tapestry;—whose laurels are the symbols not more of their own than of their country's honor; whose achievements in the field of their country's fame constitute that fame itself, as the combats of the Centaur and Lapittiæ embossed on the shield of Achilles were themselves an integral part of its substance; before whose memory the very genius of liberty holds its own ægis to ward off all assaults against it; and whose actions are so pictured in the mirror of the greatness of their native land, that if, in a vain rage, you dash it to the ground, you do but multiply the same bright images a thousand fold reflected from each one of its glittering fragments.

And thus it is with the great actions in the life of Harrison. To read the history of the United States is to read of them. They are part and parcel of the times in which he lived. And, in the progress of the political contest, which ended in his elevation to the Presidency, they became the familiar subjects of daily reading and discussion. To recapitulate them would be to repeat that which the press has already said in every form of combination of which language is susceptible. Nevertheless, some brief exhibition of the great traits of his character, as apparent in the events of his life, seems to be

the appropriate, nay the necessary, element of a funeral discourse in honor of his memory.

William Henry Harrison, like his two predecessors in the Presidency, John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, was not happy enough to be one of those great and patriotic spirits, the giant race of our countrymen, who achieved the independence of the Union; yet equally with Adams and Jackson he grew into manhood among the men, the opinions, and the actions of the golden age of the Revolution.

As they, the heroes and sages of that epoch, ascended to heaven, their mantle fell on a second generation, which, born and brought up amid the strife of the revolutionary war, eye-witnesses of the self-sacrificing patriotism of their fathers, animated with the instincts of liberty as a second nature, nurtured and educated in the admiration and imitation of the lofty integrity and single-minded love of country which seemed to constitute the very vital air they breathed. That second generation, though not called to the high duty of creating a new government, and giving to this its impulse and direction, was, however, entrusted with the not less necessary, though more humble function, of receiving and guarding the sacred deposit of our public liberties, the opinions and laws of the Revolution, and transmitting these to other times; the connecting bond, as it were, between the men of yesterday and the men of to-day; and who, if they were not themselves the very ministers at the altar of freedom and the high priests of her divinity, yet were not untouched by the heat nor unilluminated by the light of the sacred fires of that holy shrine.

Born the son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, it was from the lips of paternal wisdom and virtue that Harrison, like Quincy Adams, learned to revere liberty; it was amidst the elemental workings of free principles in the United States, when the names and the examples of the great men of the Republics of Greece and Rome were invoked on all sides, as incentives to patriotism, in the formation of the American Republic, that, in the schools of his native Virginia, his mind became thoroughly imbued with classical lore, and gradually shaped itself after the antique models; it was at the feet of Washington that he sat to study the living lineaments of a greater than all the Romans; it was in such training that Harrison passed his childhood and youth, and acquired many of those traits of character, such as the mental habit of an elevated view of the moral as well as the political aspects of the Revolution, of a deep sense of gratitude to its authors, of admiration for high achievements, of ardent devotion to the cause of liberty, feeding itself with maxims and examples from the annals of the ancient States, of political integrity as stainless as the face of a polished mirror, and of the spirit to dare and do great things in peac and war, which distinguished his career through life, and caused him at length to be called, in his old age, from his retirement, another Cincinnatus, at the hour of his country's need, to undertake the supreme government of the Republic. Here is the key to his mind, and the watch-spring of his acts.—Whether you contemplate him as a soldier, as a legislator, or as a civil administrator, or in the aggregate of the qualities of head and heart which constitute his individuality as a man, you see always, in every event of his life, and in every trait of his character, the predominant influence of the principles and the blood of the Revolution.

When the war of Independence had *professedly* ceased, when Great Britain was reluctantly compelled to sign that Treaty of Peace with the United States, which in her secret heart she regarded as a truce only, to be broken the moment that expediency should furnish a cover and excuse for bad faith,—after this conclusion of nominal peace, there still remained to the United States a bloody war with the Indians of the Northwest, fomented by Great Britain, carried on against us with the arms and munition she furnished, and fought under shelter of the forts which in violation of treaty she continued for years to occupy within the admitted territory of the Union. It was the legacy of spite and malice she left behind her, when forced by the fortune of arms to let go her hold on the Colonies. As the stream of emigration from the more populous Atlantic States set into the fertile regions of the West, the hardy pioneers were doomed to encounter the brand and the tomahawk of the savage allies of England. Army after army defeated, the veteran soldiers slain, the frontier settlements consumed, a struggle for life only, not yet for victory,—expeditions of peril and hardship into the remote solitudes of the Wabash and the Maumee,—such was the theatre of

action, which Harrison, at the first dawn of manhood, was impelled by the promptings of generous ambition and the advice of Washington to enter upon, in the pursuit of that fame which is the just recompense of great and useful deeds. There, under the leadership of Anthony Wayne, one of the illustrious names of the Revolution, he learned the art of war in the field, devoting himself to no holiday garrison service, but to toils, to danger, and to battle; studying, as it was said of the not unlike military tuition of Agricola, to know the country, to be known to the army, to follow the wise, to emulate the bold, to arrogate nothing boastfully and yet to shun no peril, and to be the well tried and trusted coadjutor of the brave general, by whose councils and conduct our arms were at length crowned with victory on the banks of the Maumee, and the Northwest re-opened to the peaceful progress of settlement and cultivation.

Years elapsed, to Harrison of assiduous and honorable activity in the civil service of his country, and to the West, of long advancement in its rapid history, when the storm of war again lowered upon the country, in the same region as before, from the same Indian foes, and under the same truly disingenuous promptings and secret influences of England; and Harrison,—not now a youthful subaltern in his first campaign, but a man, mature in character and wise in experience, and yet with the gallantry of youth still warm at his heart,—Harrison once more took the field, and this time at the head of his countrymen, to encounter another formidable league of Indians banded together under the guidance of Tecumthe and his brother the Prophet, for the desolation and depopulation of the North-West. Vain were the acts of Elskwatawa, vain the courage of his followers, vain all the plans and combinations of Tecumthe, to withstand the greater military skill and the more efficient courage of civilization. On the battle-field of Tippecanoe, Harrison and the troops under his command, in breaking the strength of the hostile Indians, won the gratitude of their country and imperishable honors for themselves, and rendered the scene of their victory, forever memorable in the history of the West.

But a wider field of usefulness and fame in arms was now about to open before him. That second war between the United States and Great Britain, which had been long foreseen, which the latter had been preparing for more than twenty years, not only by incessant outrages on the ocean, but by maintaining the Indians of the West under her pay, organized, armed and equipped, at all times for the emergency,—in violation of all neutral right and in the spirit of a murderous and atrocious policy which serves to cover her Government with ignominy,—of which war the hostile enterprise of Tecumthe and Elskwatawa had been the premonitory sign —that second War of Independence now burst upon us in the siege and capture of Detroit, and the general rising of the Indians in alliance with Great Britain. Astonished and indignant at the shame and peril brought on the country by Hull's surrender, roused not daunted by the dangers which surrounded them, panting for occasion to fly to battle, to repel the invader from our soil, and to roll back the tide of war upon the British Provinces, the brave men of the West looked around for a leader competent to guide them on to triumph, and all eyes were turned to Harrison, the young friend of Washington, the pupil of Wayne in the lessons of victory, the long known as the able and faithful governor of the Northwest, and the conqueror of Tippecanoe, with the laurels of his glory yet green on his brow; and under his command were fought those arduous campaigns of the Northwest, which, illustrated in their progress by the defence of Fort Meigs and by other main events, terminated in the splendid victory of the Thames.

Who does not remember the stirring incidents of those campaigns? The old man warms at the recollection of the toils and sufferings he endured in them, and of the final triumph which recompensed him for all; the young kindle into an emulous spirit at the narration of the achievements of their fathers; and the school-boy cons them by rote as the familiar lessons of his daily thought. It were idle to repeat them here.

Great and justly earned as is the fame won by Jackson at New Orleans, there is one thing in which the victory of the Thames redounds with peculiar distinction to the glory of Harrison. In our times England has enjoyed unrivalled success and good fortune in war. In Asia, from the mouths of the Ganges to those of the Indus, she has gone on conquering millions after millions of the people of the East, until her power falls upon the Oriental nation rather as if it were some mani-

festation of destiny or some irresistible decree of Omnipotent will, than as the act of ordinary men. In Europe, her march has been as it were along the steps of victory after victory, from Badojoz at one end of the continent to Waterloo at the other, where the victor of a hundred fights saw his Empire break in pieces before British valor like a dismasted ship dashed on a rock-bound coast. Thus it has been in Europe and Asia. But when Britain contends with us, she meets men of the same blood and sinews with her own; her children, with all the spirit, and more than all the vigor, of their sires; her own Anglo-Norman race; and then it is the war tug of Greek to Greek. Accordingly, we came forth victorious from the War of Independence. In the last war, if England lost no ground on the Niagara, so she gained none; her incursion in Maryland was a disastrous failure; at New Orleans her bravest soldiers were driven ignominiously from the field; and at the Thames they surrendered themselves prisoners of war to the farms of Harrison. Show me in the history of our times, if you can, another commander who may lay claim to a distinction so splendid as that.

But it is not only in the sagacious plans and complete arrangements of a campaign, the military skill and science which leads on great masses of men to victory, the all-seeing mind as it were which superintends the infinite multiplicity of things and movements appertaining to war on a large scale, the moderation of spirit which characterized his actions in the wide limits of country over which he of necessity held the power of military direction, the integrity with which he disbursed the pecuniary resources of the government entrusted to him, the calm perseverance in which he struggled on against all obstacles of the country, the enemy, and the nature of his own forces, until his mission of victory was accomplished,—it is not in these particulars only, that the spirit of Harrison was manifested in his campaigns, nor in these so peculiarly as in the means by which he controlled the raw levies he commanded, and held them together to the day of their triumph. If their commander, he was also their companion in peril, in labor, and in privation, their fellow-citizen, and their friend; and if his talents, his public services, his judgment claimed their respect, his forbearance, conciliatory manner, good temper, and sincere interest in their welfare, secured their affection; and thus he acquired that power of popularity and of attachment—that personal influence, by which not their bodies only were tasked, but their souls were inspired and animated to deeds of courage and of patriotism.

We have contemplated him as the Savior of the North-west; let us now regard him under the dearer relation of its Father.

When the victory of Wayne over the Indians at the Maumee Rapids made the North-west free to the advance of civilised men, its fertile prairies and vast forests, and noble rivers lay in the condition of almost primeval Nature. A few scattered settlements on the outskirts of that immense region, and here and there a military post, were all that bespoke the presence of Americans. On its flower clad prairies, the buffalo pastured himself in the security of solitude and space; by the river-side or the waterfall, or in the sheltered glades, at rare intervals, the smoke ascending from the red man's wigwam, gave the sole evidence of human life; not yet the woodman's axe resounded through the silent shades of the forest; and the mighty waters served but to float the frail canoe of the wandering savage.—Look to the same rich region now, and you see it parcelled out into powerful states, with populous cities, and busy villages, and the cabins of the pioneer settlers, sprinkled all over its wide expanse; its prairies laden with verdant harvests of waving grain; the depths of its forests opened at length to the light of day; and on the bright bosom of its giant rivers that miracle of art, the palace-like steamboat, speeding its irresistible way regardless of wind or tide, freighted with riches and with life; and myriads of wise and brave men and fair women, with free schools and free laws, surrounded by all the enjoyments, and possessed of all the blessings, material, moral, and religious, which distinguish the civilization of modern Christendom.

To what and to whom is this extraordinary change in the condition of the West due? Much of it undoubtedly is to be ascribed to the Norman courage and enterprise and the Saxon perseverance and endurance, which our British blood has given us all; much to the elastic and expansive spirit of liberty innate in our hearts, which animates the onward movement of everything in America; much to the free institutions of the country at large, and to the wise regula

tion of the Congress of the confederation, in the framing of which, Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, and Rufus King and Nathan Dane of Massachusetts, were conspicuous, for the government of the North-west; and most of all indeed to the simple and hardy virtues, the brave souls, and the practical sagacity, of those meritorious men, who by their personal efforts laid the foundations of the prosperity of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and the residue of the North-west.

And among these men, if there be one, who may most justly be singled out from the rest because of the value and efficiency of his particular agency in producing those grand results, that one is William Henry Harrison. Not merely that with Wayne he participated in the defeat of the combined Indians on the Maumee; not merely that he broke their league in the combat of Tippecanoe; not merely that he carried his countrymen triumphantly through the campaigns of Fort Meigs and the Thames; for, great as were the services he performed in their behalf as their Captain in the field of battle, his civil services as their Governor, Lawgiver, Negotiator, and Representative in Congress, were of yet greater and more lasting importance to the West.

For a period of nearly fifty years of his active life, the fortunes of Harrison were identified with those of the North-west. His campaigns, brilliant as they were, have been episodes only in his career, filling but few of his years, while the chief part of them was spent in political occupations. From the age of twenty-four, when he became Secretary of the North-west Territory, until that of fifty-six, when we find him in retirement at North Bend, in all the high stations to which during that long period his talents and virtues caused him to be raised, we trace him as the master mind, we see his the conspicuous name, among the founders and political benefactors of the North-west.

Prominent in the number of his early political acts was the change he effected in the land laws, while Delegate for a short time in Congress, by means of which the public domain, instead of continuing to be granted only in large tracts to speculators and monopolists, was required to be sold in small sections, and in the regions of the lands themselves, so as to enable the poor but brave and hardy men, the pioneer settlers, whose bold hearts were to defend the soil their strong hands cultivated, each to acquire his own freehold directly from the government. Whoever reflects on the intimate relation there is between the fact of the distribution and tenure of lands, and the character of the people inhabiting them, will appreciate the vast benefits of this change in its effects on the present condition of the West.

Next is the administration of twelve years he exercised in the government of Indiana and the control of the Northwestern Indians; ruling a new country, whose institutions were to be formed, providing it with laws, watching over its peace and welfare, and administering, for so long a time and in so wide a region the authority of the Federal Government, wisely and well towards the white men, in the spirit of moderation and mercy towards the red men, and with unspotted integrity and honor towards all the world.

Finally, when he came to serve the State of Ohio, first as her Representative and then as her Senator in Congress, we find him originating almost at the moment he entered the Capitol, that great act of national gratitude, which encircles the name of the Republic with a halo of glory, such as none other of ancient or modern times can boast of, namely, the public provision for the surviving officers and soldiers of the Revolution, and afterwards in the advocacy of this, and other great measures of legislation for the benefit of the West or of the Union at large, displaying at once the manly spirit of the soldier, the eloquence of the accomplished orator, and the wisdom of the patriotic Statesman. And though but a short time engaged in the Foreign Service of the country, not long enough for his or for her honor, yet then too, even when returned to a private station, we see him in the true spirit of a son of the Revolution addressing to the Liberator of South America the noblest lessons of liberty and of public virtue.

Fellow citizens, I have thus endeavored, imperfectly, and in the roughly sketched lines which alone the time and occasion permit, to place before you the lineaments of the public character of William Henry Harrison, to indicate some of those great qualities of mind and some of those great political and military services, which induced a majority of the people of the U. States, to summon him from the seclusion of North Bend, and with enthusiasm unex-

ampled in the history of the country, and which rendered his name the watch-word and rallying cry of millions from the scarred veteran of the nation's battles to the lisping lips of childhood, to unite in elevating him to the dignity and power of Chief Magistrate of the Union. And I exhibit to you the hale and hearty old man, as he stands bare-headed in the scene of his inauguration, pronouncing in full and clear tones, in the face of his countrymen and of heaven the principles, which are to guide his administration of the Federal Government.

It is ended. Amid the acclamation of ten thousand voices, with banners displayed and beat of drums, on horseback, followed by the long files of his rejoicing fellow citizens, and heralded on with all the pomp of martial demonstration, he proceeds to the mansion provided by the country for the abode of its Presidents, and enters upon the discharge of the responsible duties of his high office. How glorious appeared the day, which witnessed that event! How festive the night in which it closed!—

Bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

And how many thousands, as the calls of business or curiosity and courtesy brought them afterwards to his presence; as (in the homely but significant phrase) they found the latch of his door unfastened always, and his heart open to them like his door; and as they gazed in that manly and expressive but placid and benevolent countenance, on which if time had pressed his hand it was to mellow not to harden its features; and as in imagination they ran over the times past when the soul within that slight form had overmastered in council the savage ferocity of Tecumthe, and launched at a word the thunderbolt of war against the nation's enemies, and been the emanation of so many great and good acts in the diversified scenes of a long life of honor:—at such times, how many thousands felt that happy was the country entrusted to the paternal rule of that pure and good President! And how many millions of his countrymen, though remote from the observation of his daily life, yet fondly trusted to him, and to the wise counsellors he had placed around him, to govern the United States in the high minded and catholic spirit of the days of Washington!

But though man propose, it is God who disposes. The knowledge of the events and declarations of that day had but just diffused itself abroad, it might hardly have reached the outer confines of the land, when the cup of anticipation is dashed to the ground, and the shouts of gratulation are changed into the wailings of wo, or hushed in that silent lamentation of the stricken heart which will not be comforted; for he, the object of so many vows and prayers, so late instinct with life, the soul teeming with all the innumerable cares and thoughts of the ruler of a great nation,—that pure and good President is no more: a mightier than earth's men, Death, has entered the chamber of greatness, and laid low in the dust together all the aspirations of power, and a nation's fondest expectations and hopes. How the tidings of that event shot through the hearts of the nation! How in the sense of unappeasable grief every pulse of the blood seemed to be chilled and stopped!—How men shrunk as it were into the solitude of their own souls, as if some unimagined and unutterable calamity had befallen them, and they had lost a nearer than a father, a dearer than a friend! He is gone, amid the tears of a whole people; but his memory remains to us, to be embalmed for immortality in the sorrowing hearts of his countrymen.

Once more But one short month after the day when William Henry Harrison had assumed the office of President of the United States, I stood with almost the same objects around me; but how changed the aspect of all things! He was there still, the subject of every thought; but, no longer reining in the gallant charger which bore him along amid the crowd as if proud of his burden, he lay now a stiffened corse on the funeral bier. It seemed but the shifting of a scene, that what yesterday was a triumphal pageant, today was a burial procession. The mustered thousands upon thousands of men moved again before my eyes, and fluttering plumes, and banners, and the sound of martial music, and the thronging inhabitants of a great city poured into its streets, exhibited a scene similar to the other, and yet so thrillingly different! No exclamation of happiness now arose from the lips of man, but the silence of deep sorrow seemed to be spread over them as

a dark pall. No bright looks and waving handkerchiefs glanced from the windows; but the symbols of mourning appeared instead wherever the eye rested. No notes of joy now bursting on the air in the trumpet's voice; for the slow beat of the muffled drum, and the occasional muttered wail of the bugle, did but sound a funeral march to the grave. The rattling musketry, and the cannon which boomed on the ear in the distance, no longer shaking the earth in accompaniment to the popular shouts of congratulation, served only to declare that he, to whom their sound had once been the music of victory in the tented field, the hero of Tippecanoe and the Thames, had now been, committed to the tomb—dust unto dust, and ashes to ashes, as mortal in his greatness, as the lowliest and meanest of those over whom he had so lately been lifted as the chief Magistrate of the Union.

Men or nations, we are in the hands of God and let us bow in humble submission to his will. If William Henry Harrison died prematurely for his country's good, it was at least in the fullness of glory for himself. The battle fought in his name and under his leadership was over, and it was from the plaudits of victory that he passed away to another world. The good steed did not falter in the race; and if he sank, it was only when the goal had been won —Ascended to the topmost round of the ladder of greatness, he stepped as it were from that to heaven. And though, dying thus in the very entrance of his great office, we seem to feel as if it was not a man in the sere of life who had died, but rather one in the flush of opening manhood, and we mourn him therefore as if untimely cut off; though we grieve that years were not spared to him for the patriotic administration of the affairs of his country; yet let us take consolation in reflecting, that he has come to the close of a glorious career before a single leaf in the civic garland which bound his head was allowed to wither; and ere the taint of blame had so much as breathed upon its blossoms; that he had lived long enough to perform so much more of usefulness, and achieve so much more of greatness, than falls to the ordinary lot of humanity, and to show that, whether as statesman or soldier, he was of the stamp of men who do honor to their times and their country; that he died lamented as he had lived beloved; that, a sincere believer in the truths of religion, he left this life in the assured hope of a better; and that the last words which issued from his lips, replete of the patriotism which animated his whole life, were an exhortation to his successor and to his countrymen to guard well the sacred treasure of the Constitution and liberties of the United States.

NEW WORK, BY THE AUTHOR OF VALENTINE VOX.

WITH OCCASIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,—THE PRINCE.

PART 10.

CHAPTER XV.

THE REGISTER.

It may by possibility be objected that George was not justified strictly in consenting to be silent on the subject when he believed that the designs of Mac Gregor were unjust, even though his consent were given with a view to save his friend Bull from loss; but when the circumstances under which that consent was obtained, are reconsidered, his justification, it is apprehended, will be in the judgment of most men complete; inasmuch as in the first place it must be perceived that although his suspicions of Mac Gregor's delinquency had been sufficiently confirmed to establish his own conviction, he had no direct proof; and in the second, it must not be forgotten that there was at that period a fine old English fiction, entitled the Law of Libel, extant, with many illustrations on brass.

It will perhaps be as well for the benefit of the rising generation to explain that this fiction was of a most extraordinary character. It was conceived with a view to the suppression of the truth; it set forth that the apothegm, *magna est veritas, et prævalebit*, was all dreadful nonsense; that if truth be disagreeable, it ought not to be told, and that he who published it on a large scale was more to be condemned than he who dealt out the article in driblets; in other words, that he was the greatest criminal who uttered the greatest truth, if its utterance were to any individual unpleasant. The philanthropy which formed the basis of this remarkable fiction, was therefore extremely comprehensive, and being so it was at the time much admired, because its tendency was to check the

career of those who were in the habit of telling truths, and hence the community in the aggregate concurring, and very naturally, that 'truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' would be excessively monotonous, flew to the practice of telling falsehoods in preference, a practice which has been on the increase ever since.

The fear of the law of libel, however, would not have induced George to consent to be silent on the subject had he been in a position to put the public effectually on their guard; he would have felt himself bound as a man to expose Mac Gregor, had he possessed any legal proofs to back the exposition: but he knew him sufficiently well to know that if he denounced him publicly as a swindler, he would at once bring his action for a libel which could not be legally justified, and which would therefore tend to increase the evil, inasmuch as, in the eyes of the world, his character as an honorable man would be what in all such cases is facetiously termed 'vindicated;' which vindication would re-inspire public confidence, and enable him to take a more comprehensive swing. It was therefore that George consented to be silent on the subject; it was therefore that he promised to give up possession of the office, which he did on the following morning, and washed his hands of the whole affair, but resolved still to watch its progress narrowly.

From the commencement of this speculation he had been so deeply and so constantly engaged, that almost every thing else had been neglected; but being now again a perfectly free man, he returned to those matters which had previously occupied his attention, and which had been so unprofitably set aside.

The first thing to which he devoted himself was Fred's claim, which, after having examined the whole of the papers, he determined to prosecute, for the case appeared to him to be so perfectly clear and straight-forward, that while no doubt whatever could exist on the subject of Fred's right, he was surprised that the record of the marriage of Benjamin Broadbridge, his grandfather, the only thing required to establish the claim legally had never been found. He felt sure that there was such a record: the papers sufficiently convince him of that, and hence, conceiving that it must have been in some way overlooked, he resolved to examine the register himself.

The church, at which it was evident this marriage had taken place, was situated in an obscure but beautiful village in the county of Sussex, to which, accompanied by Fred, George proceeded.

On reaching the town adjacent, which they did in a few hours by coach, they put up at the principal inn, where they had an early dinner, and then started off to walk over the fields toward the village, a walk which George highly enjoyed. Occupied so closely as he had been for months before, breathing that which seemed to be, compared with the breath of life he then inhaled, the breath of death, he felt inspired with peculiarly pleasing sensations—the air was so soft and so pure, while the scent was so tranquil, so lovely. To him the very silence which prevailed was enchanting: and he walked or rather strolled at a distance from Fred with a spirit as calm as the scene.

On coming within sight of the village church they saw a shepherd, a remarkable fine old man whose hair, upon which he evidently prided himself, hung over the shoulders like silken fringe, sitting upon a hillock, and as he sat with his chin resting firmly upon his hands, which in turn were supported by his stick, he seemed to be absorbed in deep reflection. George, being somewhat in advance was the first to approach him, and as he did so the old man rose, and having raised his hat, said, without the slightest apparent effort—

'Your servant, sir; a charming day
For the larks to sing and the lambs to play,
For the lambs to play and the sheep to bleat,
And the grass as you walk to grow under your feet.'

'Poetical; I perceive,' observed George.

'What you perceive
You may believe,'

returned the shepherd, adding promptly,

'A poet I am: I was born a poet,
And nature urges me thus to show it.
And nature is kind, sir: even 'he blind
Cannot fail to perceive that nature is kind.
They perceive it with gratitude, too, for they know
That to those who most need it most kindness she'll show.'

'Have you been a shepherd long?'

'From my earliest youth,
And that's the truth.'

'And you are fond of the occupation, of course?'

'Most men will their happiness mar,
Because they happen to be what they are.
But being a shepherd, I am content
A shepherd to be: as all are sent
To carry out some great design,
Whate'er our lot we should never repine,
If all could be taught to know
How from contentment blessings flow;
If they would only check the range
Of their desire for constant change,
Bless what they have and feel they need
No more, they would be wise indeed.'

'Then, farewell enterprise, farewell ambition!' thought George; who, however, not wishing to shake the faith from which the old man evidently derived much comfort, left the doctrine as completely undisputed as if he had felt it to be beyond dispute. 'You are married, I presume?' he inquired.

"Married I am; by the blessing of God!
And that in the mouths of some men would sound odd.'

'Very true,' said George—'very true.'

'But I have cause for saying this,
For we have lived in a state of bliss.
Our children, too, have turned out well,
And they all live to hear our funeral knell.'

'Have you many?'

'The number, sir, when all are told,
Is the name as the number of years I 'm old.'

'You must have begun life early,' said George who did not profess to understand this at all.

'It may seem strained
Until I 've explained.
In the first place, then, my wife and twenty,
And that perhaps you 'll say was plenty;
But then that twenty had sixty more,
Which like more age is just fourscore.
But I 've of children another stock:
These are my children here—my flock,
And well they know their pastor's call;
For, being their pastor, I 've christened them all.
Each has a name and at my command
'T will raise its voice
As if to rejoice,
And bound up to me to lick my hand.
Point one out, and I 'll show you how
'T will run like a loving child up to me now.'

'There 's a lamb with a black eye,' said George indicating one in the midst of the flock.

'Fanny! Fanny! Fanny! here!
Come to me, Fanny! come without fear!'

And in an instant the identical lamb pointed out bounded up to be caressed. George and Fred were amazed. They could scarcely have conceived it to be possible, but in order to place the thing beyond all doubt, they pointed to others which in turn came like children.

'How do you know one from the other?' inquired George; 'do you mark them?'

'They 're marked by nature; human aid
Is not required. As men are made,
Varying in feature, so are they.
No two in a flock of a thousand, nay
In a flock of a million, have faces alike—
A fact which never can fail to strike.
But blindfold me and I can tell
Each from the others equally well,
For the voice of each has a different tone,
Which to me is of course just about as well known.'

'Well,' said George, 'you have certainly surprised me, not only by the facts which appear, but by the style in which the knowledge of those facts has been imparted. Get something to drink,' he added, giving the shepherd half a crown, which the old man with grateful expression received, and said,

'Sir, I thank you for this half crown.
Success to you, sir, both in country and town.
What if the coin had been but a shilling,
To take it you 'd have found me willing;
Nay, had it been a sixpence merely,
I should have thanked you as sincerely.'

'What an extraordinary character,' said George, as they pursued their way toward the village.

'I have frequently seen him before,' observed Fred, 'but I had no idea of his being so eccentric. He evidently prides himself upon his rhymes.'

'And he makes them, too, with great facility. But,' he added, directing Fred's attention to some scaffolding by which the entrance of the church was surrounded, 'we shall have a dusty job it appears: the church is undergoing repair.'

On their arrival, however, they ascertained that during the repairs the books were kept at the cottage of the curate, to which, following the direction of one of the workmen, they proceeded forthwith.

As they approached this cottage, which, though small, was exceedingly unique and picturesque, they were struck with the appearance of a finely formed girl, walking pensively in the garden by which the cottage was surrounded, occasionally stopping, apparently to sigh, and then proceeding with slow and irregular steps round a circular bed of white roses. Her countenance, pale as death, seemed to be rigid as marble; and while her jet black hair reached in graceful glossy ringlets to her waist, and her dress, which was of itself of the purest white appeared to derive additional purity from the rays of the sun, she wore a fixed expression, so sad, that it seemed to be the index of a broken, bleeding heart.

'Poor girl!' exclaimed George, on reaching the garden gate. 'Let us be cautious. We must not approach too abruptly.'

In an instant, although this was said but in a whisper, she started, and on beholding George, uttered a scream of joy, flew to him wildly, and fell upon his neck.

George stood as if struck with a paralysis.—What it could mean he was unable to conjecture. As the curate, however, rushed into the garden the next moment, he soon perceived how the case stood.

'Lydia, my child!' said the venerable curate, as he attempted with gentleness to disengage her arms. 'My dear child! Lydia! Lydia!'

But she still clung to George, who now sustained her as, panting with rapture, she nestled in his breast.

'A poor, witless girl, sir,' continued the curate mournfully—'harmless, but witless.'

'Hush!' whispered Lydia, who now raised her head, 'Hush—why father, this is Charles! my own Charles! Do you not know him? Dear Charles,' she added, turning to George with an affectionate smile, and passing her hand over his brow. 'You must leave me no more! no more, dear Charles! no more! I will not part with you again! I will cling to you thus, Charles, for ever! But, my love, you do not speak to me! Was it not cruel to keep so long away?—Embrace me, Charles, you have not kissed me yet!'

'Poor girl,' said George, 'I grieve to see you thus. Come, let me lead you in.'

'That voice!' she exclaimed, in a sharp, thrilling whisper. 'That is not his voice'—Father!—Father!—Father!' she added, leaving George, and clasping the curate. 'Did you hear? But it *is* my Charles, father! O yes! I will give you a rose. Not one has been plucked since you left. They have bloomed and withered and bloomed again since then; but not one has been plucked. I am always with them; they know me, Charles, and love me too as I love them. They smile with me when I am gay; it is only when they see me sad that they grieve and droop and die. But they are smiling now, I know they are. The prettiest will be proud to kiss you. Stay, stay, do not come near; the rest would be jealous if they were to know for whom I pluck the sweetest.'

'I am sorry, indeed, to see this,' said George, as Lydia flew to the circular bed.

'It is sad, very sad,' returned the curate.—'But your object in honoring me with this visit'—

'Is to examine the register. The books, I understand, are in your possession.'

'They are,' said the curate. 'Step this way.'

Before they had reached the cottage-door, however, Lydia returned, and having placed the rose she had plucked in George's bosom, she locked her arm fondly in his, and led the way.

On entering the little parlor, which was furnished with singular neatness, George explained the object he had in view more precisely, and when the register had been produced and placed before him, the curate tried to prevail upon Lydia to withdraw; but she begged with so much earnestness to be permitted to remain, that eventually she and her father sat at the window, while George and Fred were carefully examining the book.

They first looked through the index, but nothing bearing any resemblance to the name of Broadbridge could be found. They then went through the body of the book; but no—they were unable still to find the name of Broadbridge Again they looked through it, and again, and it being to George abundantly manifest that the name was not there, he was about to relinquish the search, when Lydia, who had been watching his countenance intently, whispered, 'Father! father! come with me! come, father, come!'

The affectionate old man at once allowed himself to be led by her into the garden; but in an instant she returned, and placing her lips close to George's ear, whispered hastily, 'You may take it home again—yes, dear, yes; you may have it again to-night.'

'Have what, my dear girl?'

'Hush!—the book, the book, the book! I will keep it quite secret: I'll not say a word—not a word. You shall have it, dear—hush!' she added, raising her hand to enjoin silence as she heard her father's footsteps at the door, when she returned to the seat she had previously occupied, and looked as if no syllable had been uttered.

George weighed this little incident calmly in his mind. He felt convinced that it had some meaning, and, although he was unable to make anything of it, he was induced to examine the book once more. He was, however, equally unsuccessful; the name of Broadbridge was not to be found, and hence, in the full conviction that further search would be useless, the register was closed.

'We shall be proud, sir, to see you at our quarters,' said George, on drawing the venerable curate aside, 'if you will favor us with your company this evening.'

'I thank you, but I seldom, very seldom, go into society.'

'We should indeed be most happy if you would join us.'

'You will find me, sir, but a dull companion; but I appreciate your kindness and will come.'

'Shall we walk together?'

'As you please,' replied the reverend gentleman. 'It will perhaps be, under the circumstances, better.'

'But you will not leave me?' cried Lydia, clinging again to George. 'Pray—pray do not leave me. I cannot let you go, dear—indeed you must not go.'

'But for a time, my dear girl,' said George, soothingly; 'out for a time.'

'Oh, I have a thousand things to say to you.—Stay with me, dear—I will not love you, Charles, if you are cruel! But, ah! you do not mean to leave, I know you do not—you were but jesting. Say that you were but jesting—that you will not go, and I will love you *so* dearly!'

'Lydia, my child,' said the curate, 'he must leave you now; but I shall be with him, you know, my love—I shall be with him.'

'Father,' she whispered taking him aside, 'bring him back with you; do not let him quit your sight. Be sure of it, my father—be quite sure of that! But, oh! you will return to me?' she added, addressing George, 'you will surely return to your own dear Lydia? All has been prepared; every thing is now in perfect readiness. To-morrow is the day, you know—to-morrow. We shall be so happy, I could cry with joy; but I will not—no, there must be no weeping. But to-morrow—be sure you remember o-morrow.'

'I will,' replied George. 'Be assured that to-morrow shall not be forgotten. Adieu!' he added, endeavoring to disengage himself from her, 'Adieu!'

Lydia looked at him earnestly for a moment and then said, 'Why are you so cool?—when did you ever before part from me so, dear Charles? Why do you not kiss him?'

George glanced at her father, and as he saw him nod approvingly he kissed her brow, bade her again be assured that the morrow should be remembered, and, having resigned her to the care of an elderly female, who officiated as housekeeper, he and Fred left the cottage with their reverend friend.

As they walked from the village, George entered into a full explanation of the circumstances connected with Fred's claim; but as the marriage in question had taken place nearly three-quarters of a century before, the curate could give no information on the subject; nor did he remember to have heard the name of Broadbridge ever mentioned in the village.—The case, therefore, appeared to be perfectly hopeless: the claim could not be legally established without a certificate of this marriage, and it was to be found.

On reaching the inn at which George had put up, they were shown into a snug private room, and entered freely upon the principal topics of the day, with the bearings of which, however, the reverend gentleman was therefore, to entertain him, and in this, with the aid of Fred, he so completely succeeded, that the good old man ventured to declare, that he should prize it above all earthly wealth were it to please God in his mercy to restore his poor girl that she might again appreciate *such* conversation.

This was an opportunity which George did not fail to embrace: he had been anxious to mention the subject, but was apprehensive that

in doing so he might inflict pain; as however it had been alluded to, he felt himself justified in touching, with all the delicacy of which he was capable, upon this extraordinary reception that day at the cottage.

'Poor child!' said the curate; 'she believes you still to be the man whose dishonorable conduct deprived her of reason; may heaven forgive him!'

'Has she been long thus afflicted?' inquired George.

'Nearly twelve months, alas! You are not much unlike him in figure.'

'Does he reside in the neighborhood?'

'Oh, no; he lives somewhere in London, but I have never been able to ascertain where. He gave me what he called his address, but on making inquiries I found that the persons there knew nothing of him?'

'What is his name?'

'Charles Richardson he said, but I have reason to believe that name was assumed.'

'May I ask in what way you became acquainted with him?'

'He came down as you have come, to look at the register. I knew nothing of him.'

'To look at the register!' echoed George.—'How long did he remain?'

Scarcely an hour when he came with that object in view. But he returned a few days after that with the view of paying his addresses to my child. He remained on that occasion ten days.'

'And did he then wish to look at the register?'

'No; after the first visit the books were never named. His object was solely to declare his attachment to my poor girl, of whom he professed to be deeply enamored, which I as a father, well knowing her excellent qualities, did not deem unnatural; and although I at first gave him no encouragement, he being a perfect stranger, he succeeded so completely in gaining her affections, that in order to secure her happiness, I eventually consented to receive him, provided he gave such references as might convince me of his being a man of good moral character and respectably connected. On this subject he assured me that I should be perfectly satisfied, and urged me to return with him to London, in order that I might see that his character and station in society had not been misrepresented.—With this apparently frank and honorable conduct I was pleased, and consented to accompany him, and he dined with us daily, and poor Lydia was happy in viewing the bright prospects he portrayed, not only for herself, but for me, he having stated that he had amply sufficient influence with the Archbishop of Canterbury to procure for me immediate promotion.—Well, sir, the marriage day was fixed, and we started by the coach for London, leaving poor Lydia to prepare for the consummation of her fondest hopes; but on our arrival in town, he requested me to remain for one moment in the coach office, while he procured a vehicle to take us to his house, when he walked out of the yard with his small portmanteau, all the luggage he had, in his hand, and I have never, sir, seen or heard of him since. I remained in the office for more than two hours, and then left particular instructions with the persons in attendance to inform any one who might inquire for me, that I might be found in the coffee room of the inn; but no such inquiry was made, and when in the morning I found that the address which he had given was false I returned to poor Lydia, whom the news so shocked, that after a violent paroxysm of grief she sank into an afflicting state of melancholic gloom, from which, alas! she has never recovered.'

'He must have been a most unprincipled fellow,' said George.

'He *must* have been, for on my return the proprietor of the inn at which he was staying down here, put a bill into my hands of fifteen pounds ten shillings, which the worthless person had told him I insisted upon paying, which was perfectly false! It is true, I remember to have said, just as we was on the point of starting, 'Yes, yes, let it be till I return,' but I said that in consequence of his having told me that he had some little matter that morning, for which it was not worth while to change: I had certainly no idea that I had thus become answerable for such an amount. However, I paid it by instalments; but he ought to have been ashamed of himself, knowing my circumstances so well as he did.'

'But what could have been his object in coming down a second time? It surely could not have been for the cowardly gratification of trifling with the affections of that poor girl?'

'It may seem uncharitable, I know that it may, but I believe him to be wicked enough for anything.'

'But my impression is, that he had some latent object. He never alluded to the register, you say after his first visit?'

'Never.'

'Are these books ever out of your possession?'

'No; whether in the vestry or at the cottage, they are always locked up, and I have the keys which I never entrust to any one for a moment.'

'Do you happen to remember where the books were at the time?'

'Oh, yes, they were at the cottage. I remember that the church was then, as it is now undergoing repair, and when the workmen are about—and they frequently are, for the church is very old and dilapidated—I invariably have the books home.'

'Then without your knowledge, he could not have got to this register?'

'Oh, not by any possibility. Besides, as I said before, he never expressed a wish to see them; he never even alluded to them in any way after his first visit.'

'Fred,' said George, 'what sort of a man is your cousin Joseph?'

'A short, stout dark-looking person,' replied Fred.'

'Then, of course, *he* could not have been the man. Do you know any one with whom he is connected at all like me?'

'No,' replied Fred. 'I know of no one to whom you bear the slightest resemblance.'

'I must trouble you,' said George, 'to let me look at the book again to-morrow.'

'Oh, by all means,' returned the curate.

'I am not at all satisfied. There is something mysterious about the conduct of this man. His actions are those of a professional swindler, and while I feel quite convinced that he would never remain here so long without an object, I cannot believe that the object proposed was solely that of trifling with your daughter's affections. I must, therefore, again trouble you in the morning. What time shall we come?'

'Suit your own convenience; but if you will name the time, I will endeavor to get Lydia out of the way, that she may not again annoy you.'

'Oh, she will not in the slightest degree annoy us. However, I beg that you will use your own discretion; we shall do ourselves the pleasure of being with you at eleven.'

The subject was then dropped, and as the reverend gentleman soon after expressed himself anxious to take leave for the night, they insisted upon accompanying him at least half the distance, which they did, and then returned to the inn.

Usually, George went to sleep almost immediately after he retired, and continued to sleep soundly until it was time for him to rise; but on this particular night he could not sleep at all; he turned and twisted about, and re-adjusted the pillows, and tried to seduce himself into the belief that he was just dropping off; but no; nothing would do; whether his knees were up or down, his arms in or out, his pillows high or low, he could not go to sleep. This puzzled him rather; he couldn't understand it; he hadn't been used to it; but as it occurred to him eventually, that if a man couldn't go to sleep he couldn't—which is rather a remarkable fact, as sleep is too independent of the will to be forced—he sat up in bed, wedged the pillows between the bolster and his back, and then calmly reviewed all that had transpired during the day. He looked minutely into the character of Mr. Charles Richardson; he weighed his ostensible object; he imagined a variety of motives by which he might have been actuated, although they all touched upon the object which he himself had in view. But that upon which he more particularly dwelt was Lydia's cautious intimation that he might take the book with him, that she would be secret, that she would not say a word; and as this, in his judgment, denoted a 'foregone conclusion,' he sat to work to conceive what might have been done, and how what had been done might be discovered. This occupied his mind until the day began to dawn, when, having satisfied himself that he was able to detect the removal of any name from the register, no matter by what process the ink might have been discharged, he put his pillows up again and went to sleep, and slept profoundly until Fred aroused him.

'Fred, my boy,' said he, having opened the door, 'I am now more sanguine than ever of success.'

'I am glad to hear it, Mr. Julian; but I fear that it is perfectly hopeless, now.'

'I'll not give it up; Fred, yet. That fellow must have had some other design; of that I feel satisfied, and if he has been playing any trick with the register, and I strongly suspect that he has, it strikes me that I shall be able to detect it.'

'But what has led to this suspicion?'

George explained; and, while dressing, entered fully into the subjects with which his mind had been occupied during the night; and as Fred felt convinced that the marriage in question *had* been recorded, it appeared quite plain to him then that the record in reality had, by the process suggested by George been removed.

'But then,' said he, 'if even this should be ascertained, how can our object be thereby promoted? The very fact of the name of Broadbridge having been obliterated—the very detection—must be death to our hopes.'

'Not so, Fred,' returned George. 'Hope still. My feelings on the subject will in that case be far more sanguine than those of mere hope: they will amount almost to those of absolute certainty.'

'Doubtless,' rejoined Fred. 'The matter will in that event be certain enough.'

'Nay, but I allude to the certainty of success.'

'What if the name be entirely removed?'

'If in effecting its removal recourse has been had to any but one particular process, which I believe is known only to myself, the ink by which the space may have been filled up, cannot stand the action of the atmosphere: it *must go* on soon.'

'And if it should; if it should all fade away, and leave the space again blank, of what possible advantage can it be? in what way can it aid us? It is true we shall be satisfied of its having been done, but that will be but poor satisfaction in the absence of all proof of the name of Broadbridge having originally filled that space, and therefore if even this ink *should* fade—'

'Why, Fred, if it should, and the name of Broadbridge should have been originally there, the original writing can be sufficiently restored to enable us to establish your claim.'

'Is it possible?'

'Quite. Therefore hope still, Fred! We shall manage it yet.'

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DISCOVERY.

Impressed with the conviction that some trick had been played with the register, they resolved to lose no time in bringing it to the test; and therefore, after having had a hasty breakfast, they started towards the village in the full pursuasion that all the assistance the good old curate could render, they might command. George hoped that poor Lydia might be in the way, for he was anxious to hear more on the subject of her consent to the removal of the book, which it was evident had been previously, at least, solicited; but on their arrival at the

cottage, he found her absent, he at once commenced a close examination, feeling convinced that whether the name had been erased, or the ink discharged, he should be able to detect it.

To this he devoted himself zealously for nearly two hours without even the slightest prospect of success, while Fred and the curate were engaged in conversation at the window; but he continued still to prosecute his search; and, as on looking over the index for about the twentieth time, he perceived the name of Bristowe written with rather pale ink, he instantly turned to the page indicated, and saw there sufficient to convince him that the paper had been tampered with in some way.

'I have found it!' he exclaimed, on making this discovery; and the exclamation had so powerful an effect upon Fred, that for the moment it appeared to stop the action of his heart. 'Do you perceive'—do you perceive that pale ink?' he added, pointing to the name.

'But that is Bristowe, not Broadbridge!' cried Fred

'I know it! but look at the ink and then look at the surface of the paper. I'll stake my life that the name which originally occupied that spot, has been removed. The name of Bristowe has been recently written. And then look at the index! The same hand, the same ink, the same gloss upon the paper. Look thus at it: do you not perceive?'

It was at first sight, scarcely perceptible, but after a time, they both saw it distinctly, and were amazed.

'But,' exclaimed the curate, who began to feel very much alarmed, 'how could it have been done? Who could possibly have done it? The book has never for one moment been out of my possession.'

'Not to your knowledge,' replied George, 'But be assured, that the book *has* been out of your possession, and that too for several hours. It has been done with the utmost care. It could not have been hastily accomplished to such perfection.'

'But how could it have been done without my knowledge? Who will believe in the possibility of its having been done without my knowledge, when I have always locked it up myself, and carried the key in my pocket.'

George smiled, and said,—

'Sir, I believe you to be a most virtuous man; I have reason to believe that you would religiously adhere to that which you felt to be the truth. In my view, your character is irreproachable, and therefore you must not imagine for a moment, that I can entertain the thought of your having had the slightest cognizance of that which I feel well convinced has been done; but that this book has been out of your possession—that it has been by some one clandestinely obtained—I will prove to you beyond all doubt, if you will but allow it to remain open for a few days thus, that the atmosphere may gradually act upon the writing in both the index and the entry itself. Will you allow this to be done.

'Most certainly!—oh, most certainly!'

'By doing so, sir, you will not only be instrumental in bringing a most villanous transaction to light, but you will be conferring an obligation upon my friend, who will neither forget the service rendered nor be ungrateful.'

'But I feel myself bound, sir, peculiarly bound to do all in my power to promote this object. Independently of which, sir, my own reputation is at stake!'

'Do not be at all apprehensive on that score.'

'But the book, sir, has been in my custody; and if it should be found that this monstrous piece of wickedness has been accomplished, blame, sir, must attach to me—great blame.'

'I am inclined to take a different view of the matter. We attach no blame to the man that is robbed; if due caution has been used, we blame only the robber. You have taken all the care you could take of this record—that I think is abundantly clear, and therefore blame cannot attach to you if in spite of that care you have been deprived for a time of possession.'

'I don't see—I'm sure I don't see how they possibly could have got hold of it.'

'We shall be able, sir, to find even that out anon. I'll venture to say, that we shall not be long in ignorance of the mode in which the whole thing was managed.'

'I hope that we may not, sir, sincerely. But how am I to act?'

'It will be necessary only to allow the book to remain open. It will be as well, however, to let no one have access to it except in your presence.'

'No one shall touch it. I will not suffer any one even to approach it. I'll lock it up in this little back parlor securely, and having done so, I'll lock up the key.'

'We will do ourselves the pleasure of visiting you again in the course of a week; but, if in a day or two, you shall find that the ink has faded materially, you will perhaps, do me the favor to drop me a line.'

The reverend gentleman assured them that he would do so; he also assured them, that he would not permit a soul to have access to the book, under any pretence whatever, until he saw them again; and, after many reciprocal expressions of kind feeling, George and Fred left the cottage, and returned by the first coach to town.

During his absence innumerable inquiries had been made after George; for as the fact of his having abandoned the Poyais speculation had become through Bull pretty generally known upon 'Change, they who held bonds were naturally anxious to learn, not only the cause of his leaving Mac Gregor, but his opinion on the subject of that magnificent person's real views. The silence however, which George had consented to observe, he still resolved to maintain, while Bull himself—although he was sufficiently mysterious to inspire the timid with alarm—deemed it prudent to withhold all direct explanation.

'But what do you think, my dear boy!' said he on George's return. 'What do you think? Would you believe it?—eh?—*would* you believe that he has started another loan?'

'I'm not at all surprised to hear it.'

'But the amount—it'll stagger you, it will!—Eight hundred thousand pounds!'

'*Eight* hundred thousand?'

'Fact, sir, as true as you are standing there alive! Did you ever hear of such a fellow? *I* never did.'

'And does it not?'

'Take!—it can't fail to take! He does the thing in such style! The bonds are going off like wildfire, they are. It's amazing! I never saw anything like it in all my born days.'

'I am sorry to hear it,' said George. 'But the thing will very soon be put a stop to now; if I mistake not the very first accounts from Poyais will bring the whole affair to an end.'

'But what money we might have made, my dear boy, if we had but gone on with it!—eh?—what money we might have made!'

'We may consider ourselves fortunate that we got out of it so well as we did.'

'No doubt; but what terms we might have brought him to! What terms we might have stipulated for! I really think that we ought to have insisted upon somewhat better terms.—You see we made nothing by it: comparatively nothing.'

'Very true; but how much might we have lost? Nay, how much *must* we have lost had we remained in utter ignorance of his real design?'

'Aye, but what with a knowledge of that design might we have gained?'

'The world's scorn. That at least we should have gained, and most deservedly too.'

'The world's scorn?' echoed Bull, rather sarcastically, for the idea seemed to please him.—'What, my good fellow, any one would take you for a Methodist parson! What's the world's scorn to a man who has made his fortune? What need he care for the scorn of the world? Why he may snap his fingers at it in triumph, he may. What's it to him? But he never by any chance has it! The world scorns poverty, not wealth: nor does it ever scorn those who possess it. Look at the wealthy man!—see how universally he is respected. The world loves him—adores him!—His friends are his slaves!—they worship him!'

'They worship his wealth.'

'They worship *him!*'

'For his wealth. Would they worship him were he not wealthy?'

'Certainly not, and that shows what the power of wealth is! What is it to the world where the money comes from, or how it was obtained? The possession is what people look at! He who has it is sure to be looked up to and respected.'

'There is,' rejoined George, 'much sophistry in that. A line must be drawn between a man and his means. The man, who by the practice of dishonor becomes rich, is not respected by the world as a man. He appears to be respected by those whom he either serves, or can serve—as a royal duke may appear to be beloved by those tradesmen who illuminate their houses on his birth-day: but as in that case no tradesman ever dreams of illuminating, who neither gains nor expects to gain any thing by it; so in this, none ever dream of paying homage to a rogue, save those who thereby either derive, or hope to derive, some advantage. It is the wealth and not the man: that distinction should be ever borne in mind.'

'But so long as he is respected, of what importance can it be to the man himself, whether he be really respected as a man, or respected only because he is wealthy?'

'To the man himself it is of the highest conceivable importance. He who knows that he is respected only because he is wealthy, is indeed most wretched. He is tortured by that knowledge. He cannot be happy: happiness must ever be a stranger to his heart. Look at such a man—without stopping to study his character, look but in his face—and you will perceive no signs of a tranquil spirit there: know him better and you will find his temper permanently sound. He looks upon all with an eye of suspicion.—His life is embittered by the recollection of the means by which he rose, and while he is brimfull of vanity, having a feverish anxiety to obtain the good opinion of those with whom he is connected, he has nothing whatever to be proud of but his purse, the very germ of all his misery.'

'Yes, that may be all very well,' returned Bull; 'but in this world wealth is a very great blessing.'

'It is, if honorably acquired; but if obtained by the sacrifice of honor it is found to be, instead of a blessing, a curse. It is hence of the highest importance that a man should know that he is respected as a man; if he be not, or if he should feel that he is not—which has an equally powerful effect upon him—he cannot fail to be wretched, and the consciousness disturbs him most when he most needs repose. A man cannot contemn the opinion of the world having reference to himself. He may affect indifference; he may pretend to despise it, but it is but affectation; it is but pretence; of that opinion be adverse—and more especially if he be conscious of its being deservedly so, it must afflict him. None are really more sensitive than the really dishonorable. Let them conceal it as they may, they are wounded by the slightest hint, and that too the more deeply the more elevated in the scale of society they become; dishonor being a mere ulcer which neither wealth nor station can heal, while the softest touch upon the tender place will cause the most exquisite pain.'

'Then the minds of many of our most wealthy merchants,' returned Bull, 'cannot in that case be very much at ease; for the means by which they rose have been rather equivocal, they have.'

'Depend upon it, their minds are disturbed in proportion as those means have been unjust.—It is a gross and most pernicious mistake to suppose that a rich rogue is respected for aught but his riches. Now, we should have been rogues—probably, rich ones—had we gone on with this vile scheme, but then the wrongs inflicted upon the poor wretched emigrants would have haunted us till death.'

'It is, perhaps, as well as it is.'

'Much better. That 'honesty is the best policy may not always appear, but the truth of the maxim is indisputable nevertheless.

The conversation here dropped, but Bull felt, and strongly too, that they ought to have made better terms with Mac Gregor.

A SERMON, DELIVERED ON THE NATIONAL FAST DAY

BY REV. S. K. LOTHROP.

JEREMIAH, VI., 16.

Thus saith the Lord, 'Stand ye in the ways and see and ask for the good old paths and walk therein and ye shall find rest to your souls.'

Society cannot subsist without virtue. Virtue cannot be expected without religion. It follows, therefore, that religion is necessary to the permanence and well-being of civil society. The history of all the kingdoms of the world verifies this conclusion. They have risen to greatness and power and prosperity, through the influence of religion and the practice of those stern and manly virtues, which religion alone produces, and have continued to flourish so long as this influence continued to be felt. They have mouldered away to nothing, they have sunk into irretrievable degradation and ruin, when religious faith lost its altar in the hearts of the people, and the malignant effects of infidelity, a looseness of principle, a dissoluteness of manners, an enervating and corrupting luxury, ensued. Unless all history be false, and all observation of the course and progress of mankind wrong, there is no conclusion to be derived from the records of the past more sure than this.

And had not experience taught this lesson, reason itself might instruct us. That community, in which every member feels it to be the first purpose of life to prepare his soul by fidelity in duty, for an infinitely higher and purer state of being, must undoubtedly be in the fairest way, not only to be a happy community, but to become prosperous and powerful, because each man will, in his private capacity, effectually promote the public welfare. His character, his occupation, the whole conduct of his life, will be such as tend directly to the public good. A sense of the divine presence and a conviction of responsibleness to the divine law, will cause every man to be frugal, industrious, humane. Virtue of every kind will prevail. Trade will flourish, because it will have a basis in the perfect security of property that exists, and be nourished by the universal integrity that regulates its transactions. In such a society a belief in God and that fear of him, which is the beginning of wisdom, will control all hearts, therefore they can all cheerfully believe in and trust each other. Laws will be strictly obeyed, because the motive which prompts to obedience, or deters from violation, will not be a fear of human justice which may be biassed, nor of temporal punishment which may be evaded, but a reverence and regard to that divine justice whose scrutiny is not to be evaded and whose sure penalties cannot be escaped till the soul can dispossess itself of memory and conscience, which it can never do. And for the same reason also, their laws will be faithfully administered and impartially executed.

But in an irreligious society, under a government where the truths and sanctions of religion are not recognized, there can be no security to liberty, property, peace or life. Liberty wherever it is enjoyed, and under a constitution like ours especially, is preserved only by preserving an exact balance of power among the several constituent parts of the government. But how shall such a balance be preserved among us without the controlling influence of religion? What else is there to hinder the ambition of the executive department from gradually and imperceptibly encroaching on that of the Representative, or the avarice, the servility, a greedy thirst for office on the part of a majority of the Representatives from selling that share of power entrusted to it? Nothing. The influence of conscience and religion over those called to high places, and over the bulk of the people, can alone preserve and keep even that balance of power upon which our liberties depend. What safeguard or security for property is there where religion exerts no controlling influence? No human laws can be so nicely framed as that

frard shall not evade them, unless conscience encircle them with a shield and a defence in every heart, and force can break through all locks and bolts and bars unless a fear of divine justice restrain the hand of the aggressor. Peace too is little to be expected, and life itself is not safe, where malice and revenge are at full liberty, and that religion, which inculcates a meek and forgiving spirit, and teaches that 'vengeance belongeth to the Lord,' has no restraining authority.

Such being the importance of religion to civil society, every patriot and every christian must rejoice and approve, whenever its authority is recognized, whenever its influences are invoked by the government of his country. Such a recognition, such an invocation assembles our nation this day in its churches. An all-wise providence having seen fit to remove by death the distinguished individual, whom we had called to preside over and direct our national affairs, the person, upon whom constitutionally devolves his authority and his trusts, with a religious reverence that increases our confidence in his character, and a respect to the feelings of a moral and religious people which is becoming his office and station, has exhorted us to assemble this day in our churches, and with one heart and one voice acknowledge the hand of God in this event, and 'invoke him to inspire us with a proper spirit and temper of heart and mind, and strive to bestow his gracious benedictions upon our government and country.' This is well.—There is wisdom, there is propriety in this observance. Rightly is it said in the official document recommending it, that 'the death of William Henry Harrison, late President of the United States, so soon after his elevation to that high office, is a bereavement peculiarly calculated to be regarded as a heavy affliction, and to impress all minds with a sense of the uncertainty of human things, and of the dependence of nations, as well as individuals, upon our Heavenly Parent.'

The object of this solemnity, I conceive, is not eulogy, but humiliation. We meet not to heap praises upon the dead, but to reflect upon the duties of the living. Eulogy has done its work. The voice of admiration and gratitude and grief has uttered its thrilling words. The long procession, silent and sad, the martial array, the strains of muffled and mournful music, and all the solemn and impressive pageantry of funeral ceremonies, these have been had—and now we meet, not to pour flattering words into the dull cold ear of death, not to utter shouts of approbation and applause, which, if uttered, would die away long before they reached the heavenly courts, where rests, we trust, in peace and glory, the spirit of him whom we lament, but to engage in that self-inspection, that reflection upon our condition and duties, to which God has called us as a nation.

To this end I selected the words of the text as suggesting at least one of the lessons of duty, urged upon us by the visitation of God, we are met to improve. As he spake to his ancient people by the mouth of his prophet, so speaks he now to us by the voice of his providence, 'Stand ye in the way and see, and ask for the good old paths and walk therein and ye shall find rest to your souls.' Oh let us not, like that ancient people say 'we will not walk therein.' Let us not despise the wisdom and the example of those who have preceded us.

It is a law of our intellectual and moral, as well as of our physical vision, that distance diminishes the size of objects. The importance and magnitude we ascribe to them depend upon the amount of space or time by which we are separated from them. It is this law of our nature, which has led every generation to look upon itself as the most extraordinary that has ever existed, and to ascribe a momentous importance to all the transactions in which it is immediately concerned; to all the improvements or changes it is generously engaged in promoting. These are near at hand. They are directly before their eyes, so close that they cannot take in their just and relative proportions. It is like judging of the grandeur and symmetry of a building while standing within an inch of its basement story. Open the volume of history at what page we will, select an age of tyranny, when the world bowed without repining to despotic power, or a period of licentiousness, when not only oppression was restrained, but even just authority trampled down and the majesty of righteous laws insulted; take an age of exalted patriotism when private interests were absorbed and lost in concern for the public welfare—or a period when every heart was engrossed by low views, and every sentiment contracted into the narrow compass of self-love—

turn to a time of comparative inaction, when genius and science and energy seem to have departed from the earth, and mankind to be reposing on the deeds of their ancestors—or to an age of strong and vigorous action, of extensive and important changes—we every where find, let their true character be what they may, that the existing generations spake as if wisdom was born with them, as if darkness had just passed away, as if the true light was then, for the first time, shining upon the world and that beneath its invigorating rays every thing good, and great, and glorious was to be accomplished for humanity. We are not peculiar, therefore, in this age or country, in the high estimate we put upon ourselves, our advantages, our powers, and our progress. Nor are we entirely in error. Our age and country are marked by advantages and progress that have seldom been equalled in any former period. He who seeks for them, may find in some of the signs of the times, reasons enough why he should hope rather than despond; and though he discover in the character of the existing and acting generations some features and tendencies, that excite alarm, he will perceive others that cheer and encourage. Nay! if we look for them we may find in some of the circumstances connected with the event which has led to this day's solemnities, considerations that should cheer and gladden the heart, make us proud of our country and confident of its institutions. He would not be wide of the truth, I conceive, who should contend, that in one aspect the people of this country have recently exhibited to the nations a spectacle morally sublime. Six months since we were in the midst of a stormy political campaign, in an election as important and as fiercely contested, as ever engaged the attention of a nation. Every mind was awake, and passion and feeling were excited almost to phrenzy. A stranger in our Israel, looking on amid the scenes, would have said, it cannot be that one of these parties will submit to the other; this thing can only end in rebellion, anarchy, and civil war—in the destruction of the peace and the overthrow of the institutions of the country. But it did not so end. The hour for decision came and passed. The event was decided by the quiet individual expression of each citizen's opinion and wishes in the constitutional form, and the announcement of that decision is like oil upon the troubled sea. The waves of passion subside, the tempest of political strife is hushed; a calm comes in upon men's minds and hearts. The defeated candidate resigns without question or delay his high place, lays down his great power, leaves the palace of the nation, and retires to an obscure and quiet village The successful candidate, summoned from private life, uplifted by the voice of the nation—inducted with due solemnities into his high office—gathers around him the wise and prudent for counsellors, and quietly proceeds to the exercise of his authority, and the discharge of his trusts. But scarcely is he clothed with his honors and invested with his high prerogatives, when he is called to resign them. The oath of office is yet warm upon his lips, and strong upon his conscience, when the prayer for help is breathed in vain from his heart. He is laid low in death. Now then, the tempest of political strife will burst forth afresh. The disaffected and defeated, by well concerted schemes of open opposition, or secret machination will seek to seize and recover their lost power, and civil commotion and trouble will ensue. Not so. The constitutionally elected successor immediately proceeds to the capital, travelling like any private citizen unguarded and unarmed, and quietly, without noise or opposition, or question from any quarter, assumes the reins of government, takes up the high commission which death has dropt at his feet, and proceeds to the discharge of its duties, and there is peace, and hope, and confidence in the land. I know not how all this may strike others; but to myself there is something morally grand in the spectacle, and as gratifying as grand. It is an evidence that the constitution is yet invested with a majesty and reverence, which secures obedience to its high behests and provisions. It proves that amid the restlessness and agitation of their passions, which play upon and disturb the surface of life, just as the noisy waves dash and break upon the surface of the sea, there is yet a mighty mass of intelligence and moral power residing in the hearts of this people, which bears them onward in their true course, just as the ground swell from the depth of the ocean heaves in the advancing tide. It increases our confidence in the permanence of our civil institutions, and teaches the most sceptical that they have strength and stability enough to pass through scenes and sustain shocks, which would prostrate most governments in the dust.

The present then, is not all blackness and darkness. He, who seeks for them, may, as I have said, find some things to cheer and encourage. We are not entirely in error in the high estimate we put upon ourselves, as a nation, our advantages, our powers, and our progress; yet we may be much in the wrong in our judgment ane conduct. A man, standing immediately under its eaves, may be correct in his conclusion that the building before him is one of vast dimensions, but at the same time he may from his position very much mistake its exact size, miscalculate the proportions and excellencies of its relative parts, and seriously injure the building in the changes and additions he proposes to make. So we may be entirely correct in the conclusion, that the advantages and progress of our country are extraordinary, great beyond all comparison, and yet from our very proximity to them, we may very much miscalculate their worth, and very much misjudge in the measures we adopt for making further progress, and attaining higher advantages. We are not wrong in thinking highly of our privileges and opportunities, but we may be wrong in exaggerating our worthiness of them, in disregarding the dangers to which the possession of them exposes us, in neglecting the dictates of a wise and considerate prudence in the use we make of them. That a spirit of exaggeration, of self-confidence, of love of change and innovation amounting to rashness and precipitancy, a disregard of consequences amounting to recklessness, that this spirit prevails to a wide extent in the present generation, cannot be doubted. The public annals, and records of private life in every department of business prove it. There is need enough that the caution of the text be addressed to and urged upon the people of this country. It is time for us to begin to acknowledge that our fathers were not entirely barbarians, that they were not wholly in the dark, that they had a measure of wisdom, some means of discovering the good, the true, the useful, and some disposition to adopt and apply them; that many things which they practised, established and upheld, are not necessarily oppressive, unrighteous or injurious to social or individual liberty and happiness. It is time that we stand in the way and inquire for the good old paths and walk therein; endeavor in all the enterprises and duties of life, both public and private, to have and exercise that firmness and strength of principle, that calmness of wisdom, that caution and moderation of action, which will prevent liberty from sinking into licentiousness, zeal from degenerating into phrenzy, and reformation from ending in destruction. We needed correction, and ought to heed the call to repentance and improvement.

We are a young people, still in our infancy as a nation, distinguished alike by the favorable opportunities we enjoy, and the strong and commanding motives that press upon us to be virtuous, yet distinguished also, there is reason to fear, for our neglect of these opportunities, our disregard of these motives, and the increase of crime, and the progress of moral degeneracy among us. The reproach, formerly cast upon us, of being a 'nation of drunkards,' would not now be true to the the extent it once was. Intemperance, profaneness, a disregard of the outward forms and institutions of religion, these do not prevail with us more, perhaps not so much, as with some other nations; yet there are dark features conspicuous enough in our national character and tendencies. We cannot deny a growing dissoluteness of manners, a fondness for show and a style of living at variance with the stern and dignified simplicity of a republican society. We must plead guilty to an unchecked and extravagant passion for wealth, which, in in its thirst for gratification, tramples upon integrity and violates right, and in the dealings of many private individuals, in the transactions of some corporate institutions, and sometimes in the proceedings of public legislative bodies, produces a total disregard of honesty and the sacred obligations of contracts. Family discipline, the great nursery of virtue and foundation of national security, has widely declined, and in consequence there is extensively manifested a restlessness under wholesome laws, an indisposition to submit to the necessary restraints of good government. Party spirit is virulent and violent, and character, especially the characters of public men are assailed through the public press, with abuse and defamation, often in wanton contempt of truth and justice.

Brethren, have I used too strong language?—Is it not sustained by fact? Might I not present a dreadful array of statistics, proving it to be true? Might I not quote from the public

press, passages, which, if they are to be relied upon and taken as authority, would prove almost all the distinguished public men of all parties to be, I had almost said, fiends incarnate, men devoid of principle and patriotism, destitute of every noble and generous quality, actuated solely by a selfish, reckless and ungodly ambition, and more worthy, according to the light in which they are held up to the public view, of the penitentiary, than of office and honor.

Might I not present a list of murders, suicides, robberies, arsons, rapes, burglaries, forgeries and swindlings, committed or brought to light within the last few years, nay within the last few months, and committed too by and among all classes, high and low, rich and poor, ignorant and educated, a list whose aggregated amount would startle the most insensible, and dispose one to believe that the community was rotten and corrupt to its very core. But I forbear; my heart sickened and almost fainted within me, as I looked over a list of the kind, I met with a few days since in one of the public prints.

And what is yet more humiliating, and indicative of our danger, is, that the public mind does not seem to be much aroused or alarmed. Every day almost, teems with the intelligence of some fearful crime committed, with the developement of some base and utterly dishonest transaction, in private enterprise, or planned and perpetrated under the shield and through the instrumentality of some public institution, and yet the people sit comparatively quiet, as if these things were to be expected, and were ordinary affairs. There is not that lightning flash of righteous indignation, which should break from the hearts of a pure people to wither and rebuke the ungodly, who have proved faithless to their duty and their trusts. We seem to have arrived at the first great stage in a downward progress, and the precursor of ruin, viz: insensibility to outrage and wrong committed against the majesty of virtue, and the security of property and life.

God grant, that his goodness in calling us to thought and reflection by laying bare his arm to smite the head of the nation, may not fall upon hardened and impenitent hearts May his rebuke be felt in the national councils, to the destruction of rancor and malice, and selfish ends, and party strifes, and to the promotion of the public good and the higher interests of the country. May it be felt in the markets and in the exchange, and in all the transactions of business, to the extinction of fraud and dishonesty, and an unholy thirst for gain, and to the increase of integrity, fairness, unsullied honor, and a calmness and moderation in the pursuit of riches. May it be felt in the family circle and in social intercourse to the suppression of pride and luxury and show and outward seeming, and the cultivation of sincerity and simplicity, and love unfeigned. May it be felt in each and all our hearts to the casting down of our proud imaginations, the reproof of our self-confidence, the reform of our reckless lives, leading us all to stand in the way and seek and inquire for the good old paths in which our Fathers walked, and walk therein ourselves. Our Fathers, of earlier and later generations, were men of integrity and piety. These two virtues are the great security of individual honor and success, are the bulwarks of national prosperity and glory. We cannot do better than to imitate men so worthy of imitation in these respects. We may lament their errors, regret their prejudices, pity their infirmities and smile at their weakness in attaching importance to matters, which now seem to us trifling and insignificant. We may admit all that can be urged against the gloom and severity of their characters, against the strictness of their notions, as shutting out too much the innocent and refreshing pleasures of life, and enforcing a discipline irksome, cheerless, oppressive, against the illiberal and fiery pertinacity of their zeal, violating charity and peace. But after all these admissions, which are but spots upon the sun, enough remains in their stern and unbending *integrity*, their lofty and devoted *piety*, to constitute them some of the brightest lights of the world, some of the noblest specimens of human nature and christian virtue that the course of ages has produced. Let us imitate them in these things, let us equal them in simplicity of life, in godly sincerity, in temperance, in humility, in patience, in an unfaltering firmness of purpose and integrity of soul, in an unwavering trust and a devout reverence towards God, and we need wish for no higher glory for ourselves, or for our country. Its institutions, its prosperity and its peace, are then secure. The Lord will be with us, even as he was with our Fathers. That righteousness which exalteth a nation, will prevail throughout our borders. Walking in the old paths of *integrity* and *piety* we shall find rest to our souls.

[From Blackwood's Magazine, for May.]

THE TREASURE CONVOY.

A PASSAGE IN THE EARLY CAREER OF THE IMPECINADO.

Amongst the various incidents which console the private soldier on active service for frequent bad quarters and short commons, one of the most agreeable perhaps in his eyes is, the occasional chance of a little fair plunder, when it can be obtained without too great a contravention of the rules of discipline. Thus the sack of a town may be reckoned as a set-off against a month or two of half rations and rainy bivouacs; a score of gold pieces found in the girdle of a fallen enemy, would help to efface the disagreeable recollection of a prolonged absence of the wine-flask, and consequent ingurgitation of spring water—a beverage, by the way, to which soldiers of most nations are singularly averse; whilst a few days' free quarters in the house of some snug priest, possessed of a well-stored cellar, and a couple of good looking handmaidens, might be considered no inadequate compensation for the weariness of forced marches, and frequently-recurring picket duty.

Perhaps few armies ever availed themselves more unsparingly of the invader's privilege of plunder and pillage, than those that Napoleon sent into Spain during the peninsular war.—Not unfrequently, however, the soldiers who had enriched themselves in this manner were either slain or taken by the enemy, or else compelled to abandon their too bulky spoils, in order to lighten themselves for a rapid march, or hasty retreat. In the latter circumstances, many of the French buried their treasure at the foot of some tree, or near some huge stone, or other landmark, which might enable them to recover their prize at a future period. This was especially the case before the battle of Vittoria, so disastrous to the French arms; and many rich deposits were on that occasion confided to the fertile plains of Alaya. The scampering retreat of the French towards Pampeluna and their own frontiers, of course prevented the recovery of these valuables; but when the overthrow of Napoleon had restored peace to Europe, more than one sunburnt veteran recrossed the Pyrenees in the novel character of a treasure-seeker. In many instances, however, the search was fruitless; the landmarks had been removed; the plough or the mountain torrent had laid bare the golden store, which had become the prize of the passer-by. But this was not always the case; and the Basque peasants witnessed with surprise and envy the disinterment of treasures, comprising every variety of ornament and denomination of coin—from the weighty gold candlestick snatched from the altar, to the jewelled ear-rings and broches of the Castilian ladies; from the massive *onza* to the diminutive *durito*, those charming little miniatures of Spanish kings which replace so agreeably the cumbrous silver dollar.

Whilst the French rifled indiscriminately the church and the palace, the sacristy and the boudoir, the Spaniards did not allow any opportunity of retaliation to escape. They kept a sharp look-out for the convoys of money and stores which were constantly arriving from France for the use of the armies under Napoleon's lieutenants; and woe betide the luckless escort which was encountered by a body of guerillas sufficiently numerous to attack it! Animated by the double hope of plunder and revenge, the Spaniards fought like devils, and when once all resistance was overcome, and the coveted treasure in their power, the knife of the cord speedily relieved them from the encumbrance of prisoners. At the commencement of the war, these surprises were of frequent occurrence; the overweening conceit of the French generals and misplaced contempt for the irregular warfare of the Spanish guerilla leaders, inducing them to send very feeble escorts, even when the treasure to be conveyed was of immense amount. Some severe lessons, however, and the formidable increase of the bands of various daring partisans, in time compelled them to greater prudence; and towards the end of the war, a brigade, or even a division, was frequently sent where, three or four years previously, a squadron or battalion would have been deemed more than sufficient. The baggage waggons and stores were protected; but for the troops the duty became most harassing and severe.

On a sunny afternoon towards the commencement of the peninsular war, a man was seated on a rock which overlooks the high-road, at a short distance from the village at Bahabon in Old Castile. The dress of this person was that of the greater part of the peasants of the northern moiety of Spain at the period referred to. A broad-leafed felt hat overshadowed a set of features, which, although large and somewhat coarse, were not wanting in regularity, and the expression of which was one of vast energy and audacity. A thick black mustache covered the mouth, and joined a pair of bushy whiskers, and a well-grown beard of the same jetty hue. The sheepskin jacket which hung loosely on its wearer, exaggerated his herculean proportions and tremendous breadth of shoulder, which were worthy of a giant, although the stature of this man did not exceed the middle height. His hands were large and bony, tanned by the sun, and covered with a skin which, for hardness, might have rivalled the toughest horn. On the ground by his side lay a long single-barrelled gun; whilst the leathern belt round his waist was well lined with cartridges, and moreover supported one of those large sharp-pointed knives, which are furnished with a spring to prevent their closing when used as a poniard.

The elevated crag on which this personage had established himself, commanded a view for a considerable distance along the high-road to

Burgos, and itself formed part of a double range of rocks and precipices hemming in the road, which, for half a mile or more, assumed the character of a narrow defile. For upwards of three hours, the vidette had been straining his eyes in the direction of the ancient capital of Castile. From his perch, he was able to see all that passed as far as an abrupt turning of the road at nearly a league off in the direction of Burgos, but it would have required a very close observation to have discovered him, screened as he was by rugged masses of rock, whose dark tints assimilated in hue with the sombre colors of his habiliments. No one worthy of particular notice had passed during the period of his watch. Occasionally a peasant goaded along his two lazy oxen, dragging after them one of those primitive-looking carts which to this day are in general use in Spain, and whose solid wheels—circular pieces of wood, with an axle inserted in the centre—proclaimed by their loud creakings the owner's economy of grease, which he had probably preferred putting into his soup to wasting on his waggon. From time to time jogged past some village priest, his feet concealed in the huge wooden stirrups, or rather boxes, which dangled on either side of his ambling black pony. These and other uninteresting parties of peasant women and muleteers passed unnoticed by the sentry, who, as the day declined, and the sun approached the horizon, manifested various symptoms of impatience, and muttered sundry energetic imprecations, addressed apparently to the person or persons whose delay in arriving was the cause of his vexation. Suddenly, however, he started to his feet, and shading his eyes with his hand, gazed steadfastly at the turning of the road. A small party of horsemen appeared at a walk, and were followed by a train of covered waggons, such as were used by the French for the transport of money and valuable stores. These vehicles was nearly thirty in number, and their rear was brought up by another cavalry picket, forming with the advanced guard about sixty troopers. When the whole had turned the angle of the road which, as before stated, was nearly a league from the defile, the Spaniard caught up his gun, and bounding from rock to rock with the agility of a chamois, soon reached a deep-ravine at half musket-shot distance from his former post.

Stretched amidst the harebells and other wild-flowers, which bordered a small rivulet, were between thirty and forty men, most of whom had the appearance of peasants, although some few had a half military costume, and five or six wore clothes which betokened them to belong to a rather superior class than the majority of their companions. They were all armed, either with muskets, rifles, or *escopetas*, the long fowl-piece common in Sp in, and which, from the solidity of its construction, is perfectly well adapted to carry ball. Some of the members of this motley assemblage were indulging in the siesta, others puffing the eternal cigarito, and a third portion were grouped round two men who were gambling for *pesetas* with a dingy-looking pack of cards; but on the appearance of the new comer, sleepers, smokers, and card players crowded around him.

'*A las armas! muchachos!*' cried he, 'the prize is at hand. In half an hour the *gavachos* will enter the defile, and it is time to post ourselves for the attack.'

'*Viva Martin Diez! Viva el Impecinado!*' was the reply, and seizing their arms, the party hastily followed the daring adventurer, who, then in the commencement of his career, was destined erelong to assume a high rank amongst the most intrepid defenders of his natal soil.

Meantime, the convoy advanced towards the defile at a steady pace. Their halting place for the night was Arauda, from which town they were not more than three or four leagues off. There they would find three thousand cavalry, and other troops, under the command of Murat, and there a part of the waggons were to remain, whilst the others would be forwarded to different *corps d'armee*, further in the interior of the country. The mules which dragged the carts were mounted by some soldiers of the waggon train, and the escort, commanded by a lieutenant, was composed of a detachment of that fine body of dragoons known by the name of *gendarmerie l'armee*. There were also several commissaries in charge of the stores, the chief of whom rode in front with the officer commanding, whilst the others were distributed along the line, in order to watch over the safety of the valuables for which they were responsible.

The head of the column had passed more than half way through the defile, and the officer of gendarmes was calling his companion's attention to the strength of the pass, and explaining to him how admirably it might be defended by a handful of resolute men against an army.

'Neither would it be a bad place for a surprise, added he; 'and I promise you I should not sit quite so easily in my saddle if I thought there were any of those canaille of guerillas in this part of the country; 'but, thank Heaven! the province is swept clean of them for the present, and'——

He was prevented from finishing his sentence by a ponderous fragment of rock, which moved by some invisible power, lumbered down the acclivity that flanked the road, and falling on the unfortunate Frenchman, crushed him and his horse to the ground. At the same instant, a volley of musketry was heard, and a dozen dragoons rolled in the dust; whilst the others, confused by the suddenness of the attack, stared about them, endeavoring, but in vain, to discover the enemy by which they were so unexpectedly assailed. On all sides arose steep and rugged crags, but not a human creature was to be seen. Now and then, it is true, through some narrow opening in the rocks, or from behind the bushes of wild rosemary, which grew here and there in the fissures of the precipices, a glimpse might be caught of bronzed fierce-looking countenances, whose apparition, however, was so momentary, that they might almost have passed for phantoms conjured up by the imagination, had it not been for the deadly execution

done by the muskets of these ambushed foes. Before the smoke of the first volley had cleared away, another succeeded, and was followed by a scattering fire, and by a shower of heavy stones. Scarce a shot but took effect, either on the dragoons or on their horses; for the Spaniards, although for the most part young and irregular soldiers, were veteran hunters and *contrabandistas*, and, as such, admirable marksmen.

Owing to the windings of the defile, the rearguard, which was separated from the van by the line of waggons and their mules, was not immediately aware of what was going on in front; and when a sergeant rode forward to ascertain the meaning of the firing, he found the last of the dragoons, the commissaries, and the drivers, falling fast under the murderous fire of the guerillas, to which it was impossible to make any effectual return. The road was so narrow, that it would have been impracticable for the wagons to turn, even had there been any advantage in attempting a retreat; but being half-way through the defile, they would, either in advancing or retiring had equally far to go, before the cavalry could arrive at ground on which it might have been possible for them to act. Under these circumstances, the subaltern who commanded the rearguard, left a fourth of his men in charge of the horses, and dismounting the remainder, led them hastily forward, carbine in hand, with the hope of being able to get at the enemy, by making his dragoons act as light infantry. But he was only hastening his doom, and that of his gallant little band, which had not proceeded fifty yards towards the head of the column, when, from a sort of mountain gorge on the right of the road, a close and destructive volley was poured in amongst them, and a score of Spaniards headed by the Impecinado, rushed furiously on the survivers. The struggle was short, for the dragoons, entangled amongst the carts and amongst the bodies of their dead and dying companions, and moreover being encumbered by their heavy accoutrements and long sabres, were no match for the active and lightly equipped mountaineers whose bayonets and knives soon terminated the unequal strife.

The evenig was closing in when the Impecinado and his little band began to make arrangements for withdrawing with their booty from the scene of the skirmish we have described. Nearly a hundred French soldiers had fallen by the hands of thirty-five peasants, whose inferiority of numbers, arms, and discipline, had, however, been more than compensated by the advantage of their position, and the peculiar nature of the ground. The victors, after ascertaining that they had left no living enemy on the field of battle, fastened the riderless horses behind the carts; and urging on the mules with whip and voice, the convoy soon emerged from the defile, preceded by the Impecinado and half-a-dozen of his companions, mounted on the pick of the captured troopers. They kept along the *camino real* for about a mile, until they arrived at a cross road, into which they struck and, after an hour's march, found themselves on the borders of a large and dreary moor, intersected by the continuation of the track they had been following, but which they now deserted, and, proceeding a short distance to the left, soon arrived in front of a small cluster of houses.—These habitations, although spacious, and, like most of he peasant's dwellings in the mountainous districts of Spain, constructed of solid blocks of stone, had an appearance of extreme poverty, which harmonized well with the wretched and half-famished looks of some women and children who were sitting and lying about the doors, and who rose in consternation at the approach of the cavalcade. Their alarm, however, was converted into rejoicings, when they saw their own countrymen instead of the dreaded and detested *Franceses*.

The party halted in front of the houses, and the Impecinado, alighting from his horse, opened one of the baggage-carts, and lifted out the first thing which came under his hand. It was a wooden box, which, although not large, was so weighty that it required a considerable exertion of strength to raise it, and with an oath he dashed it on the rocky soil. The fastenings of the chest broke with the violence of the fall, and a vast quantity of gold coin rolled in all directions. The ground was strewed with single and double louis-d'ors and napoleons, and the fortunate possessors of all this wealth lifted up their hands and eyes in astonishment at the sight of riches greater than their wildest dreams could ever have pictured to them. A general investigation ensued, and the carts were found to be great part laden with specie intended for the use of the French armies, but was now likely to receive a very different destination. There were also numerous trunks and packages addressed to officers of rank, and containing uniforms, epaulets, and other articles of equipment. These passed in review by the guerillas, who appeared to experience at the sight of all this military finery the sort of half contemptuous admiration natural to men to whom luxury was unknown, and who had been accustomed to satisfy their wants by the simplest and most primitive means. An observer would have been diverted at seeing these hardy mountaineers putting on embroidered pouch-belts over their coarse brown jackets, and momentarily replacing their greasy sombreros and colored woollen caps by the cocked hats and plumes which had been forwarded from Paris for the use of the French generals and their aides-de-camp.

Whilst his men were thus occupied, the Impecinado consulted with two or three of those in whose judgment he had the most confidence, as to the course to be adopted to secure the booty; for the French, at the period we are speaking of, overran Castile in every direction; and as soon as the daring exploit of the guerillas became known, strong detachments would inevitably be sent in their pursuit, and measures taken to hem them in on all sides, and prevent their ultimate escape, or their junction with any large body of Spanish troops. The most feasible plan appeared to be to strike across the moor, and by means of by-roads well known to the Impecinado, to

gain one of the sierras, or mountain ridges, which abound in Old Castile. There they would find caves and hiding-places in which the treasure could be placed, until an increase of force might enable their chief to brave the French more openly than he could pretend to do with the handful of men he now commanded, and which was merely intended to serve as a nucleus for the organization of a large and effective guerilla corps.

The horses and mules, however, had been marching since morning, and appeared too much fatigued for it to be prudent to commence the projected march immediately. After traversing the moor, the roads were bad, especially for the carts, and it would have been highly imprudent to risk an accident in those narrow and difficult mountain passes, where the falling of a mule, or the overturning of one of the waggons, might compromise the safety of the whole party by the delay it would occasion. Besides this, there appeared no necessity for such immediate hurry. The nearest garrison was at three leagues distance from the scene of the skirmish, and it was highly improbable that the news of the surprise of the convoy would reach it before the next morning; so that it would be mid-day before the French troops could discover the track of the guerillas. Under these circumstances, it was resolved to remain where they were a part of the night, and to resume their march at two or three in the morning. Orders were given to unharness, and the mules and horses were placed in the stables and outhouses of the hamlet, and amply provided with straw and barley.—The Impecinado superintended these arrangements, caused the broken money-chest to be fastened up again, and placed in the cart, and had a guard mounted over the waggons to protect them from pillage. He deemed it unnecessary to post advanced sentries, considering it impossible that any pursuit should be directed against him before the following day.

He would, perhaps, have felt less confident of his safety, had he been aware of a circumstance which had escaped his notice, and that of every individual of his band.

At the commencement of the attack on the convoy, the horse mounted by the French commissary had been startled by the fall of the mass of rock which crushed the officer of gendarmes, and being a somewhat spirited animal, commenced a series of capers productive of excessive discomfort to his rider, a little fat man, possessed of a most rotund and commissary-like paunch, and of a pair of short bulbous-looking legs, which experienced no small difficulty in adhering to the sides of the restive bucephalus. The curvets and prancing of the horse probably saved the life of the horseman, by causing him to present an unsteady mark to the well aimed bullets of the guerillas. At length, divided between the fear of being shot and that of being thrown, the unfortunate little gentleman gave up the contest with his steed, who took the bit between his teeth and set off at full speed, which he did not slacken until he had accomplished nearly half the distance from the defile to Aranda. The remainder of the journey his rider prevailed on him to perform at a more deliberate pace; and, on his arrival, hastened to report to the general commanding, the attack of the convoy, and the perils to which he had been exposed. His fears and his imagination, however, caused him to convert the little band of guerillas, whom he had not even seen, into a formidable and numerous body of Spanish troops; and the French general, although he had no previous intimation of the possible vicinity of such an army, deemed it only prudent to proceed himself with a large force to reconnoitre the enemy, and if possible, to recapture the large sum of which there could be no doubt that the latter had obtained possession. He set out, therefore, with half-a-dozen squadrons of light cavalry, leaving the infantry to follow, and taking with him, as a guide, the unfortunate commissary, in spite of the extraordinary repugnancy manifested by that gentleman for the pleasures of a night march.

The Impecinado, having completed all his arrangements, entered one of the houses, and threw himself on a bed, in an upper room, in order to take a little repose before starting on his early march. He was soon buried in a deep sleep, from which he was awakened an hour or two later by the report of fire-arms outside the house. Springing from the coarse mattress, stuffed with dried maize leaves, which forms the bed of most Spanish peasants, he rushed to the window, and looking out, beheld a sight calculated to unnerve and reduce to despair any man of less courage than Juan Martin Diez Two squadrons of French hussars were hastily surrounding the houses, whilst, from the direction of the lane which led from the moor to the high-road, and which the Impecinado and his band had followed after the capture of the convoy, a long line of cavarly were advancing at a hand-gallop, and as they arrived were drawn up by their officers at about a hundred yards in front of the hamlet. The waggons were already in possession of the French, who had cut down the men appointed to guard them. Not anticipating any greater danger than some petty attempt at pilfering by the inhabitants of the houses, they had kept too negligent a watch, and had barely had time to fire the shots which warned the Impecinado of his danger, before they were sabred by the hostile cavalry.

In front of the compact column of troops which was rapidly forming, and mounted on a richly caparisoned charger, appeared the French general surrounded by his staff. He was a young man, whose dark countenance, if not regularly handsome, had a frank and pleasing expression, and whose well-turned limbs and soldierly bearing, showed off to advantage a splendid hussar's uniform covered with lace and embroidery. A profusion of long curling hair escaped from under his shako; a curved Damascus scimitar, with a jewelled hilt, hung by his side; and in his hand he carried a small gold-mounted riding-whip, with which he impatiently tapped his morocco boot, whilst giving some directions to one of his aides-de-camp. In this

elegant *militaire*, the Impecinado, who had once before had an opportunity of seeing him, immediately recognized Murat, the hussar *par excellence*, the greatest dandy and most dashing cavalry-officer of Bonaparte's armies.

It required but a single glance of the guerilla's quick eye to take in all these details. The moon, which was nearly at the full, threw a strong light over the moor, and over the military array just described. By the order of Murat, a party of cavalry dismounted, and commenced the search of the houses. Already the Impecinado heard their footsteps on the staircase leading to his room. It was no time for hesitation or wavering; he opened the window, and stepped out upon the rudely constructed balcony, which was thrown into deep shade by the wall of the house and the projecting roof above. Underneath the window, several hussars were walking their horses up and down to prevent the escape of the enemy, whom their comrades had gone in quest of. The balcony was about twenty feet from the ground. The Impecinado suspended himself for an instant by his hands to the wooden balustrade, and then letting go his hold, dropped on his feet on the near side of one of the sentries. Before the astonished soldier had time to turn his head, he was thrown under his horse's belly, and the Impecinado, bounding lightly into the saddle, dashed past the French general and his staff, and galloped at full speed across the moor, in the direction of the road leading to the mountains.

The action had been so sudden, that the Spaniard got a tolerable start before any one thought of following him. Soon, however, a score of dragoons spurred their horses in pursuit; and then commenced that most animating and exciting of all chases, a man hunt. In the broad light of the moon, every movement of the fugitive and of his pursuers was visible to the French troops. In front rode the Impecinado, bareheaded, his long black elf-locks floating in the breeze, urging on his horse by an unsparing application of the thong fastened to the end of his dragoon bridle. At various distances behind him came his pursuers, two only of whom seemed to have a good chance of overtaking him.—Arrived about midway across the plain, one of the latter found himself within ten yards of the guerilla, and drawing a pistol from his holster, he took aim and fired. He would have done better to have saved his cartridge, for the ball whistled over the head of the Impecinado, merely serving to remind him that he also would probably find a pistol in the holsters of the horse he bestrode. He was right in his conjecture.—Rising in his stirrups, he turned his body half round in the saddle. His enemy was only a couple of horses' length from him. A report was heard, and the hussar fell from his charger; the well trained animal immediately halting by the side of his wounded master.

The Impecinado now redoubled his efforts to escape. As good-luck would have it, the horse of which he had possessed himself in so daring a manner, was one of the fleetest of the squadron to which it belonged. The guerilla was thus enabled to keep far ahead of his pursuers, with the exception of one, a non-commissioned officer, who had taken advantage of the momentary slackening of speed, when the Impecinado fired his pistol, to diminish the distance between himself and the fugitive. The moor, however, was now crossed, and Martin Diez entered a narrow road, his horse's shoes striking fire as he rattled over the loose flints which paved the ground. The path was overhung by the twisted limbs of wild apple and plum trees, and he had to bow his head on his charger's neck to avoid receiving severe blows from the projecting branches. He had hoped that when he left the open ground the pursuit would cease, but in this he was mistaken. He still heard behind him the clatter of hoofs, and the hard breathing of a horse, which every moment brought nearer and nearer. He now saw that it would be impossible to escape without a struggle from his relentless pursuer, and he immediately devised a plan for neutralizing the superiority which the weapons of the dragoon would give him over an unarmed antagonist. Arrived at a sharp turn in the road he had no sooner passed it than he faced his horse about, and the Frenchman coming up at the same instant, fell as it were into his adversary's arms, without being able to make use of the sabre which he brandished in his hand. The dragoon was a powerful man, full six feet high, one of those red-mustached, fair-haired Alsatians who abound in the ranks of the French army, and make such excellent soldiers, uniting the phlegm and steady coolness of the German with the headlong courage of their more vivacious countrymen. He grappled resolutely with his foe; but his strength, had it been twice as great, was useless, when opposed to the iron muscles and vice-like grasp of the Spaniard. They both rolled from their horses to the ground, and, in falling, the Impecinado caught his opponent's cheek in his teeth, and pinned him with the gripe of a bulldog. Then, when his foe was writhing with the acuteness of the pain, and vainly endeavoring to extricate himself, and to pick up the sword which had escaped from his hand in the struggle, he suddenly let go his hold, and raising his foot, gave one stamp on the prostrate body of the unhappy Frenchman. The horn of a Murcian bull would hardly have caused a more ghastly or fatal wound. The bowels of the poor wretch burst from his side, his eyes rolled till their whites only were visible, and, as with a convulsive movement he turned round upon his face, a stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and mingled with the waters of a streamlet which rippled by the spot where this frightful contest had taken place.

Three minutes later, a party of hussars pulled up their panting animals by the side of their expiring comrade. The death-rattle was in his throat, and in the distance might be heard the sounds of a horse's feet cantering towards the mountains.

The French troops returned to Aranda, whilst the Impecinado, noways daunted by the disastrous issue of his first enterprise, soon re-ap-

peared in the field at the head of a more numerous band, and by many a successful foray and gallant deed revenged the deaths of his first adherents slain by the French, in retaliation for the massacre of the escort.

A FRENCH TRAGEDY.

Among the books sent to us by our London agent, and received by the Caledonia, is the '*Memoirs of M. Fleury*,' edited by Theodore Hook, from which we make several extracts for this paper. M. Fleury was a French comedian of the latter part of the last century. He played before Voltaire in his boyhood at Ferney, and in his old age visited the Spanish princes at Valencay, an estate belonging to M. Talleyrand, where they were confined by Napoleon. His career therefore, carried him through the entire sweep of the revolution into the days of the Empire.—The volumes before us undertake to describe all this in the form of an auto-biography. We have no means whatever of ascertaining whether they are authentic. All we can say about them is that they are singularly entertaining, that they are written with consummate skill, and that instead of being merely a detail of theatrical experiences, they embrace the wider stage of the political world. M. Fleury puts us, as it were, into the proscenium-box, and presents us with a succession of *tableaux*, in which he represents the history of his own times, chequered and relieved by as great a variety of personal recollections as he can gather up.

The following story illustrates the manners and feelings of the period. The profession of the actor we need not remind the reader, was ever held in horror by the church. A young performer named Prosper D'Emery, but whose real name was D'Ussieux, fell in love with a merchant's daughter, and, renouncing the stage, contrived to get himself into favor with the lady's family, who had no suspicion of his former occupation. The sequel is a strange commentary on the bigotry of the times.

The clerk, who had been engaged on Crussol's departure for Bordeaux, was now dismissed, and superseded by one who was beloved by M. and Madame Crussol as their son, and by Marianne regarded as her future husband. This was no other than d'Ussieux. He had renounced the profession of the stage, which would have been an insuperable bar to his union with the object of his affections. At that time the nobility, and liberal-minded persons in all classes of society, loved the drama, and patronized and treated actors with respect; yet old prejudices existed in full force among the commercial and trading classes, especially in Toulouse, where the theatre was regarded as a school of philosophy and perdition.

To persons of this mode of thinking, no play could possibly be more hateful than the *Widow of Malabar;* and the Toulousian clergy set every spring in motion to prevent its performance. However, in spite of this potent opposition the play was actually in preparation; but the absence of the actor who was to give effect to the character of the young Brahmin, did more than all the efforts of the priests; it prevented the play being brought out.

Meanwhile the day fixed for the union of Marianne and d'Ussieux arrived. The betrothed lovers were at the altar, the aged parents of the bride gazed on their children, and inwardly prayed for their happiness. The priest was performing the ceremony, and was on the point of uttering that interrogation that binds the married pair forever. Suddenly a man, forcing his way through the assembled group of spectators, advanced to the balustrade in front of the altar.—This was the clerk who had been dismissed by Crussol, and who was superseded by d'Ussieux. The priest, indignant at this interruption, was about to order the intruder to quit the church, when the man handed him an open billet. The priest took it, and as he perused the writing his brow lowered and his color rose. Then raising his voice, he thus addressed the bridegroom:

'Your name is not Prosper d'Ussieux, but Prosper d'Emmery.

'My name is Prosper d'Ussieux,' replied the young man in a tremulous voice, taken by surprise by this unexpected address.

'Swear, I command you, before God and his minister, that your name is not d'Emmery!'

'My name is Prosper d'Ussieux; and I swear before God and his minister to be faithful to Marianne, and to devote my whole life to her happiness.'

'The happiness of a Christian woman cannot be entrusted to your hands,' rejoined the priest. 'See, imprudent parents,' continued he, handing the billet to Crussol and his wife,—'would you give your daughter to an actor?'

An exclamation of horror resounded through the church, and every one indignantly repeated the words 'an actor!'

'An actor! Yes, my brethren, an actor!—And this man has dared to approach the holy altar for the purpose of profaning it! A child of perdition, on whose head I was about to pro-

nounce a benediction; but on whom I now invoke an anathema!—And you,' said he, turning to Marianne, who gazed at him with a look of stupor—'my anathema be on your head, if you banish not all thought of this impious union.'—Then addressing d'Ussieux with vehemence,—'Quit the church!' said he:—'Begone, this instant. Make way for him,' added he, addressing the people. 'No longer let him sully this sacred place with his presence!'

This command was easily obeyed, for d'Ussieux had fallen senseless on the ground, as if struck by a thunderbolt. It seemed to be doubtful whether he was living or dead. Some men among the crowd raised him up, and conveyed him to a neighboring house, in which actors were in the habit of lodging.

Marianne evinced more fortitude than d'Ussieux. Not a word escaped her lips—not a tear fell from her eyes. She had raised her father, who had sunk down upon his *prie-Dieu*, and she offered him her arm, whilst Madame Crussol leaned on that of a friend. D'Ussieux was carried out at the door on one side of the church, and Crussol and his family went out at the other. It seemed as though the anathema of the priest was henceforth to obliterate all recollection of d'Ussieux from the heart of his bride.—After quitting the church, Marianne cast a glance—a single glance, towards the house whither the apparently dying man had been conveyed, but no trace of regret was discernible in her countenance. Thus, in spite of fanaticism, more than one feeling heart pitied the actor and censured the pious bride.

D'Ussieux received all possible attentions from the manager of the Toulouse theatre, and several actors who happened to be lodging in the house. On recovering from the state of stupor into which the shock had thrown him, despair took possession of him, and he was with difficulty prevented from laying violent hands on himself. But on being made acquainted with the indifference evinced towards him by those who were to become his parents, and by the woman whom he had regarded as his wife, he made an effort to summon resolution to bear his misfortune. Something like a feeling of vengeance even arose in his mind, and he felt a desire to live were it only to gratify that feeling.

About eleven o'clock at night he was pacing up and down his chamber in a most painful state of agitation, when he heard a gentle tap at his door, accompanied by some words uttered by a voice which he thought he recognized. He started, and his heart beat violently. Another tap was given at the door; he opened it, and beheld his bride!

'Marianne! My wife!' he exclaimed, clasping her in his arms, whilst a ray of joy animated his almost broken heart.

'Hush!' said Marianne, placing her finger on his lip. 'Close the door.' D'Ussieux obeyed. 'Look!' continued Marianne, throwing open her cloak, and showing the wedding garments which she wore when at church in the morning.

D'Ussieux could not believe his eyes. He thought that what he beheld was a dream.

'It is I!' said Marianne; 'it is I! This is our nuptial day! I am your wife, and no power can part us. Heaven has heard our vows, and I am yours forever! My parents love you, Prosper; but they fear the priest's anathema. I fear the anathema of Heaven, if I desert my husband. Therefore have I come to you.'

D'Ussieux embraced her in a transport of joy and affection. He could not find words to express his happiness.

'Come,' said Marianne, 'let us sit down to our nuptial banquet. At every wedding there must be a feast.'

She had brought in her hand a basket of provisions, which she spread upon a table. D'Ussieux gazed at her, and the idea occurred to him that possibly grief had turned her brain. But no, her countenance was placid and serene, and her eyes still beamed with their wonted gentleness of expression. He reflected that possibly he was himself under some visionary delusion. But no; he felt that the feverish delirium which had, during the day, agitated him, was now assuaged; that he was collected and self-possessed, and that the supposed vision was reality.

The bridal feast was spread, and the bride and bridegroom sat down to table. Marianne pressed d'Ussieux to eat, and smilingly offered to pledge him in a glass of wine. He poured it out, and they both drank. In a few moments a feeling of stupor began to overpower them.

'Give me my wedding ring,' said Marianne.

D'Ussieux drew from his pocket the ring which had been destined for the ceremony of the morning, and which, in one of his paroxysms of frenzy, he had been on the point of breaking.—Marianne placed it on her finger, and sinking back in her chair, said, in a faint tone of voice, 'Marianne Crussol and Prosper d'Ussieux shall not be separated by the priest's anathema!'

In the morning the bride and bridegroom were found dead—the wine and meat which Marianne had brought had been loaded and saturated with poison.

THE LATE MR. POWER.

A writer in the London Court Journal of the 1st inst. gives the following sketch of this distinguished comedian, who, with the other passengers in the steamship *President*, all seem now to be convinced, is lost:—

'You have cause, so have we all,
To mourn this dimming of our shining *star*.'
'I knew him, *Horatio*; a fellow of infinite humor.'

Mr. Power, respecting whom public anxiety has lately been most painfully on the stretch, for about twenty years has been known as a London actor. I remember him when he first came forward as manager of the Olympic Theatre, from which house he proceeded to the Adelphi. He had originally aspired to the honors of tragedy; and subsequently at the Adelphi and Covent Garden Theatres, he was an 'actor of all work' Serious and light parts were alternately assigned to him. The rich humor, however, which he displayed in Irish characters, soon won public favor. Connor, who had succeeded to Johnstone's characters, died suddenly, yet a young man; and Power was at once recognized as the Irishman of the London stage, and stood without a rival.

While he continued to play walking gentlemen, and subordinates of a serious cast, I once remarked to him, that he would do well to confine himself to that line in which he was so eminently successful. He said, the managers would not consent to his doing so. I remarked that if he were resolute they would give way;—and he must rise a hundred per cent. with the public, by no longer assuming characters in which he was deemed only respectable. My advice was shortly afterwards acted upon, and it was fully justified by the result.

He did not reach the height in his profession which he eventually gained without encountering some ill-natured personal criticism by the way. On mentioning to him something of the sort which I had seen, he told me he seldom read the papers in which he knew he was likely to meet with abuse. He added, he was nevertheless not unwilling to take a hint from those papers which, if any thing were wrong, would mention it in a gentlemanly way.

When he first contemplated going to America, I pointed out to him what would possibly be the professional consequences. He had got to the top of the tree in London, I said; absence might cause him to be forgotten, and some new performer of Irish parts step into his shoes, and render it difficult to resume his station. He argued, that as he had youth on his side, a trip across the Atlantic must, in every way, do him good · Experience proved that his opinion was right; but I wish it may not prove matter of regret, that he disregarded mine.

In society, Power has always been a most desirable companion; lively, full of anecdote, and always ready to exercise his talent for the gratification of his friends. In all the highest circles he has been seen—at the tables of lords, viceroys, and princes of the blood. His description of the manner in which Mr. O'Connell introduced himself to him, amused me not a little.—He was in his dressing-room at the theatre where he was acting, (I believe it was at the Adelphi) when Mr. O'Connell, who had been in front of the house witnessing his performance, sent in his name, and expressed a wish to see him. Mr Power replied, he should be most happy to receive the other Irish star. The weather was unusually warm; and a few moments afterwards, he saw the Liberator enter, determined to be quite at his ease, carrying his *wig* in his hand. Their greeting was most cordial; and Mr. O'Connell highly praised the actor for the portraits he had given of his countrymen.

I remember an occasion when he was, for some time, rather ludicrously kept from a small party at Blackwall. He was driving to Lovegrove's, when the drawbridge over the dock entrance was drawn up, to let a ship or ships enter or pass out. I and the others who had reached the tavern, alternately lamented and laughed at what we supposed was most annoying to him. He made no trouble of it, but cheerfully entertained himself with a cigar, in his cab, for the hour which had to elapse before he could reach his destination. May this prove a miniature of the accident which now occupies our thoughts; and may he yet arrive to recount the untoward circumstances which have detained him, not very injuriously, from anxiously expecting friends.

These few hasty recollections of an actor who, by his talent, has risen into such high favor with the public, which has never, for a moment, been forfeited by misconduct in the man, may not be uninteresting at a moment when disappointment has given place to alarm; for one of whom if he should unhappily be lost to us, it may not only be said—as Dr. Johnson remarked on Garrack's final exit—that 'His death has eclipsed the gaiety of nations;' but it may almost be said in the case of power—'His loss has abated the mirth of *worlds*.'

ROBERTS'

SEMI-MONTHLY

MAGAZINE.

NO. XI. JUNE 15, 1841.

NEW WORK, BY THE AUTHOR OF VALENTINE VOX.

WITH OCCASIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,—THE PRINCE.

PART 11.

CHAPTER XVII.

GEORGE CONFUSES THE FACULTIES OF THREE INDIVIDUALS AT ONCE.

For the first three days after George's departure from the cottage, the curate's alarm was in some measure counteracted by the hope that the operation of the atmosphere upon the writing would effect no material change; but on the fourth day that hope completely vanished. The ink became so pale, and he was so apprehensive of its being supposed that he had tampered with it himself, that he at once called in Mr. Whomp the churchwarden, and Mr. Swiggles the parish clerk, that they also might witness the change, and bear testimony to its gradual progress.

These gentlemen were decidedly two of the most important individuals in the village; for, independently of being the churchwarden, Mr. Whomp was a miller, who enjoyed the reputation of having made a mint of money; while Swiggles, besides being clerk of the parish, was a constable, a schoolmaster, an accountant, and a statesman of no ordinary eloquence and depth.

On these two individuals being summoned, the curate with an air of the most intense mystery explained to them not only all he knew, but all he had heard, all he had dreamt of, and all he could suspect, and having brought this mysterious explanation to an end, he solemnly called upon them both to watch with him, which they both very readily consented to do.

Swiggles, however at the same time, wished it to be distinctly understood, that he was perfectly prepared to contend for its being completely and unequivocally impossible for writing to be removed from any document whatever, except by the legitimate and time-honored process of scratching it out with a penknife.

'It isn't in nature,' he added; 'because the nature of ink is to sink, while the nature of paper is to suck; and therefore, when the ink is sunk into the paper, and the paper has sucked up the ink, it isn't to be removed if it isn't scratched out, and if it is scratched out, I can see it in an instant, because the paper in that individual spot must be of necessity thinner—don't you see?'

'I hope you are correct,' replied the curate, 'with all my heart; but I am informed that there are means of discharging the ink without having recourse to the knife.'

'Impossible, sir—altogether impossible! How can it be done?'

'By some chemical process, I am told.'

'It cannot be, sir—it cannot by any means be. I must have heard of it if it could. I couldn't have been teaching all these years without hearing of that—don't you see?'

'Well,' replied the curate, 'I cannot argue the point: time will show. These gentlemen have promised to convince me when they come down again, that it is to be done, and till then I can only repeat what I have been told.'

'I should like to see them do it,' returned Swiggles, incredulously; 'I should only just like to see them do it—that's all.'

During this colloquy Whomp was quite silent; he scratched his ear with violence, as he invariably did whenever anything happened to amaze him, but he uttered no word; he assented to every thing advanced by a nod, and thus performed what he conceived to be his duty.

The book was now constantly watched, and

as the ink grew paler and paler still, it was considered expedient at the end of the fifth day to let George know what change had taken place. The curate accordingly wrote to the effect that the name of Bristowe was scarcely perceptible, which so delighted George that he and Fred started off by the first coach.

On their return to the cottage, they found the curate and his friend, the churchwarden listening with great attention to Mr. Swiggles, who had come prepared to prove to demonstration, that as paper absorbed ink, ink could not be removed without the removal of that portion of the paper which had accomplished the act of absorption; but the moment George entered, Mr. Swiggles became mute, and simply bowed as the curate introduced him.

The book was then examined, and George expressed himself satisfied with the alteration that had taken place, and when the curate explained to him the progess of the change with the view of inspiring him with wonder, he merely observed that it was precisely what he expected.

'But when I first had the pleasure of seeing you,' said the curate, 'you were saying that ink could with ease be removed without the removal of any portion of the paper. This gentleman,' he added, pointing to Mr. Swiggles, 'is somewhat incredulous upon that point.'

'I am,' said Mr. Swiggles. 'I've been a schoolmaster, sir, for nigh four-and-thirty years, and I never in the whole course of my experience heard of ink being removed by any other process than that of scratching out.'

'That is very probable,' returned George, smiling. 'I believe your assertion to be perfectly correct.'

'Of course it is!' exclaimed Mr. Swiggles, addressing the curate with an air of triumph. 'Of course! Didn't I say so?'

'But,' continued George, 'although you may not have heard of ink being removed by any other process, it does not, I apprehend, follow that the thing is impracticable!'

'But, sir, I'll venture to say that I'm prepared to contend for its impracticability and—'

'Pardon me,' said George, interrupting the little man. 'I may contend that a windmill is bread; but I submit that I shall not thus establish my position: I promised, sir,' he added, addressing the curate, 'to prove to you that that which I suspect has been done in this case *can* be done with the utmost ease; I have come quite prepared to perform that promise, and I have no doubt whatever of being able at the same time to convince this gentleman that there are more things in the world than even *he* ever heard of. Will you favor me with any kind of document, an account-book, or any thing of that sort?'

'Will a letter do?' inquired Mr. Swiggles.

'O yes! a letter will do equally well.'

Mr. Swiggles produced a letter of rather an ancient date, the ink upon which was extremely black, and appeared to have been ingeniously established with the wrong end of the pen.

'You are determined,' said George, 'that the test shall be effectual?'

Swiggles made no reply, but winked with great significance both at the curate and at Whomp, the churchwarden, for he potently believed, not only that George had undertaken to do that which was impossible, but that—even assuming it to be possible with very pale ink—with a letter like that, the ink being so intense, and so well daubed on, he must fail.

George, however, requested the curate to order some boiling water and a dish, and when these were produced, he placed the letter upon the dish, and having strewed a certain white powder over it, applied the boiling water, when, in an instant, as if by magic, the ink turned red!

Mr. Swiggles looked at him, and then at his friends with an aspect of utter amazement; and while the curate seemed to be absolutely frightened, the churchwarden grinned and rubbed up his ear with all the energy at his command.

'I'm astonished!' cried the curate.

'What will this world come to?' exclaimed the churchwarden. 'It's enough to raise the dead from the grave!'

Mr. Swiggles said nothing. His mouth, hands, and eyes, were wide open, and he really appeared to be breathless.

'Watch it,' cried George; and the color changed to a pink. 'Continue to watch it,' he added; and the ink became gradually paler and paler, until at length it was perfectly imperceptible.—There was nothing before them but a sheet of white paper: no line, no trace of any writing could be seen: it was in short, a perfect blank.

'Wonderful!' cried the astonished curate

'Oh, the world knows too much!' said the churchwarden, gravely,—'the world knows too much.'

'I couldn't have believed it!' exclaimed Mr. Swiggles. 'I *wouldn't* have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes!'

George removed the sheet of paper from the dish, and having washed it in clear cold water, hung it upon the back of a chair.

'Now,' said he, 'gentlemen, having shown you that ink can be erased without having recourse to a penknife, I will presently show you that it is to be restored.'

'What!' exclaimed Mr. Swiggles, 'do you mean to say it's possible to bring the writing back?'

'It shall presently appear upon that sheet of paper as it was before, precisely, blots and all.'

'It's enough, sir,' exclaimed the churchwarden, 'to make the wild beasts leave their dens.'

'But while the paper is drying,' resumed George, 'I'll explain how I conceive the name of Bristowe was substituted for that of Broadbridge in the register. In the first place, the book was by some means or other, taken away.'

'That's the mystery,' cried the curate. 'How could they have got at it?—how could it have been done, when it has always been locked up carefully, while the key of the box has never been out of my possession?'

'It could not have been done here,' continued George; 'nor could it have been done at the

church; it must have taken some considerable time to accomplish, for after the ink had been discharged as you have seen, the paper must have been gradually dried, and not only dried, but prepared to receive the fresh ink; for were I now to attempt to write upon that sheet of paper in its present state, the ink would run completely over it. The process which you witnessed, the gradual drying and subsequent preparation of the paper, must therefore have occupied several hours; and that the thing was effected in the way I have described, I think there can be no doubt.'

'Then it must have been taken away,' cried the curate. 'But how?—how could they have got it?—and what will be the consequence? To me it may be dreadful.'

'I think you need be under no apprehension,' said George. 'The matter shall be settled privately, if possible. With your assistance, I hope we shall be able to manage that.'

The expression of this hope caused the curate to feel somewhat relieved. He was, however, still apprehensive that a strictly private settlement would be impossible, and entered into a long explanation of what a shocking thing it would be if his name were to be brought before the public, in connexion with an act so desperately wicked.

To this explanation, notwithstanding its manifest importance, Mr Swiggles paid but very slight attention indeed. His whole soul seemed absorbed in the contemplation of the blank sheet of paper before him,—while his impatience to see the writing restored, the possibility of which he still scarcely believed, was truly painful.

George did not, however, keep him long in suspense: the paper was soon sufficiently dry for the purpose, and when it became so, he placed it upon the table, and having produced a small phial, poured the solution it contained over those parts of the paper upon which the writing had appeared. Having done this, he observed that nothing more was required, and left the table, while the curate, the churchwarden, Fred and Swiggles, were watching with almost breathless anxiety, for the reappearance of the ink. For the first two minutes no signs of the restoration of the writing were perceptible, and Mr. Swiggles, in consequence, began to prepare a severe sentence, the object of which was to convey an idea to all present, of how well he knew that the thing could not be done; but just as he was about to deliver that sentence, a letter apparently sprang up to check him, and then a word, and then a line, and then several lines together; and thus the process worked until the entire letter reappeared, the writing being as perfect, and the ink, as black as before.

'Well! that bangs nature!' exclaimed the churchwarden. 'Its wonderful the world goes on at all. It's enough to make the clouds fall down from the heavens, and smother us alive.'

'You are not,' observed George to Mr. Swiggles, 'indisposed to believe that the thing can be done now, I apprehend?'

'It beats all I ever heard tell of,' replied Mr. Swiggles. 'It's wizard's work!—slight of hand! —magic! I couldn't have supposed it to be possible!'

Nor could the curate; and as for the churchwarden!—the whole of his faculties seemed to be gone!—he turned up his eyes, and dropped his hands, as if he felt that he had lived long enough. His amazement was inexpressible; at least he neither knew, nor had heard of the words which could express it; he obviously imagined that after that there was nothing more to know, and that, therefore, the world was in a perfectly fit state to be brought to an end.

Having entered into a few explanations tending to illustrate that which they had seen, George earnestly endeavored to impress upon their minds the necessity for using the utmost caution: he stated, that in order to obtain more information on the subject, it would be necessary to give direct publicity to the affair, and that although neither names nor places would be mentioned, the probability was, that as soon as the discovery became known to those concerned in this nefarious transaction, an attempt would be made to destroy or to mutilate the register; and having obtained from them a promise that under no pretence whatever should access to the book be had save in the presence of them all, he and Fred returned to town, and the next day the following advertisement appeared in the whole of the London papers:—

'FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD!—Whereas a discovery of a singular nature has been recently made in the register of a certain parish in the county of Sussex: And whereas it is strongly suspected that an entry of the marriage of the grandfather of a person claiming to be heir-at-law of a gentleman who sometime since died intestate, has been extracted by some chemical process, and the marriage of a feigned party entered instead; the above reward will be given to any persons who will establish such facts that it may be given in evidence, in a suit at present pending, for the recovery of the property involved The strictest secrecy may be relied on, and all personal information will be considered confidential; apply by letter, or otherwise at the office of Mr. G. St. George Julian, Old Broad Street, City.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH A POINT OF SOME DELICACY IS STARTED.

It is beyond doubt a remarkable fact, that in all matters touching the heart, the perceptive faculties of the ladies are extremely acute.—They can see pretty clearly at a glance if there be any thing morally the matter of the man, but with singular distinctness are they able to perceive when he happens to be in love.

Those, therefore, who know this quality to be one of the most distinguishing characteristics of the sex will not consider it extraordinary that Julia and Helen should perceive that Fred had been caught, notwithstanding he acted upon the suggestion of George, and did all in his power to conceal it.

His comparative silence and peculiar diffidence

while in the presence of Helen, had proclaimed the true state of the case from the first; but after the discovery detailed in the preceding chapter had been made, and he in consequence believed that he should soon be in a position to propose without the prospect of being rejected upon pecuniary grounds it became, although almost unconsciously on his part, so palpable, that Helen—who had never even hinted at the possibility of his being enamored of her—not only withheld all encouragement, but assumed a marked coldness of manner towards him, which tended not alone to afflict *him*, but to give pain to Julia, with whom he was a favorite, and who had heard of his warm declaration to George.

It were superfluous, probably to dwell upon the promptness of men to impart secrets to their wives, and equally superfluous would it be to describe at any considerable length the apparent impossibility of wives' keeping the secrets thus imparted: it will, therefore, perhaps, be sufficient to state here, that the possession of this secret, as a secret, was to Julia so great an annoyance, that she was constantly prompted to communicate it to Helen, which was really very natural, for although hypochondriacs and all such miserable people contend that we are naturally selfish—and as they invariably set themselves up as the standard of perfection, this can excite no surprise—even they will admit that as far as secrets are concerned, we are not disposed to be selfish at all. Julia, however, would have kept this particular secret, doubtless, had she believed it to be necessary to do so; certainly she would not have divulged it had she felt that any living creature would be thereby injured; but as she did not hold concealment to be necessary, but on the contrary, conceived that the happiness of both Helen and Fred, would be enhanced by the fact of its being made known, she embraced the very earliest opportunity that offered of bringing the matter to bear.

'Helen,' she observed, 'has Mr. Broadbridge offended you in any way, my love?'

'O dear me, no,' replied Helen, 'not at all!'

'I am glad to hear it,' rejoined Julia; 'I feared that he had perhaps unconsciously given you some offence.'

'None whatever. On the contrary, he is but too attentive.'

'*Too* attentive?' echoed Julia.

'I do not,' said Helen, who felt somewhat confused, 'I do not mean too attentive in any offensive sense; but merely that his attentions are too marked to allow me to feel offended.'

'Then why do you treat him so coolly, my love?'

'Do I treat him coolly?'

'Why, I may be mistaken, but it certainly appears to me that you do. Tell me, is it in consequence of his being so attentive?—Come, dear,' she added, as she perceived that Helen blushed, 'there surely is no necessity for concealing anything from me?'

'My dear Julia,' said Helen, 'I admit that, although I highly respect Mr. Broadbridge, and believe him to be an honorable and amiable person, I have of late assumed a coldness of manner towards him for the very reason you have assigned. It may be ascribed to vanity on my part,—nay, it may even appear to be ridiculous, but I have perceived, or fancied that I perceived, indications of the existence of those feelings, the growth of which it becomes me to check. It is, perhaps, very silly of me, Julia, to think so, but I have thought and do think still, that he has an object in view which I feel myself bound to discourage.'

'His object I *know*,' returned Julia, 'but I really cannot see in what way you are bound to discourage it.'

'You *know* his object?'

'I do: it is to prevail upon you to become Mrs Broadbridge at no very remote period.'

'Impossible! But how came you to *know* this?'

'It is a secret. However, I do not mind telling you, dear, but you must not disclose it for the world.'

'I will not.'

'Well then, some time since, he and Mr Julian had a long conversation about you. I was not present at the time, but I heard all about it the very same night. Mr. Broadbridge of course commenced it. He was particularly anxious to ascertain how long we had known you, whether you were engaged, and so on; and I believe that George entered into a brief explanation of that unfortunate affair—for men, you know, my love, are in one respect not unlike us, they *will* talk when they get together. Well, dear, this explanation, brief as it was, rendered you in his view an object of still greater interest than before; he lamented his poverty as if that alone forbade him to hope, and eventually promised, at the suggestion of George, that he would not urge his suit. But now that there is every prospect of his being extremely rich—for George tells me that he is almost sure of being able to establish his claim to this property—you must expect that he will very soon declare himself, Helen; for that he loves you, no doubt can exist.'

'I am very sorry for it,' said Helen.

'Sorry, dear! Why should you be sorry? Do you not like Mr. Broadbridge?'

'I do, very much: I may say that I admire him, for I do indeed admire his general character, while his manners and conversation delight me. Still am I sorry that he should have proposed to himself an object the attainment of which is so hopeless.'

'But why hopeless? He loves you, and you admit that you at least admire him. Has any one recently stolen your heart, dear?'

'No, Julia; no, my love,' replied Helen, mournfully; 'no, it is not that.'

'What on earth then can it be? Have you any doubt about his being successful in his effort to establish his claim to this property?'

'None. I believe that he will be successful; but his success would not influence me; it would not shake my resolution. Whereas, I will confess to you, that were he to fail and I were differently circumstanced, I would not reject him.'

'Why, surely, you do not allude to that unfortunate marriage?'

'It is, indeed, Julia, that to which I do allude.'

'But how can that operate against your contracting another marriage, when legally that was no marriage at all?'

'It is true I am not legally bound by that marriage, but I feel that I am bound morally notwith-tanding.'

'Then do you mean to say, that you would not be justified in marrying again?'

'I should not feel justified in doing so, unless, indeed, that were to occur of which I must not even dream.'

'Oh, but,—dear me,—why, that's a very incorrect view to take of the matter.'

'It may be incorrect, but it is my view still.'

'Then you really do, in consequence of your having been led into an illegal marriage, feel yourself bound to remain single all your life?'

'Dear Julia, pray do not dwell upon the subject; you would not willingly give me pain;—you possess too kind—too good a heart to wound the feelings of any one, I know; but, indeed, dear, this is to me a painful subject, and therefore I feel that you will not pursue it.'

'I would not for the world, dear Helen,' returned Julia, 'were I not well convinced of its being essential to your happiness. It *is* a painful subject, I am aware, and if I loved you less I should be in proportion less disposed to renew it; but what if it were to lead you to your being really united to one who adores you—one who would cherish and love you for ever?'

'It cannot lead to that. No, Julia; when at the altar with him in whose honor I had too hastily taught my heart to confide, I did not view the ceremony as being merely legal, nor when it was ended did I feel myself bound by the law alone. The contract into which I entered was of a more awful character than that, and, although he has not performed *his* part of that contract—although he had really no right to perform it—I should feel no more justified in marrying again while he lives than you would feel justified in sacrificing your honor on discovering your husband's infidelity.'

'But, my dear, these cases are not at all analogous.'

'Morally, they are—legally, they may not be; but as I considered mine to be not merely a legal marriage, I cannot think that the fact of its being proved to be illegal relieves me from the solemn obligation of my vow. I did not even think about the law: I regarded it as a religious contract strictly.'

'And I am bound to respect your religious scruples; but, really, Helen, this appears to me to be a very cruel doctrine. I do not believe that you would find many disciples. I am sure that I could never agree with you, my love — The idea of your being bound to pass a life of unhappiness because you happen to have been inveigled into an illegal marriage, seems to me to be monstrous.'

'But it does not follow that I must of necessity be unhappy because I feel bound to remain single. For example, I am happy in your society ever.'

'But what is that?' rejoined Julia—'what is the society of any woman, compared with that of an affectionate husband? O Helen! you *must* change your views on this subject.'

'I cannot: I feel that I never shall! But pray say no more, there's a *dear!*'

'Then you must promise me faithfully that you will reflect upon the matter?'

'I will; I'll promise you any thing, my love, if you spare me upon this one point.'

The compact was sealed: they kissed each other fondly. Helen still felt her resolution to be firm, but Julia believed that reflection would shake it.

PART XII.—CHAPTER XIX.

INTRODUCES A SUBJECT OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

Notwithstanding a fortnight had elapsed since the appearance of the first advertisement having reference to the register, no answer had been received. Still George continued to advertise daily: he believed that it would eventually be answered, and although he was prepared to pursue a public course if it were not, he was determined to effect a private settlement if possible, knowing the difficulties he should otherwise have to surmount.

At this period of our history, a person named Waghorn—whose father, with whom the son was in partnership, had been intimate with Bull for many years—expressed a wish to be introduced to George, having heard Bull frequently speak in high terms of his talent and general character.

A day for the introduction was accordingly fixed: they were to dine at Bull's cottage; but in order that the character of Waghorn may at once be understood, it will be correct to introduce him in the first place to the public.

The firm of Waghorn and Co. had existed as carpet-manufacturers for nearly half a century, and a highly respectable firm it was; enjoying in fact such extensive credit, and doing so large and so profitable a business that it was for many years a common observation in the trade, that the Waghorns could have fifty thousand pounds by merely holding out their hands.

At this the firm consisted of father and son, William and John Hill Waghorn; but the father, being very infirm, left the management of the business entirely to the son, who although not extravagant in his personal habits, was constantly entering into wild speculations, which plunged him into difficulties that would have appeared to almost any other man insurmountable. He struggled, however, with them most manfully, and by consummate tact kept from his father all knowledge, not only of the schemes into which he had entered, but of the losses he had thereby sustained; but as in order to accomplish this he had been compelled to raise an artificial capital, which he could then sustain only at a ruinous sacrifice, he conceived the idea of opening a number of shops in the carpet trade, supplying them with stock, and placing in them persons who might appear as principals, although in reality but his servants, and who might ac-

cept whatever bills he chose to draw on them, a perfect understanding being established between them, *sub rosa*, that he should regularly provide for such bills at maturity.

Having conceived this scheme and duly considered it in all its ramifications, he took a house in Fore-street, another in Wood-street, a third in Cheapside, a fourth in Bishopsgate-street, a fifth in Holborn, a sixth in Long-acre, a seventh in Blackfriars-road, and an eighth in the Strand, selecting them in good situations in order that by letting the upper parts of the houses he might have the shops nearly rent-free; and having fitted them up, he engaged proper persons to manage the concerns, and supplied them with goods, which he entered in his own books as *bona fide* sales, taking care of course to secure himself against every species of dishonesty.

Bold as this project may, under the circumstances, appear, the result proved successful.—Each of the establishments yielded a considerable profit, and while he had a legitimate sale for the immensely increased stock of goods which he purchased, he had that which was still more valuable to him then—the *ad libitum* accommodation of eight flourishing establishments, free of expense.

He had peculiar facilities for taking advantage of this new position; his connexions in the country were extensive, and through them he could get large quantities of bills discounted freely by the country bankers, and although, as an inducement, he gave those connexions the accommodation of one half of the money so raised, by drawing upon them at three months for that half, he could get their bills discounted easily in London, and thus realize in cash the whole of his country remittances.

This tended, moreover, to increase his trade in the provinces considerably, and as several of the houses he had established in London—and which have existed as highly respectable concerns even up to the present day—became so prosperous, that the friends of the young men whom he had appointed to manage them, paid him large sums for the stock and good will, his difficulties began to disappear, and the credit of the firm was being in consequence gradually re-established at the time of his introduction to George.

Bull was delighted with the opportunity of bringing them together; and was rather surprised that he had not done so before, more especially as they appeared to be highly pleased with each other when they met, and seemed to him to view the meeting but as a preliminary to some new speculation.

As far as George was concerned, however, this was not correct: he met Waghorn—whom he found to be a remarkably shrewd and intelligent man—with the view of passing an agreeable evening in his society, without any ulterior object whatever.

Of course they conversed upon nothing but business. Commercial matters only have power to charm essentially money-making men. It is true that George was not so exclusively wrapped up in commerce as to take delight in no other subject; but Bull and Waghorn were, and hence, as a matter of courtesy to them, he touched upon subjects of business alone.

At first the bubbles of the day were the chief topic upon which they dwelt; but as this led them through the exchanges to the subject of banking, they entered into an analysis of the then existing system, it being one with which Waghorn was anxious to be more conversant than he was.

'I am frequently astonished,' he observed, when George—with whom it was a favorite topic—had explained the leading features of this system—'I am frequently astonished to see country banks, which are started by private individuals, of whom the majority are perfectly unknown, succeed to so great an extent.'

'Why, it is *prima facie* amazing,' returned George. 'But when we look below the surface, and moreover take into consideration that they do but follow the example of those who started the bank of England, and who who were equally private individuals, originally constituting a strictly private company, our amazement must cease.'

'Was it, then, a strictly private company?' inquired Bull.

'Most certatnly. When it was first recognized by parliament, on its being found expedient to anticipate the resources of the country, and to impose taxes for the payment of the interest, it was recognized only as a private company, or, as Bishop Burnet says in the History of his own Times—certain merchants whom parliament empowered to deal in bullion, and so on.'

'They have worked up amazingly, then,' observed Bull. 'They must have been very clever fellows, they must, to have conducted the thing on so large a scale without embarrassments.'

'They *were* clever fellows, and their successors have been equally clever; but as far as embarrassments are concerned, they have not been free from them. In 1696, the bank became so involved that it suspended the payment of its notes, which were at a discount of twenty per cent., while exchequer bills were at a discount of fifty. At this time, there were no notes out under twenty pounds nor were there any until 1793, when five-pound notes were issused. In 1745, too, the bank as nearly as possible stopped and saved itself *only* by paying in sixpences and shillings, and had it not been for an order in council prohibiting the directors from paying their notes in specie, when they happened to have no specie, it must inevitably have gone in 1797 They have not, therefore, although they have worked up with consummate tact, been free from serious embarrassments. But the whole history of the bank is a monster-marvel viewed with reference to public credulity, and must be interesting, not to commercial men alone, but to the country in general, seeing that it embraces the history of that in which all are of course concerned, namely, the National Debt. I think, Mr. Bull,' continued George, 'that you have Blackstone here. His plain unvarnished tale is not only the most concise, but the most lucid

description of the progress of the debt I have ever met with; it is one, too, which—although he is considered by them all as a constitutional oracle—upsets the sophistries of Pitt and his proselytes completely.'

He then went to the bookcase, and having opened the first volume of the Commentaries, continued.

''How these immense sums,' says Blackstone, alluding to the taxes, are appropriated, is next to be considered And this is first and principally to the payment of the interest of the National Debt. In order to take a clear and comprehensive view of the nature of this National Debt, it must first be premised that, after the Revolution, when our new connexions with Europe introduced a new system of foreign politics, the expenses of the nation, not only in settling the new establishment, but in maintaining long wars, as principals, on the continent, for the security of the Dutch barrier, reducing the French monarchy, settling the Spanish succession, supporting the House of Austria, maintaining the liberties of the Germanic body, &c., increased to an unusual degree, insemuch that it was not thought advisable to raise all the expenses of any one year by taxes to be levied within that year, lest the unaccustomed weight should create murmurs among the people. It was, therefore, the policy of the times to anticipate the revenues of their posterity by borrowing immense sums for the current services of the state, and to lay no more taxes upon the subject than would suffice to pay the annual interest of the sums so borrowed; by this means converting the principal debt into a new species of property transferable from one man to another —a system which seems to have had its original in the state of Florence, 1344, which government then owed about 60,000*l.* sterling, and being unable to pay it, formed the principal into an aggregate sum, called metaphorically a mount or bank, the shares whereof were transferable like our stock, with interest at 5 per cent., the prices varying according to the exigences of the state. This policy of the English parliament laid the foundation of what is called the National Debt. And the example then set has been so closely followed during the long wars of Queen Anne and since, that the capital of the National Debt amounted in June, 1777, to about one hundred and thirty-six millions And July, 1786, one hundred and thirty-nine millions; to pay the interest of which, together with certain annuities for lives and the charges of management, extraordinary revenues are in the first place mortgaged and made perpetual by parliament. Perpetual I say, but still redeemable by the same authority that imposed them, which, if it at any time can pay off the capital, will abolish those taxes which are raised to discharge the interest. By this means, the quantity of property in the kingdom, is greatly increased in idea, compared with former times, yet if we coolly consider it, not at all increased in reality. We may boast of large fortunes and quantities of money in the funds. But where does this money exist? It exists only in name, in paper in public faith, in parliamentry security, and that is undoubtedly sufficient for the creditors of the public to rely on. But then, what is the pledge which the public faith has pawned for the security of these debts? The land, the trade, and the personal industry of the subject, from which the money must arise that supplies the several taxes. In these therefore, and these only, the property of the public creditors does really and intrinsically exist; and of course the land, the trade, and the personal industry of individuals are diminished in their true value just so much they are pledged to answer. If A's income amount to a hundred per annum, and he is so far indebted to B that he pays him fifty pounds per annum for this interest, one-half of the value of A's property is transferred to B, the creditor. The debtor is only a trustee for the creditor, for one-half of the value of his income. In short, the property of a creditor of the public consists in a certain portion of the national taxes; by how much, therefore, he is the richer, by so much the nation which pays these taxes is the poorer.' I am surprised,' continued George, 'that upon this subject Blackstone should never be quoted. This, however, is a clear, although but a very brief view of the history of the debt—which is in reality the history of the Bank—and as the debt is the foundation of public credit, so is it the basis of banking—the banker borrowing of the mass of the community. and substituting promises to pay for that which he gets in exchange for the promises This has dobtless become a great public convenience, and as the Bank of England, by borrowing of the people to lend to the government, established this public convenience in London, there is no reason why it should not have been extended to the provinces, and when we look at the facilities for getting notes into circulation in the country—depending, as the circulation does, solely upon faith—it is surprising only that country banks are not more numerous, and especially when we consider how small a capital is absolutely required.'

'Does it *not*, then, require much capital?' inquired Waghorn.

'I'll undertake to start a country bank with a capital of one hundred pounds, with every prospect of success; with a thousand, I'd make it a profitable concern; but a provincial bank, with a *bona fide* capital of two thousand pounds, might, if properly managed, carry all before it. In banking, prudence is essentially the germ of success; the system has existed in this country now for nearly two hundred years; it commenced in 1645. Francis Child established the first bank in Fleet-street, and Snow and Dean started the second in the Strand—both of which stand now on the very spots on which they commenced—and although thousands of failures have taken place since the introduction of that system into England, there have been few indeed not directly ascribable to either ignorance, improvidence, or dishonor.'

At this moment, the conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door, of so extraordinary a character, that it sounded as if a young

undertaker had arrived with a view of driving in a few nails for practice,

'Who can that be?' cried Bull, who felt somewhat alarmed; 'I can't guess, I can't!—surely there's nothing the matter!'

His fears were soon hushed; the servant entered with the card of Mr. Augustus Alexander Cavendish.

'It's that fellow Cavendish,' said Bull, addressing George, 'shall we have him in?'

'Oh, by all means,' replied George, and the next moment Cavendish was shown into the room.

'Ah!' he exclaimed, grasping the hand of his friend Bull, with great affection. 'But I hadn't the idea of a notion of—Ah! Mr. Julian! proud to see you!—Friend of yours?' he added, waving his hand gracefully towards Waghorn.—'Proud to know him. I thought I'd just drive over to-night, you see, Bull, as I want to do a little piece of business in the morning. I only came to secure you. I hadn't a thought of finding any one with you. I ought to make ten thousand apologies.'

These were, however, declared to be unnecessary; the wine was pushed towards him, and he began to consider himself perfectly at home, when as Waghorn was anxious to have the subject on which they had been conversing resumed, Cavendish was put in possession of that subject, in order that he might, if he pleased, join them.

'You know something of banking, I believe?' observed George.

'It strikes me rather,' returned Cavendish, 'that I do. I flatter myself that I know a *little* about it, and that little comprehends all. As the great proposition is now well received, that the impoverishment of the country promotes its prosperity, a bank is the best dodge going.—There can't be a better if you have kindred spirits to work with; if you have not, there can't be a worse. There has been enough money made by that dodge alone to buy up the country again and again. Just take a few particulars from my little pocket-book here. I'll not go far back—I'll just take a little restrospective view of thirty years: in 1793, the actual number of country banks that stopped payment was exactly a hundred; between that year and 1810, eighty-seven commissions of bankruptcy were issued against country banks; in 1810, there were twenty-six more; and from 1810 to 1814, twenty-nine; in 1814-15-16 there were ninety-two; and from 1816 to the present Anno Domini 1833, there have been fifty. Here we have a total, in round numbers, of three hundred; and as the commissions have borne to the compositions a proportion of only one to four, we have an average total of twelve hundred banks suspended in England—to say nothing of Ireland—within thirty years! Now there's an advantage to the public! Of course they were all established with a view to public advantage! Of course!—and John Bull has paid for all.—And a capital fellow is John—he bleeds like a pig. But, then, what does it matter to him?—He's a highly respectable fellow, and any one will trust him. His credit is unlimited; hence he has got into debt is a test of respectability all over the world. A capital country this is for swindling. Any thing will take. I think of starting a swindling dodge for the total suppression of swindling soon.'

'But you don't mean to say,' observed George, 'that the whole of those banks which have failed within the last thirty years have been swindlers?'

'No; not the whole: the majority, however, are known to have been; but as all these rag-shops that fail must have been managed by either swindlers or fools, it is a matter of little importance to the public: as far as they are concerned, the result is equally advantageous. Now I'll just explain how I'd proceed, if I were about to start a country bank myself. In the first place, having selected my town, I'd take a house in the most conspicuous position, and have it fitted up in style. I'd then engage a gang of venerable individuals the whole of whom should sport spectacles, pigtails, and powder, some to remain in the bank to amuse themselves by turning over the leaves of the ledgers, and pretending to make entries with as much rapidity as if they hadn't many minutes to live, while the others were engaged in forcing the rags into circulation. The official fittings up, by the way, must be particularly attended to. A trap-door, with a rope above attached to a large iron safe, is indispensable, as a means of conveying to the human mind an idea of a fire-proof vault. There must also be a mob of tin boxes, for the deposit of deeds, mortgages, and other securities; blunderbusses, cutlasses, and pistols, to keep away the thieves; and a highly-polished counter, with inkstands, blotting-paper, sundry wooden bowls, containing, of course, half sand and half silver, and a few immense bundles of paper, to represent somewhere about half a million of Bank of England notes. Your own rags, of course, can be soon got. My object would be to have a plate engraved, as nearly as possible like that of the largest and oldest bank in the town, that my notes might run among theirs without exciting any particular notice. Some must be payable in London, of course; but the bulk must be brought to the bank; and if you have but a few active and respectable-looking agents, a few thousands may be pushed into circulation in no time. At first, however, I should act with great caution. I'd make all the friends I could. I would not be a furious politician, but a Tory—a sort of moderate Tory,—and while going hand in hand with the nobility and clergy, I'd cultivate an acquaintance with coachmen, farmers, editors of newspapers, well-meaning tailors, and so on. I'd even buy a share of one of the papers, if I could, in order that the bank might be constantly puffed; but this of course must be known; because, if any thing should appear in that paper severe upon the scum, and they were aware of your being connected with it, they d treat you to a run upon the bank as soon as look at you. Benevolent institutions form another great feature. I'd subscribe to every one in the town. Nothing

has a greater effect than charity, if you manage to make it well known.'

'But you'd require a large capital to do this, would you not? inquired Waghorn.

'Capital!—bless your life, no; scarcely any to commence with. To do the thing in style, of course you must have a little, but even then you require very little indeed. Your rags give you a capital, which with tact you can always keep floating. I'd push mine out in all quarters. Some of them are sure to be a long time coming back, especially if you manage to inspire general confidence.'

'That in fact is all that is required,' observed George.

'Of course; and the ease with which it is to be done now is surprising. The people in the provinces would rather have your notes than those of the Bank of England at any time; and now that they are hanging such mobs of poor devils for forgery, they'll scarcely look at a Bank of England note at all. How do they know that it's a good one? Whereas local notes in this view are sure to be good! which shows the extent of their faith. And then the accounts, I'd open one if I could with every tradesman in the town, however small, and they could easily be persuaded into that, for there is something so catching in the terms, 'my banker,' 'my account,' and my 'cheque,' that it is in most cases, if properly put, irresistible. I'd open accounts with them all. If they hadn't any cash I'd take their bills. I'd accommodate the little swells in any way!—and when I'd thus carried on the game for about two years, I'd make fifty thousand pounds by the smash'

'But if you were doing a good business, why stop at all?' said George

'It's the only way,' replied Mr. Cavendish, 'to make a fortune quickly. It's very slow travelling if you go by the other coach. You may be all your life realizing a fortune on the square.'

'Then you'd start expressly with the view of stopping payment.'

'Of course! Why not? They nearly all do it. Look at the multitude of mushroom banks which have sprung up of late all over the country. Will any man tell me that one twentieth part of them were started on the square? They almost all start to stop when the state of their issues renders it expedient. And what can prevent them? They can always find plenty of excuses. They can stop when they please as a matter of course, and it is that which makes it so capital a dodge.'

Having heard Mr. Cavendish to this extent, George proceeded to describe the course that he should pursue in the event of starting as a banker, and so clearly did he make it appear that with a capital of two thousand pounds a provincial bank might be established on a secure foundation, with every prospect of its being permanently profitable, that Waghorn—who had been extremely attentive throughout, and by whom the introduction of the subject was considered a most fortunate circumstance, viewed with reference to the commercial position in which he then stood—made an appointment with George before they separated for the night, at the same time intimating that his object was to tempt him to reduce his theory to practice.

PART XIII.—CHAPTER XX.

THE IMMORTAL PETER'S ACCOUNT OF POYAIS.

On the following morning on his arrival at the office, George found a ship letter on the table, which he instantly opened, expecting, of course, that it came from the Mosquito-shore.—It was dated Belize, Bay of Honduras, and duly signed by the immortal Peter. In appearance it was quite a curiosity; being crossed and recrossed in a diagonal direction, and so perfectly full that in neither of the corners was there sufficient space left to stick in another word.—It ran as follows:—

'MY DEAR MR. JULIAN,

'A dreadful do, sir, a cruel do, is this Poyais expedition. Never, sir was there such a heart-rending swindle It is infamous, iniquitous, monstrous, sir: I cannot find words, sir, sufficiently strong to designate a do so disreputable and dirty: and I did not think that you knew nothing of it, did I not believe that that devil's imp, Mac Gregor—I wish he was here, I *only* wish the women here had hold of him, because he'd be butchered by inches—did I not believe, I say, that that rapscallion—oh, blister him!—deceived you as well as those unfortunate fools who came out to that blessed Poyais, I'd never speak to you again; but as I cannot imagine that if you had known the true nature of this dismal swindle, you would have carried the joke so far as to victimize me, I write to inform you what a pickle we are in, and to give you a brief description of this lovely land of promise.

'In six weks, sir, after we sailed from the Downs, we arrived off the Mosquito shore. We had a very decent voyage, and my companions were very decent people of the sort, and we therefore passed the time very pleasantly, considering; but what were our feelings when, on arriving at Black River, we find those unhappy individuals, who came out previously in the Honduras packet, with starvation staring them full in the face. You know, sir, that the Kennersly Castle was short of provisions, reliance having been most unfortunately placed upon those which were sent in the Honduras packet. Our first question, therefore, on landing was 'How are you off for provisions?' And when we were told that the captain of the packet had set sail for Cape Gracias a Dios, with nearly the whole of them on board, we were reduced to a state bordering on madness. Some, seeing how delightfully deluded they had been, sank into despair, while others, becoming desperate, attacked the neighboring Indians, set fire to their wigwarms, and then began to fight among themselves. Three of the most reckless stole the boat of the Kennersly Castle, and, accompanied by some Indians, made off for Belize; and when they were gone and the rest had become somewhat quiet, I began to look a little about me.—But, O what a place!—what a wilderness! Oh!

there was I groaning about with the rest—sometimes trying to hook up a fish—and sometimes assisting to build a sort of pigsty to live in, while the women, in order to facilitate matters, and to make the thing as pleasant as they could were alternately blowing up their husbands for coming, and bitterly cursing the whole concern.

'My object at first, being a peaceable person, was to propitiate a few of the natives, who were highly respectable swells in their way, and in this I succeeded to a certain extent; but when I endeavored with all the eloquence I had in me to inspire them with a high appreciation of the value of the Poyaisian bank-notes, with the view of prevailing upon them to oblige me with change, or at least to give something substantive in return, they would'nt have them at any price at all! I told them I would'nt mind paying for the accommodation; I, moreover, explained to them the high respectability of banks in general, and more especially that of the National Bank of Poyais; but no, they were too artful; they did'nt, it is true, doubt my honor, but they would'nt change the notes. And these notes were our only currency—all salaries were paid with these notes. The bank existed only in imagination, you are aware; had it been otherwise, the run upon it would have been tremendous.

'Fortunately, there was not a single person sent out who was ever suspected of being any thing but a victim; if such a man *had* been sent with us, it is quite clear to me that the women would have made a victim of him, for they were desperate creatures,—there was no such thing as holding them at all,—they were fifty times worse than the men, who could'nt make head or tail of them.

'Of course our appointments were sinecures. Official individuals had nothing to do. My berth in the customs, which you were kind enough to obtain for me, might, it is true, have been a very good berth, had there been any customs; the mighty army, too, that was to have been raised might have been very mighty had there been any arms; and so might we have made the land very productive, had we possessed the power to live without food until the produce had arrived at maturity; but as matters stood, nothing could be done. We were all in a state of savagery.—There was nothing like government, discipline, or order. Nor was there any respect paid to persons, as a strong proof of which it may be mentioned that in my official residence, which was of a very *recherche* build, and about four feet high, I was obliged to pig the couple of bakers, a blacksmith, a butcher, and a barber. But that I did'nt so much mind, for instead of being hypochondriacal, they were in the midst of their misfortunes philosophically jolly. We always had a concert in the evening, a sort of free-and-easy: we used to sit upon the top of the house before we retired, and singing away like nightingales, endeavored to swindle ourselves into the belief that we were only out gipsying. And we certainly had one great comfort: we were all unmarried—and an out-and-out comfort that was, for all who were not were indeed most wretched.

'And now I'll explain the real nature of this cruel swindle: Macgregor, who is safe to have his eyes scratched out if the women should ever return, had certainly the grant of the Poayisian district: there can be no doubt about that; but it was clearly understood and set forth in the deed that nothing therein contained should be construed into a cession of the sovereignty of the country as then held by the Mosquito king. In the teeth of which, Mac Gregor's bonds are issued, as you are aware, with the preamble, 'Know all men by these presents that I, Gregor Mac Gregor the First, sovereign prince of the independent state of Poyais and its dependencies, &c.'—thus forfeiting the grant by the usurpation of the sovereignty, and vitiating the grants made to the emigrants by Mac Gregor for the consideration which he took care to pocket. Old Georgey, however, the Mosquito king, who is really a bit of a trump, although he issued a proclamation revoking the grant to Mac Gregor declared his willingness to recognize the grants to the emigrants who had been swindled out of their money, provided they undertook to kick up no row in his dominions. But this, although it was well meant, was of no sort of use. The emigrants had'nt the heart to do any thing.—What could they do with any prospect of success? There they were, a miserable mob of deluded wretches, without a particle of spirit, and almost without hope.

'I and the barber—who was rather an insinuating little swell—viewing with the most lively feelings of apprehension the deplorable wretchedness around us, made up our minds to scour the country, in order to pick up a couple of female savages, that, by marrying them, our position in society might be somewhat improved. But just as we were on the point of starting on this expedition, a schooner appeared! My friend, who at the time was shaving me with care as I sat on the top of our piggery, first beheld her. 'More victims!—more victims!' he cried, supposing that of course she came from England; but we were soon undeceived: we soon found that she had been sent from some quarter to aid us; and now I'll explain to you how.

'I have already stated that three of the most desperate of our party stole the boat of the Kennersly Castle, and, accompanied by a few of the natives, made off for Belize. On their passage, which was not an agreeable one at all, these fellows began to play tricks with the natives, who did'nt like it and would'nt have it, and threw a couple of them overboard in consequence. The third, however, happily reached Belize; and when he had given an account of our deplorable condition, the merchants, with a promptitude which did them great credit, despatched this schooner, the Mexican Eagle, to render us all possible assistance. The captain, on landing, offered to take us all away from this blessed land of promise, and to give us a free passage to Belize—an offer at which we all jumped,—and when, for his security, he had obtained the consent of our lieutenant-govern

or, he received one half of us on board, and, after a short passage, landed them in safety, and then went back for the rest; and here we all are in comparative comfort, being treated with the utmost kindness by the inhabitants in general.

'Now, sir, of course I have no wish to remain here. I am anxious to leave as soon as possible; but cannot get away, because I have nothing in the similitude of money but these Poyaisian notes, which will *not* pass current even here.—If, therefore, you will be kind enough to lend me sufficient to pay my passage home, I shall be extremely grateful, and will give you a bill at three months for the amount on my return, which bill shall of course be duly honored. Pray take my case into your kind consideration. I think you will, or I would'nt ask you. *Do* remit me some money' Please do, Mr. Julian, and you will forever oblige,

'Your faithful servant,
'PETER WEESENSE.'

Having read this letter, George called at Bull's office; but as Cavendish was there, he, not wishing to give that gentleman quite so great a triumph, forbore to mention the subject until he had left. He then read the contents aloud to Bull, who, taking but a superficial view of the matter, laughed immoderately until George arrived at the conclusion, when he exclaimed—'Poor Peter! But what a dreadful state they must all have been in!'

'They must have been, indeed,' returned George. 'And Mac Gregor, by usurping the sovereignty, has proved himself to be a vain fool as well as a villain.'

'To be sure he has! The thing might have done, had it not been for that!'

'I do not, however, believe that he ever intended to establish a settlement there.'

'Nor do I. His object was solely to raise money: but it is clear that a settlement might have been established. But I say, my dear boy, those infuriated women! Why, if, on their return, they should happen to meet not only with Mac Gregor, but with us, we shall be torn all to pieces, we shall! They won't wait for any explanation, women won't. If they take a thing into their heads, you know, they go right at it, hit or miss; and especially when they are bent upon vengeance. We must therefore look out, my dear boy! It won't do to be sacrificed you know, by a lot of wild women!'

'The chances are, that they will never return; but if even they should, *we* need not, I think, be under any apprehension.'

'Well, if they should come back, I should'nt much like to stand in Mac Gregor's shoes?—But I say, my dear boy, the vessel by which your letter came of course brought official intelligence, which is sure to be communicated in the course of the day on Change! That will stun some of them—eh?—will it not? The thing will be knocked on the head at once, it will. The bonds will go right down to nothing!—they'll not be worth twopence apiece. We must be there to see the explosion?'

'I think that, as we are known by so many to have been connected with the business, we had better keep away: not that our abandonment of the scheme would not enable us to justify ourselves; but because we cannot with truth say that we did not believe the intentions of Mac Gregor to be dishonorable when we left him.

'Well, it will be perhaps better for us not to appear. But what do you mean to do with Peter?'

'Oh! he shall have a remittance, of course — As it was entirely through me he went out, I feel bound to send him the means of returning. I'll take care of him. But we ought, more than ever, to congratulate ourselves upon the narrow escape we have had.'

For the first time, Bull quite agreed with George in viewing this as a subject for congratulation; for although it may be said that he *knew* Mac Gregor's object, and felt therefore convinced that the villanous bubble must, at no remote period, burst, his anxiety to deal in these Poyais bonds, after George had abandoned the project could scarcely be restrained.

CHAPTER XXI.

GEORGE STARTS A COUNTRY BANK, AND RECEIVES SOME IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

ALTHOUGH most impatient for the arrival of George at the hour appointed the previous evening, Waghorn was sedulously occupied in perfecting a scheme, by which it appeared not only that his embarrassments might be removed, but that he should be able to establish his reputation as a man of immense wealth. He had paid so much attention to the conversation on the subject of banking at Bull's residence, that nothing had escaped him, and as his calculations proved that his immediate connexion with a provincial bank having a respectable account in London would place him in a position to carry all before him, he resolved upon making a proposition to George to the effect that they should start one forthwith.

On George's arrival, he therefore lost no time in reopening the subject: he explained to him frankly the position in which he stood, describing with the most perfect candor the difficulties by which he had been surrounded, and the means he had adopted with a view to overcome them—and having dwelt upon the advantages of which the establishment of a bank would in all probability be productive to them both, he proceeded to make his proposition in form.

This George was quite disposed to entertain, but as experience had taught him to be cautious, he deemed it expedient to take sufficient time to consider, and therefore promised to decide in a week.

During this interval he inquired into the character of Waghorn, and found that he had proceeded with so much ingenuity and tact, that even his most intimate friends knew nothing of the embarrassments of which he had spoken.—They all described the stability of the firm as being beyond the possibility of doubt, and represented him as being a most diligent honorable person, one on whom the most perfect reliance might be placed.

George, therefore, notwithstanding the confession of Waghorn, that he had for some time been, and was still embarrassed, was so satisfied of his integrity, that when the week had expired, he gave his decision in favor of starting the bank.

With this decision Waghorn was delighted, and having in the interim ascertained that there was then a fine opening in one of the most important towns in Berkshire, he and George went down at once, and on finding the information they had received to be correct—there being but one bank in the town, and that essentially of the olden school, the conductors of which were extremely indisposed to put themselves out of the way for any thing—they were convinced that it *was* a fine opening indeed, and fixed upon an eligible spot before they left.

Secrecy was now a great object, and having that in view, they proceeded with the utmost caution. They secured the lease of an excellent house in the most important part of the town, and advertised for clerks who were conversant with the practical minutiæ of banking establishments, representing an intimate acquaintance with Berkshire to be a *sine qua non*. In consequence of this advertisement being inserted in almost every paper in the county, numerous applications were made, and among the rest were three from individuals who had been for years employed in the very bank of which the new one was about to become the rival. These persons it was deemed a great point to secure, and notwithstanding they were all rather elderly men, George engaged them. He also engaged two persons whose connexions in Berkshire were extensive, who knew intimately the principals of almost every firm of importance in the country, and who passed many other qualifications calculated to render them valuable agents.

The names of these persons were Stevens and Carlton; and as Waghorn had of course no wish for his name to appear, seeing that one of his grand objects was to have the endorsement of the bank on his accommodation bills, in order that he might negociate them more freely, and as George moreover had no desire to put forth his name, he being known to so many as a speculative man—a fact which he thought might create a want of confidence—an arrangement was made with Stevens and Carlton, by which in consideration of allowing their names to appear, they were to have not only handsome salaries, but a certain per centage upon the *bona fide* profits of the bank.

This having been settled, the note-plates were ordered, and the house which they had taken was painted and furnished in really magnificent style, the furniture, which was sent down from London, being of the most elegant description.

George, however, prided himself most upon the appearance of the bank itself. Every thing looked like business: firearms were fixed upon brackets as a prescriptive matter of course, and while the shelves were loaded with padlocked boxes, the large iron chests were extremely well displayed.

Being anxious to commence with some little *eclat*, George had proposed that they should start with a capital of four thousand pounds in equal shares, and as this proposition was agreed to by Waghorn, a correspondence was opened with a firm of long standing and high respectability in Pall Mall, the result of which was their consent to take the account of Stevens, Carlton, and Co., and a deposit of two thousand pounds was accordingly lodged in their hands.

The whole of the preliminaries being now arranged, the bank opened, and the value of both Stevens and Carlton soon began to appear. Stevens attended all the markets within a circle of thirty miles, and, being well known, succeeded in exchanging for the notes of distant bankers those of Stevens, Carlton, and Co.; and thus, although the bank incurred the expense of collection, forced into circulation their own notes, which being promptly paid on presentation soon inspired confidence in the public mind. He also contracted an intimacy with many highly respectable brewers, malsters, clothiers, and others. With the brewers who bought malt for cash, and with the malsters who on the same terms bought barley, he made an arrangement by which they undertook to pay away the notes of Stevens, Carlton, and Co. at all the markets they were in the habit of attending, which notes were to be obtained from the bank without charge, on their lodging their own promissory notes payable on demand; and every week an account was delivered of the notes which had come in for payment—the numbers having been of course previously taken—when the amount of those which had made their appearance was paid by the brewers and malsters in cash.

While Stevens was working his way at a distance, Carlton was equally active in the town, He ingratiated himself with almost all the respectable inhabitants, and more especially with the most substantial tradesmen, affording them every accommodation they required, of doing which the managers of the old bank had never even dreamed. Nor did he fail to propitiate the innkeepers, who in consequence extensively recommended the bank. If a traveller wanted a draft on London, Stevens, Carlton, and Co's. was, of course, the bank to go to; if he wished to exchange the notes of bankers at a distance, it could be done at the bank of Stevens, Carlton, and Co. In short, by virtue of an admirable management, the bank of Stevens, Carlton, and Co. soon became the most popular bank in the county.

Of course, the managers of the old bank did not like the new one at all. They opposed it in every direction, circulated many prejudicial reports, and displayed even more animosity than might have been expected. *They* wouldn't take the notes of Stevens, Carlton, and Co.—they wouldn't look at them—not they, indeed! *Who* were Stevens, Carlton, and Co.? They only wished to know where they sprang from.

For some time George took no notice of this species of annoyance, conceiving ill-will on

their part to be to some extent natural; but as he found that it, instead of diminishing, increased, he at length, after vainly expostulating with them, resolved to put a stop to it at once. He therefore directed a general collection of the notes of the old bank, with which one of his clerks attended at the counter of that establishment with the utmost regularity every evening, and demanded gold. This was done to an average extent of two thousand pounds per week, which of itself was rather a serious affair; but, in order to make the thing still more pleasant, George had a plate beautifully engraved with the name of the firm of Stevens, Carlton, and Co., and plastered an impression of this plate across the face of every note that came into his possession, which shook the resolution of the managers of the old bank, who all at once became extremely *happy* to take the notes of Stevens, Carlton, and Co., and to exchange in the regular way once a week.

While, however, George was thus engaged in establishing the bank on a sure foundation, he did not forget Fred's claim. On the contrary, having received no answer to the advertisement, and therefore despairing of being able to effect a private settlement, he had instructed an attorney to commence proceedings forthwith.

The first step, however, had scarcely been taken, when George received a letter, signed O. P. Q., and written in a cramped, disguised hand, in which the writer requested to know if the reward which had been offered would be paid, in the event of the required information being given, without a personal interview.

To this letter George replied by advertisement, as directed, to the effect that, before he could answer the question, he must be informed not only of the names which were extracted, but of the process by which they would be removed; adding, that if such information were given, an answer would be immediately returned.

This advertisement, which appeared in the *Morning Herald*, was unnoticed for several days; but at length a letter was sent, signed as before, describing the names which were extracted, explaining the process, and stating that every information should be given, provided the writer could be assured of the reward, and that, for his own security, he should not be expected to give up the name of the person who employed him; to which George replied, that if no other ingredient than that described were used in discharging the ink, the money would be paid without a personal interview, in the event of the necessary information being given—that the sum should be lodged in the hands of a London banker, in the joint names of his attorney and any friend whom O. P. Q. might appoint, to be paid over, if the information being proved to be correct,—with an additional hundred pounds, as an inducement to O. P. Q. to explain the precise means by which he obtained possession of the book.

No time was lost in replying to this: a letter was sent on the following day, naming a solicitor, agreeing to the conditions, and stating that, as soon as the money had been lodged, as proposed, the solicitor in question would deliver a letter containing all the information required.

George then went to his solicitor; and when he had explained to him all that had occurred, they proceeded at once to the attorney whom O. P. Q. had named, and who accompanied them to the banker's, where the money was deposited, with an agreement, embodying the conditions proposed; and when this had been effected, a letter was delivered to George, of which the contents were as follow:

'Sir,

'From the nature of the advertisement to which I first replied, I am induced to suspect that I have been in some measure, by the person who employed me, betrayed. If such be the case—if you can show me that it is so—I hereby declare that I will give up his name.—If, however, there has been no treachery on his part, the secret is still essential to my own security; and as I have no other fear of detection—being at that time known only by the assumed name of Richardson; and being, moreover, sufficiently disguised—I have nothing to communicate now but the facts.

'About fifteen months ago, this person—with whom I had had several bill transactions—commissioned me to destroy the registry of the marriage in question; for which service I was to receive the sum of five hundred pounds; one hundred of which was to paid down at once, and the remainder when the thing had been effected.

'Accordingly having obtained all necessary information with respect to the village, and so on, I received the first hundred, and went down alone. The church was at that time under repair, and on being informed that the register was kept at the house of the curate, I called there, and found that the marriage was entered as described. I at first thought of cutting out the leaves, which I could have done at once; but as I knew that that was punishable with death, and that I should always be at the mercy of my employer, of whom I had some doubt, and who might have refused to perform his part of the contract, I hesitated, and left.

'The curate had a daughter, whom I particularly noticed on entering the cottage, and who, in return, I thought rather particularly noticed me, and flattering myself that I knew something of the female character, it occurred to me that through her instrumentality I might accomplish in another way all that was required, save myself, in some measure, from the consequences of the act, and have, at the same time, the power of compelling him who employed me to fulfil the engagement into which he had entered.

'I therefore at once returned to town, and had an interview with this person, who was greatly disappointed at my not having cut out the leaves: I excused myself by stating that I had thought of a plan by which the object proposed could be obtained in a manner far preferable in every respect—pointed out to him the danger of cutting out the leaves, as suspicion was sure to be

awakened, and the real facts probably proved, when the mutilation of the book should be discovered; and explained to him a process by which the ink might be extracted from the paper which could afterwards be so prepared as to enable me to insert other names without the chance of creating the slightest suspicion, and thus set detection at defiance. He admitted that this was a preferable course, and inquired how I proposed to obtain possession of the book, and when I told him that I expected to accomplish that through the medium of the old curate's daughter, he seemed to think it impossible! Feeling, however, sure of eventual success, I returned to effect the object in the manner proposed

'It is not, sir, with any paltry view of setting forth my own tact that I am now about to explain to you how I proceeded: I do it solely because I feel myself bound to give you this explanation in order that the truth of my statement may not in any particular be doubted.

'As the curate was exceedingly careful of his daughter, and as the girl herself was of a timid retiring disposition, I found the task I had undertaken to be of far greater difficulty than I had imagined. In a few days, however, by dint of perseverance, I succeeded in making a manifest impression. Still I was compelled to be extremely cautious, and as I found that the curate began to make some inquiries having reference to the object of my visit to the place, I took especial care to have it represented to him that my object was his daughter, of whom I was desperately enamoured. I then obtained an interview with him, and declared my attachment with apparent sincerity and candor; but as he still refused to sanction my visits to the house, I changed my course, and by virtue of bribery managed to propitiate the favor of the old housekeeper, through whose instrumentality I obtained private interviews with her mistress, whose name if I recollect rightly was Lydia

'As a matter of course, she believed my protestations to be as sincere as they were warm; and although she continued to be anxious to conceal it, that very anxiety convinced me that her affections had been won.

Having proceeded thus far, I directed my immediate attention to the register. I endeavored to induce the belief that I derived more amusement from parish registers in general than from any other records extant, and tried to prevail upon her to procure for me privately the register of that particular parish, in order that, by allowing me to take it to the inn, I might gratify my curiosity which had been, by a brief perusal of it, strongly excited.

'To do this, however, she declined. Her papa always kept it locked up and never by any *accident* left the key about. She was indeed very sorry that she could not oblige me, but if even the safe were on any occasion left open, she should feel that she was doing very wrong to lend me the book without obtaining his consent.

'Notwithstanding this decided refusal, I did not despair. The register I was determined to have, and as I then knew that I could not immediately obtain it, I felt that my only plan was to inspire her with more confidence in me than ever.

'While this was being effected, the fact of our having private interviews by some means came to the ears of the curate; and as he naturally felt that it would be better under the circumstances to receive me on being assured of my respectability, and so on—an assurance which, of course, I was ready to give—he sent for me, and when I succeeded in painting my character, prospects and connexions, to his entire satisfaction, he, having the happiness of his daughter only in view, consented to offer no further opposition to my visits.

'With this consent Lydia was delighted. It inspired her with the most lively hopes. Her joy was unbounded; and this induced me to imagine that her confidence in me was unbounded too; but on alluding to the subject of the register again, I found I had my work to do still. The great difficulty, however, consisted not perhaps so much in want of confidence on her part, as in the belief she entertained that, in taking the book from the safe without the knowledge of her father, she should be committing an act of gross disobedience. She begged of me earnestly to allow her to mention the subject to him. She was perfectly sure that he would have no objection. She was prepared to pledge her existence that, if he were informed that I had so strong a desire to peruse the book alone, he would with infinite pleasure let me take it to the inn with me. But I knew better!—and I forbade her to mention the subject to him, on the ground that he would consider my curiosity childish.

'At length, finding it impossible to overcome that which she conceived to be her duty by any other means, I treated her coolly, and thus made her wretched. I would not have done it, for she was really a good girl, had there been the slightest chance of my object being accomplished in any other way; but there was not; she was proof against all persuasion, and therefore compelled me to alter my tone. At first she tried to guess the cause of this sudden change; but being unable to do that successfully, she had recourse to gentle expostulation.—'How had she offended me? What had she done? If she had said the slightest word to annoy me, she was indeed very sorry, and hoped that I would forgive her; but she could not but think it rather cruel to treat her so without explaining the cause.' Poor girl! I was sorry for her; but business must be attended to, sir; and as the business I had then in hand was of the utmost importance to me, seeing that I happened to be then rather poor, I was determined that no obstacle which I could remove, should continue to stand in the way of its accomplishment. I therefore told her plainly that she had deceived me—that she had taught me to believe that her confidence in me was unlimited; and when she assured me that it really was, I replied that I never should be satisfied of it, until she had procured for me that register: not that I partic-

larly wanted it; no, but because it was the only proof of confidence she then had the power to afford me.

'This was sufficient. Her scruples were hushed. That night I had the register.

'I took it with me to the inn, where I extracted the names by the process which in my former communication I described, not only in the body of the book but in the index, and having prepared the paper, I wrote the names which now appear with *sympathetic* ink, in order that I might have an additional hold upon the person who employed me; and having thus made all secure, I returned the book on the following morning, and expressed myself of course quite satisfied that Lydia had confidence in me indeed.

'My object now being accomplished, I prepared to return to town, and as I had previously invited the curate to accompany me, in order that he might at once be introduced to my connexions, we started by the coach the next day, and I scarcely need add, that immediately on our arrival in London, I left him.

'And now, sir, I think that this is all the information you require as far as the facts of the case are concerned. If, however there should be any point which requires a more minute explanation, I shall feel myself bound to afford it; and I beg to repeat, sir, that if, as I am led to suspect, you can show that there has been any treachery on the part of the person by whom I was employed in this business, I shall not only feel much obliged by your putting me on my guard, but will instantly send you his name.

'I am, sir, &c. &c.

'O. P. Q.'

MARRYAT'S NEW NOVEL.

"THE POACHER."

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

VOL. II.—PART 14.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH THE TINKER MAKES LOVE.

Joey made his obeisance, and departed as if he was frightened. Miss Melissa watched him; at last she thought, 'Tinker or no tinker? that is the question. No tinker, for a cool hundred, as my father would say; for, no tinker's boy, no tinker; and that is no tinker's boy. How clever of him to say that the letter was given him by a gentleman! Now I can send to him to interrogate him, and have an interview without any offence to my feelings; and if he is disguised, as I feel confident that he is, I shall soon discover it.'

Miss Melissa Mathews did not sleep that night; and at the time appointed she was sitting on the bench with all the assumed dignity of a newly-made magistrate. Spikeman and Joey were not long before they made their appearance. Spikeman was particularly clean and neat, although he took care to wear the outward appearance of a tinker; his hands were, by continual washing in hot water, very white, and he had paid every attention to his person, except in wearing his rough and sullied clothes.

'My boy tells me Miss, that you wish to speak to me,' said Spikeman, assuming the air of a vulgar man.

'I did, friend,' said Melissa, after looking at Spikeman for a few minutes; 'a letter has been brought here clandestinely, and your boy confesses that he received it from you; and, I wish to know how you came by it.'

'Boy, go away to a distance,' said Spikeman, very angrily; 'if you can't keep one secret, at all events you shall not hear any more.'

Joey retreated as had been arranged between them.

'Well, Madam, or Miss (I suppose Miss),' said Spikeman, 'that letter was written by a gentleman that loves the very ground you tread upon.'

'And he requested it to be delivered to me?'

'He did, Miss; and if you knew, as I do, how he loves you, you would not be surprised at his taking so bold a step.'

'I am surprised at your taking so bold a step, Tinker, as to send it by your boy.'

'It was a long while before I would venture, Miss; but when he told me what he did, I really could not help doing so; for I pitied him, and so would you, if you knew all.'

'And, pray, what did he tell you?'

'He told me, Miss,' said Spikeman, who had gradually assumed his own manner of speaking, 'that he had ever rejected the thoughts of matrimony—that he had rose up every morning thanking Heaven that he was free and independent—that he had scorned the idea of ever being captivated with the charms of a woman; but that one day he had by chance passed down this road, and had heard you singing as you were coming down to repose on this bench. Captivated by your voice, curiosity induced him to conceal himself in the copse behind us, and from thence had a view of your person; nay, Miss, he told me more, that he had played the eaves-dropper, and heard all your conversation, free and unconstrained as it was from the supposition that you were alone; he heard you express your sentiments and opinions, and finding that there was on this earth what, in his scepticism, he thought never to exist—youth, beauty, talent, family, and principle, all united in one person—he had bowed at the shrine, and had become a silent and unseen worshipper.'

Spikeman stopped speaking.

'Then, it appears that this gentleman, as you style him, has been guilty of the ungentlemanly practice of listening to private conversation—no very great recommendation.'

'Such was not his intention at first; he was seduced to it by you. Do not blame him for that—now that I have seen you I cannot; but, Miss, he told me more. He said that he felt that he was unworthy of you, and had not a competence to offer you, even if he could obtain your favor; that he discovered that there was a cause which prevented his gaining an introduction to your family; in fact, that he was hopeless and despairing. He had hovered near you for a long time, for he could not leave the air you breathed; and, at last, that he had resolved to set his life upon the die and stake the hazard. Could I refuse him, Miss? He is of an old family, but not wealthy; he is a gentleman by birth and education, and therefore I did not think I was doing so very wrong in giving him the chance, trifling as it might be. I beg your pardon, Madam, if I have offended; and any message you may have to deliver to him, harsh as it may be—nay, even if it should be his death—it shall be faithfully and truly delivered.'

'When shall you see him, Master Tinker?' said Melissa, very gravely.

'In a week he will be here, he said, not before.'

'Considering he is so much in love he takes his time,' replied Melissa. 'Well, Master Tinker, you may tell him from me that I've no answer to give him. It is quite ridiculous, as well as highly improper, that I should receive a letter or answer one from a person whom I never saw. I admit his letter to be respectful, or I should have sent a much harsher message.'

'Your commands shall be obeyed, Miss; that is, if you cannot be persuaded to see him for one minute.'

'Most certainly not; I see no gentleman who is not received at my father's house, and properly presented to me. It may be the custom among people in your station of life, Master Tinker, but not in mine; and, as for yourself, I recommend you not to attempt to bring another letter.'

'I must request your pardon for my fault, Miss; may I ask, after I have seen the poor young gentleman, am I to report to you what takes place?'

'Yes, if it is to assure me that I shall be no more troubled with his addresses.'

'You shall be obeyed, Miss,' continued Spikeman; then, changing his tone and air, he said, 'I beg your pardon, have you any knives or scissors to grind?'

'No,' replied Melissa, jumping up from her seat, and walking towards the house to conceal her mirth. Shortly afterwards she turned round to look if Spikeman was gone; he had remained near the seat with his eyes following her footsteps. 'I could love that man,' thought Melissa, as she walked on. 'What an eye he has, and what eloquence! I shall run away with a tinker, I do believe; but it is my destiny. Why does he say a week, a whole week? But how easy to see through his disguise! He had the stamp of a gentleman upon him. Dear me, I wonder how this is to end! I must not tell Araminta yet; she would be fidgetted out of her wits. How foolish of me! I quite forgot to ask the name of this *gentleman*. I'll not forget it next time.'

CHAPTER XII.

WELL DONE, TINKER.

'It is beyond my hopes, Joey,' said Spikeman, as they went back to the cottage; 'she knows well enough that I was pleading for myself and not for another, and she has said quite as much as my most sanguine wishes could desire; in fact, she has given me permission to come again, and repeat the result of her message to the non-existent gentleman, which is equal to an assignation. I have no doubt now I shall ultimately succeed, and I must make my preparations; I told her that I should not be able to deliver her message for a week, and she did not like the delay, that was clear; it will all work in my favor; a week's expectation will ripen the fruit more than daily meetings. I must leave this to-night; but you may as well stay here, for you can be of no use to me

'Where are you going then?'

'First to Dudstone, to take my money out of the bank; I have a good sum, sufficient to carry me on for many months after our marriage, if I do marry her. I shall change my dress at Dudstone, of course, and then start for London by mail, and fit myself out with a most fashionable wardrobe, and etceteras, come down again to Cobhurst, the town we were in the other day, with my portmanteau, and from thence return here in my tinker's clothes to resume operations. You must not go near her during my absence.'

'Certainly not; shall I go out at all?'

'No, not with the wheel; you might meet her on the road, and she would be putting questions to you.'

That evening Spikeman set off, and was absent for five days, when he again made his appearance early in the morning. Joey had remained almost altogether in-doors, and had taken that opportunity of writing to Mary. He wrote on the day of Spikeman's departure, as it would give ample time for an answer before his return; but Joey received no reply to his letter.

'I am all prepared now, my boy,' said Spikeman; whose appearance was considerably improved by the various little personal arrangements which he had gone through during the time he was in London. 'I have my money in my pockets, my portmanteau at Cobhurst, and now it depends upon the rapidity of my success when the day is to come that I make my knife-grinder's wheel over to you. I will go down now, but without you this time.'

Spikeman set off with his wheel, and soon arrived at the usual place of meeting; Miss Mathews had perceived him, from the window, coming down the road, she waited a quarter of an hour before she made her appearance; had not she had her eyes on the hands of the time-piece, and knew that it was only a quarter of an hour, she could have sworn that it had been two hours at least. Poor girl! she had

during this week run over every circumstance connected with the meeting at least a thousand times; every word that had been exchanged had been engraven on her memory, and, without her knowledge almost, her heart had imperceptibly received the impression. She walked down reading her book very attentively until she arrived at the bench.

'Any knives or scissors to grind, Ma'am?' asked Spikeman, respectfully coming forward.

'You here again, Master Tinker! why I had quite forgot all about you.'

(Heaven preserve us! how innocent girls will sometimes tell fibs out of modesty.)

'It were well for others, Miss Mathews, if their memories were equally treacherous,' rejoined Spikeman.

'And why so, pray?'

'I speak of the gentleman to whom you sent the message.'

'And what was his reply to you?'

'He acknowledged, Miss Mathews, the madness of his communication to you, of the impossibility of your giving him an answer, and of your admitting him to your presence. He admired the prudence of your conduct, but, unfortunately, his admiration only increased his love. He requested me to say that he will write no more.'

'He has done wisely and I am satisfied.'

'I would I could say as much for him, Miss Mathews; for it is my opinion that his very existence is now so bound up with the possession of you, that if he does not succeed he cannot exist.'

'That is not my fault,' replied Melissa, with her eyes cast down.

'No, it is not; still, Miss Mathews, when it considered that this man had abjured, I may say had almost despised women, it is no small triumph to you, or homage from him, that you have made him feel the power of your sex.

'It is his just punishment for having despised us.'

'Perhaps so; yet if we were all punished for our misdeeds, as Shakspeare says, who should escape whipping?'

'Pray, Master Tinker, where did you learn to quote Shakspeare?'

'Where I learnt much more; I was not always a travelling tinker.'

'So I presumed before this; and pray how came you to be one?'

'Miss Mathews, if the truth must be told, it arose from an unfortunate attachment.'

'I have read in the olden poets that love would turn a man into a god; but I never heard of its making him a tinker,' replied Melissa, smiling.

'The immortal Jove did not hesitate to conceal his thunderbolts when he deigned to love; and Cupid but too often has recourse to the aid of Proteus to secure success. We have, therefore, no mean warrantry.'

'And who was the lady of thy love, good Master Tinker.'

'She was, Miss Mathews, like you in every thing; she was as beautiful, as intelligent, as honest, as proud, and, unfortunately, she was, like you, as obdurate, which reminds me of the unfortunate gentleman whose emissary I now am. In his madness he requested me, yes, Miss Mathews, me, a poor tinker—to woo you for him; to say to you all that he would have said had he been admitted to your presence; to plead for him at your feet, and entreat you to have some compassion for one whose only misfortune was to love,—whose only fault was to be poor. What could I say, Miss Mathews,—what could I reply to a person in his state of desperation? To reason with him, to argue with him, had been useless; I could only sooth him by making such a promise, provided that I was permitted to do it. Tell me, Miss Mathews, have I your permission to make the attempt?'

'First, Mr Tinker, I should wish to know the name of this gentleman.'

'I promised not to mention it, Miss Mathews, but I can evade the promise. I have a book which belongs to him in my pocket, on the inside of which are the arms of his family, with his father's name underneath them.'

Spikeman presented the book. Melissa read the name, and then laid it on the bench, without saying a word.

'And now, Miss Mathews, as I have shown you that the gentleman has no wish to conceal who he is, may I venture to hope that you will permit me to plead occasionally, when I may see you, in his behalf?'

'I know not what to say, Master Tinker; I consider it a measure fraught with some danger both to the gentleman and to myself. You have quoted Shakspeare, allow me now to do the same—

> 'Friendship is constant in all other things
> Save in the affairs and offices of love,
> Therefore all hearts use your own tongues.'

You observe, Master Tinker, that there is the danger of your pleading for yourself, and not for your client; and there is also the danger of my being insensibly moved to listen to the addresses of a tinker. Now, only reflect upon the awful consequences,' continued Melissa smiling.

'I pledge you my honor, Miss Mathews, that I will only plead for the person whose name you have read in the book, and that you shall never be humiliated by the importunities of a mender of pots and pans.'

'You pledge the honor of a tinker; what may that be worth?'

'A tinker that has the honor of conversing with Miss Mathews has an honor that cannot be too highly appreciated.'

'Well, that is very polite for a mender of old kettles, but the schoolmaster is abroad, which, I presume, accounts for such strange anomalies as our present conversation. I must now wish you good morning.'

'When may I have the honor of again presenting myself in behalf of the poor gentleman?'

'I can really make no appointments with tinkers,' replied Melissa; 'if you personate that young man, you must be content to wait for days or months to catch a glimpse of the hem of my garment; to bay the moon and bless the stars,

and I do not know what else. It is, in short, catch me when you can; and now, farewell, good Master Tinker,' replied Melissa, leaving her own book, and taking the one Spikeman had put into her hand, which she carried with her to the house. It was all up with Miss Melissa Mathews, that was clear.

We shall pass over a fortnight, during which Spikeman, at first every other day, and subsequently every day or evening, had a meeting with Melissa, in every one of which he pleaded his cause in the third person. Joey began to be very tired of this affair, as he remained idle during the whole time, when one morning Spikeman told him that he must go down to the meeting place without the wheel and tell Miss Mathews that his uncle, the tinker, was ill, and not able to come that evening.

Joey received his instructions, and went down immediately. Miss Mathews was not to be seen, and Joey, to avoid observation, hid himself in the copse, awaiting her arrival. At last she came, accompanied by Araminta, her cousin.—As soon as they had taken their seats on the bench, Araminta commenced: 'My dear Melissa, I could not speak to you in the house on account of your father, but Simpson has told me this morning that she thought it her duty to state to me, that you have been seen, not only in the day time, but late in the evening, walking and talking with a strange-looking man. I have thought it very odd that you should not have mentioned this mysterious person to me lately, but I do think it most strange that you should have been so imprudent. Now, tell me everything that has happened, or I must really make it known to your father.'

'And have me locked up for months; that's very kind of you, Araminta,' replied Melissa.

'But consider what you have been doing, Melissa. Who is this man?'

'A travelling tinker, who brought me a letter from a gentleman who has been so silly as to fall in love with me.'

'And what steps have you taken, cousin?'

'Positively refused to receive a letter, or to see the gentleman.'

'Then why does the man come again?'

'To know if we have any knives or scissors to grind.'

'Come, come, Melissa, this is ridiculous. All the servants are talking about it; and you know how servants talk. Why do you continue to see this fellow?'

'Because he amuses me,' and it is so stupid of him.'

'If that is your only reason, you can have no objection to see him no more, now that scandal is abroad. Will you promise me that you will not? Recollect, dear Melissa, how imprudent and how unmaidenly it is.'

'Why, you don't think that I am going to elope with a tinker, do you, cousin?'

'I should think not; nevertheless, a tinker is no companion for Miss Mathews; dear cousin. Melissa, you have been most imprudent. How far you have told me the truth I know not; but this I must tell you, if you do not promise me to give up this disgraceful acquaintance I will immediately acquaint my uncle.'

'I will not be forced into any promise, Araminta,' replied Melissa, indignantly.

'Well, then, I will not hurry you into it. I will give you forty-eight hours to reply, and if by that time your own good sense does not point out your indiscretion, I certainly will make it known to your father; that is decided.' So saying, Araminta rose from the bench and walked towards the house.

'Eight-and-forty hours,' said Melissa, thoughtfully; 'it must be decided by that time.'

'Joey, who had wit enough to perceive how matters stood, made up his mind not to deliver his message. He knew that Spikeman was well, and presumed that his staying away was to make Miss Mathews more impatient to see him. Melissa remained on the bench in deep thought; at last Joey went up to her.

'You here, my boy! what have you come for?' said Melissa.

'I was strolling this way, Madam.'

'Come here; I want you to tell me the truth; indeed, it is useless to attempt to deceive me.—Is that person your uncle?'

'No, Miss, he is not.'

'I knew that. Is he not the person who wrote the letter, and a gentleman in disguise? Answer me that question, and then I have a message to him which will make him happy.'

'He is a gentleman, Miss.'

'And his name is Spikeman; is it not?'

'Yes, Miss, it is.'

'Will he be here this evening? This is no time for trifling.'

'If you want him, Miss, I am sure he will.'

'Tell him to be sure and come, and not in disguise,' said Melissa, bursting into tears. 'That's no use, my die is cast,' continued she, talking to herself. Joey remained by her side until she removed her hands from her face.—'Why do you wait?'

'At what hour, Miss, shall he come?' said Joey.

'As soon as it is dusk. Leave me, boy, and do not forget.'

Joey hastened to Spikeman, and narrated what he had seen and heard, with the message of Melissa.

'My dear boy! you have helped me to happiness,' said Spikeman. 'She shed tears did she? Poor thing! I trust they will be the last she shall shed. I must be off to Cobhurst: at once. Meet me at dark at the copse, for I shall want to speak to you.'

Spikeman set off for the town as fast as he could, with his bundle on his head When halfway he went into a field and changed his clothes, discarding his tinker's dress for ever, throwing it into a ditch for the benefit of the finder. He then went into the town to his rooms, dressed himself in a fashionable suit, arranged his portmanteau, and ordered a chaise to be ready at the door at a certain time, so as to arrive at the village before dusk. After he had passed through the village he ordered the postboy to stop about fifty yards on the other side of the copse, and get-

ting out, desired him to remain till he returned. Joey was already there, and soon afterwards Miss M. made her appearance, coming down the walk in a hurried manner, in her shawl and bonnet. As soon as she gained the bench, Spikeman was at her feet; he told her he knew what had passed between her and her cousin; that he could not, would not, part with her; he now came without disguise to repeat what he had so often said to her, that he loved and adored her, and that his life should be devoted to make her happy.

Melissa wept, entreated, refused, and half consented; Spikeman led her away from the bench towards the road, she still refusing, yet still advancing, until they came to the door of the chaise. Joey let down the steps; Melissa, half fainting and half resisting, was put in, Spikeman followed, and the door was closed by Joey.

'Stop a moment, boy,' said Spikeman. 'Here Joey, take this.'

As Spikeman put a packet into our hero's hand, Melissa clasped her hands, and cried,—'Yes—yes! stop, do stop and let me out; I cannot go, indeed I cannot.'

'There's lights coming down the gravel walk,' said Joey; 'they are running fast.'

'Drive on, boy, as fast as you can,' said Spikeman.

'Oh, yes! drive on,' cried Melissa, sinking into her lover's arms.

Off went the chaise, leaving Joey on the road with the packet in his hands; our hero turned round and perceived the lights close to him, and, not exactly wishing to be interrogated, he set off as fast as he could, and never checked his speed until he arrived at the cottage where he and Spikeman had taken up their quarters.

MELODIES AND OTHER POEMS,

BY CHARLES F. HOFFMAN,

Author of 'A Winter in the West,' 'Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie,' 'Greyslaer,' &c. &c. &c.

[NOW FIRST COLLECTED.]

We read every day of A. the poet, and B. the poet, and C. the poet; but who ever saw that title appended to the name of CHARLES F. HOFFMAN? No one, we trow; it was never so printed. The author of works which entitle him to be ranked among the first lyric poets who have written in the English language, he has permitted his effusions, under various unique signatures of his own invention and the names of popular foreign bards, to have their periodical career in the gazettes, delighting all readers by their exquisite melody and the beauty of their thoughts, unclaimed and by himself unvalued. A number of the songs which we give below may be purchased at the music stores with the name of Thomas Moore upon their title-pages;—but with all Moore's excellencies, and all his fame, he never produced melodies superior to 'Sparkling and Bright,' 'She loves but 'tis not me she loves,' 'The Myrtle and Steel,' and several others by our American Anacreon.

C. F. HOFFMAN is a brother to the Honorable OGDEN HOFFMAN, the distinguished member of the last Congress from New-York, and was born on the banks of the noble Hudson, near that city, in 1806. His boyhood was passed principally at Poughkeepsie, where he attended a grammar school kept by some petty tyrant, who, never winning his respect nor confidence, failed of course to do him any benefit. From Poughkeepsie he went to Columbia College, where he graduated when nineteen years old, having distinguished himself above all his classmates, in belles-lettes, and won the affections of every one with whom he associated, by his admirable social qualities. Soon after he left his alma mater he commenced the study of the law with the Hon. HARMANUS BLEECKER, of Albany, now *Charge d' Affaires* of the United States to the Hague. When twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar, and for the succeeding three years he practised in the courts of the city of New-York. During this period, he wrote anonymously for the New-York American, (having while in Albany made his first essay as a writer for the gazettes, by contributing a series of lively sketches to the 'Argus' and the 'Daily Advertiser;') and we believe finally become associated with Charles King, Esq. in the editorship of that paper. Certainly he gave up the legal profession, for the successful prosecution of which he appears to have been disqualified by his love of books, his friends, the rod, and gun, and has since devoted his attention almost constantly to literature.

From 1834 to 1837 he edited the American Monthly Magazine, which, under him and his successor, Mr. Park Benjamin, was equal if not superior in merit to any literary periodical of similar character ever published in this country.

The first impression of his 'Winter in the West,' was published in 1834, and immediately after reprinted in London. In England and in this country it has since passed through several editions and it will continue to be popular, so long as graphic descriptions of scenery and character, and richness and purity of style, are admired. His 'Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie' has reached a third edition in London, where it was first printed in 1837. His next work, 'Greyslaer,' was published last year by the Harpers, in New-York, and subsequently reprinted by Colburn, in London, and Lea and Blanchard, in Philadelphia. The last mentioned publishers, it is understood, have now in press a new romance from his pen, which will appear in the ensuing autumn.

We learn from a recent list of 'Appointments by the President,' that Mr. Hoffman has received an honorable office in the custom-house of his native city. May no changes in the political world deprive him of it, so long as he prefers 'sitting at the receipt of custom,' to wandering among the wild scenes of the forest, the mountains and the lakes.

The poems which follow probably are but a small proportion of those which Mr. Hoffman has written; but they are all we have been able to gather from the magazines and gazettes in our possession; and they constitute the *first* collection of our author's melodies which has been before the public. Many of them have never before been printed under Mr. Hoffman's name; and some of them doubtless contain errors, as nearly all similar productions do from constant and careless republication in the journals;—the reader may be confident that if there is anything wrong or imperfect about them it is not the author's fault. We shall hereafter give the best works of more of 'Our Neglected Poets,' being confident that for all such labors we merit and shall receive the thanks of our intelligent readers.—*Editor.*

MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON.

Written iat West Point.

I'm not romantic, but, upon my word,
There are some moments when one can't help feeling
As if his heart's chords were so strongly stirred
By things around him, that 'tis vain concealing
A little music in his soul still lingers
Whene'er its keys are touched by Nature's fingers:

And even here, upon this settee lying,
With many a sleepy traveller near me snoozing,
Thoughts warm and wild are through my bosom flying,
Like founts when first into the sunshine oozing:
For who can look on mountain, sky, and river,
Like these, and then be cold and calm as ever?

Bright Dian, who, Camilla-like, dost skim yon
Azure fields—Thou who, once earthward bending,
Didst loose thy virgin zone to young Endymion
On dewy Latmos to his arms descending—
Thou whom the world of old on every shore,
Type of thy sex, *Triformis*, did adore:

Tell me—where'er thy silver barque be steering
By bright Italian or soft Persian lands,
Or o'er those island-studded seas careering,
Whose pearl-charg'd waves dissolve on coral strands
Tell if thou visitest, thou heavenly rover,
A lovelier spot than this the wide world over?

Doth Achelous or Araxes flowing
Twin-born from Pindus, but ne'er meeting brothers—
Doth Tagus o'er his golden pavement glowing,
Or cradle-freighted Ganges, the reproach of mothers,
The storied Rhine, or far-famed Guadalquiver,
Match they in beauty my own glorious river?

What though no turret gray nor ivied column
Along these cliffs their sombre ruins rear?
What though no frowning tower nor temple solemn
Of despots tell and superstition here—
What tho' that mouldering fort's fast-crumbling walls
Did ne'er enclose a baron's bannered halls—

Its sinking arches once gave back as proud
An echo to the war-blown clarion's peal,
As gallant hearts its battlements did crowd
As ever beat beneath a vest of steel,
When herald's trump on knighthood's haughtiest day
Called forth chivalric host to battle fray:

For here amid these woods did He keep court,
Before whose mighty soul the common crowd
Of heroes, who alone for fame have fought,
Are like the Patriarch's sheaves to Heaven's chosen bowed—
He who his country's eagle taught to soar,
And fired those stars which shine o'er every shore.

And sights and sounds at which the world have wonder'd
Within these wild ravines have had their birth;
Young Freedom's cannon from these glens have thundered,
And sent their startling echoes o'er the earth;
And not a verdant glade nor mountain hoary
But treasures up within the glorious story.

And yet not rich in high-souled memories only,
Is every moon-touched headland round me gleaming,
Each cavernous glen and leafy valley lonely,
And silver torrent o'er the bald rock streaming:
But such soft fancies here may breathe around,
As make Vaucluse and Clarens hallow'd ground.

Where, tell me where, pale watcher of the night—
Thou that to love so oft hast lent its soul,
Since the lorn Lesbian languished 'neath thy light,
Or fiery Romeo to his Juliet stole—
Where dost thou find a fitter place on earth
To nourish young love in hearts like theirs to birth?

But now, bright Peri of the skies, descending
Thy pearly car hangs o'er yon mountain's crest,
And Night, more nearly now each step attending,
As if to hide thy envied place of rest,
Closes at last thy very couch beside,
A matron curtaining a virgin bride.

Farewell! Though tears on every leaf are starting,
While thro' the shadowy boughs thy glances quiver,
As of the good when heavenward hence departing,
Shines thy last smile upon the placid river.
So—could I fling o'er glory's tide one ray—
Would I too steal from this dark world away.

THE WESTERN HUNTER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Wend, love, with me, to the deep woods, wend,
  Where far in the forest, the wild flowers keep,
Where no watching eye shall over us bend
  Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep.
Thou shalt gather from buds of the oriole's hue,
  Whose flaming wings round our pathway flit,
From the saffron orchis and lupin blue,
  And those like the foam on my courser's bit.

One steed and one saddle us both shall bear,
  One hand of each on the bridle meet;
And beneath the wrist that entwines me there
  An answering pulse from my heart shall beat.
I will sing thee many a joyous lay,
  As we chase the deer by the blue lake-side,
While the winds that o'er the prairie play
  Shall fan the cheek of my woodland bride.

Our home shall be by the cool bright streams,
  Where the beaver chooses her safe retreat,
And our hearts shall smile like the sun's warm gleams
  Through the branches around the lodge that meet.
Then wend with me, to the deep woods wend,
  Where far in the forest the wild flowe s keep,
Where no watching eye shall over us bend,
  Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep.

SONG—ROSALIE CLARE.

Who own's not she's peerless—who calls her not fair—
Who questions the beauty of Rosalie Clare?
Let him saddle his courser and spur to the field,
And though coated in proof, he must perish or yield;
For no gallant can splinter—no charger can dare
The lance that is couched for young Rosalie Clare.

When goblets are flowing, and wit at the board
Sparkles high, while the blood of the red grape is pour'd,
And fond wishes for fair ones around offered up
From each lip that is wet with the dew of the cup,—
What name on the brimmer floats oftener there,
Or is whispered more warmly, than Rosalie Clare?

They may talk of the land of the olive and vine—
Of the maids of the Ebro, the Arno, or Rhine;—
Of the Houris that gladden the East with their smiles,
Where the sea's studded over with green summer isles;
But what flower of far away clime can compare
With the blossom of ours—bright Rosalie Clare?

Who owns not she's peerless—who calls her not fair?
Let him meet but the glances of Rosalie Clare!
Let him list to her voice—let him gaze on her form—
And if, seeing and hearing, his soul do not warm,
Let him go breathe it out in some less happy air
Than that which is blessed by sweet Rosalie Clare.

THY NAME.

It comes to me when healths go round,
  And o'er the wine their garland's wreathing
The flowers of wit, with music wound,
  Are freshly from the goblet breathing
From sparkling song and sally gay
It comes to steal my heart away,
And fill my soul, 'mid festal glee,
With sad, sweet, silent thoughts of thee.

It comes to me upon the mart,
  Where care in jostling crowds is rife;
Where Avarice goads the sordid heart,
  Or cold Ambition prompts the strife;
It comes to whisper if I'm there,
'Tis but with thee each prize to share,
For Fame were not success to me,
Nor riches wealth, unshared with thee.

It comes to me when smiles are bright
  On gentle lips that murmur round me,
And kindling glances flash delight
  In eyes whose spell would once have bound me.
It comes—but comes to bring alone,
Remembrance of some look or tone,
Dearer than aught I hear or see,
Because 'twas worn or breathed by thee.

It comes to me where cloistered boughs
  Their shadows cast upon the sod;
Awhile in Nature's fane my vows
  Are lifted from her shrine to God;
It comes to tell that all of worth
I dream in heaven or know on earth,
However bright or drear it be,
Is blended with my thought of thee.

THE MYRTLE AND STEEL.

One bumper yet, gallants, at parting,
  One toast ere we arm for the fight;
Fill round, each to her he loves dearest—
  'Tis the last he may pledge her, to-night.
Think of those who of old at the banquet
  Did their weapons in garlands conceal,
The patriot heroes who hallowed
  The entwining of Myrtle and Steel!
  Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel,
  Then he for the Myrtle and Steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
  Fill around to the Myrtle and Steel.

'Tis in moments like this, when each bosom
  With its highest-toned feeling is warm,
Like the music that's said from the ocean
  To rise ere the gathering storm,
That her image around us should hover,
  Whose name, though our lips ne'er reveal,
We may breathe mid the foam of a bumper,
  As we drink to the Myrtle and Steel.
  Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel,
  Then he for the Myrtle and Steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
  Fill around to the Myrtle and Steel.

Now mount, for our bugle is ringing
  To marshal the host for the fray,
Where proudly our banner is flinging
  Its folds o'er the battle array:
Yet gallants—one moment—remember,
  When your sabres the death blow would deal,
That MERCY wears *her* shape who's cherished
  By lads of the Myrtle and Steel.
  Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel,
  Then he for the Myrtle and Steel,
Let every true blade that ever loved a fair maid,
  Fill round to the Myrtle and Steel.

ANACREONTIC.

Blame not the Bowl—the fruitful Bowl!
  Whence wit, and mirth, and music spring,
And amber drops elysian roll,
  To bathe young Love's delighted wing.
What like the grape Osiris gave
  Makes rigid age so lithe of limb?
Illumines Memory's tearful wave,
  And teaches drowning Hope to swim?
Did Ocean from his radiant arms
  To earth another Venus give,
He ne'er could match the mellow charms
  That in the breathing beaker live.

Like burning thoughts which lovers hoard
  In characters that mock the sight,
Till some kind liquid, o'er them poured,
  Brings all their hidden warmth to light—
Are feelings bright, which, in the cup
  Though graven deep, appear but dim,
Till filled with glowing Bacchus up,
  They sparkle on the foaming brim.

Each drop upon the first you pour
  Brings some new tender thought to life,
And as you fill it more and more,
  The last with fervid soul is rife.

The island fount, that kept of old
  Its fabled path beneath the sea,
And fresh, as first from earth it rolled,
  From earth again rose joyously;
Bore not beneath the bitter brine,
  Each flower upon its limpid tide,
More faithfully than in the wine,
  Our hearts will toward each other glide.
Then drain the cup, and let thy soul
  Learn, as the draught delicious flies,
Like pearls in the Egyptian's bowl,
  Truth beaming at the bottom lies.

SONG OF THE DROWNED

Down, far down, in the waters deep,
Where the blooming surges around us sweep,
Our revels from night till morn we keep:
And though with us the cup goes round
Upon every shore where the blue waves sound,
Yet here, as it passes from lip to lip,
Alone is found true fellowship;
For only the Dead, where'er they range,
'Tis the Dead alone who never change.

What boots your pledges, ye sons of Earth;
Or to whom ye drink in your hours of mirth,
When gathered around your festal hearth?
Ye fill to love! and the toast ye give
Will hardly the fumes of your wine on live!
To friendship fill! and its tale is told,
Almost ere the pledge on your lip grows cold!
For only the Dead, where'er they range,
'Tis the Dead alone who never change.

Then come, when the 'bolt of death is hurled,'
Come down to us from that bleak, bleak world,
Where the wings of Sorrow are never furled:
Come, and we'll drink to the shades of the past;
To the hopes that mocked in life to the last;
To the lips and eyes we once did adore,
And the loves that in death can delude no more!
For the Dead, the Dead, wherever they range,
'Tis only the dead who never change.

LOVE AND FAITH.

'Twas on one morn in Spring-time weather,
  A rosy, warm inviting hour,
That Love and Faith went out together,
  And took the path to Beauty's bower.
Love laughed and frolicked all the way,
  While sober Faith, as on they rambled,
Allowed the thoughtless boy to play,
  But watched him, wherso'er he gambeled.

So warm a welcome, Beauty smiled
  Upon the guests whom chance had sent her,
That Love and Faith were both beguiled
  The grotto of the nymph to enter;
And when the curtains of the skies
  The drowsy hand of night was closing,
Love nestled him in Beauty's eyes,
  While Faith was on her heart reposing.

Love thought he never saw a pair
  So softly radiant in their beaming;
Faith deemed that he could meet no where
  So sweet and safe a place to dream in;
And there, for life in bright content,
  Enchained, they must have still been lying,
For Love his wings to Faith had lent,
  And Faith he never dream'd of flying.

But Beauty, though she liked the child,
  With all his winning ways about him,
Upon his Mentor never smiled,
  And thought that Love might do without him;
Poor Faith abused, soon sighing fled,
  And now one knows not where to find him;
While mourning Love quick followed
  Upon the wings he left behind him.

'Tis said, that in his wandering
  Love still around that spot will hover,
Like bird that on bewildered wing
  Her parted mate pines to discover;
And true it is that Beauty's door
  Is often by the idler haunted;
But, since Faith fled, Love owns no more
  The spell that held his wings enchanted.

I DO NOT LOVE THEE.

I do not love thee—by my word I do not'
I do not love thee—for thy love I sue not!
And yet, I fear, there's hardly one that weareth
Thy beauty's chains, who like me for thee careth:
Who joys like me when in thy joy believing—
Who like me grieves when thou dost seem but grieving.
But, though I charms so perilous eschew not,
I do not love thee—trust me that I do not!

I do not love thee!—pr'ythee why so coy, then?
Doth it thy maiden bashfulness annoy, then;
Sith, the heart's homage still will be up-welling,
Where Truth and Goodness have so sweet a dwelling?
Surely, unjust one, I were less than mortal,
Knelt I not thus before that temple's portal.
Others may dare to love thee—dare what I do not—
Then oh! let me worship, bright one, while I woo not!

CHANSONETTE.

They are mockery all, those skies! those skies!
  Their untroubled depths of blue;
They are mockery all, these eyes! these eyes!
  Which seem so warm and true;
Each quiet star in the one that lies,
Each meteor glance that at random flies
  The other's lashes through

They are mockery all, these flowers of Spring,
  Which her airs so softly woo;
And the love to which we would madly cling,
  Ay! it is mockery too.
For the winds are false which the perfume stir,
  And the lips deceive to which we sue,
And love but leads to the sepulchre;
  Which flowers spring to strew.

WITHERING—WITHERING.

Withering—withering—all are withering—
  All of Hope's flowers that Youth hath nurs'd—
Flowers of Love too early blossoming;
  Buds of Ambition, too frail to burst.
Faintly—faintly—oh! how faintly
  I feel Life's pulses ebb and flow:
Yet Sorrow, I know thou dealest daintily,
  With one who should not wish to live moe.

Nay! why, young heart, thus timidly shrinking?
  Why doth thy upward wing thus tire?
Why are thy pinions so droopingly sinking,
  When they should only wait thee higher?
Upward—upward, let them be waving,
  Lifting thy soul tow'rd her place of birth.
There are guerdons there more worth thy having—
  Far more than any of these lures of Earth.

INSCRIPTION FOR A LADY'S FLORA.

Bright as the dew, on early buds that glistens,
  Sparkle each hope upon thy flower-strewn path;
Gay as a bird to its new mate that listens,
  Be to thy soul each winged joy it hath;
Thy lot still lead through ever-blooming bowers,
And Time for ever talk to thee in flowers.

Adored in youth, while yet the summer roses
Of glowing girlhood bloom upon thy cheek,
And, loved not less when fading, there reposes
The lily, that of spring-time past doth speak.
Never from Life's garden to be rudely riven,
But softly stolen away from Earth to Heaven

THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old,
(And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt,)
One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out!

But determined to send round the goblet once more,
They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
In composing a draught, which, till drinking were o'er,
Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

Grave Ceres herself blithely yielded her corn,
And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
And which first had its birth from the dews of the morn,
Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.

Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board
Were scattered profusely in every one's reach,
When called on a tribute to call from the hoard,
Expressed the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled while Venus looked on
With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.

Flora then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook,
And with roseate fingers pressed down in the bowl,
All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
The herb whose aroma should flavor the whole.

The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
Though something yet wanting they all did bewail;
But JULEPS the drink of immortals became,
When JOVE himself added a handful of hail.

I LIED IN WHAT I WRIT.

I lied in what I writ upon this page,
Saying that *more* than now I could not love thee!
Others, like me, may, at thy budding age,
Hold every feeling in sweet vassalage
Unto thy charms. But I—by all above me!—
Will prove thee Suz'raine of my soul more nearly;
When Time his arts shall 'gainst thy beauty wage,
To break their serfdom—serving thee more dearly.

Mark how the Sunset, with its parting hues,
The heaving bosom of yon river stameth!
To yield those tints the grieving waves refuse,
Nor yet that purpling light at last will lose
Till Night itself, like Death, above them reigneth!
So *more* and *more* will brighten to the last,
The light, which once upon my true soul cast,
Reflected there, still true till death remaineth.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

Raise the heart—raise the hand,
Swear ye for the glorious cause,
Swear by Nature's holy laws
To defend your Father-land.
By the glory ye inherit—
By the name mid men ye bear—
By your country's freedom swear it—
By the Eternal—this day swear!
Raise the heart—raise the hand,
Fling abroad the starry banner,
Ever live our country's honor,
Ever bloom our native land.

Raise the heart—raise the hand,
Let the earth and heaven hear it,
While the sacred oath we swear it,
Swear to uphold our Father-land!

Wave, thou lofty ensign glorious,
Floating foremost in the field,
While thy spirit hovers o'er us
None shall tremble—none shall yield.
Raise the heart—raise the hand,
Fling abroad the starry banner,
Ever live our country's honor,
Ever bloom our native land.

Raise the heart—raise the hand,
Raise it to the Father spirit,
To the Lord of Heaven rear it;
Let the soul 'bove earth expand.
Truth unwavering—Faith unshaken,
Sway each action, word, and will,
That which man hath undertaken,
Heaven can alone fulfill.
Raise the heart—raise the hand,
Fling abroad the starry banner,
Ever live our country's honor,
Ever bloom our native land.

SERENADE.

Sleeping! why now sleeping?
The moon herself looks gay,
While through thy lattice peeping;
Wilt not her call obey?
Wake, love, each star is keeping
For thee its brightest ray;
And languishes the gleaming
From fire-flies now streaming
Athwart the dewy spray.

Awake, the skies are weeping
Because thou art away.
But if of me thou'rt dreaming,
Sleep, loved one, while you may;
And music's wings shall hover
Softly thy sweet dreams over,
Fanning dark thoughts away,
While, dearest, 'tis thy lover
Who'll bid each bright one stay.

TO A WAXEN ROSE.

Go, mocking flower,
Thou plastic child of art,
Back to my lady's bower;
Go and ask if thou,
False rose, art proven now
An emblem of her heart?

Tell her, that like thee,
That heart is of little worth,
However kind it be;
Which any hand with skill
May mould unto its will;
Too pliant from its birth.

Go, cheating blossom,
Scentless as morning dew,
Go ask if in her bosom,
Although love's bud may be
As seeming fair as thee,
It owns no fragrance too.

But if fadeless, yet
Like thee her love blooms on;
Tell her—oh, ne'er forget
To tell her, from my heart
Affection will not part
When all life's flowers are gone.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would wish to dream in.
Then fill to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting

As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here awhile would now beguile
The grey-beard of his pinions
To drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

WHAT IS SOLITUDE!

Not in the shadowy wood,
Not in the rock-ribbed glen,
Not where the sleeping echoes brood
In caves untrod by men;
Not by the sea-swept shore
Where loitering surges break,
Not on the mountain hoar,
Not by the breezeless lake,
Not on the desert plain
Where man hath never stood,
Whether on isle or main—
Not there is Solitude!

There are birds in the woodland bowers,
Voices in lonely dells,
And streams that talk to the listening hours
In earth's most secret cells,
There is life on the foam-flecked sand
By the ocean's curling lip,
And life on the still lake's strand
Mid the flowers that o'er it dip;
There is life in the rocking pines,
That sigh on the mountain's crest,
And life in the courser's mane that shines
As he scours the desert's breast.

But go to the crowded mart,
Mid the busy haunts of men.
Go there and ask thy heart,
What answer makes it then?
Ay! go where wealth is flinging
Her golden lures around,
Where the trump of Fame is ringing,
Where Pleasure's wiles abound;
Go—if thou wouldst be lonely—
Where the phantom Love is wooed,
And own that there—there only—
Mid crowds, is Solitude.

ASK ME NOT WHY I SHOULD LOVE HER.

Ask me not why I should love her,
Look upon those soul-full eyes!
Look while mirth or feeling move her,
And see there how sweetly rise
Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast,
Which is of innocence the nest—
Which, though each joy were from it shred,
By truth would still be tenanted!

See from those sweet windows peeping,
Emotions tender, bright, and pure,
And wonder not the faith I'm keeping
Every trial can endure!
Wonder not that looks so winning
Still for me new ties are spinning;
Wonder not that heart so true,
Keeps mine from ever changing too.

"THEY SAY THAT THOU ART ALTERED."

They say that thou art altered, Amy,
They say that thou no more
Dost keep within thy bosom, Amy,
The faith that once it wore;
They tell me that another now
Doth thy young heart assail;
They tell me, Amy, too, that thou
Dost smile on his love tale.

But I—I heed them not, my Amy,
Thy heart is like my own;
And still enshrined in mine, my Amy,
Thine image lives alone:
Whate'er a rival's hopes have fed,
Thy soul cannot be moved
Till he shall plead as I have plead,
And love as I have loved.

CHANSONETTE.

She loves—but 'tis not me she loves:—
Not me on whom she ponders,
When in some dream of tenderness
Her truant fancy wanders.
The forms that flit her visions through
Are like the shapes of old,
Where tales of Prince and Paladin
On tapestry are told.
Man may not hope her heart to win,
Be his of common mould!

But I—though spurs are won no more
Where herald's trump is pealing,
Nor thrones carved out for 'ladye fayre'
Where steel-clad ranks are wheeling—
I loose the falcon of my hopes
Upon as proud a flight
As those who hawked at high renown,
In song-ennobled fight.
If *daring* then true love may crown,
My love she must requite!

SONG.

I know thou dost love me—ay! frown as thou wilt,
And curl that beautiful lip
Which I never can gaze on without the guilt
Of bursing its dew to sip.
I know that my heart is reflected in thine,
And, like flowers that over a brook incline,
They toward each other dip.

Though thou lookest so cold in these halls of light,
'Mid the careless, proud, and gay,
I will steal like a thief in thy heart at night,
And pilfer its thoughts away.
I will come in thy dreams at the midnight hour,
And thy soul in secret shall own the power
It dares to mock by day.

MORNING HYMN.

Genesis i. 3.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!" The Eternal spoke,
And from the abyss where darkness rode
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flow'd.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day come blushing in;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouched by sin.

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day-beam pour'd,
Whispered again his fiat forth,
And shed the Gospel's light abroad.
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall,
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise
In lonely cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the Orient first
  Flushes the signal light for prayer;
Come with the earliest beams that burst
  From God's bright throne of glory there.
Come kneel to Him who through the night
  Hath watched above thy sleeping soul,
To Him, whose mercies, like his light,
  Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

MELODY.

When the flowers of Friendship or Love have decayed,
In the heart that has trusted and once been betrayed,
No sunshine of kindness their bloom can restore;
For the verdure of feeling will quicken no more!

Hope cheated too often, when life's in its spring,
From the bosom that nursed it forever takes wing!
And Memory comes, as its promises fade,
To brood o'er the havoc that Passion has made.

As it's said that the swallow the tenement leaves
Where the ruin endangers her nest in the eaves,
While the desolate owl takes her place on the wall,
And builds in the mansion that nods to its fall.

IMPROPTU TO A LADY BLUSHING.

The lilies faintly to the roses yield,
  As on thy lovely cheek they struggling vie,
(Who would not strive upon so sweet a field
  To win the mastery?)
And thoughts are in thy speaking eyes revealed,
Pure as the fount the prophet's rod unsealed.

I could not wish that in thy bosom aught
  Should e'er one moment's transient pain awaken,
Yet can't regret that thou—forgive the thought—
  As flowers when shaken
Will yield their sweetest fragrance to the wind,
Should, ruffled thus, betray thy heavenly mind.

I WILL LOVE HER NO MORE.

I will love her no more!—'tis a waste of the heart
This lavish of feeling—a prodigal's part—
Who heedless the treasure a life could not earn,
Squanders forth where he vainly may look for return.

I will love her no more—it is folly to give
Our best years to one, when for many we live.
And he who the world will thus barter for one,
I ween by such traffic must soon be undone.

I will love her no more—it is heathenish thus
To bow to an idol who bends not to us:
Which heeds not, which hears not, which recks not for [aught,
That the worship of years to its altar hath brought.

I will love her no more—for no love is without
Its limit in measure, and mine hath run out.
She engrosseth it all, and till some she restore,
Than this moment I love her—how can I love *more?*

TIPPECANOE.

And let them shut their senses up
  Against the truth who can—
The few who have the hardihood
  The general grief to ban:
The nation mourns her President—
  His countrymen THE MAN!

He was a gallant gentleman,
  A noble and a true
As e'er fought under Washington,
  When first our eagle flew;
Though many breathed throughout the land
  Where now there breathe so few.

Throughout the land which still can mourn
  Those men of other days.
Albeit a dwarfed and dwindled race
  Would stint them of their praise;
Would stint those hearts of generous blood
  Whose ways are not *their* ways.

His mind—it was a *Patriot's* mind!
  (The narrow-souled may start
At what they cannot comprehend!)
  In affluence of heart
He was so rich, it sent a glow
  To every mental part.

His country, she was *all* to him,
  The man of days long past—
Since first his youthful pulses stirred
  At Wayne's wild bugle blast,
Till when he breathed in death for her
  That prayer which was his last.

Those dying words!—what charging cheer,
  When battling for the right,
E'er broke from dying hero's lips
  Amid the reeking fight—
What words more glorious than those
  Which sealed his speech that night?

He was a gallant gentleman,
  A noble and a true;
The last, perchance, of that high race
  Which once the broad land grew—
The primal growth which springs but once
  From out a soil that's new.

God's blessing on his memory then!
  God's malison on those
Who'd tear the sod that covers him
  Before the greensward grows!
Sleep on, old chief! thy countrymen
  Will guard thy last repose.

EPITAPH UPON A DOG.

An ear that caught my slightest tone
  In kindness or in anger spoken;
An eye that ever watched my own
  In vigils death alone has broken;
Its changeless, ceaseless and unbought
  Affection to the last revealing;
Beaming almost with human thought,
  And more—far more than human feeling!

Can such in endless sleep be chilled,
  And mortal pride disdain to sorrow,
Because the pulse that here was stilled
  May wake to no immortal morrow?
Can faith, devotedness, and love,
  That seem to humbler creatures given
To tell us what we owe above!
  The types of what is due to Heaven?

Can these be with the things that *were,*
  Things cherished—but no more returning;
And leave behind no trace of care,
  No shade that speaks a moment's mourning?
Alas! my friend, of all of worth,
  That years have stol'n or years yet leave me,
I've never known so much on earth,
  But that the loss of thine must grieve me.

SONG OF BALT THE HUNTER.

There was an old hunter camped down by the rill,
Who fished in this water and shot on that hill;
The forest for him had no danger nor gloom,
For all that he wanted was plenty of room.
Says he, "The world's wide, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

He wove his own mats, and his shanty was spread
With the skins he had dressed and stretched out over head;
The branches of hemlock, piled deep on the floor,
Was his bed as he sang when the daylight was o'er,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

That spring, half choked up by the dust of the road,
Through a grove of tall maples once limpidly flowed;
By the rock whence it bubbles his kettle was hung,
Which their sap often filled, while the hunter he sung,
"The world's wide enough there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

And still sung the hunter—when one gloomy day
He saw in the forest what saddened his lay,
'Twas the rut which a heavy wheeled waggon had made,
Where the greensward grows thick in the broad forest glade—
"The world's wide enough there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

He whistled to his dog, and says he, "We can't stay;
I must shoulder my rifle, up traps, and away."
Next day, mid those maples, the settler's axe rung,
While slowly the hunter trudged off as he sung,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood, if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

WRITTEN IN SPRING-TIME

Thou wak'st again, oh Earth!
From winter's sleep!—
Bursting with voice of mirth
From icy keep;
And laughing at the Sun,
Who hath their freedom won,
Thy waters leap!

Thou wak'st again, oh Earth!
Freshly again,
And who by fireside hearth
Now will remain?
Come on the rosy hours—
Come on thy buds and flowers
As when in Eden's bowers,
Spring first did reign.
Birds on thy breezes chime
Blithe as in that matin time,
Their choiring begun:
Earth *thou* hast many a prime—
Man hath but one.

Thou wak'st again, oh Earth!
Freshly and new,
As when at Spring's first birth
First flow'rets grew.
Heart! that to Earth doth cling,
While boughs are blossoming,
Why wake not too?

Long thou in sloth hath lain,
Listing to Love's soft strain—
Wilt thou sleep on?
Playing, thou sluggard hear
In life no manly part,
Though youth be gone.
Wake! 'tis Spring's quick'ning breath
Now o'er thee blown;
Awake thee! and ere in death
Pulseless thou slumbereth,
Pluck but from Glory's wreath
One leaf alone!

INDIAN SUMMER, 1828.

Light as love's smiles the silvery mist at morn
Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river;
The blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
As high in air she carols faintly quiver;
The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,
Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving;
Beaded with dew the witch-elm's tassels shiver;
The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
And from the springy spray the squirrel's gaily leaping

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery ere
The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes
That gaily deck the slow-declining year;
I love the splendor of thy sunset skies,
The gorgeous hues that tinge each falling leaf,
Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too, brief;
I love the note of each wild bird that flies,
As on the wind she pours her parting lay,
And wings her loitering flight to summer climes away.

Oh, Nature! still I fondly turn to thee
With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's were;—
Though wild and passion-tost my youth may be,
Toward thee I still the same devotion bear;
To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more
Life's wasted verdure may to me restore—
I still can, child like, come as when in prayer
I bowed my head upon a mother's knee,
And deemed the world, like her, all truth and purity.

OH BOLD AND TRUE.

Oh bold and true,
In buff and blue,
Is the soldier-lad that will fight for you.
In fort or field,
Untaught to yield
Though Death may close his story—
In charge or storm,
'Tis woman's form
That marshals him to glory.
For bold and true,
In buff and blue,
Is the soldier-lad that will fight for you.

In each fair fold
His eyes behold
When his country's flag waves o'er him—
In each rosy stripe,
Like her lip so ripe,
His girl is still before him.
For bold and true,
In buff and blue,
Is the soldier lad that will fight for you

A DISCOURSE ON THE EVILS OF GAMING.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

He that tilleth the land shall have plenty of bread: but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough. A faithful man shall abound with blessings: but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.—[Proverbs xxviii: 19, 20.

I PROPOSE, in this discourse, to treat upon the vice of *Gaming*. And it will be well for us to define, in the commencement, what we mean by Gaming. We include, then, in our definition of this term, all games of hazard with cards, dice, balls and the like, for money and other valuable considerations. We do not wish to lengthen out our remarks by entering into minute specifications, or to involve our subject with nice and subtle casuistry. There is a well-defined meaning to this term, *Gaming*, which is understood by all, and we have just stated it.

Let me say further, that however much or little a person may practise this vice, I condemn it utterly, as a principle—penny or sixpenny stakes as much as the game where thousands hang balanced upon the trembling cast. Small as the amount may be, it is the door to an infinite abomination, and I cannot uphold the least trifling with firebrands, arrows and death. But I may be asked,—'Would you do away with *all* playing with cards or dice, even when the game is entirely free from stakes? I answer, that I am aware that there is a narrow and superstitious idea about the handling of cards, that is idle and trivial; but I like not that the young especially, should use the instruments of gaming, in any way, however innocent. I like it not for the same reason that I like not the sipping of one draught of ardent spirits. Now, I do not suppose—nobody supposes—that there is any intrinsic harm in drinking one temperate draught of ardent spirits. But why does the Temperance pledge wisely prohibit it? Because *one* draught may kindle the inclination for *another*—because every drunkard had his *first draught;* and therefore, in order that no evil may come in, it is wisely forbidden even to introduce by one step: 'Shut the door against its first overture,' is the mandate—'Touch not, taste not, handle not!' So, especially to the young and the easily-tempted, I would say respecting cards, dice, and the like. Every Gamester had his *first game*—alas! it was not his *last*.

But, I repeat, I would not lengthen this discourse, or involve it with nice reasonings,—and therefore I shall, in the sequel, confine my remarks to games of hazard with cards, dice, balls and the like, for money or other valuable considerations.

Although, probably, Gaming is practised more extensively in some other portions of our country than here, it is a vice that is widely prevalent, and especially in large cities and their vicinities. At least, such are the facilities of the present day, that young men travelling abroad and mingling more or less with the world, are peculiarly exposed to its snares. My remarks, then, upon this topic, if not actually required now, by the circumstances of any who are present; may be useful in the future; while there may be those here who have entered upon its ruinous course who may be checked, and saved at least from the most appalling of its consequences. To these last, if there are any such here, let me say—I ask your close and candid attention to what may be submitted upon this subject. I would reason fairly upon the matter. If what I say is not true, or of force, you may be justified in suffering it to remain unheeded—but if I speak truly, I do beseech you to act as rational, candid men should act!

I. The first objection against this vice, which I would mention, rests on the fact that *it is an illegitimate and uncertain source of gain.*

Man is made to labor for his subsistence. 'In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread,' is no unmeaning mandate. True, it is not to be construed so narrowly, as that it shall be made to mean only the actual manual labor of all men. In the harmonious ordering of society, it is better for the whole that each should assume a particular kind of labor--should stand in a special lot; and thus the over-produce of one exchanged for the over-produce of another, supplies all requisite subsistence to the mass. Each member of the body discharges a different office from the other, but that office contributes to the good of the whole frame-work. So, he who stands in the mart, or flies the swift shuttle, or trims the white sail, or strives for man's physical, intellectual or moral good, is fulfilling

the original ordinance of labor as truly as he who cleaves the virgin soil or fells the tall tree. But, we say, in one way or another, it is incumbent upon all men to labor.

Now, there are those who do not produce; and why? In the first place, they may live on the wealth which another has accumulated, and bequeathed to them. But here, you perceive, there *has been* labor. In order to this accumulation, there must have been effort---effort somewhere, by somebody; though the brain that contrived and the hand that wrought may now be mouldering in the grave. If independence has been secured to him by the wealthy man's father, or grandfather, it only shews that the heir is an exception to the general rule which his family has followed---and if he is a mere man of ease without labor, he is a most dishonorable exception. Moreover, another remark is certain. Without productive toil---without the effort that accumulates, that hereditary treasure must soon become wasted---that heaped-up property must, in a country like this, soon find its level; and the burden of toil will fall upon the descendants of the wealthy man, as it did upon his ancesters.

Or, secondly, a man may be exempt from labor, because of his titular power and property, as in Europe. But here this one class must live by unlawful exactions from another. The poor man's sweat must be poured out doubly, his sinews must be overstrained, in order to the rich baron's or lord's support---and thus this baron or lord is only exempt from the universal law of labor, by a manifestly unequal and unjust, although established rule.

Or, again, a man may be exempt from labor by appropriating that which is not his own to his own use. But robbery and fraud are crimes, and so it is only by being a criminal that a man, in this way, can be free from the human lot of toil.

Thus we see, whichever way we look, that the only legitimate means of accumulating gain is *labor*. The charm or talisman of fairy tales is a childish idea, but no more absurd than the idea that we can live, and live lawfully and truly, without toil---no more absurd than the idea that we can suddenly become rich, and spend the rest of our days in indolent ease, lapped in wealth We cannot lawfully and naturally become rich without labor, either by our own brain, or those of our fathers---if we do, our wealth is our illegitimate product---it strains something of the general order---it will not long remain so. For thus runs the great Law. 'He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread: but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough. A faithful man shall abound with blessings: but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.'

In view of these truths, how is it with gaming? Is *that* a legitimate source of wealth? Is it not based upon a craving desire to avoid the regular means of accumulation? Is it not a 'making haste to be rich?' Why do you pursue this course? In the first few instances, perhaps, merely for amusement; but the charm that soon winds itself around your heart, is the idea of becoming suddenly the possessor of a great sum. This is the leading cord that drags you far out into the vortex of ruin. I know the gamester's plea, after a while. It is, that he only plays to secure that which he has lost. But what led him at first to play thus deep—to lose thus heavily. The idea, I repeat, of becoming suddenly rich. Such heavy stakes were not thrown down so eagerly, so anxiously, without a hope of gain. The glittering hoard poured out there upon the table—flashing in the light—fired his heart with the thought that it might be his, and he laid down his stake with that fond hope. He entered, perhaps reluctantly, that gilded saloon. He would go to see how others played. 'There is no harm in that,' said he.—He would, just to pass away an hour, put down a trivial stake. Said he—'There is no harm in that.' And then he turned to go away. But that yellow coin—so tempting, so bright; how easily it might be his! *Might* be? Surely!—Did he not see, but now, lean, eager fingers sweeping it in, because of one lucky cast of the die? That hoard *might* be his It would make him rich---free from care---free from labor; he will 'try.' That fatal trial! On that he loses. Then it is that the specious snare is completely twined around him, and he struggles in its toils. Then it is that he begins the trite, fallacious argument that he must make up what he has lost. Ah, says truth—'A faithful man shall abound with blessings: but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.'

Gaming, then, is an illegitimate source of gain. It is out of the usual round of labor, and, even if its object is reached, the gamster does not reach it naturally and lawfully. The hoard that the

lucky gamester transfers to his own purse, is made up from the losses of others. Others have labored for it. It is stained with the tears of starving children----with the blood of broken hearts---with the sweat of honest men from whom it may have been wrung by robbery and fraud. It is unnatural that so much wealth should come, suddenly—by the falling of a piece of ivory, by the upturning of a slip of paper, by the course of a polished ball—into the possession of one man. It comes, drop by drop, with pangs of agony and death, from some other quarter to meet this supply!

But gaming is, likewise, an uncertain source of gain. Grant that the hoard which but now lay glittering upon the table, has become yours by the cast of the die. I say, it is an uncertain possession.

In the first place, it is uncertain because of that natural inclination which we all have to repeat a successful and gainful experiment. In lawful pursuits this feeling sometimes carries us to a great and even a fatal extent. The mariner who has pursued many voyages, and heaped up a splendid competency by his ventures, still thirsts for one more cruise—and, perhaps, leaves his bones to whiten on the floor of the sea, sprinkled with his wrecked and deceitful treasure. The merchant, tempted by one gainful speculation, tries another, and yet another; until the hazard which has gathered force with every new undertaking, turns against him with a whirlwind power and scatters his possessions from him forever. But in the lawful dealings of men there are certain fixed laws of trade that have in them, in the natural course of things, some pledge of security and success. But the gamester, with all this burning passion to try twice and thrice the fortune that has smiled upon him once, has not likewise this regularity and security to depend upon. His venture is confessedly 'a game of *chance*'—its charm lies in *chance;* and it is as uncertain where fortune will fall, upon the next throw, as it is where the up-tossed and scattered water-drops will make their bed. So, the natural desire in all men to try fortune again and yet again, blended with the peculiar circumstances of the gamester's case, makes his gain highly uncertain.

But, again—his gain is uncertain because he must conform to the rules of those with whom he associates, and which they please to term *honorable.* If he has won from others, he must give them an opportunity of winning their own back, (that, remember, is one of *his* apologies for playing, that he must win his own back); and so he is launched again into the sea of hazard, from which, it is almost certain, he will come out wrecked and shorn.

But, we will suppose that he pockets his gain, and is fairly clear of the gaming-house—how will it be likely to prove then? Why, the old rule will, it is probable, be seen to be true. That which is lightly gotten will be lightly spent.—The value of that possession only, which has been *toiled for*, is truly felt. The hands that have ached with labor only know how to dispense the fruits of that labor with prudence. I venture to affirm that in nine cases out of ten the gamester's money is spent as easily as it is won—and he dies poor. For so I read the Ordinance. 'He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread: *but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough.*'

Honest labor—the furrowed land, the full-stored warehouse, the well-wrought fabric, the industrious hand, the busy brain; these, and these only are the legitimate and certain sources of wealth. The gamester is seeking riches unnaturally and unlawfully.

II. The second objection against the vice of Gaming which I would mention, is that *it begets neglect of business.*

If the accounts we receive of it be true, this is an absorbing and exciting pursuit. Once engaged in it, heart, soul, sense become enlisted, and all the duties of life are sacrificed to this dream of dreams. Its votary is spell-bound, and drawn along with no eyes or ears for aught else. Hence, business must suffer. The young man, who after the labors of the day are over, enters the gaming-house to try his fortune for an hour, is led on to try it for two hours—for three—for a whole night. Wan and haggard, with blood-shot eyes and swimming brain, how heavily does he discharge the duties of the succeeding day! His mind wanders back to the excitement of the past night—deluded and bewildered with dreams of sudden wealth—warped by the attendant dissipation of his games; and this is the young gamester's first essay. By and by he begins to encroach upon the hours of labor. The morning light breaks in upon his play;—the rays of high noon fall on the scattered cards the broken dice, the smeared tables, the haggard

faces of the gaming-room. Weeks succeed to days—months to weeks—years to months. What employer will retain him? What business will support him?

It is an Ordinance—a firm, fixed Ordinance—that only 'he who tilleth his land, shall have plenty of bread'—only 'the faithful man shall abound with blessings.' The sunshine and the rain may fall upon that earth in which no seed has been sown, or upon which rankling weeds have been suffered to grow—the sunshine and the rain may fall there, but that earth will yield no harvest. The sails may be set from the proud ship's masts, the compass may point duly to the north, and the chart be unrolled; but, unless a strong hand rests upon the helm and a master treads the deck, she rolls among the billows and drifts where the four winds send her. So with every faculty for success, and the light of promise in the soul, the man neglecting the lawful means of subsistence cannot expect to find those means working for him without his agency. If he neglects his business for the gaming-table, his business will neglect him. If instead of tilling his land he follows after vain persons, he 'shall have poverty enough.'

And I say, launched full tide in the vice of gaming, he *does* neglect his business. It is a passion that grows upon him. It absorbs every other consideration. The surrounding world becomes reduced to a small intense centre before his wild, fixed eyes; and that centre is the gaming table. Duty, honor, hopes of future subsistence, all, all are sacrificed upon this hot-burning altar of Moloch! Oh! there have been those who have rushed so madly into this ruin, it would seem as if the first draught they had quaffed there in that haunt of sin had been fiendishly drugged, and some burning insanity had fallen upon their brain. Possessed, perchance, of a handsome competency—with a full, firm credit, and the tide of business setting prosperously and fair—what means it that all at once they should neglect their usual labor, leave the hammer idle on the bench, the store uncared for, the office vacant? What means it that they should drain away that competency, handful after handful, without replenishing? What means it that they should let that credit tarnish and die?—that despite the remonstrance of friends, wife, children, parents, they should become fixed, chained, doomed to the gaming-table? Oh! this is a most pernicious, a deadly evil. It leads to the neglect of every honorable source of competency and support—to loss of character, credit, business, means. It is true, true as the Bible, as reason and common-sense are true that, 'He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread: but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough. A faithful man shall abound in blessings: but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.'

III. Another objection lies against Gaming *because of the vices which are likely to accompany it.*

'He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be *innocent*.' Forsaking the appointed means of labor, in order to secure the desired end, means unnatural and unlawful will, it is quite probable, be resorted to. The inducement that will lead a man to neglect his business and to waste his property, even the sustenance of his wife and children, may draw him still further from the path of rectitude and moral obligation. The young man who from spending an hour at the gaming-table advances to spend the night, and then to encroach upon the hours due his employer, will, very possibly, be led to encroach upon that employer's property—in short, from being *unjust* may become *dishonest*. This is no wide, or unusual leap. I venture to affirm that the passion for gaming has led many to be dishonest. What! will he who can wrench the very crust from his starving family, and pawn the bed from under them, and rush out, despite their payers and tears, to throw the paltry stake, that the articles have procured upon the gaming-board—will such a man spare the property of another, think you, when opportunity aids?—He who can thus deaden the sentiments of affection and duty, will suffer the unholy flame that burns within him to scorch up every feeling of honor and probity. All, all will be sacrificed to this intense, absorbing excitement. The vice of dishonesty, then, will very naturally accompany that of Gaming.

Then there is intemperance. How many have been led to drink deep and fiercely, in the thirst of intense passion kindled in this pursuit! The gamester and the drunkard—how often joined in one individual! Disappointment, rage, despair—all seek to drown their fires in the intoxicating draught, that reinforces and doubly heats them. Temptingly, too, to the young man—to

the novice, reluctant, fearful, abashed—temptingly is the wine-cup proffered to his lips, that in a season of false hardihood and self-forgetfulness he may hazard the fatal die. In all the degrees and mutations of Gaming, from the fearfulness of the first trial, through the eagerness and excitement of hope, the flush of triumph, and the frenzy of despair, intemperance is a vice that naturally, very naturally accompanies it.

Slothfulness and extravagance are also kindred vices to Gaming. That, as I have said before, which is lightly won is apt to be lightly spent. The day is past in indolent or feverish rest, in order to throw off the fatigues of one campaign, and to recruit for those of another.—Credit is strained to its utmost tension—debts are contracted that involve and harass through life. Evil associations and intimacies are formed. The profane, the lewd, the deeply vicious, of both sexes, hover around the gaming-house and draw and entangle and corrupt the soul. And then the heart becomes callous to misery—used to scenes of despair and blood; trained to selfishness—to grasp and to give nothing—to suspect all and confide in none.

Oh! truly is the gaming-house denominated a 'Hell.' It *is* a hell. Could those trained features express the wild and tumultuous passions of the heart—could those passions themselves become embodied—rage, despair, hate, deceit, could they take shape and hover, ghostly, there—could the oaths that break out, linger and prolong their echoes—could the victims of that ruin stagger in with their gory locks and blood-shot gaze, and wild, delirious execrations—could the curses of parents, the wail of broken-hearted wives, the sobs of destitute orphans, the groans of the defrauded and the robbed, speak out from an hundred lips; could all these mingle with the lights and the laughter of the gaming-table, what a Pandemonium would there be! What gamester would not turn pale, and sink amid the scene!

And yet look in upon one of these *Hells*.—There are order and a precise outward propriety, to be sure. There are beaming lamps, and ruddy wine 'moving itself aright' in the crystal cups, and gay ornaments and appendages to make the room showy and attractive. And those who sit there, forsooth, are *gentlemen*—they call themselves so, and who can dispute it? They have a nice, a *very nice* sense of *honor;* yea, would pink you with pistol ball or sword point if you should doubt it, and write their *honor* in your blood. All this show and extreme decency is in the gaming-house. Yet what a motley group is there. All kinds of men, from the keen, tried sharper, with double card and loaded dice to the inexperienced, beardless youth.—There, worn-out libertinism, with excitement and with drink still fans the smouldering flame of licentious passion. There bloated dissipation clutches the die with trembling hands, or sweeps in the forfeited stakes. There hoary profanity fiercely clenches an oath with hands that have reeked with blood—in an *honorable* way. There cunning fraud sits demure in all save that keen, rapacious glance, that, fastened upon its victim, evinces that it will have his last coin though with it comes his last heart-drop too. There sits the man who plays his final stake, raised, perhaps, upon his family bible. Mark him.—That wild, distracted look—that fever-spot upon a pale, pale cheek—that convulsed lip and brow He loses! He staggers out to end his days by his own hand! Another loses. He goes to maltreat and wound the hearts that still, still cling to him around his desolate hearth. The oaths, the laughter, the varied faces peering here and there—Oh, draw the veil, it *is indeed a hell!*

No dream-sketch this, my friends. Paris, London, New Orleans, New-York,—must we say Boston, too?—could they strip off the happy disguise in which they slumber and lay bare the heart of sin, would show scenes *worse* than these.

Thus, gaming brings with it other and deadly vices. 'The faithful man shall abound with blessings, but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.' Who is addicted to this vice? Deeply as he may be involved in it, I trust he is yet unscathed by any of the fearful evils that almost invariably accompany it. It is time, however, that he should awake from this awful, night mare sleep. It is time—full time! I fear for him. The words of the text are so *definite*—so *positive*. 'He that maketh haste to be rich,' it says 'shall not mark that '*Shall not be innocent.*' Let him beware! Let him awake from his delusion!

IV. Finally;—let me mention the fearful objection that lies against the vice of Gaming, in *the amount of individual and domestic evil that it* inflicts

This is a result that flows, of course, from the facts already mentioned. Unlawful pursuits

neglect of business, vices of various kinds and in various degrees, *must* cause much individual and domestic evil. And these are the natural, we may say almost the inseparable consequences of Gaming.

How a man's soul, strong and vigorous and pure as it may have been in the outset of his career, must become marred and darkened debased by associations like these! The physical injuries that this pursuit works upon him, the derangement and prostration of his bodily energies, caused by intense excitement, unnatural vigils, over-wrought anxiety, intemperance and strife; the physical injuries, I say, great as they are, in comparison with other evil effects, appear a slight matter. Even the ruin of his business, and the waste and wreck of his property, shrink beside these greater consequences. The injuries he inflicts upon his *soul* the marring and crushing of fine and delicate sympathies—the callousness of the heart—the deadening of conscience—affection and duty all madly sacrificed, these, *these* are consequences of the gamester's course that sicken and appal the loving and the good, and should make the tempted stand back in horror from that gulf. I do not exaggerate here, This is not the license of rhetoric the zeal of declamation. Young men have been ruined, often, often ruined by the vice of Gaming! And when we looked upon them, the greatest wo, after all, was not that health was gone, was not that property was wrecked; but that the affectionate heart was changed, changed to cold, stony ice—the tender sense of honor lost—the pure aspiration stifled by low, grovelling, unholy appetite. Oh, *this* we felt, was the deepest evil of all! How has the mother looked on such a son,—her proud, her only son; who went forth with a good, strong heart to battle with life's destinies for life's great ends! She hoped to see him one day, with his sparkling eye and his flushed cheek, come home laden with the proofs of his toil and his victory. And he *did* come home. Oh, how changed! His frame worn—his cheek pale, very pale—his eye wild and fevered—his lips parched and steeped in inebriety; his hopes crushed; his very life only the motion of excitement and of passion; his very soul shattered, so that if the music of affection still lingered there, it quivered uncertain and discordant upon its strings. And, then, the burden and concentration of all these evils rest in the spirit's alienation from religion, from duty from God—in its divorce from the things that make for its peace—in its moral abandonment and deep sinfulness—in its sure heritage of misery and retribution.

Are not these great evils—common evils—evils naturally flowing from the vice of gaming, with its attendant allurements and vices?

But consider, also, the domestic evil that this vice inflicts. Who can estimate it? Who can speak of it in its fulness and its depth? Who can, or who could wish to, if they could, draw with a faithful hand the lone home of the gamester—the desolate family, the bleeding heart, the tears, the misery? Driven to the extremest verge of destitution—nothing spared for comfort or decency—all swallowed up in this absorbing frenzy! Degrees these are in this misery—yet, how gloomy each, and how fearfully do the shadow of the future fall upon the present! Would the gamester unlock the springs of his heart that he has pressed down as with iron—would he suffer memory and reflection to do their work, what *pictures* of his domestic life might they paint for him! The first in the series should be one of calm bliss and joy. Not a cloud in the heaven, save those tinged and made beautiful by hope. The eyes of love looking out upon him—the dependence of a trustful heart, leaning upon him its all. Then the scene would change.

A tearful and deserted wife—a sobbing, pitying child—keeping watch with the lone night-lamp, till the breaking of the morning. Again, and haggard misery would creep into the picture, adding the keenness of deprivation to the sting of grief—pressing heavily upon the bowed, crushed spirit of that wife—mingling the drought of slighted, abused affection with the tears of starved and shivering childhood—piercing her ear, at once, with the moans for bread and the curses of disappointed brutality. Once more, and there should be a GRAVE!—a green and lowly grave—where the faithful heart that loved him to the last should rest from all its pangs, and the child that he had slighted should sleep as cold and still as the bosom that once nourished it; a *grave!* where even the wide and distant heaven should be kinder than he, smiling in sunshine and weeping in rain over those for whom he, in his mad career, never smiled or wept—whom he, in his reckless course, hurried thus early to their tomb.

Pictures like these, I say, might memory and reflection paint for the gamester, for scenes like these occur every day, in his *real life*.

Thus, to the individual, and to the domestic circle, does this one vice of Gaming bring deep and deadly evils. I might go on with the catalogue. I might show its effects upon community; a topic, with its statistics and its reasonings, bulky and important enough at least for one discourse; but I must pause here. I trust that I have said enough at this time to convince any who will be convinced, of the many and great evils of Gaming. I have not particularly alluded to the professed gamester, whose subsistence depends upon his skill and sharpness, and who hardened and emboldened in sin, fastens like a vampyre upon the inexperienced and unwary. I leave him with the perpetrators of other dark and heinous *crimes*. But I speak to the dupes of men like these—especially to those who are young; who with energy and hope are going out into the world rejoicing in their strength. I bid them beware. I bid them look closely to their steps. Play not for the value of a pin—this matter may hang upon a pin's point! Harbor not even in so small a degree as that, this passion for gain in an unnatural way. Labor, honorable toil, gain won in the sweat and dust of industry—be this course yours. With the keen, bright sickle, or with the skilful and ready hand, or with active eye, or busy brain, live and work and reap your harvest. In such a course you shall never fail. In others, every step you take is fraught with evil. A great promise brightens upon the one—a fearful threatening shadows the other. Hear them, and heed them. 'He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread: but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough. A faithful man shall abound with blessings: but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.'

Suffer me, in closing, to indulge in one other strain of remark. I would say that the motives which will effectually deter men from the vice of gaming, or reform those addicted to it, will spring from a religious view of the matter.—When they reflect upon the true ends of life, upon the purpose of all its gifts and opportunities, upon the objects for which we should labor and live, when they reflect, I say, upon these things, with a steadfast, solemn, searching earnestness—and act upon them; they will cast away the implements of their unlawful pursuit, they will shun the gaming-house as the pavilion of death, and act and aim for those things that lead to Duty and Heaven and God.

But, my friends, should we pause here with the gamester, or with those tempted by the vice of gaming? Whatever may be our occupation, so long as we pursue courses that do not comprehend, as their result, the great end of life—that do not employ the gifts and opportunities of existence in a proper manner—that do not aim for Duty and Heaven and God—we need to be aroused, to change our course, and to act. If we are hazarding opportunities and gifts and faculties for mere earthly and sensual gain, what are we but gamesters, all? If we are playing for wealth, or pleasure, or fame, instead of living for another life—instead of seeking that we may grow like Christ, and come to the perfect stature of men and women in him—it is time that we should labor for higher destinies. We may apply the text with a deeper significancy, if we will. 'He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread'—his *land*—his *possession*—his *soil*; what nobler possession, what richer soil than that of the human soul?—what *bread* more enduring than that 'which cometh down from Heaven?' He that cultivateth his *soul*, then—that openeth it to the sunshine and the rains of Grace—that letteth immortal seed drop therein, and anxiously toils and watches for the harvest—'shall have plenty of bread,' of eternal fruit. 'But he that followeth after vain persons,' or vain *things*—how differ they?—'shall have poverty enough;' shall have leanness and barrenness and deadness of moral and religious life. So, too, 'a faithful man shall abound with blessings'—a *faithful* man—a man faithful to his Duty, to *all* his Duty: 'but he that maketh haste to be rich—he that is eager in unlawful pursuits, or in the career of mere human pleasure, wealth, fame—'shall not be innocent;' shall not be free from the accusations of conscience and the claims of Duty—shall be found sinful and guilty.

Thus, my friends, can the text have a meaning for us all. Let us heed it—let us be tillers of the land—let us be faithful men and women. For 'He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread: but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough. A faithful man shall abound with blessings: but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.

SUMMER MORNING.

BY CHARLES LANMAN, ESQ.

——— Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain-tops.
Shakspeare.

Awake! slumbering, awake! Morning is come, bright and beautiful. What a gorgeous crown is that which she is twining in the brow of departing night! The crowing of the cock comes to my ear most sweetly, from the hamlet beyond the vale. Hark! he is answered by another in the east—and still another from the south.

They have roused old William Wood from his peaceful slumber and pleasant dreams. There he stands in the door of his cottage, not quite awake, looking out upon the sky. I wonder what he is thinking of! I can almost hear him murmur to himself as he goes to the well—'We shall have a fine day after all; and I must mow the field beyond the hill, before the sun goes down.' Old William, thou art indeed a happy man! Your industry and contentment have a more salutary influence on my heart than I have ever gathered from books. The unruly passions of men, do not affect you, and while conscious of your Maker's approbation, perfect happiness seems to be your lot. Live on my friend, and 'build your hope on heaven.' O, that I were not doomed to live a life so unlike that I love, so unlike your own!

But the echo of the poet's words are in my ear;

'Tis not too late,
For the turtle and her mate
Are setting yet in rest,
And the throstle hath not been
Gathering worms yet on the green,
But attends her nest.

Not a bird hath sought her young
Nor the morning lesson sung
In the shady grove;
But the nightingale i' the dark
Singing, woke the mounting lark;
She records her love.

The sun hath not with his beams
Gilded yet the crystal streams,
Rising from the sea;
Mists do crown the mountain tops
And each pretty myrtle drops;
'Tis but newly day.
William Browne.

The sun is up, and the earth, like a slumbering bride is awakened by his first warm kiss.—How graceefully the mists roll upward from the lake! Slowly and gradually the beasts awake and lounge along to their respective stalls to meet the giver of their food. The trusty farmer disappoints them not, but meets them with a healthy glow and smile upon his cheeks. The frugal wife is busy in her dairy—arranging her well-filled milk pans, and 'working her fresh, sweet butter. The boys and girls are engaged in their respective duties, while the babe is still asleep in the cradle. The lark springs from her retreat and strains her little throat in singing praises to her glorious Creator.

With gold the verdant mountain glows;
More high the snowy peaks with hues of rose.
Far stretched beneath the many tinted hills,
A mighty waste of mist the valley fills—
A solemn sea, whose vales and mountains round
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound;
A gulf of gloomy blue, that opens wide,
And bottomless, divides the mighty tide,
Like leaning masts of stranded ships appear
The pines, that near the coast their summits rear;
Of cabins, woods, and lawns a pleasant shore,
Bounds calm and clear, the chaos, still and hoar
Loud through the midway gulf ascending, sound
Unnumbered streams with hollow roar profound;
Mount through the nearer mists, the chant of birds,
And talking voices, and the low of herds,
The bark of dogs, the drowsy tinkling bell,
And wild-wood mountain lutes of saddest swell.'

O, Wordsworth! how my heart blesses thee for such strains as these!

Morning,—beautiful morning, with thy smiles, thy golden hair, and fragrant breath, I love thee more tenderly than I do thy dusky sister—Evening. It is true there is a melancholy pleasure in watching the shadows which attend her coming, because they remind me of joys that are past, of the absent and loved, of boyhood with its sighs and fears. But thou, O Morning! thou fillest my soul with hope, and my heart with gladness. Thy presence upon the earth is welcomed by a thousand strains of melody. The trees, when fanned by thy soft breezes, whisper their enjoyment. The mountain rivulet bounds from its rocky home more joyful than it did when night was upon the earth. The birds too, which were then so silent, are now singing their sweetest songs for thee. Unitedly, they all proclaim the truth, that thou art 'beautiful exceedingly!'

How carelessly do the cattle wander from home, cropping the luxuriant grass as they pass along. About noon the cows and heifers will have found a cool resting-place in the shade of

the woods, or under the willow in some wet meadow. The sheep too, will probably spend the day on some green and sunny lawn, where they can gambol and feed, unmolested by any noise or worrying dogs.

Here comes an humble bee, with gauzy wings and golden vestment! How beautiful! What a pleasant companion he is, when we are wandering over the fields, and through the woodlands! I love his murmuring hum, for it is the language of his kind, and to my ear, sweeter than the sweetest strain of written poetry. How he balances himself in the air, almost within my reach. 'My home,' he seems to be tellin. me, 'is in the hollow of an old stump, which bends over a streamlet, about three miles away. There are no trees near by, to cover it with their shadows, so that it is gilded by the first and last sunbeam of every clear day. It is a quiet secluded place, and so remote from any farm house, that the crowing of the cock, the bleating of sheep and the laugh of the husbandman's children, are heard only as a dying echo. Sometimes, however, the hay-maker, while wielding his scythe, comes within a few paces of my stump, and if I chance to be at home, and he hears my hum, he pauses in his work, and looks around as if intending to rob me of my honey. Occasionally too, three or four cows come to the brook, to drink, while they stand for hours, belly-deep in the water, to escape the tormenting flies.

'The crown which you behold upon my head, is the symbol of my rank. I am the king of the largest and most powerful tribe of the bee race. My kingdom is comprised of every field and meadow which is watered by the brook flowing beneath my home That brook, I believe, is the most beautiful in the world. Ducks with glassy green breasts are floating there; and little boys fish for minnows in its crystal waters. Many too, are the spotted trout that flourish there; and often do I poise myself on the petals of a lily, and watch them as they swim about, now chasing each other, and now darting at some floating insect. Countless are the rich flowers that blossom, and countless the birds that breed and sing in my dominion. Many and lovely are the cottages that rise on every side. The——. But I must away, for I have much to do, before the sunshine drinks up the dew.'

But who are these coming across that field bearing upon their shoulders, rakes, forks, and scythes? They are the mowers who intend improving the sunshine now streaming upon the earth. Before night, yonder field will be dotted by many a cock of sweet clover hay. Hear them as they sharpen their already sharp instruments. How they swing their arms with the measured strokes of a pendulum! Rasp—rasp—rasp—How the grass and flowers fall before them! 'What havoc have they made! how many fair daughters of the field have they prostrated! what hidden homes have they laid bare! haunts of the bird and field-mouse unroofing the snug dwelling and leaving their little ones exposed to the covetous glances of the nesting boys. How like life are the flowers of the field! we gaze upon them as they fall before the scythe, and exclaim, 'Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone.'

See, how the morning zephyr is sporting with the leaves of that birch tree, and with the thick hazel bushes beside that fence. It is the breath of the Earth, and upbears upon its bosom the dear little birds. How brilliant their plumage! how their eyes sparkle! how sweetly do they sing! To inhale the pure air of heaven is their greatest luxury. Here, in this nest above me, the red-breasted robin is feeding her little ones; there on that decayed tree the woodpecker is hammering away with his thick bill, ever and anon uttering a loud scream, as if he wished to make *all* the noise; within a few feet of me, a mocking bird is chattering loudly, mocking not only his companions, but myself too, as if he thought me an old fool; among the clouds the lark is pouring out the music of her heart; all, all the birds are out under the open sky enjoying their daily holiday.

The clouds—are they not magnificent, those morning clouds floating so silently in the calm ocean of the sky? They are forever changing, and every moment become still more beautiful. It would seem as if God had traced them with his own hand, that man might have a faint conception of the poetry of heaven. It may be they are the vehicles which angels employ when they wish to hover over our world, to weep

for the wickedness of man, or rejoice at the triumph of virtue. It is indeed a charming superstition that would people the sky and the air and clouds with 'beings brighter than have been.' For my part, this would be a cheerless and sorrowful world, were it not that I can at times go out of myself, in imagination, and hold sweet converse and have fellowship with such beings. If the sordid and selfish among my fellows laugh at me because I love the clouds and the feelings they inspire—I would ask why it is that God has made them? Why do they meet our sight at morning, noon and evening? Give me a reasonable answer to this, ye worldly and then I will acknowledge that it is folly to love the workmanship of God. I love the clouds because they are the shadows of heavenly glories.

The flowers;—are they not the smiles of earth? But if this is true, why is it that they are weeping, when every thing around is so bright and joyful? 'Tis but the dew of heaven, in which they have been bathing all the night long. Here, at my feet, a little blue-bell lies prostrate upon the damp earth. Some lazy ox has crushed it beneath his tread. I cannot—no I would not banish the thought—it reminds me of a much loved sister, who was the companion and play-mate of my boyhood. It reminds me of her, because

Her spring was like the springing flower
That sips the early dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek
Just opening to the view.
But love had, like the canker worm,
Consummed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time. *Mallet.*

There is a deeper philosophy in the language of flowers than is generally supposed. Its foundation is based upon a motive more important than mere amusement. The life of every flower that ever bloomed, has power to bring instruction and pleasurable feelings to the human heart. I love them, not because of their beauty alone, but because they always remind me of a kind and merciful Creator. I love them, because they are the stars in the green firmament of earth.

How glorious do these distant mountains appear in the sunlight, as they recede from the deep bosom of yonder valley, 'like the subsiding waves of the ocean after a storm!' One of them, like a warrior clad in mail, is wooing the virgin sky. Mountains! valleys! How does the heart leap at the mention of their very names. How exalted and soul-subduing the feelings they inspire! How many and various! how grand, gorgeous and beautiful the scenes which pass before the mind, as we muse upon them! Did they not exist, how monotonous would be the scenery of the earth! Mountains! With them are associated—steep frowning rocks and precipices, unfathomable chasms and laughing waterfalls, —vapours and clouds—storms of thunder and lightning—eagles, and goats, and daring hunters—darkness--the fearful avalanche, and plains of perpetual snow. Because they are seldom enlivened, by comfortable abodes, too barren to be furrowed by the plough, it might at first view be supposed that they are useless features in the landscape, and unprofitably encroaching on the fertility and beauty of the plain. Experience and research, however, have unfolded to us their advantages. They are the sources of springs and rivers. 'Their vast masses—attract the clouds, and receive in the form of rain, hail, snow,—the moisture with which the atmosphere is charged, even when the plains below are parched with summer drought; and hence the irregular and mountainous surface of the earth is veined over with a multitude of rills, brooks and rivers, whose waters by a wonderful species of circulation, flow to the place whence they come—that mighty and ever beating heart —the ocean. Were the earth a dead level, or slightly undulating, innumerable evils would result from the stagnant lakes and vast marshes which would cover its surface. Disease and death would soon subdue it. Animal and vegetable life would languish; cultivation would scarcely exist; and instead of luxuriant and varied scenery, we should behold only a cheerless mixture of level land and turbid water. Were it not for mountains we should have no rivers to fertilize the earth, and bear upon their bosoms, into the hearts of continents, the manufactures and productions of foreign countries. They exercise a salutary influence upon climate, for in their solitary fastness many of the most purifying winds originate. They are the bulwarks which Nature has reared to shield her valleys from the fierce Nothern blasts, or mitigate the solar heat—affording shelter from its influence. In the extensive forests that ennoble those of our land, grow the rarest and most valuable bo-

tanical curiosities. They are the almost sole repositories of minerals, and those rare metals so valuable to man, and necessary to the arts of civilization; the diamond that glitters in the kingly diadem, and that gold which is the supreme earthly desire of the human race. They have, from time immemorial been the nurseries of patriotism, the abodes of industry, economy, patience and every hardy virtue. The rugged mountaineer has always been the first in righteous war, and the first to sign the declaration of peace when the rights of his country were established. It was in the wild recesses of the mountains of Judea and Galilee, that the afflicted followers of our Saviour found refuge from their enemies, and when they worshipped in peace the God of their fathers. How dear to the christian are the associations connected with Calvary, Sinai and the mount of Olives!

They are the gardens of the world—broad and fertile. Crystal streams wind through them perpetually. How beautiful they are, when from their deep bosoms the songs of husbandmen, mingle with the lowing of cattle and the chime of bells, while the eye rests calmly upon comfortable hamlets, cultivated fields and smiling villages! How lovely too when reposing in their original luxuriance! while in their solitude, resound the tramp of the free wild horse, the music of singing, and are seen herds of deer, feeding beside the buffalo, and the smoke curling upward from the lonely cone-like dwelling place of the poor Indian! How delightful to an American are the associations connected with the valleys of our land!—those of the Mississippi, the Ohio and the Connecticut! Their productions are transported to every quarter of the globe. They are the homes of Peace, Plenty and Contentment.

Hark! do you not hear at intervals a sound as of a distant waterfall! Through the long still night that same cataract has been 'blowing his trumpet from the steep.' On the approach of the morning the sound seemed to die away, so that now you can hear it only in the pauses made by the singing birds. But the brooklet and river that are near, glide past me as loudly and joyfully as ever. O, I love the music of the bounding streams, for they remind me of the happy laugh of innocent childhood. 'But who the melodies of morn can tell! Alas! it is not in the power of words, but when once *heard* their echo will never pass away.

From time immemorial, poets have likened the beginning of life to the beginning of day, and how true and beautiful is the comparison. Morning is generally attended by sunshine, and earth rejoices in its youthfulness. So do hope and innocence bring gladness to the heart of childhood. The former is sometimes darkened by storm, and so does misfortune sometimes spread its dark shadow over the lovely and the young.

I never come forth to enjoy the bustling music of this hour, or breathe its wholesome air and gaze upon its unnumbered beauties, without *feeling* most deeply the existence of a Supreme Being. The infidel *pretends* to disbelieve this truth, but he does not in reality. In the silent watches of the night, when he is alone and wakeful, like the lost in hell, he believes and trembles. There is a God! The flowers of the valley, and the oaks upon the mountain bless him. Earth with her thousand voices, the sun and moon and stars, all proclaim the eternal truth—there is a God! He is infinite in holiness, in power and love. Man with his boasted intellect cannot comprehend him. His dwelling place is the universe, and eternity is his lifetime. Who is it that regulates the beating pulses of eight hundred millions of human beings? Who is it that holds the earth in the hollow of his hands? It is God. Go down into the cold blue halls of ocean, and you will find Him there! Go to the regions of the sun, and you will find him there. His frown penetrates the deepest hell, and the heaven of heavens is illumined by his smile. Ask the poor lonely widow, who it is that brings gladness to her desolate hearth, and she will answer—God.—Ask the oppressed orphan who is his best friend; or the Gospel minister who it is that crowns his labors with success;—and they will answer—God. Ask the nations of the earth who it is that gives them peace, prosperity and happiness, and you will hear the echo of God's name in every valley beneath the sun.

I have been thinking what a magnificent series of pictures might be seen by a man standing on the highest peak of the Alleghanies, provided his vision was bounded only by the surrounding seas. Looking towards the source of the Mississippi, he might see the elk and the deer, and the bear rise from their dewy couches, and quench their thirst in its pure waters.

How sublime too would that Father of rivers appear, rolling onward through solitary woods, smiling valleys, and by the battlements of splendid cities, until it emptied itself in the lap of Mexico, with every tree and pinnacle upon its borders glittering in the beams of the rising sun.

Or looking to the west, he would see in some deep valley of the Rocky Mountains, the Indian on his bridleless steed, in full pursuit after the buffalo. While dashing through thicket and stream, or over the plains, the shout of the hunter would startle the eagle from his eyrie. A moment more, and they are gone, and in their path no sound is heard but the dropping dew.

Turning south, his eye would rest with pleasure on the boundless fields of cotton and rice, gleaming in the sun, like snow; or upon hills and plains waving with the palm, the magnolia, the lemon and the orange tree. At the remotest corner of his country, he would behold stationed at its southern threshold, a noble city, the seeming guardian of her inland treasures.

And turning to the east, his eye would linger long on the Atlantic ocean, with the gorgeous cities and towns and villages on its western shore. A thousand floating palaces would meet his gaze, passing to and fro over its sleeping waves. Coming from every land under the sun they would glide into their destined havens; those havens teeming with business and life and joy. ''Tis but a dream,' he would exclaim; but the recollection of his country's greatness would banish such a thought, and he would again exclaim—'a reality indeed!'

What land, O morning, hast thou ever visited more beautiful and glorious than America? Dear native land! I love every mountain and valley and river and tree and flower, that rest upon thy bosom, and smile beneath thy skies.

On the sixth morning of creation, when God called into being an immortal soul, how fresh, how lovely beyond conception, must the earth have appeared to him! Was not that the hour, when the birds sung their first hymn in praise of their Creator? On that morning too, when Noah looked from the ark, and saw the waters subsiding, who can conceive the feelings with which he watched its advancement? As the tops of the mountains rose above the water, the rising sun dried them with his beams. The long night of desolation and wo was ended; the clouds that had obscured the sky were passed away, and it was now pure and tranquil as heaven itself. But enough. As the beauties of morning soon come to an end, though destined to return again, so must my rambling essay.—As a reward for the reader's kindness, however, in reading it, I would quote the following unequalled lines, describing a summer Sabbath morning in the country. They are by a dear poet, and their burthen ought to be long remembered, for they have power to refine the heart:—

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hush'd
The plough-boy's whistle, and the milk-maid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewey wreath
Of teded grass, mingled with faded flowers
That yester-morn bloomed, waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear, the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him, who wandereth o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the babbling brook
Courses more gently down the deep worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, where curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms—the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings, peace o'er yon village broods;
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldly bulk he rolls,
His iron armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

Grahame.

"MAKE ROOM FOR POSTERITY."

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

The editor of the Baltimore Clipper, in reply to a correspondent using the signature 'Posterity,' says, 'we make room for Posterity.'

Well, just what our brother does, has been done before from time immemorial. Cain wandered to 'make room for posterity.' Israel sojourned in the desert and *possessed* Canaan to 'make room for his posterity' Æneas the pious wandered into Italy to 'make room for posterity.' Penn gathered the people of his faith together, and sat peaceably down on the Banks of the Delaware, to 'make room for posterity.' Men are elbowed from cities, and located in prairies, for that purpose. 'The poor Indian,' who had sat down quietly in his wigwam to smoke the pipe of peace, and see his semi-civilizat on prosper around him—he, too, is admonished that the whites need his land to 'make room for their posterity.' He goes reluctantly to the distant west, half pleased with the idea of hunting grounds that will afford 'room for his posterity.' The posterity of the poor Indian!!—poor, waning, tapering cone—its broad base the whole soil of the new world, its point lost in some peninsula that fades away into the distant Pacific. The deep foundations which our aged men are laying for habitations yet to rise and the finished saloons and ornamented halls—what are these but 'room for posterity?'

We followed, only a few days since, into a richly ornamented burying ground, the body of one who, for years, had filled a large space in the public eye; and when they had lowered into the narrow resting and decaying place the coffin of the great man, and covered it partially with earth, our procession, turning to pass out, met another, following a young maiden to her last great earthly home. As we passed the mourning throng, marshalled into a funeral train, one whom we had long known shook his head in mournful recognition, and seemed to say of our errands thither: we have come to 'make room for posterity.'

'Room at thy hearth, O mother,' said one of the sweetest poets of our time, as he started, full of filial affection, to place his new bride in a daughter's position. 'Room at thy hearth.' He came, and found ample room. The beloved one, the apostrophised mother, had passed away to 'make room for her posterity.'

All of us are crowding onward—all are passing away to 'make room for our posterity.' We are to be pressed close, like the gathered herbage, so that the whole harvest of our sie thousand years will seem to occupy less space than the single generation that constitutes *their* posterity. Below the sod, we lie still and compact; the true equality of flesh and blood is understood and illustrated there, while above, ample space is demanded, and acres are required for a single living. The true democracy is in the grave: '*there* the rich and the poor lie down together,' that they may 'make room for their posterity.'

Even *we* who write, and moralize as we pass along, look back at the troop who demand our place, and feel that we too have the duty to perform and the debt to pay, and gathering up our mantle with decaying energies, we *hope* there is *room* for us where there are 'many mansions,' and in that hope we prepare, like our professional brother, to 'make room for posterity.'

[Contributed to the Boston Notion.]

DESPONDENCY AND YEARNING.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

I.

I pine for the free air and far dominion,
And weep to feel my spirit in the chain;
I chafe, as chafes the bird with broken pinion,
That once has seann'd alike the sky and main.

II.

I mourn that with an ever sleepless spirit,
Still seeking for the rea m I may not win,
This loophole province I must still inherit,
As if the sin of others were my sin.

III.

Shall I not use the wing and with the morning,
Win the proud boon of spirit liberty;
Nor fettered thus, myself and nature scorning,
Turn sickening from the soil I still must see.

IV.

Alas! the day and night still blend together,—
No sooner does the eye behold the sun,
Than glooms the storm and comes the fearful weather,
Day shrinks away in clouds, Night rushes on!

V.

The soul too has its night, a perilous hour,—
The mind its madness, and the heart its pain,
Thorns still begird the fresh and scented flower,
And he who sings hath yet a song in vain.

VI.

He may not rest, with idiot satisfaction,
Beneath the cank'ring chain, the curse, the clay,
But longing for a wing of sleepless action,
Soar for the blessed clime, the enduring day.

Summerville, S. C. July 3, 1838.

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Author of "Southern Passages and Pictures," "Atalantes," "The Yemassee," "Damsel of Darien," "Kinsmen," &c.

'Ah! whither strays the immortal mind.'—Byron.

I.

What checks the Eagle's wing—what dims his eye,
Turned upward, to the sky?
Doth the cloud cumber the ascending flight,
Of that which is all light?
Fruitless, indeed, were such a frail defence
Against intelligence;
And all in vain the chains of earth would bind
The disembodied mind!

II.

Glorious and unrestrained on its way,
It seeks the endless day;
It drinks more deeply of the intenser air,
That streams with being there;
A thing of sense and sight, it early learns,
And sees, adores, and burns;
Claiming, with every breath from out the sky,
Its own divinity.

III.

From world to world, from gathering star to star,
Its flight is fast and far;
As through an ordeal, it prepares in each
Some higher form to reach;
From the small orb that lights the outer gate
Of that all-nameless state,
To that which burns before the eternal throne,
Fearless, it hurries on.

IV.

Dread mystery, that, to the mortal sight
Seems all one shapeless night.
Wild with unbidden clouds, that flickering haste
Still o'er a pathless waste.
Without one intellectual planet's ray,
To yield a partial day;—
Will death reveal the truth to sons of men,
Shall we explore you then?

V.

I would not be the creature of the clay,
Moulding with Time away,
Nor hold, for my soul's hope, that awful thought,
That death is all, life nought!—
That all this soaring mind, this high desire
Still, upward, to aspire,
Is but the yearning of some painted thing,
That would not lose its wing.

Charleston, S. C.

INFANCY.

An infant requires a secretion afforded by another's system, and requires this to be brought to it; it requires others to keep it warm, to protect it from injury, to keep it clean, and to tend it in every way: and I suspect, for reasons which I shall hereafter give, that a living influence was communicated to it in utero, by the maternal fluids which entered into its system, and by the surrounding body of its mother in whom it lay, and that, after birth, a living influence is communicated of the highest importance in the milk poured into its system directly from its mother's breast without the intervention of a moment for this to lose its vital properties, and by the contact of the mother when it is lying in her bosom. Not only do children generally die which are fed with milk that has stood in vessels after having been taken from the breast of a brute, and with vegetable matter, whatever care be taken of them; but chickens which are hatched and afterwards kept warm artificially, though their food is the same, and the utmost care be bestowed upon them, acquire size and vigor more slowly than those which have the benefit of the hen's nursing, and therefore the contact of her body. There was an old idea that animal heat was different from common heat. The moderns argue that caloric is always caloric, and that therefore the wisdom of our ancestors in this matter was folly. But though caloric is always caloric, it does not follow that with it some other principle may not co-exist in animals and be communicated. I know a clergyman in Essex who has severe pains in his legs relieved by no other friction than with the hand of another, nor by any other warmth than that communicated to his lower extremities when sitting between two persons, as in a coach, in which he was struck with the discovery. The aged David had good reason on his side, when he had a young virgin to lie in his bosom. The communicator of course looses in proportion, and therefore Dr. Copeland declares he has frequently known children become weak and pale from sleeping with the aged. The greatest foe of the church, therefore, cannot doubt the propriety of its order that a man shall not marry his grandmother. While a woman can bear children, she is in the prime of life, and therefore not in a state to derive vigor from her infant, but to impart vigor to it. If old women bred, their nursing as mothers would probably be deleterious.—*Elliotson's Human Physiology.*

ROBERTS'

SEMI-MONTHLY

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MARRYAT'S NEW NOVEL.

"THE POACHER."

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

VOL. II.—PART 15.

CHAPTER XIII.

A VERY LONG CHAPTER, WITH WHICH WE CONCLUDE THE SECOND VOLUME.

As it was late that night, Joey did not open the packet delivered to him from Spikeman until he arose the next morning, which he did very early, as he thought it very likely that he might be apprehended, if he was not off in good time. The packet contained a key, £20 in money, and a paper, with the following letter:—

'My Dear Boy,—As we must now part, at least for some time, I have left you money sufficient to set you up for the present; I have enclosed a memorandum, by which I make over to you the knife-grinder's wheel, and all the furniture, books, &c., that are in my rooms at Dudstone, the key of which is also enclosed. I should recommend your going there, and taking immediate possession, and as soon as I have time I shall write to the woman of the house, to inform her of the contents of the memorandum; and I will also write to you, and let you know how I get on. Of course you will now do as you please; at all events I have taught you a profession, and have given you the means of following it. I only hope, if you do, that some day you may be able to retire from business as successfully as I have done. You will, of course, write to me occasionally, after you know where I am. Depend upon it there is no profession so near to that of a gentleman as that of a travelling tinker.

Yours ever truly, AUGUSTUS SPIKEMAN.

'N.B. There is some money in the old place to pay the bill at the cottage.'

Our hero considered that he could not do better than follow the advice of Spikeman. He first wrote a few lines to Mary, requesting that she would send her answer to Dudstone: and then, having settled with the hostess, he set off with his knife-grinder's wheel on his return home to what were now his apartments. As he was not anxious to make money he did not delay on his road, and on the fifth day he found himself at the door of the alehouse near to Dudstone, where he had before left the wheel. Joey thought it advisable to do so now, telling the landlord that Spikeman had requested him so to do; and as soon as it was dusk our hero proceeded to the town, and knocked at the door of the house in which were Spikeman's apartments. He informed the landlady that Spikeman would not in all probability return, and had sent him to take possession, showing her the key. The dame was satisfied, and Joey went up stairs. As soon as he had lighted the candle, and fairly installed himself, our hero threw himself down on the sofa, and began to reflect. It is pleasant to have property of our own, and Joey never had had any before; it was satisfactory to look at the furniture, bed, and books, and say, 'All this is *mine*' Joey felt this, as it is to be presumed everybody would in the same position, and for some time he continued looking round and round at his property. Having satisfied himself with a review of it externally, he next proceeded to open all the drawers, the chests, &c. There were many articles in them which Joey did not expect to find, such as a store of sheets, table-linen, and all Spike-

man's clothes, which he had discarded when he went up to London, some silver spoons, and a variety of little odds and ends; in short, Spikeman had left our hero everything as it stood. Joey put his money away, and then went to bed, and slept as serenely as the largest landed proprietor in the kingdom. When he awoke next morning, our hero began to reflect upon what he should do. He was not of Spikeman's opinion that a travelling tinker was the next thing to a gentleman, nor did he much like the idea of rolling the wheel about all his life; nevertheless, he agreed with Spikeman that it was a trade by which he could earn his livelihood, and if he could do no better, it would always be a resource. As soon as he had taken his breakfast, he sat down and wrote to Mary, acquainting her with all that had taken place, and stating what his own feelings were upon his future prospects. Having finished his letter, he dressed himself neatly, and went out to call upon the widow James. Miss Ophelia and Miss Amelia were both at home.

'Well, Master Atherton, how do you do? and pray where is Mr. Spikeman?' said both the girls in a breath.

'He is a long way from this,' replied Joey.

'A long way from this! Why, has he not come back with you?'

'No; and I believe he will not come back any more. I am come, as his agent, to take possession of his property.'

'Why, what has happened?'

'A very sad accident,' replied our hero, shaking his head; 'he fell——'

'Fell!' exclaimed the two girls in a breath.

'Yes, fell in love, and is married.'

'Well now!' exclaimed Miss Ophelia, 'only to think!'

Miss Amelia said nothing.

'And so he is really married?'

'Yes; and he has given up business.'

'He did seem in a great hurry when he last came here,' observed Amelia. 'And what are you going to do?'

'I am not going to follow his example just yet,' replied Joey.

'I suppose not; but what are you going to do?' replied Ophelia.

'I shall wait here for his orders; I expect to hear from him. Whether I am to remain in this part of the country, or sell off and join him, or look out for some other business, I hardly know; I think myself I shall look out for something else; I don't like the cutlery line and travelling for orders. How is your mamma, Miss Ophelia?'

'She is very well, and has gone to market Well, I never did expect to hear of Mr Spikeman being married! Who is he married to, Joseph?'

'To a very beautiful young lady, daughter of Squire Mathews, with a large fortune.'

'Yes, men always look for money now-a-days,' said Amelia.

'I must go now,' said Joey, getting up; 'I have some calls and some inquiries to make. Good morning, young ladies.'

It must be acknowledged that the two Misses James were not quite so cordial towards Joey as they were formerly; but unmarried girls do not like to hear of their old acquaintances marrying any body save themselves. There is not only a flirt the less, but a chance the less in consequence; and it should be remarked, that there were very few *beaux* at Dudstone. Our hero was some days at Dudstone before he received a letter from Spikeman, who informed him that he had arrived safely at Gretna (indeed, there was no male relation of the family to pursue him,) and the silken bands of Hymen had been made more secure by the iron rivets of the blacksmith; that three days after he had written a letter to his wife's father, informing him that he had *done him the honor* of marrying his daughter; that he could not exactly say when he could find time to come to the mansion and pay him a visit, but that he would as soon as he conveniently could; that he begged that the room prepared for them upon their arrival might have a *large* dressing-room attached to it, as he could not dispense with that convenience; that he was not aware whether Mr Mathews was inclined to part with the mansion and property, but, as his wife had declared that she would prefer living there to anywhere else, he had not any objection to purchase it of Mr Mathews, if they could come to terms; hoped his gout was better, and was his 'very faithfully, AUGUSTUS SPIKEMAN.' Melissa wrote a few lines to Araminta, begging her, as a favor, not to attempt to palliate her conduct, but to rail against her incessantly, as it would be the surest method of bringing affairs to an amicable settlement.

To her father she wrote only these few words: 'My dear papa, you will be glad to hear that I am married. Augustus says that, if I behave well, he will come and see you soon; dear papa, your dutiful child, MELISSA SPIKEMAN.'

That the letters of Spikeman and Melissa put the old gentleman in no small degree of rage, may be conceived; but nothing could be more judicious than the plan Spikeman had acted upon. It is useless to plead to a man who is irritated with constant gout; he only becomes more despotic and more unyielding. Had Araminta attempted to soften his indignation, it would have been equally fruitless; but the compliance with the request of her cousin, of continually railing against her, had the effect intended. The vituperation of Araminta left him nothing to say; there was no opposition to direct his anathemas against; there was no coaxing or wheedling on the part of the offenders for him to repulse; and when Araminta pressed the old gentleman to vow that Melissa should never enter the doors again, he accused her of being influenced by interested motives, threw a basin at her head, and wrote an epistle requesting Melissa to come and take his blessing. Araminta refused to attend her uncle after this insult, and the old gentleman became still more anxious for the return of his daughter, as he was now left entirely to the caprice of the

servants. Araminta gave Melissa an account of what had passed, and entreated her to come at once. She did so, and a general reconciliation took place. Mr Mathews, finding his new son-in-law very indifferent to pecuniary matters, insisted upon making over to his wife an estate in Herefordshire, which, with Melissa's own fortune, rendered them in most affluent circumstances. Spikeman requested Joey to write to him now and then, and that, if he required assistance, he would apply for it; but still advised him to follow up the profession of travelling tinker as being the most independent.

Our hero had hardly time to digest the contents of Spikeman's letter when he received a large packet from Mary, accounting for her not having replied to him before, in consequence of her absence from the Hall. She had three weeks before received a letter written for Mrs. Chopper, acquainting her that Mrs. Chopper was so very ill that it was not thought possible that she could recover, having an abscess in the liver which threatened to break internally, and requesting Mary to obtain leave to Gravesend, if she possibly could, as Mrs Chopper wished to see her before she died. Great as was Mary's repugnance to revisit Gravesend, she felt that the obligations she was under to Mrs Chopper were too great for her to hesitate; and showing the letter to Mrs Austin, and stating at the same time that she considered Mrs Chopper as more than a mother to her, she obtained the leave which she requested, and set off for Gravesend.

It was with feelings of deep shame and humiliation that poor Mary walked down the main street of the town, casting her eyes up fearfully to the scenes of her former life. She was very plainly attired, and had a thick veil over her face, so that nobody recognised her; she arrived at the door of Mrs Chopper's abode, ascended the stairs, and was once more in the room out of which she had quitted Gravesend to lead a new life; and most conscientiously had she fulfilled her resolution, as the reader must be aware of. Mrs Chopper was in bed and slumbering when Mory softly opened the door; the signs of approaching death were on her countenance—her large round form had wasted away—her fingers were now taper and bloodless; Mary would not have recognised her had she fallen in with her under other circumstances. An old woman was in attendance; she rose up when Mary entered, imagining that it was some kind lady come to visit the sick woman. Mary sat down by the side of the bed, and motioned to the old woman that she might go out, and then she raised her veil and waited till the sufferer roused. Mary had snuffed the candle twice that she might see sufficiently to read the Prayer Book which she had taken up, when Mrs Chopper opened her eyes.

'How very kind of you, Ma'am!' said Mrs Chopper; 'and where is Miss ——? My eyes are dimmer every day.'

'It is me, Mary Nancy, that was!'

'And so it is! O, Nancy, now I shall die in peace! I thought at first it was the kind lady who comes every day to read and to pray with me. Dear Nancy, how glad I am to see you! And how do you do? And how is poor Peter?'

'Quite well when I heard from him last, my dear Mrs Chopper.'

'You don't know, Nancy, what a comfort it is to me to see you looking as you do, so good and so innocent; and when I think it was by my humble means that you were put in the way of becoming so, I feel as if I had done one good act, and that perhaps my sins may be forgiven me.

'God will reward you, Mrs Chopper; I said so at the time, and I feel it now,' replied Mary, the tears rolling down her cheeks; 'I trust by your means, and with strength from above, I shall continue in the same path, so that one sinner may be saved.'

'Bless you, Nancy!—You never were a bad girl in heart: I always said so. And where is Peter now?'

'Going about the country earning his bread; poor, but happy.'

'Well, Nancy, it will soon be over with me; I may die in a second, they tell me, or I may live for three or four days; but I sent for you that I might put my house in order There are only two people that I care for upon earth—that is you and my poor Peter; and all I have I mean to leave between you. I have signed a paper already, in case you could not come, but now that you are come I will tell you all I wish; but give me some of that drink first.'

Mary having read the directions on the label, poured out a wine glass of the mixture, and gave it to Mrs. Chopper, who swallowed it, and then proceeded, taking a paper from under her pillow,—

'Nancy! this is the paper I told you of. I have about £700 in the bank, which is all that I have saved in twenty-two years; but it has been honestly made. I have, perhaps, much more owing to me, but I do not want it to be collected. Poor sailors have no money to spare, and I release them all. You will see me buried, Nancy, and tell poor Peter how I loved him, and I have left my account-books with my bad debts and good debts, to him, I am sure he would like to have them, for he knows the history of every sum-total, and he will look over them, and think of me. You can sell this furniture: but the wherry you must give to William; he is not very honest, but he has a large family to keep. Do what you like, dearest, about what is here; perhaps my clothes would be useful to his wife; they are not fit for you.—There's a good deal of money in the upper drawer; it will pay for my funeral and the doctor. I believe that is all now; but do tell poor Peter how I loved him. Poor fellow, I have been cheated ever since he left; but that's no matter. Now, Nancy dear, read to me little. I have so longed to have you by my bedside to read to me, and pray for me! I want to hear you pray before I die. It will make me happy to hear you pray, and see that kind face looking up to heaven, as it was always meant to do.'

Poor Mary burst into tears. After a few minutes she became more composed, and, dropping

down on her knees by the side of the bed, she opened the Prayer Book, and complied with the request of Mrs. Chopper; and as she fervently poured forth her supplication, occasionally her voice faltered, and she would stop to brush away the tears which dimmed her sight. She was still so occupied when the door of the room was gently opened, and a lady, with a girl of fourteen or fifteen years old, quietly entered the room. Mary did not perceive them until they also had knelt down. She finished the prayers, rose, and, with a short courtesey, retired from the side of the bed.

Although not recognised herself by the lady, Mary immediately remembered Mrs. Phillips and her daughter Emma, having, as we have before observed, been at one time in Mrs. Phillips's service.

'This is the young woman whom you so wished to see, Mrs. Chopper, is it not?' said Mrs. Phillips. 'I am not surprised at your longing for her, for she appears well suited for a companion in such an hour; and, alas! how few there are! Sit down, I request,' continued Mrs. Phillips, turning to Mary. 'How do you find yourself to-day, Mrs. Chopper?'

'Sinking fast, dear Madam, but not unwilling to go, since I have seen Nancy, and heard of my poor Peter; he wrote to Nancy a short time ago. Nancy, don't forget my love to Peter.'

Emma Phillips, who had now grown tall and thin, immediately went up to Mary, and said, 'Peter was the little boy who was with Mrs. Chopper; I met him on the road when he first came to Gravesend, did I not!'

'Yes, Miss you did,' replied Mary.

'He used to come to our house sometimes, and very often to meet me as I walked home from school. I never could imagine what became of him, for he disappeared all at once without saying good-bye.'

'He was obliged to go away, Miss. It was not his fault; he was a very good boy, and is so still.'

'Then pray remember me to him, and tell him that I often think of him.'

'I will, Miss Phillips, and he will be very happy to hear that you have said so.'

'How did you know that my name was Phillips? O, I suppose poor Mrs. Chopper told you before we came!'

Mrs. Phillips had now read some time to Mrs Chopper, and this put an end to the conversation between Mary and Emma Phillips. It was not resumed. As soon as the reading was over, Mrs. Phillips and her daughter took their leave.

Mary made up a bed for herself by the side of Mrs. Chopper's. About the middle of the night, she was roused by a gurgling kind of noise; she hastened to the bed-side, and found that Mrs. Chopper was suffocating. Mary called in the old woman to her aid, but it was useless, the abscess had burst, and in a few seconds all was over; and Mary, struggling with emotion, closed the eyes of her old friend, and offered up a prayer for the departed spirit.

The remainder of the night was passed in solemn meditation and a renewal of those vows which the poor girl had hitherto so scrupulously adhered to, and which the death-bed scene was so well fitted to encourage; but Mary felt that she had her duties towards others to discharge, and did not give way to useless and unavailing sorrow. It was her duty to return as soon as possible to her indulgent mistress, and the next morning she was busy in making the necessary arrangements. On the third day Mary attended the funeral of her old friend, the bills were all paid, and having selected some articles which she wished to retain as a remembrance, she resolved to make over to William, the waterman, not only the wherry, but all the stock in hand, furniture, and clothes of Mrs. Chopper. This would enable him and his wife to set up in business themselves and provide for their family. Mary knew that she had no right to do so without Joey's consent, but of this she felt she was sure; having so done, she had nothing more to do but to see the lawyer who had drawn up the will, and having gone through the necessary forms, she received an order on the county bank nearest to the Hall for the money, which, with what was left in the drawers, after paying every demand, amounted to more than £700. She thought it was her duty to call upon Mrs. Phillips, before she went away, out of gratitude for her kindness to Mrs. Chopper; and as she had not been recognised, she had no scruple in so doing. She was kindly received and blushed at the praise bestowed upon her. As she was going away Emma Phillips followed her out, and putting into her hand a silver pencil-case, requested she would 'give it to Peter, as a remembrance of his little friend, Emma.' The next day Mary arrived at the Hall, first communicated to Mrs. Austin what had occurred, and then, having received our hero's two last epistles, sat down to write the packet containing all the intelligence we have made known, and ended by requesting Joey to set off with his knife grinder's wheel, and come to the village near to the Hall, that he might receive his share of Mrs. Chopper's money, the silver pencil-case, and the warm greeting of his adopted sister. Joey was not long in deciding. He resolved that he would go to Mary; and, having locked up his apartments, he once more resumed the wheel, and was soon on his way to Hampshire.

PART 16.

VOL. III.—CHAPTER I.

A RETROSPECT, THAT THE PARTIES MAY ALL START FAIR AGAIN.

We must leave our hero on his way to the Hall, while we acquaint our readers with the movements of other parties connected with our history. A correspondence had been kept up between O'Donahue and M'Shane. O'Donahue had succeeded in obtaining the pardon of the Emperor, and employment in the Russian army, in which he had rapidly risen to the rank of General. Five or six years had elapsed since he had married, and both O'Donahue and his wife were anxious to visit England; a letter at last came, announcing that he had obtained

leave of absence from the Emperor, and would, in all probability, arrive in the ensuing spring.

During this period M'Shane had continued at his old quarters, Mrs. M'Shane still carrying on the business, which every year became more lucrative, so much so, indeed, that her husband had for some time thought very seriously of retiring altogether, as they had already amassed a large sum, when M'Shane received the letter from O'Donahue, announcing that in a few months he would arrive in England. Major M'Shane, who was very far from being satisfied with his negative position in society, pressed the matter earnestly to his wife, who, although she was perfectly content with her own position, did not oppose his intreaties. M'Shane found that after disposing of the good-will of the business, and the house, they would have a clear £30,000, which he considered more than enough for his wants, unencumbered as they were with children.

Let it not be supposed that M'Shane had ceased in his inquiries after our hero; on the contrary, he had resorted to all that his invention could suggest to trace him out, but, as the reader must be aware, without success. Both M'Shane and his wife mourned his loss, as if they had been bereaved of their own child; they still indulged the idea that some day he would re-appear, but when they could not surmise.—M'Shane had not only searched for our hero, but had traced his father with as little success, and he had now made up his mind that he should see no more of Joey, if he ever did see him again, until after the death of his father, when there would no longer be any occasion for secrecy. Our hero and his fate were a continual source of conversation between M'Shane and his wife; but latterly, after not having heard of him for more than five years, the subject had not been so often renewed. As soon as M'Shane had wound up his affairs, and taken his leave of his eating-house, he looked out for an estate in the country, resolving to lay out two-thirds of his money in land, and leave the remainder in the funds. After about three months' search, he found a property which suited him, and, as it so happened, about six miles from the domains held by Mr. Austin. He had taken possession and furnished it. As a retired officer in the army he was well received, and if Mrs. M'Shane was sometimes laughed at for her housekeeper-like appearance, still her sweetness of temper and unassuming behavior soon won her friends, and M'Shane found himself in a very short time comfortable and happy. The O'Donahues were expected to arrive very shortly, and M'Shane had now a domicile fit for the reception of his old friend, who had promised to pay him a visit as soon as he arrived.

Of the Austins little more can be said that has not been said already. Austin was a miserable, unhappy man: his cup of bliss—for he had every means of procuring all that this world considers as bliss, being in possession of station, wealth, and respect—was poisoned by one heavy crime which passion had urged him to commit, and which was now a source of hourly and unavailing repentance. His son, who should have inherited his wealth, was lost to him, and he dared not mention that he was in existence. Every day he became more nervous and irritable, more exclusive and averse to society; he trembled at shadows, and his strong constitution was rapidly giving way to the heavy weight on his conscience. He could not sleep without opiates, and he dreaded to sleep lest he should reveal everything of the past in his slumbers. Each year added to the irascibility of his temper, and the harshness with which he treated his servants and his unhappy wife. His chief amusement was hunting, and he rode in so reckless a manner that people often thought that he was anxious to break his neck. Perhaps he was. Mrs Austin was much to be pitied; she knew how much her husband suffered, how the worm gnawed within; and, having that knowledge, she submitted to all his harshness, pitying him instead of condemning him; but her life was still more embittered by the loss of her child, and many were the bitter tears which she would shed alone, for she dared not in her husband's presence, as he would have taken them as a reproof to himself. Her whole soul yearned after our hero, and that one feeling rendered her indifferent, not only to all the worldly advantages by which she was surrounded, but to the unkindness and hard-heartedness of her husband. Mary, who had entered her service as kitchen-maid, was very soon a favorite, and had been advanced to the situation of Mrs. Austin's own attendant. Mrs. Austin considered her a treasure, as she daily became more partial to and more confidential with her. Such was the state of affairs, when one morning, as Austin was riding to cover, a gentleman of the neighborhood said to him in the course of conversation—

'By-the-bye, Austin, have you heard that you have a new neighbor?'

'What! on the Frampton estate, I suppose? I heard that it had been sold.'

'Yes; I have seen him. He is one of your profession—a lively, amusing sort of Irish major; gentlemanlike, nevertheless. The wife not very high bred, but very fat, and very good-humored, and amusing from her downright simpleness of heart. You will call upon them I presume?'

'O, of course,' replied Austin. 'What is his name, did you say?'

'Major M'Shane, formerly of the 53d regiment, I believe.'

Had a bullet passed through the heart of Austin he could not have received a more sudden shock, and the start which he made from his saddle attracted the notice of his companion.

'What's the matter, Austin, you look pale, you are not well?'

'No,' replied Austin, recollecting himself, 'I am not; one of those twinges from an old wound in the breast came on. I shall be better directly.'

Austin stooped his horse, and put his hand to his heart. His companion rode up and remained near him.

'It is worse than usual; I thought it was coming on last night; I fear that I must go home.'

'Shall I go with you?'

'O no; I must not spoil your sport. I am better now a great deal; it is going off fast.—Come, let us proceed, or we shall be too late at cover.'

Austin had resolved to conquer his feelings. His friend had no suspicion, it is true; but, when we are guilty, we imagine that everybody suspects us. They rode a few minutes in silence.

'Well, I am glad that you did not go home,' observed his friend; 'for you will meet your new neighbor; he has subscribed to the pack, and they say he is well mounted; we shall see how he rides.

Austin made no reply; but, after riding on a few yards farther, he pulled up, saying that the pain was coming on again, and that he could not proceed. His companion expressed his sorrow at Austin's indisposition, and they separated.

Austin immediately returned home, dismounted his horse, and hastened to his private sitting-room. Mrs. Austin, who had seen him return and could not imagine the cause, went in to her husband.

'What is the matter my dear?' said Mrs. Austin.

'Matter!' replied Austin, bitterly, pacing up and down the room; 'heaven and hell conspire against us!'

'Dear Austin, don't talk in that way. What has happened?'

'Something which will compel me, I expect, to remain a prisoner in my own house, or lead to something unpleasant. We must not stay here.'

Austin then threw himself down on a sofa, and was silent. At last the persuasions and endearments of his wife overcame him. He told her that Mr. M'Shane was the major of his regiment when he was a private; that he would inevitably recognise him; and that, if nothing else occurred from M'Shane's knowledge of his former name, at all events the general supposition of his having been an officer in the army would be contradicted, and it would lower him in the estimation of the county gentlemen.

'It is indeed a very annoying circumstance, my dear Austin; but are you sure that he would, after so long a period recognise the private soldier in the gentleman of fortune?'

'As sure as I sit here,' replied Austin, gloomily; 'I wish I were dead.'

'Don't say so, dear Austin, it makes me miserable.'

'I never am otherwise,' replied Austin, clasping his hands. 'God forgive me; I have sinned, but have I not been punished?'

'You have, indeed, and as repentance is availing, my dear husband, you will receive God's mercy.

'The greatest boon, the greatest mercy would be death,' replied the unhappy man; 'I envy the pedler.'

Mrs Austin wept. Her husband, irritated at tears which, to him, seemed to imply reproach, sternly ordered her to leave the room.

That Austin repented bitterly of the crime which he had committed is not to be doubted; but it was not with the subdued soul of a Christian. His pride was continually struggling within him, and was not yet conquered; this it was that made him alternately self-condemning and irascible, and it was the continual warfare in his soul which was undermining his constitution.

Austin sent for medical advice for his supposed complaint. The country practitioner, who could discover nothing, pronounced it to be an affection of the heart. He was not far wrong; and Mr. Austin's illness was generally promulgated. Card and calls were the consequence, and Austin kept himself a close but impatient prisoner in his own house. His hunters remained in the stables, his dogs in the kennel, and every one intimated that Mr. Austin was laboring under a disease from which he would not recover. At first this was extremely irksome to Austin, and he was very impatient; but gradually he became reconciled, and even preferred his sedentary and solitary existence, Books were his chief amusement, but nothing could minister to a mind diseased, or drive out the rooted memory of the brain. Austin became more morose and misanthropic every day, and at last would permit no one to come near him but his valet and his wife.

Such was the position of his parents, when Joey was proceeding towards his abode.

CHAPTER II.

OUR HERO FALLS IN WITH AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE, AND IS NOT VERY MUCH DELIGHTED.

We left our hero rolling his knife-grinder's wheel towards his father's house. It must be confessed that he did it very unwillingly. He was never very fond of it at any time; but since he had taken possession of Spikeman's property, and had received from Mary the intelligence that he was worth £350 more, he had taken a positive aversion to it. It retarded his movements, and it was hard work when he had not to get his livelihood by it. More than once he thought of rolling it into a horsepond, and leaving it below low water-mark; but then he thought it a sort of protection against inquiry, and against assault, for it told of poverty and honest employment; so Joey rolled on, but not with any feelings of regard towards his companion.

How many castles did our hero build as he went along the road! The sum of money left to him appeared to be enormous. He planned and planned again; and, like most people, at the close of the day, he was just as undetermined as at the commencement. Nevertheless, he was very happy, as people always are, in anticipation; unfortunately more so than when they grasp what they have been seeking. Time rolled on, as well as the grindstone, and at last Joey found himself at the alehouse where he and Mary had put up previously to her obtaining a situation at the Hall. He immediately wrote a letter to her, acquainting her with his arrival. He would

have taken it there himself, only he recollected the treatment he had received, and found another messenger in the butcher's boy, who was going up to the Hall for orders. The answer returned by the same party was, that Mary would come down and see him that evening. When Mary came down Joey was astonished at the improvement in her appearance. She looked much younger than she did when they had parted, and her dress was so very different, that our hero could with difficulty imagine that it was the same person who had been his companion from Gravesend. The careless air and manner had disappeared; there was a *retenue*—a dignity about her which astonished him; and he felt a sort of respect, mingled with his regard, for her, of which he could not divest himself. But, if she looked younger, as may well be imagined, for her change of life, she also looked more sedate, except when she smiled, or when occasionally, but very rarely, her merry laughter reminded him of the careless, sweet-tongued Nancy of former times. That the greeting was warm need hardly be said. It was the greeting of a sister and younger brother who loved one another dearly.

'You are very much grown, Joey,' said Mary. 'Dear boy, how happy I am to see you!'

'And you, Mary, you're younger in face, but elder in your manners. Are you as happy in your situation as you have told me in your letters?

'Quite happy; more happy than I deserve to be, my dear boy; and now tell me, Joey, what do you think of doing? You have now the means of establishing yourself.'

'Yes, I have been thinking of it; but I don't know what to do?'

'Well, you must look out, and do not be in too great a hurry. Recollect, Joey, that if anything offers which you have any reason to believe will suit you, you shall have my money as well as your own.'

'Nay, Mary, why should I take that?'

'Because, as it is of no use to me, it must be idle; besides, you know, if you succeed, you will be able to pay me interest for it; so I shall gain as well as you. You must not refuse your sister, my dear boy.'

'Dear Mary, how I wish we could live in the same house!'

'That cannot be now, Joey; you are above my situation at the Hall, even allowing that you would ever enter it.'

'That I never will, if I can help it; not that I feel angry now, but I like to be independent.'

'Of course you do.'

'And as for that grindstone, I hate the sight of it; it has made Spikeman's fortune, but it never shall make mine.'

'You don't agree, then, with your former companion,' rejoined Mary, 'that it is the nearest profession to that of a gentleman which you know of.'

'I certainly do not,' replied our hero; 'and as soon as I can get rid of it I will; I have rolled it here, but I will not roll it much farther. I only wish I knew where to go.'

'I have something in my pocket which puts me in mind of a piece of news which I received the other day, since my return. First, let me give you what I have in my pocket'—and Mary pulled out the pencil-case sent to Joey by Emma Phillips. 'There, you know already who that is from.'

'Yes, and I shall value it very much, for she was a dear, kind little creature; and when I was very, very miserable, she comforted me.'

'Well, Joey, Miss Phillips requested me to write when I came back, as she wished to hear that I had arrived safe at the Hall. It was very kind of her, and I did so, of course. Since that I have received a letter from her, stating that her grandmother is dead, and that her mother is going to quit Gravesend for Portsmouth, to reside with her brother, who is now a widower.'

'I will go to Portsmouth,' replied our hero.

'I was thinking that, as her brother is a navy-agent, and Mrs. Phillips is interested about you, you could not do better. If any thing turns up then you will have good advice, and your money is not so likely to be thrown away. I think, therefore, that you had better go to Portsmouth and try your fortune.'

'I am very glad that you have mentioned this, Mary, for, till now, one place was as indifferent to me as another; but now it is otherwise, and to Portsmouth I will certainly go.'

Our hero remained two or three days longer at the village, during which time Mary was with him every evening, and once she obtained leave to go to her banker's about her money. She then turned over to Joey's account the sum due to him, and arrangements were made with the bank so that Joey could draw his capital out whenever he pleased. After which our hero took leave of Mary, promising to correspond more freely than before; and once more putting the strap of his knife-grinder's wheel over his shoulders, set off on his journey to Portsmouth.

Joey had not gained two miles from the village when he asked himself the question, 'What shall I do with my grindstone?' He did not like to leave it on the road; he did not know to whom he could give it away. He rolled it on for about six miles farther, and then, quite tired, he resolved to follow the plan formerly adopted by Spikeman, and repose a little upon the turf on the road-side of the hedge, which was shaded; and, having taken his bundle from the side of the wheel where it hung, he first made his dinner of the provender he had brought with him, and then, laying his head on the bundle, was soon fast asleep, from which he was awakened by hearing the sound of voices on the other side of the hedge. He turned round, and perceived two men on the side of the road, close to his knife-grinder's wheel. They were in their shirts and trousers only, and sitting down on the turf.

'It would be a very good plan,' observed one of them; 'we should then travel without suspicion.'

'Yes; if we could get off with it without being discovered. Where can the owner of it be?'

'Well, I dare say he is away upon some business or another, and has left the wheel here till he comes back. Now, suppose we were to take it—how should we manage?

'Why, we cannot go along this road with it. We must get over the gates and hedges till we get across the country into another road; and then, by travelling all night, we might be quite clear.'

'Yes, and then we should do well; for even if our description as deserters was sent out from Portsmouth, we should be considered as travelling tinkers, and there would be no suspicion.'

'Well, I'm ready for it. If we can only get off the road, and conceal it till night, we may then easily manage it. But first let's see if the fellow it belongs to may not be somewhere about here.'

As the man said this he rose up and turned his face towards the hedge, and our hero immediately perceived that it was his old acquaintance, Furness the schoolmaster and marine. What to do he hardly knew. At last he perceived Furness advancing towards the gate of the field, which was close to where he was lying, and, as escape was impossible, our hero covered his face with his arms, and pretended to be fast asleep. He soon heard a 'Hush!' given, as a signal to the other man, and, after a while, footsteps close to him. Joey pretended to snore loudly, and a whispering then took place. At last he heard Furness say,—

'Do you watch by him while I wheel away the grindstone.'

'But, if he wakes, what shall I do?'

'Brain him with that big stone. If he does not wake up when I am past the second field follow me.'

That our hero had no inclination to wake after this notice may be easily imagined; he heard the gate opened, and the wheel trundled away, much to his delight, as Furness was the party who had it in charge; and Joey continued to snore hard, until at last he heard the departing footsteps of Furness's comrade, who had watched him. He thought it prudent to continue motionless for some time longer, to give them time to be well away from him, and then he gradually turned round and looked in the direction in which they had gone; he could see nothing of them, and it was not until he had risen up, and climbed up on the gate, that he perceived them two or three fields off, running away at a rapid pace. Thanking heaven that he had escaped the danger that he was in, and delighted with the loss of his property, our hero recommenced his journey, with his bundle over his shoulder, and before night he was safe outside one of the stages, which took him to a town from which there was another which would carry him to Portsmouth, at which seaport he arrived the next evening without further adventure.

As our hero sat on the outside of the coach and reflected upon his last adventure, the more he felt he had reason to congratulate himself. That Furness had deserted from the Marine Barracks at Portsmouth was evident; and if he had not, that he would have recognised Joey some time or other was almost certain. Now, he felt sure that he was safe at Portsmouth, as it would be the last place at which Furness would make his appearance; and he also felt that his knife-grinder's wheel, in supplying Furness with the ostensible means of livelihood, and thereby preventing his being taken up as a deserter, had proved the best friend to him, and could not have been disposed of better. Another piece of good fortune was, his having secured his bundle and money; for had he left it with the wheel it would have of course shared its fate. 'Besides,' thought Joey, 'if I should chance to fall in with Furness again, and he attempts to approach me, I can threaten to have him taken as a deserter, and this may deter him from so doing.' It was with a grateful heart that our hero laid his head upon his pillow, in the humble inn at which he had taken up his quarters.

PART IV.
CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH OUR HERO RETURNS TO HIS FORMER EMPLOYMENT, BUT ON A GRANDER SCALE OF OPERATION.

Our hero had received from Mary the name and address of Mrs. Phillips's brother, and, on inquiry, found that he was known by every body. Joey dressed himself in his best suit, and presented himself at the door about ten o'clock in the morning as Joseph O'Donahue, the name which he had taken when he went to Gravesend, and by which he had been known to Mrs. Phillips and her daughter Emma, when he made occasional visits to their house. He was admitted, and found himself once more in company with his friend Emma, who was now fast growing up into womanhood. After the first congratulations and inquiries, he stated his intentions in coming down to Portsmouth, and their assistance was immediately promised. They then requested a detail of his adventures since he quitted Gravesend, of which Joey told everything that he safely could; passing over his meeting with Furness by simply stating that while he was asleep his knife-grinder's wheel had been stolen by two men, and that when he awoke he dared not offer any opposition. Mrs. Phillips and her daughter both knew that there was some mystery about our hero which had induced him to come to and also to leave Gravesend; but, being assured by Mary and himself that he was not to blame, they did not press him to say more than he wished; and, as soon as he finished his history, they proposed introducing him to Mr. Small, the brother of Mrs. Phillips, in whose house they were then residing, and who was then in his office.

'But perhaps, mamma, it will be better to wait till to-morrow, and in the meantime you will be able to tell my uncle all about Joey,' observed Emma.

'I think it will be better, my dear,' replied Mrs. Phillips; 'but there is Marianne's tap at the door, for the second time; she wants me down stairs, so I must leave you for a little

while; but you need not go away, O'Donahue; I will be back soon.'

Mrs. Phillips left the room, and our hero found himself alone with Emma.

'You have grown very much, Joey,' said Emma; 'and so have I too, they tell me.'

'Yes, you have indeed,' replied Joey; 'you are no longer the little girl who comforted me when I was so unhappy. Do you recollect that day?'

'Yes, indeed I do, as if it were but yesterday. But you have never told me why you lead so wandering a life; you won't trust me.'

'I would trust you with anything but that which is not mine to trust, as I told you four years ago; it is not my secret; as soon as I can, I will tell you everything; but I hope not to lead a wandering life any longer, for I have come down here to settle, if I can.'

'What made you think of coming down here?' asked Emma

'Because you were here; Mary told me so. I have not yet thanked you for your present, but I have not yet forgotten your kindness in thinking of a poor boy like me, when he was far away; here it is,' continued Joey taking out the pencil case, 'And I have loved it dearly,' added he, kissing it, 'ever since I have had it in my possession. I very often have taken it out and thought of you.'

'Now you are so rich a man, you should give me something to keep for your sake,' replied Emma, 'and I will be very careful of it, for old acquaintance sake.'

'What can I offer you? you are a young lady; I would give you all I had in the world, if I dared, but——'

'When I first saw you,' rejoined Emma, 'you were dressed as a young gentleman.'

'Yes, I was,' replied Joey, with a sigh; 'and as the observation of Emma recalled to his mind the kindness of M'Shane, he passed his hand across his eyes to brush away a tear or two that started.

'I did not mean to make you unhappy,' said Emma, taking our hero's hand.

'I am sure you did not,' replied Joey, smiling. 'Yes, I was then as you say; but you recollect that lately I have been a knife-grinder.'

'Well, you know, as your friend said, that was the nearest thing to a gentleman; and now I hope you will be quite a gentleman again.'

'Not a gentleman, for I must turn to some business or another,' replied Joey.

'I did not mean an idle gentleman; I meant in a respectable profession,' said Emma. 'My uncle is a very odd man, but very good hearted; you must not mind his way towards you. He is very fond of mamma and me, and I have no doubt will interest himself about you, and see that your money is not thrown away. Perhaps you would like to set up a bumboat on your own account,' added Emma, laughing.

'No, I thank you; I have had enough of that. Poor Mrs. Chopper! what a kind creature she was! I'm sure I ought to be very grateful to her for thinking of me as she did.'

'I believe,' said Emma, 'that she was a very good woman, and so does mamma. Recollect, Joey, when you live with my uncle you must not contradict him.'

'I am sure I shall not,' replied Joey; 'why should I contradict a person so far my superior in years and everything else?'

'Certainly not; and as he is fond of argument you had better give up to him at once; and,' continued Emma, laughing, 'everybody else does in the end. I hope you will find a nice situation, and that we shall see a great deal of you.'

'I am sure I do,' replied Joey, 'for I have no friends, that I may see, except you. How I wish that you did know everything!'

A silence ensued between the young people, which was not interrupted until by the appearance of Mrs. Phillips, who had seen Mr. Small, and had made an engagement for our hero to present himself at nine o'clock on the following morning, after which communication our hero took leave. He amused himself during the remainder of that day in walking over the town, which at that time presented a most bustling appearance, as an expedition was fitting out; the streets were crowded with officers of the army, navy, and marines, in their uniforms, soldiers and sailors, more or less tipsy, flaunting ribbons and gaudy colors, and every variety of noise was to be heard that could well be imagined, from the quacking of a duck, with its head out of the basket in which it was confined to be taken on board, to the martial music, the rolling of the drums, and the occasional salutes of artillery, to let the world know that some great man had put his foot on board of a ship or had again deigned to tread upon terra firma. All was bustle and excitement, hurrying, jostling, cursing and swearing; and Joey found himself, by the way that he was shoved about right and left, to be in the way of every body.

At the time appointed our hero made his appearance at the door, and, having given his name, was asked into the counting-house of the establishment, where sat Mr. Small and his factotum, Mr. Sleek. It may be as well here to describe the persons and peculiarities of these two gentlemen.

Mr. Small certainly did not accord with his name, for he was a man full six feet high, and stout in proportion; he was in face extremely plain, with a turned-up nose; but at the same time, there was a lurking good humor in his countenance, and a twinkle in his eye, which immediately prepossessed you, and in a few minutes you forgot that he was not well-favored. Mr. Small was very fond of an argument and a joke, and he had such a forcible way of maintaining his argument when he happened to be near you, that, as Emma had told our hero, few people ventured to contradict him after a time. This mode of argument was nothing more than digging the hard knuckles of his large hand into the ribs of his opponent, we should rather say gradually gimbleting, as it were, a hole in your side, as he heated in his illustrations. He was the last person in the world in his disposition to inflict pain, even upon an insect—and yet, from his habit, no one perhaps gave more, or appear-

ed to do so with more malice, as his countenance was radiant with good humor at the very time that his knuckles were taking away your breath. What made it worse, he had a knack of seizing the coat-lappet with the other hand, so that escape was difficult; and when he had exhausted all his reasoning, he would follow it up with a pressure of his knuckles under the fifth rib, saying, 'Now, you feel the force of my argument, don't you?' Every body did, and no one would oppose him unless the table was between them. It was much the same with his jokes: he would utter them, and then, with a loud laugh, and the insidious insertion of his knuckles, say, 'Do you take that, eh?' Mr. Sleek had also his peculiarity, and was not an agreeable person to argue with, for he had learnt to argue from his many years' constant companionship with the head of the firm. Mr. Sleek was a spare man, deeply pock-marked in the face, and with a very large mouth; and, when speaking, he sputtered to such a degree, that a quarter of an hour's conversation with him was as good as a shower-bath. At long range Mr. Sleek could beat his superior out of the field; but if Mr. Small approached once to close quarters, Mr. Sleek gave immediately. The captains of the navy used to assert that this fibbing enforcement of his *truths*, on the part of Small, was, quite contrary to all the rules of modern warfare, and never would stand it, unless, they required an advance of money; and then, by submitting to a certain quantity of digs in the ribs, in proportion to the unreasonableness of their demand, they usually obtained their object, as they said he 'knuckled down' in the end. As for Mr. Sleek, although the best man in the world, he was their abhorrence; he was nothing but a watering-pot, and they were not plants which required his aid to add to their vigor. Mr. Sleek, even in the largest company, invariably found himself alone, and could never imagine why. Still he was an important personage; and when stock is to be got on board in a hurry, officers in his Majesty's service do not care about a little spray.

Mr. Small was, as we have observed, a navy agent, that is to say, he was a general provider of the officers and captains of his Majesty's service. He obtained their agency on any captures which they might send in, or he cashed their bills, advanced them money, supplied them with their wine, and every variety of stock which might be required; and in consequence was reported to be accumulating a fortune. As is usually the case, he kept open house for the captains who were his clients and occasionally invited the junior officers to the hospitalities of his table, so that Mrs. Phillips and Emma were of great use to him, and had quite sufficient to do in superintending such an establishment. Having thus made our readers better acquainted with our new characters, we shall proceed.

'Well, young man, I've heard all about you from my sister. So you wish to leave off vagabondising, do you?'

'Yes, Sir, replied Joey.

'How old are you? can you keep books?'

'I am seventeen, and have kept books,' replied our hero, in innocence; for he considered Mrs. Chopper's day-books to come under that denomination.

'And you have some money—how much?'

Joey replied that he had so much of his own and that his sister had so much more.

'£700; eh youngster? I began business with £100 less, and here I am. Money breeds money; do you understand that?' and here Joey received a knuckle in his ribs which almost took his breath away, but which he bore without flinching, as he presumed it was a mark of good will.

'What can we do with this lad, Sleek?' said Mr. Small, 'and what can we do with this money?'

Let him stay in the counting-house here for a week,' replied Mr. Sleek, and we shall see what he can do; and, as for his money, it will be as safe here as in a country bank, until we know how to employ it, and we can allow 5 per cent. for it. All this was said in a shower of spray which induced Joey to wipe his face with his pocket-handkerchief.

'Yes, I think that will do for the present,' rejoined Mr. Small; 'but you observe, Sleek, that this young lad has very powerful interest, and we shall have the worst of it. You understand that?' continued he, giving Joey a knuckle again. 'The ladies!—no standing against that!'

Joey thought that there was no standing such digs in the ribs, but he said nothing

'I leave him to you Sleek. I must be off to call upon Captain James. See to the lad's food and lodging. There's an order from the gunroom of the Hecate.' So saying, Mr. Small departed.

Mr. Sleek asked our hero where he was stopping; recommended him another lodging close to the house, with directions how to proceed and what arrangements to make; told him to haste as much as he could, and then come back to the counting-house.

In a couple of hours our hero was back again.

'Look on this list; do you understand it?' said Mr. Sleek to Joey; 'It is sea-stock for the Hecate, which sails in a day or two. If I send a porter with you to the people we deal with, would you be able to get all these things which are marked with a cross? the wine and the others we have here.'

Joey looked over it, and was quite at home; it was only bumboating on a large scale. 'O, yes; and I know the prices of all these things,' replied he; 'I have been used to the supplying of ships at Gravesend.'

'Why, then,' said Mr. Sleek, 'you are the very person I want; for I have no time to attend to out-door work now.'

The porter was sent for, and our hero soon executed his task, not only with a precision, but with a rapidity, that was highly satisfactory to Mr. Sleek. As soon as the articles were all collected, Joey asked whether he should take them on board—'I understand the work, Mr. Sleek, and not even an egg shall be broke, I promise you.'' The second part of the commis-

sion was executed with the same precision by our hero, who returned with a receipt of every article having been delivered safe and in good condition, and Mr. Sleek was delighted with him, and told Mr. Small so when they met in the evening. Mr. Sleek's opinion was given in the presence of Mrs. Phillips and Emma, who exchanged glances of satisfaction at Joey's fortunate *debut.*

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE TURNS A SPOKE OR TWO IN FAVOR OF OUR HERO.

If we were to analyze the feelings of our hero towards Emma Phillips, we should hardly be warranted in saying that he was in love with her, although at seventeen years young men are apt to be, or so to fancy themselves. The difference in their positions was so great, that although our hero would, in his dreams, often fancy himself on most intimate terms with his kind little patroness, in his waking thoughts she was more an object of adoration and respect—a being to whom he was most ardently and devotedly attached—one whose friendship and kindness had so wrought upon his best feelings that he would have thought it no sacrifice to die for her; but, the idea of ever being closer allied to her than he now was had not yet entered into his imagination; all he ever thought was, that if ever he united himself to any female for life, the party selected must be like Emma Phillips, or, if not, he would remain single. All his endeavors were to prove himself worthy of her patronage, and to be rewarded by her smiles of encouragement when they met. She was the loadstar which guided him on to his path of duty, and, stimulated by his wishes to find favor in her sight, Joey never relaxed in his exertions; naturally active and methodical, he was indefatigable, and gave the greatest satisfaction to Mr. Sleek, who found more than half his labor taken off his hands; and, further, that if Joey once said a thing should be done, it was not only well done, but done to the very time that was stipulated for its completion. Joey cared not for meals, or any thing of that kind, and often went without his dinner.

'Sleek,' said Small, one day, 'that poor boy will be starved.'

'It's not my fault, Sir; he won't go to his dinner if there is anything to do; and as there is always something to do, it is as clear as the day that he can get no dinner. I wish he was living in the house altogether, and came to his meals with us, after the work was done; it would be very advantageous, and much time saved.'

'Time is money, Sleek. Time saved is money saved; and, therefore, he is worthy of his food. It shall be so. Do you see to it'

Thus, in about two months after his arrival, Joey found himself installed in a nice little bedroom, and living at the table of his patron, not only constantly in company with the naval officers, but, what was of more value to him, in the company of Mrs. Phillips and Emma.

We must pass over more than a year, during which time our hero had become a person of some importance. He was a great favorite with the naval captains, as his punctuality and rapidity corresponded with their ideas of doing business; and it was constantly said to Mr. Sleek or to Mr. Small, 'Let O'Donahue and I settle the matter, and all will go right.' Mr. Small had already established him at a salary of £150 per annum, besides his living in the house, and our hero was comfortable and happy. He was well known to all the officers, from his being constantly on board of their ships, and was a great favorite. Joey soon discovered that Emma had a fancy for natural curiosities; and as he boarded almost every man-of-war which came into the port, he soon filled her room with shells and a variety of birds, which he procured for her. These were presents which he could make and which she could accept, and not a week passed without our hero adding something to her museum of live and dead objects. Indeed, Emma was now grown up, and was paid such attention to by the officers who frequented her uncle's house (not only on account of her beauty, but on account of the expectation that her uncle, who was without children, would give her a handsome fortune), that some emotions of jealousy, of which he was hardly conscious, would occasionally give severe pain to our hero. Perhaps, as his fortunes rose, so did his hopes; certain it is, that he was sometimes very grave.

Emma was too clear-sighted not to perceive the cause, and hastened, by her little attentions, to remove the feeling; not that she had any definite ideas upon the subject any more than Joey, but she could not bear to see him look unhappy.

Such was the state of things, when one day Mr. Small said to Joey, as he was busy copying an order into the books, 'O'Donahue, I have been laying out some of your money for you.'

'Indeed, Sir! I'm very much obliged to you.'

'Yes; there was a large stock of claret sold at auction to-day; it was good, and went cheap. I have purchased to the amout of £600 on your account. You may bottle and bin it here, and sell it as you can. If you don't like the bargain I'll take it off your hands.'

'I am very grateful to you, Sir,' replied Joey, who knew the kindness of the act, which, in two months, more than doubled his capital; and, as he was permitted to continue the business on his own account, he was very soon in a position amounting to independence, the French wine business being ever afterwards considered as exclusively belonging to our hero.

One morning, as Joey happened to be in the counting-house by himself, which was rather an unusual circumstance, a midshipman came in. Joey remembered him very well, as he had been often there before. 'Good morning, Mr. O'Donahue,' said the midshipman. 'Is Mr. Small within.'

'No, he is not; can I do anything for you?'

'Yes, if you can tell me how I am to persuade Mr Small to advance me a little money upon my pay, you can do something for me.'

'I never heard of such an application before,' replied Joey, smiling.

'No, that I venture you did not, and it requires all the impudence of a midshipman to make such a one; but the fact is, Mr. O'Donahue, I am a mate with £40 a year, and upon that I have continued to assist my poor old mother up to the present. She now requires £10 in consequence of illness, and I have not a farthing.—I will repay it if I live, that is certain; but I have little hopes of obtaining it, and nothing but my affection for the old lady would induce me to risk the mortification of a refusal. It's true enough that 'he who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.'

'I fear it is; but I will so far assist you as to let you know what your only chance is. State your case to Mr Small as you have to me to-day, and then stand close to him while he answers; if he puts his knuckles into your ribs to enforce his arguments, don't shrink, and then wait the result without interrupting him.

'Well, I'd do more than that for the old lady,' replied the poor midshipman, as Mr. Small made his appearance.

The midshipman told his story in very few words, and Mr. Small heard him without interruption. When he had finished, Mr. Small commenced,—

'You see, my man, you ask me to do what no navy-agent ever did before—to lend upon a promise to pay from a midshipman. In the first place, I have only the promise without the security; that's one point, do you observe (a punch with the knuckles)? And then the promise to pay depends whether you are in the country or not—again, if you have the money, you may not have the inclination to pay; that's another point (then came another sharp impression into the ribs of the middy). Then, again, it is not even personal security, as you may be drowned, shot, blown up, or taken out of the world, before any pay is due to you; and by your death you would be unable to pay, if so inclined; there's a third point (and there was a third dig, which the middy stood boldly up against). Insure your life you cannot, for you have no money; you, therefore, require me to lend my money upon no security whatever; for even allowing that you would pay if you could, yet your death might prevent it; there's another point (and the knuckles again penetrated into the midshipman's side, who felt the torture increasing as hope was departing). But,' continued Mr. Small, who was evidently much pleased with his own ratiocination, 'there is another point not yet touched upon, which is, that as good Christians, we must sometimes lend money upon no security, or even give it away, for so we are commanded; and, therefore, Mr. O'Donahue, you will tell Mr. Sleek to let him have the money; there's the last and best point of all, eh?' wound up Mr. Small, with a thumping blow upon the ribs of the middy that almost took away his breath. We give this as a specimen of Mr. Small's style of practical and theoretical logic combined.

'The Admiral, Sir, is coming down the street.' said Sleek, entering, 'and I think he is coming here.'

Mr. Small, who did not venture to chop logic with Admirals, but was excessively polite to such great people, went out to receive the Admiral, hat in hand.

'Now, Mr. Small,' said the Admiral, 'the counting-house for business, if you please. I have very unexpected orders to leave Portsmouth. I must save the next tide, if possible. The ships will be ready, for I know what our navy can do when required; but, as you know, I have not one atom of stock on board. The flood tide has made almost an hour, and we must sail at the first of the ebb, as twelve hours delay may be most serious. Now, tell me;—here is the list of what is required; boats will be ready and men in plenty to get it on board;—can you get it ready by that time?'

'By that time, Sir William!' replied Small, looking over the tremendous catalogue.

'It is now eleven o'clock; can it all be down by four o'clock—that is the latest I can give you?'

'Impossible, Sir William.'

'It is of the greatest importance that we sail at five o'clock; the fact is, I must and will; but it's hard that I must starve for a whole cruise.'

'Indeed, Sir William,' said Mr. Small, 'if it were possible; but two cows, so many sheep, hay, and everything to be got from the country; we never could manage it. To-morrow morning, perhaps.'

'Well, Mr. Small, I have appointed no prize-agent yet, had you obliged me———'

Our hero now stepped forward and ran over the list.

'Can you inform me, Sir,' said he to the Flag Captain, 'whether the Zenobia or Orestes sail with the squadron?'

'No, they do not,' was the reply.

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Small,' said Joey, 'but I do think we can accomplish this with a little arrangement.'

'Indeed!' cried Sir William.

'Yes, Sir William; if you would immediately make the signals for two boats to come on shore, with steady crews to assist me, I promise it shall be done.'

'Well said, O'Donahue!' cried the Captain; 'we are all right now, Admiral; if he says it shall be done, it will be done.'

'May I depend upon you, Mr. O'Donahue?'

'Yes, Sir William; everything shall be as you wish.'

'Well, Mr. Small, if your young man keeps his word, you shall be my prize-agent. Good morning to you.'

'How could you promise?' cried Small, addressing our hero, when the Admiral and suite had left the counting house.

'Because I can perform, Sir,' replied Joey; 'I have the cows and sheep for the Zenobia and Orestes, as well as the fodder, all ready in the town; we can get others for them to-morrow, and I know where to lay my hands on every thing else.'

'Well, that's lucky! but there is no time to be lost.'

Our hero, with his usual promptitude and activity, kept his promise; and, as Mr. Small said, it was lucky, for the prize-agency, in a few months afterwards, proved worth to him nearly £5000.

It is not to be supposed that Joey neglected his correspondence either with Mary or Spikeman, although with the latter it was not so frequent Mary wrote to him every month; she had not many things to enter upon, chiefly replying to Joey's communications, and congratulating him upon his success. Indeed, now that our hero had been nearly four years with Mr. Small, he might be said to be a very rising and independent person. His capital, which had increased very considerably, had been thrown into the business, and he was now a junior partner, instead of a clerk, and had long enjoyed the full confidence both of his superior and of Mr. Sleek, who now entrusted him with almost everything. In short, Joey was in the fair way to competence and distinction.

PART 18.
CHAPTER V.

A CHAPTER OF INFINITE VARIETY, CONTAINING AGONY, LAW, QUARRELLING, AND SUICIDE.

It may be a subject of interest on the part of the reader to inquire what were the relative positions of Emma Phillips and our hero, now that four years had passed, during which time he had been continually in her company, and gradually, as he rose in importance, removing the distance that was between them. We have only to reply that the consequences natural to such a case did ensue. Every year their intimacy increased —every year added to the hopes of our hero, who now no longer looked upon alliance with Emma as impossible; yet he still never felt sufficient confidence in himself or his fortunes to intimate such a thought to her; indeed, from a long habit of veneration and respect, he was in the position of a subject before a queen who feels a partiality towards him; he dared not give vent to his thoughts, and it remained for her to have the unfeminine task of intimating to him that he might venture. But, although to outward appearance there was nothing but respect and feelings of gratitude on his part, and condescension and amiability on hers, there was a rapid adhesion going on within. Their interviews were more restrained, their words more selected; for both parties felt how strong were the feelings which they would repress; they were both pensive, silent, and distant—would talk unconnectedly, running from one subject to another, attempting to be lively and unconcerned when they were most inclined to be otherwise, and not daring to scrutinize too minutely their own feelings when they found themselves alone; but what they would fain conceal from themselves their very attempts to conceal made known to others who were standing by. Both Mrs. Phillips and Mr. Small perceived how matters stood, and, had they had any objections, would have immediately no longer permitted them to be in contact: but they had no objections; for our hero had long won the hearts of both mother and uncle, and they awaited quietly the time which should arrive when the young parties should no longer conceal their feelings for each other.

It was when affairs were between our hero and Emma Philips as we have just stated, that a circumstance took place which, for a time, embittered all our hero's happiness. He was walking down High-street, when he perceived a file of marines marching towards him, with two men between them, handcuffed, evidently deserters who had been taken up. A feeling of alarm pervaded our hero; he had a presentiment which induced him to go into a perfumer's shop and to remain there, so as to have a view of the faces of the deserters as they passed along without their being able to see him. His forebodings were correct; one of them was his old enemy and persecutor, Furness, the schoolmaster.

Had a dagger been plunged into Joey's bosom the sen ation could not have been more painful than what he felt when he found himself so near to his dreaded denouncer. For a short time he remained so transfixed that the woman who was attending in the shop asked whether she should bring him a glass of water. The inquiry made him recollect himself, and, complaining of a sudden pain in the side, he sat down, and took the water when it was brought; but he went home in despair, quite forgetting the business which brought him out, and retired to his own room that he might collect his thoughts. What was he to do? This man had been brought back to the barracks; he would be tried and punished, and afterwards set at liberty. How was it possible that he could always avoid him, or escape being recognised? and how little chance had he of escape from Furness's searching eye! Could he bribe him? Yes, he could *now;* he was rich enough; but, if he did, one bribe would be followed up by a demand for another, and a threat of denouncement if he refused. Flight appeared his only chance; but, to leave his present position—to leave Emma—it was impossible. Our hero did not leave his room for the remainder of the day, but retired early to bed that he might cogitate, for sleep he could not. After a night of misery, the effects of which were too visibly marked in his countenance on the ensuing morning, Joey determined to make some inquiries relative to what the fate of Furness might be; and, having made up his mind, he accosted a sergeant of marines, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and whom he fell in with in the streets. He observed to him, that he perceived they had deserters brought in yesterday, and inquired from what ship they had deserted, or from the barracks. The sergeant replied that they had deserted from the Niobe frigate, and had committed theft previous to desertion; that they would remain in confinement at the barracks till the Niobe arrived, and that then they would be tried by a court-martial, and, without doubt, for the double offence, would go through the fleet.

Joey wished the sergeant good morning, and passed on in his way home. His altered appearance had attracted the notice of not only

his partners but of Mrs. Phillips, and had caused much distress to the latter. Our hero remained the whole day in the counting-house, apparently unconcerned, but in reality thinking and re-thinking, over and over again, his former tho'ts. At last he made up his mind that he would wait the issue of the court martial before he took any decided steps; indeed, what to do he knew not.

We leave the reader to guess the state of mind in which Joey remained for a fortnight previous to the return of the Niobe frigate from a channel cruise. Two days after, the signal was made for a court-martial; the sentence was well known before night; it was, that the culprits were to go through the fleet on the ensuing day.

This was however, no consolation to our hero; he did not feel animosity against Furness, so much as he did dread of him; he did not want his punishment, but his absence, and security against future annoyance. It was about nine o'clock on the following morning, when the punishment was to take place, that Joey came down from his room; he had been thinking all night, and had decided that he had no other resource but to quit Portsmouth, Emma, and his fair prospects for ever; he had resolved so to do, to make this sacrifice; it was a bitter conclusion to arrive at, but it had been come to. His haggard countenance, when he made his appearance at the breakfast-table, shocked Mrs. Phillips and Emma, but they made no remarks; the breakfast was passed over in silence, and soon afterwards our hero found himself alone with Emma, who immediately went to him, and with tears in her eyes, said, 'What is the matter with you? you look so ill, you alarm us all, and you make me quite miserable.'

'I am afraid, Miss Phillips—'

'Miss Phillips!' replied Emma.

'I beg your pardon; but, Emma, I am afraid that I must leave you.'

'Leave us!'

'Yes, leave you and Portsmouth for ever, perhaps.'

'Why, what has occurred?'

'I cannot, dare not, tell; will you so far oblige me as to say nothing at present; but you recollect that I was obliged to leave Gravesend on a sudden.'

'I recollect you did, but why I know not; only Mary said that it was not your fault.'

'I trust it was not so; but it was my misfortune. Emma, I am almost distracted; I have not slept for weeks; but pray believe me, when I say, that I have done no wrong indeed—'

'We are interrupted,' said Emma, hurriedly; 'there is somebody coming up stairs.'

She had hardly time to remove a few feet from our hero, when Captain B——, of the Niobe, entered the room.

'Good morning, Miss Phillips, I hope you are well; I just looked in for a moment before I go to the Admiral's office we have had a catastrophe on board of the Niobe, which I must report immediately.'

'Indeed,' replied Emma; 'nothing very serious, I hope.'

'Why no, only rid of a blackguard not worth hanging; one of the marines, who was to have gone round the fleet this morning, when he went to the fore part of the ship under the sentry's charge, leaped overboard, and drowned himself.'

'What was his name, Captain B——?' inquired Joey, seizing him by the arm.

'His name—why, how can that interest you, O'Donahue? Well, if you wish to know, it was Furness.'

'I am very sorry for him,' replied our hero.—'I knew him once when he was in better circumstances, that is all;' and Joey, no longer daring to trust himself with others, quitted the room and went to his own apartment. As soon as he was there he knelt down and prayed, not for the death of Furness, but for the removal of the load which had so oppressed his mind. In an hour his relief was so great that he felt himself sufficiently composed to go down stairs; he went into the drawing-room to find Emma, but she was not there. He longed to have some explanation with her, but it was not until the next day that he had an opportunity.

'I hardly know what to say to you,' said our hero, 'or how to explain my conduct of yesterday.'

'It certainly appeared very strange, especially to Captain B——, who told me that he thought you were mad.'

'I care little what he thinks, but I care much what you think, Emma; and I must now tell you what, perhaps, this man's death may permit me to to. That he has been most strangely connected with my life is most true; he it was who knew me, and who would, if he could, have put me in a situation in which I must either have suffered myself to be thought guilty of a crime which I am incapable of, or—let it suffice to say—have done, to exculpate myself, what I trust I never would have done, or ever will do. I can say no more than that without betraying a secret which I am bound to keep, and the not keeping of which would prove my destruction. When you first saw me on the wayside, Emma, it was this man who forced me from a happy home to wander about the world; it was the re-appearance of this man, and his recognition of me, that induced me to quit Gravesend suddenly. I again met him, and avoided him, when he was deserting; and I trusted that, as he had deserted, I could be certain of living safely in this town without meeting with him It was his re-appearance here, as a deserter taken up, which put me in that state of agony which you have seen me in for these last three weeks; and it was the knowledge that, after his punishment, he would be again free, and likely to meet with me when walking about here, which resolved me to quit Portsmouth, as I said to you yesterday morning. Can you, therefore, be surprised at my emotion when I heard that he was removed, and that there was now no necessity for my quitting my kind patrons and you?'

'Certainly, after this explanation, I cannot be surprised at your emotion; but what does surprise me, Mr. O'Donahue, is that you should have a secret of such importance that it cannot

be revealed, and which has made you tremble at the recognition of one man, when at the same time you declare your innocence. Did innocence and mystery ever walk hand in hand?'

'Your addressing me as Mr. O'Donahue, Miss Phillips, has pointed out to me the impropriety I have been guilty of in making use of your christian name. I thought that that confidence which you placed in me when as a mere boy I told you exactly what I now repeat, that the secret was not my own, would not have been so cruelly withdrawn. I have never varied in my tale, and I can honestly say that I have never felt degraded when I have admitted that I have a mystery connected with me; nay, if it should please Heaven that I have the option given me to suffer in my own person, or reveal the secret in question, I trust that I shall submit to my fate with constancy, and be supported in my misfortune by the conviction of my innocence. I feel that I was not wrong in the communication that I made to you yesterday morning, that I must leave this place. I came here because you were living here—you to whom I felt so devoted for your kindness and sympathy when I was poor and friendless; now that I am otherwise, you are pleased to withdraw not only your good-will but your confidence in me; and as the spell is broken which has drawn me to this spot, I repeat, that as soon as I can, with justice to my patrons, I shall withdraw myself from your presence.'

Our hero's voice faltered before he had finished speaking; and then turning away slowly, without looking up, he quitted the room.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH OUR HERO TRIES CHANGE OF AIR.

The reader will observe that there has been a little altercation at the end of the last chapter. Emma Phillips was guilty of letting drop a received truism, or rather a metaphor, which offended our hero. 'Did innocence and mystery ever walk hand in hand?' If Emma had put that question to us, we, from our knowledge of the world, should have replied, 'Yes, very often, my dear Miss Phillips.' But Emma was wrong, not only in her metaphor, but in the time of her making it. Why did she do so? Ah! that is a puzzling question to answer; we can only say, at our imminent risk, when this narrative shall be perused by the other sex, that we have made the discovery that women are not perfect; that the very best of the sex is full of contradiction, and that Emma was a woman. That women very often are more endowed than the generality of men we are ready to admit; and their cause has been taken up by Lady Morgan, Mrs Jamieson, and many others, who can write much better than we can. When we say their cause, we mean the right of equality they would claim with our own sex, and not subjection to it.—Reading my Lady Morgan the other day, which next to conversing with her is one of the greatest treats we know of, we began to speculate upon what were the causes which had subjected woman to man; in other words, how was it that man had get the upper hand and kept it. That women's minds were not inferior to men's we were forced to admit; that their aptitude for cultivation is often greater was not to be denied. As to the assertion that man makes laws, or that his frame is of more robust material, it is no argument, as a revolt on the part of the other sex would soon do away with such advantage; and men, brought up as nursery-maids, would soon succumb to women who were accustomed to athletic sports from their youth upwards. After a great deal of agitation we came to the conclusion, that there is a great difference between the action in the minds of men and women; the actions of the latter being more complex than that of our own sex. A man's mind is his despot; it works but by one single action; it has one ruling principle—one propelling power to which all is subservient. This power or passion (disguised and dormant as it may be in feeble minds) is the only one which propels him on; this *primum mobile*, as it may be termed, is ambition, or, in other words, self-love; every thing is sacrificed to it.

Now, as in proportion as a machine is simple so is it strong in its action; so in proportion that a machine is complex, so does it become weak; and if we analyse a woman's mind, we shall find that her inferiority arises from the simple fact, that are so many wheels within wheels working in it, so many compensating balances (if we may use the term, and we use it to her honor) that, although usually more right-minded than man, her strength of action is lost, and has become feeble by the time that her decision has been made. What will a man allow to stand in the way of his ambition—love? no—friendship? no—he will sacrifice the best qualities, and, which is more difficult, make the worst that are in his disposition subservient to it. He moves only from one great principle, one propelling power—and the action being single, it is strong in proportion. But will a woman's mind decide in this way? Will she sacrifice to ambition, love, or friendship, or natural ties? No; in her mind the claims of each are, generally speaking fairly balanced—and the quotient, after the calculation has been worked out, although correct, is small. Our argument, after all, only goes to prove that women, abstractedly taken, have more principle, more conscience, and better regulated minds than men—which is true if—if they could always go correct as timekeepers; but the more complex the machine, the more difficult it is to keep it in order, the more likely it is to be out of repair, and its movements to be disarranged by a trifling shock, which would have no effect upon one of such simple and powerful construction as that in our own sex. Not only do they often go wrong, but sometimes the serious shocks which they are liable to in this world will put them in a state which is past all repair.

We have no doubt that by this time the reader will say, 'Never mind women's minds, but mind your own business.' We left Emma in the drawing-room, rather astonished that our

hero's long speech, and still more by his, for the first time during their acquaintance, venturing to breathe a contrary opinion to her own sweet self.

Emma Phillips, although she pouted a little, and the color had mounted to her temples, nevertheless looked very lovely as she pensively reclined on the sofa. Rebuked by him who had always been so attentive, so submissive—her creature as it were—she was mortified, as every pretty woman is, at loss of power—any symptoms of rebellion on the part of a liege vassal; and then she taxed herself, had she done wrong? She had said 'Innocence and mystery did not walk hand in hand.' Was not that true? She felt that it was true, and her own opinion was corroborated by others, for she had read it in some book, either in Burke, or Rochefocault, or some great author. Miss Phillips bit the tip of her nail and thought again. Yes, she saw how it was; our hero had risen in the world, was independent, and well received in society; he was no longer the little Joey of Gravesend; he was now a person of some consequence, and he was a very ungrateful fellow; but the world was full of ingratitude; still she did think better of our hero; she certainly did. Well; at all events she could prove to him that—what she did not exactly know. Thus ended cogitation the second, after which came another series.

What had our hero said—what had he accused her of? that she no longer bestowed on him her confidence placed in him for many years. This was true; but were not the relative positions, was not the case different? Should he now retain any secret from her—there should be no secrets between them? There again there was a full stop before the sentence was complete. After a little more reflection her own generous mind pointed out to her that she had been in the wrong; and that our hero had cause to be offended with her; and she made up her mind to make reparation the first time that they should be alone.

Having come to this resolution she dismissed the previous question, and began to think about the secret itself, and what it possibly could be, and how she wished to know what it was, all of which was very natural. In the meantime our hero had made up his mind to leave Portsmouth, for a time at all events. This quarrel with Emma, if such it might be considered, had made him very miserable, and the anxiety he had suffered had seriously affected his health.

We believe that there never was anybody in this world who had grown to man's or woman's estate, and had mixed with the world, who could at any time afterwards say that they were perfectly happy; or who, having said so, did not find that the reverse was the case a moment or two after the words were out of their mouth.—'There is always something,' as a good lady said to us; and so there always is, and always will be. The removal of Furness was naturally a great relief to the mind of our hero; he then felt as if all his difficulties were surmounted, and that he had no longer any fear of the consequences which might ensue from his father's crime. He would now, he thought, be able to walk boldly through the world without recognition, and he had built castles enough to form a metropolis when his rupture with Emma broke the magic mirror through which he had scanned futurity. When most buoyant with hope, he found the truth of the lady's saying—'There is always something.'

After remaining in his room for an hour Joey went down to the counting-house, where he found Mr. Small and Mr. Sleek both at work, for their labors had increased since Joey had so much neglected business.

'Well, my good friend, how do you find yourself?' said Mr. Small.

'Very far from well, Sir. I feel that I cannot attend to business,' replied Joey, 'and I am quite ashamed of myself. I was thinking that, if you have no objection to allow me a couple of months' leave of absence, change of air would be very serviceable to me. I have something to do at Dudstone, which I have put off ever since I came to Portsmouth.'

'I think change of air will be very serviceable to you, my dear fellow,' replied Mr. Small; 'but what business you can have at Dudstone I cannot imagine.'

'Simply this—I locked up my apartments, leaving my furniture, books, and linen, when I went away more than four years ago, and have never found time to look after them.'

'Well, they must want dusting by this time, O'Donahue, so look after them if you please; but I think looking after your health is of more consequence, so you have my full consent to take a holiday, and remain away three months, if necessary, till you are perfectly re-established.'

'And you have mine,' added Mr. Sleek,' and I'will do your work while you are away.'

Our hero thanked his senior partners for their kind compliance with his wishes, and stated his intention of starting the next morning by the early coach, and then left the counting-house to make preparations for his journey.

Joey joined the party, which was numerous, at dinner. It was not until they were in the drawing-room after dinner that Mr. Small had an opportunity of communicating to Mrs. Phillips what were our hero's intentions. Mrs. Phillips considered it a very advisable measure, as our hero had evidently suffered very much lately; probably over exertion might have been the cause, and relaxation would effect the cure.

Emma, who was sitting by her mother, turned pale; she had not imagined that our hero would have followed up his expressed intentions of the morning, and she asked Mr. Small if he knew when O'Donahue would leave Portsmouth—The reply was, that he had taken his place on the early coach of the next morning; and Emma fell back on the sofa, and did not say any thing more.

When the company had all left, Mrs. Phillips rose, and lighted a chamber candlestick to go to bed, and Emma followed the motions of her mo-

ther. Mrs. Phillips shook hands with our hero, wishing him a great deal of pleasure, and that he would return quite restored in health. Emma, who found that all chance of an interview with our hero was gone, mustered up courage enough to extend her hand, and say—'I hope your absence will be productive of health and happiness to you, Mr. O'Donahue,' and then followed her mother.

Our hero, who was in no humor for conversation, then bade farewell to Mr. Small and Mr. Sleek, and, before Emma had risen from not a very refreshing night's rest, he was two stages on his way from Portsmouth.

CHAPTER VII

IN WHICH OUR HERO HAS HIS HEAD TURNED THE WRONG WAY.

Although it may be very proper, when an offence has been offered us, to show that we feel the injury, it often happens that we act too much upon impulse and carry measures to extremities; and this our hero felt as the coach wheeled him along, every second increasing his distance from Emma Phillips; twenty times he was inclined to take a post-chaise and return, but the inconsistency would have been so glaring, that shame prevented him; so he went on until he reached the metropolis, and on arriving there, having nothing better to do, he went to bed The next day he booked himself for the following day's coach to ——, and having so done, he thought he would reconnoitre the domicile of Major and Mrs. M'Shane, and, now that Furness was no longer to be dreaded, make his existence known to them. He went to Holborn accordingly, and found the shop in the same place, with the usual enticing odor sent forth from the grating which gave light and air to the kitchen; but he perceived that there was no longer the name of M'Shane on the private door, and entering the coffee-room, and looking towards the spot where Mrs. M'Shane usually stood carving the joint, he discovered the face of a person unknown to him similarly employed; in fact it could not be Mrs. M'Shane, as it was a man. Our hero went up to him, and inquired if the M'Shanes still carried on the business, and was told that they had sold it some time back. His next inquiry, as to what had become of them, produced an 'I don't know,' with some symptoms of impatience at being interrupted. Under such circumstances, our hero had nothing more to do but either to sit down and eat beef or to quit the premises. He preferred the latter, and was once more at the hotel, where he directed the remainder of the day to thinking of his old friends, as fate had debarred him from seeing them.

The next morning Joey set off by the coach, and arrived at —— a little before dusk. He remained at the principal inn of the village, called the Austin Arms, in honor of the property in the immediate vicinity; and, having looked at the various hieroglyphics that the sign-board contained, without the slightest idea that they appertained to himself, he ordered supper, and looking out of the window of the first door, discovered, at no great distance down the one street which composed the village, the small alehouse where he had met Mary. Our hero no longer felt the pride of poverty; he had resented the treatment he had received at the hall when friendless, but, now that he was otherwise, he had overcome the feeling, and had resolved to go up to the hall on the following day, and ask for Mary. He was now well dressed, and with all the appearance and manners of a gentleman; and, moreover, he had been so accustomed to respect from servants, that he had no idea of being treated otherwise. The next morning, therefore, he walked up to the hall, and, knocking at the door, as soon as it was opened, he told the well-powdered domestics that he wished to speak a few words to Miss Atherton, if she still lived with Mrs. Austin. His appearance was considered by these gentlemen in waiting as sufficient to induce them to show him into a parlor, and to send for Mary, who in a few minutes came down to him, and embraced him tenderly. 'I should hardly have known you, my dear boy,' said she, as the tears glistened in her eyes;' you have grown quite a man. I cannot imagine, as you now stand before me, that you could have been the little Joey that was living at Mrs. Chopper's.'

'We are indebted to that good woman for prosperity,' replied Joey. 'Do you know, Mary, that your money has multiplied so fast that I almost wish that you would take it away, lest by some accident it should be lost? I have brought you an account.'

'Let me have an account of yourself, my dear brother,' replied Mary; 'I have no want of money; I am here well and happy.'

'So you must have been, for you look as young and handsome as when I last saw you, Mary. How is your mistress?'

'She is well, and would, I think, be happy, if it were not for the morbid state of Mr. Austin, who secludes himself entirely, and will not even go outside of the park gates. He has become more overbearing and haughty than ever, and several of the servants have quitted within the last few months.'

'I have no wish to meet him, dear Mary, after what passed when I was here before; I will not put up with insolence from any man, even in his own house,' replied our hero.

'Do not speak so loud, his study is next to us, and that door leads to it,' replied Mary; 'he would not say anything to you, but he would find fault with me.'

'Then you had better come to see me at the Austin Arms, where I am stopping.'

'I will come this evening,' replied Mary.

At this moment the door which led to the study was opened, and a voice was heard—

'Mary, I wish you would take your sweethearts to a more convenient distance.'

Joey heard the harsh, hollow voice, but recognised it not; he would not turn round to look at Mr. Austin, but remained with his back to him, and the door closed again with a bang.

'Well,' observed Joey, 'that is a pretty fair specimen of what he is, at all events. Why did you not say I was your brother?'

'Because it was better to say nothing, replied Mary; 'he will not come in again.'

'Well, I shall leave you now,' said Joey, 'and wait till the evening; you will be certain to come?'

'O yes, I certainly shall,' replied Mary.—'Hush! I hear my mistress with Mr. Austin. I wish you could see her, you would like her very much.'

The outer door of the study was closed to, and then the door of the room in which they were conversing was opened, but it was shut again immediately.

'Who was that?' said our hero, who had not turned round to ascertain.

'Mrs. Austin; she just looked in, and seeing I was engaged, she only nodded to me to say that she wanted me, I presume, and then went away again,' replied Mary. 'You had better go now, and I will be sure to come in the evening.'

Our hero quitted the hall; he had evidently been in the presence of his father and mother without knowing it, and all because he happened on both occasions to have his face turned in a wrong direction, and he left the house as unconscious as he went in. As soon as our hero had left the hall, Mary repaired to her mistress.

'Do you want me, Madam?' said Mary, as she went to her mistress.

'No, Mary, not particularly, but Mr. Austin sent for me; he was annoyed at your having a strange person in the house, and desired me to send him away.'

'It was my brother,' Madam replied Mary.

'Your brother! I am sorry, Mary, but you know how nervous Mr. Austin is, and there is no reasoning against nerves. I should have liked to have seen your brother very much; if I recollect rightly, you told me he was doing very well at Portsmouth, is he not?'

'Yes, Madam; he is now a partner in one of the first houses there.'

'Why, Mary, he will soon have you to keep his own house, I presume, and I shall lose you; indeed, you are more fit for such a situation than your present one, so I must not regret it if you do.'

'He has no idea of taking a house, Madam, replied Mary, 'nor have I any of quitting you; your place is quite good enough for me. I promised to go down and meet him this evening, with your permission, at the Austin Arms.'

'Certainly,' replied Mrs. Austin, and then the conversation dropped.

Our hero remained at the inn two days, a portion of which Mary passed with him, and then he set off for Dudstone; he did not make Mary a confidant of his attachment to Emma Phillips, although he imparted to her the death of Furness, and the relief it had afforded him, promising to return to see her before he went back to Portsmouth.

Joey once more set off on his travels, and without incident arrived at the good old town of Dudstone, where he put up at the Commercial Hotel; his first object was to ascertain the condition of his lodgings; for the first two years he had sent the rent of the room to the old woman to whom the house belonged, but latterly no application had been made for it, although his address had been given; and occupied by other business more important, our hero had quite forgotten the affair, or if he did occasionally recall it to his memory, it was soon dismissed again. His key he had brought with him, and he now proceeded to the house and knocked at the door, surmising that the old woman was possibly dead, and his property probably disposed of; the first part of the surmise was disproved by the old woman coming to the door; she did not recognise our hero, and it was not until he produced the key of his room that she was convinced that he was the lawful owner of its contents. She told him she could not write herself, and that the party who had written to Portsmouth for her was dead, and that she felt sure he would come back at some time and settle with her; and, moreover, she was afraid that the furniture would be much injured by having been shut up so long, which was not only very likely but proved to be the case when the door was opened; she also said that she could have made money for him, had he allowed her to let the lodgings furnished, as she had had several applications. Our hero walked into his apartment, which certainly had a very mothy and mouldy appearance. As soon as a fire had been lighted, he collected all that he wanted to retain for himself, the books, plate, and some other articles which he valued for Spikeman's sake, and for old reminiscence, and putting them up in a chest, requested that it might be sent to the inn; and then, upon reflection, he thought he could do no better with the remainder than to make them a present to the old woman, which he did, after paying her her arrears of rent, and by so doing made one person for the time superlatively happy, which is something worth doing in this checkered world of ours. Joey, as soon as he had returned to the inn, sat down to write to Spikeman, and also to Mr. Small, at Portsmouth, and having posted his letters, as he did not quit Dudstone until the next morning, he resolved to pay a visit to his former acquaintances, Miss Amelia and Miss Ophelia. His knock at the door was answered by Miss Amelia as usual, but with only one arm unoccupied, a baby being in the other, and the squalling in the little parlor gave further evidence of matrimony. Our hero was obliged to introduce himself, as he was stared at as an utter stranger, and was immediately welcomed, and requested to walk into the parlor. In a few minutes the whole of the family history was communicated. The old lady had been dead three years, and at her death the young ladies found themselves in possession of one thousand pounds each, the thousand pounds proved to them that husbands were to be had even at Dudstone and its vicinity. Miss Amelia had been married more than two years, to a master builder, who had plenty of occupation, not so much in building new

houses at Dudstone as in repairing the old ones, and they were doing well, and had two children. Her sister had married a young farmer, and she could see her money every day in the shape of bullocks and sheep upon the farm; they also were doing well. Joey remained an hour; Mrs. Potts was very anxious that he should remain longer, and give her his opinion of her husband; but this Joey declined, and, desiring to be kindly remembered to her sister, took his leave, and the next morning was on his way to London.

PART 19.
CHAPTER VIII.

VERY PLEASANT CORRESPONDENCE.

As soon as Joey arrived at the metropolis, he went to the correspondent of the house at Portsmouth to inquire for letters. He found one of the greatest interest from Mr. Small, who, after some preliminaries relative to the business, and certain commissions for him to transact in town, proceeded as follows:—

'Your health has been a source of great anxiety to us all, not only in the counting-house but in the drawing-room; the cause of your illness was ascribed to over-exertion in your duties, and it must be admitted, that until you were ill, there was no relaxation on your part; but we have reason to suppose that there have been other causes which may have occasioned your rapid change from activity and cheerfulness to such a total prostration of body and mind. You may feel grieved when I tell you that Emma has been very unwell since you left, and the cause of her illness is beyond the skill of Mr. Taylor, our medical man. She has, however, confided so much to her mother as to let us know that you are a party who has been the chief occasion of it. She has acknowledged that she has not behaved well to you, and has not done you justice; and I really believe that it is this very circumstance which is the chief ground of her altered state of health. I certainly have been too much in the counting-house to know what has been going on in the parlor, but I think that you ought to know us better than to suppose that we should not in every point be most anxious for your happiness, and your being constantly with us. That Emma blames herself, is certain; that she is very amiable, is equally so; your return would give us the greatest satisfaction. I hardly need say I love my niece, and am anxious for her happiness; I love you, my dear friend, and am equally anxious for yours; and I do trust, that any trifling disagreement between you (for surely you must be on intimate terms to quarrel, and for her to feel the quarrel so severely) will be speedily overcome. From what her mother says, I think that her affections are seriously engaged (I treat you with the confidence I am sure you deserve,) and I am sure that there is no one upon whom I would so willingly bestow my niece; or, as I find by questioning, no one to whom Mrs. Phillips would so willingly intrust her daughter. If, then, I am right in my supposition, you will be received with open arms by all, not even excepting Emma—she has no coquetry in her composition. Like all the rest of us she has her faults; but if she has her faults, she is not too proud to acknowledge them, and that you will allow when you read the enclosed which she has requested me to send to you, and at the same time desired me to read it first. I trust this communication will accelerate your recovery, and that we shall soon see you again. At all events, answer my letter, and if I am in error, let me know, that I may undeceive others.'

The enclosure from Emma was then opened by our hero; it was in few words:—

'My dear friend,—On reflection, I consider that I have treated you unjustly; I intended to tell you so, if I had had an opportunity before you quitted us so hastily. My fault has preyed upon my mind ever since, and I cannot lose this first opportunity of requesting your forgiveness, and hoping that we shall be on the same friendly terms that we had always been previous to my unfortunate ebullition of temper. Yours truly, EMMA.'

That this letter was a source of unqualified delight to our hero, may be easily imagined.—He was at once told by the uncle, and certainly Emma did not leave him to suppose to the contrary, that he might aspire to and obtain her hand. Our hero could not reply to it by return of post. If distress had occasioned his illness, joy now prostrated him still more, and he was compelled to return to his bed; but he was happy, almost too happy, and he slept at last, and dreamt such visions as only can be conjured up by those who have in anticipation every wish of their heart gratified. The next day he replied to Mr. Smalls, acknowledging, with frankness, his feelings towards his niece, which a sense of his own humble origin and unworthiness had prevented him from venturing to disclose, and requesting him to use his influence in his favor, as he dared not speak himself, until he had received such assurance of his unmerited good fortune as might encourage him so to do. To Emma his reply was in few words; he thanked her for her continued good opinion of him, the idea of having lost which had made him very miserable, assuring her that he was ashamed of the petulance which he had shown, and it was for him to have asked pardon, and not one who had behaved so kindly, and protected him for so long a period; that he felt much better already, and hoped to be able to shorten the time of absence which had been demanded by him and kindly granted by his patrons. Having concluded and despatched these epistles, our hero determined that he would take a stroll about the metropolis.

CHAPTER IX.

A VERY LONG CHAPTER, WITH A VERY LONG STORY, WHICH COULD NOT WELL BE CUT IN HALF.

A man may walk a long while in the city of London without having any definite object and yet be amused, for there are few occupations more pleasant, more instructive, or more con-

templative, than looking into the shop-windows; you pay a shilling to see an exhibition, whereas in this instance you have the advantage of seeing many without paying a farthing, provided that you look after your pocket handkerchief. Thus was our hero amused: at one shop he discovered that very gay shawls were to be purchased for one pound, Bandanas at 3s. 9d. and soiled Irish linen remarkably cheap; at another he saw a row of watches, from humble silver at £2 10s., to gold and enamelled at twelve or fourteen guineas, all warranted to go well; at another he discovered that furs were at half price, because nobody wore them in the summer. He proceeded farther, and came to where there was a quantity of oil-paintings exposed for sale, pointing out to the passer-by that pictures of that description, were those which he ought *not* to buy. A print shop gave him the idea of the merits of composition and design shown by the various masters; and as he could not transport himself to the Vatican, it was quite as well to see what the Vatican contained; his thoughts were on Rome and her former glories. A tobacconist's transported him to the State of Virginia, where many had been transported in former days. A grocer's wafted him still farther to the West Indies and the negroes, and from these, as if by magic, to the Spice Islands and their aromatic groves. But an old curiosity-shop, with bronzes, China, marquetre, point-lace, and armor, embraced at once a few centuries; and he thought of the feudal times, the fifteenth century, the belle of former days, the amber-headed cane and snuff-box of the beaux who sought her smiles—all gone, all dust; the workmanship of the times, even portions of their dresses, still existing—everything less perishable than man.

Our hero proceeded on, his thoughts wandering as he wandered himself, when his attention was attracted by one of these placards, the breed of which appears to have been very much improved of late, as they get larger and larger every day; what they will end in there is no saying, unless it be in placards without end.—This placard intimated that there was a masquerade at Vauxhall, on that evening, besides fireworks, and anything but good works. Our hero had heard of Vauxhall, and his curiosity was excited, and he resolved that he would pass away the evening in, at that time, a rather fashionable resort.

It was half-past six, and time to go, so he directed his steps over Westminster-bridge, and, having only lost three minutes in peeping 'thro' the balustrades at the barges and wherries proceeding up and down the river, after asking his way three times, he found himself at the entrance, and, paying his admission, walked in.—There was a goodly sprinkling of company, but not many masks; there was a man clad in brass armor, who stood quite motionless, for the armor was so heavy that he could hardly bear the weight of it. He must have suffered very great inconvenience on such a warm night, but people stared at him as they passed by, and he was more than repaid by the attention which he attracted, so he stood and suffered on. There were about twenty-five clowns in their motley dresses, seven or eight pantaloons, three devils, and perhaps forty of fifty dominoes. Joey soon found himself close to the orchestra, which was a blaze of light, and he listened very attentively to a lady in ostrich feathers, who was pouring out a bravura, which was quite unintelligible to the audience, while the gentlemen behind her, in their cocked hats, accompanied her voice.—He was leaning against one of the trees, and receiving, without knowing it, the drippings of a leaky lamp upon his coat, when two men came up and stopped on the other side of the trunk of the tree, and one said to the other—'I tell you, Joseph, she is here, and with the Christian.—Manasseh traced her by the driver of the coach. She never will return to her father's house if we do not discover her this night.'

'What! will she become a *Mushumed!*—an apostate!' exclaimed the other; 'I would see her in her grave first! Holy Father!—the daughter of a rabbi to bring such disgrace upon her family! Truly our sins, and the sins of our forefathers have brought this evil upon our house. If I meet him here, I will stab him to the heart!'

'*Lemaan Hashem!* for the sake of thy holy name, my son, think what you say; you must not be so rash. Alas! alas! but we are mixed with the heathens. She must be concealed in one of the Moabitish garments,' continued the elder of the two personages, whom our hero of course had ascertained to be of the House of Israel. 'Manasseh tells me that he has discovered, from another quarter, that the Christian had procured a domino, black, with the sleeves slashed with white. That will be a distinguishing mark; and if we see that dress we must then follow, and if a female is then with it, it must be thy sister Miriam.'

'I will search now and meet you here in half an hour,' replied the younger of the two.

'Joseph, my son, we do not part; I cannot trust you in your anger, and you have weapons with you, I know; we must go together. Rooch Hakodesh! May the Holy Spirit guide us, and the daughter of our house be restored, for she is now my heart's bitterness and my soul's sorrow!'

'Let me but discover the gaw—the infidel!' replied the son, following the father; and our hero observed him put his hand into his breast and half unsheath a poinard.

Joey easily comprehended how the matter stood; a Jewish maiden had met by assignation or had been run away with by some young man, and the father and son were in pursuit to recover the daughter.

'That is all very well,' thought our hero; 'but although they may very properly wish to prevent the marriage, I do not much like the cold steel which the young Israelite had in his hand. If I do meet with the party at all events I will give him warning;' and Joey having made this resolution, turned away from the orchestra, and went down to the covered way, which led to what are usually termed the dark walks; he had

just arrived at the commencement of them, when he perceived coming towards him two dominoes, the shorter hanging on the arm of the taller so as to assure him that they were male and female. When they came to within ten yards of the lighted walk, they turned abruptly, and then Joey perceived that the taller had white slashed sleeves to his domino.

'There they are,' thought our hero; 'well, it's not safe, for a murder might be committed without much chance of the party being found out. I will give them a hint at all events;' and Joey followed the couple so as to overtake them by degrees. As he walked softly, and they were in earnest conversation, his approach was not heeded until within a few feet of them, when the taller domino turned impatiently round, as if to inquire what the intruder meant.

'You are watched, and in danger, Sir, if you are the party I think you are,' said Joey, going up to him, and speaking in a low voice.

'Who are you' replied the domino, 'that gives this notice?'

'A perfect stranger to you, even if your mask was removed, Sir, but I happened to overhear a conversation relative to a person in a domino such as you wear. I may be mistaken, and, if so, there is no harm done;' and our hero turned away.

'Stop him, dear Henry,' said a soft female voice 'I fear that there is danger; he can have told you but from kindness.

The person in the domino immediately followed Joey, and accosted him, apologising for his apparent rudeness at receiving his communication, which he ascribed to the suddenness with which it was given, and requested, as a favor, that our hero would inform him why he had thought it necessary.

'I will tell you, certainly; not that I interfere with other people's concerns; but when I saw that one of them had a poinard——'

'A poniard!' exclaimed the female, who had now joined them.

'Yes,' replied Joey; 'and appeared determined to use it. In one word, Madam, is your name Miriam? If so, what I heard concerns you; if not, it does not, and I need say no more.'

'Sir, it does concern her,' replied the domino; 'and I will thank you to proceed.'

Our hero then stated briefly what he had overheard, and that the parties were in pursuit of them

'We are lost!' exclaimed the young woman. 'We shall never escape from the gardens! What must we do? My brother in his wrath is as a lion's whelp.'

'I care little for myself,' replied the domino. 'I could defend myself; but, if we meet, I shall lose you. Your father would tear you away while I was engaged with your brother.'

'At all events, Sir, I should recommend you not remaining in these dark walks,' replied our hero, 'now that you are aware of what may take place.'

'And yet, if we go into the lighted part of the gardens, they will soon discover us, now that they have, as it appears, gained a knowledge of my dress.'

'Then put it off,' said Joey.

'But they know my person even better,' rejoined the domino. 'Your conduct, Sir, has been so kind, that perhaps you would be inclined to assist us?'

Our hero was in love himself, and, of course, felt sympathy for others in the same predicament; so he replied that, if he could be of service, they might command him.

'Then, Miriam dear, what I propose is this: will you put yourself under the protection of this stranger? I think you risk nothing, for he has proved that he is kind. You may then, without fear of detection, pass through the gardens, and be conducted by him to a place of safety I will remain here for half an hour; should your father and brother meet me, although they may recognise my dress, yet, not having you with me, there will be no grounds for any attack being made, and I will, after a time, return home.

'And what is to become of me!' exclaimed the terrified girl.

'You must send this gentleman to my address to-morrow morning, and he will acquaint me where you are. I am giving you a great deal of trouble, Sir, but at the same time I show my confidence; I trust it will not interfere with your other engagements.'

'Your confidence is, I trust, not misplaced, Sir,' replied our hero; 'and I am just now an idle man. I promise you, if this young lady will venture to trust herself with a perfect stranger, that I will do your request. I have no mask on, Madam; do you think you can trust me?'

'I think I can, Sir; but, indeed, I must, or there will be shedding of blood; but, Henry, they are coming, I know them; see, right up the walk!'

Joey turned round, and perceived that it was the two persons whose conversation he had overheard. 'It is them, Sir,' said he to the gentleman in the domino; leave us and walk back farther into the dark part. I must take her away on my arm and pass them boldly. Come, Sir, quick!'

Our hero immediately took the young Jewess on his arm and walked towards the father and brother. He felt her trembling like an aspen as they came close to them, and was fearful that her legs would fail her As they passed, the face of our hero was severely scrutinized by the dark eyes of the Israelites, Joey returned their stare, and proceeded on his way; and after they had separated some paces from the father and brother, he whispered to the maiden, 'You are safe now.' Joey conducted his charge through the gardens, and when he arrived at the entrance he called a coach and put the lady in.

'Where shall he drive to?' inquired our hero.

'I don't know, say anywhere, so that we are away from this!'

Joey ordered the man to drive to the hotel where he had taken up his abode, for he knew not where else to go.

On his arrival he left the young lady in the coach, while he went in to prepare the landlady for her appearance. He stated that he had res-

cued her from a very perilous situation, and that he would feel much obliged to his hostess if she would take charge of the young person until she could be restored to her friends on the ensuing morning. People like to be consulted, and to appear of importance. The fat old lady, who had bridled up at the very mention of the introduction of a lady in a domino, as soon as she heard that the party was to be placed under her protection, relaxed her compressed features, and graciously consented.

Our hero having consigned over his charge, whose face he had not yet seen, immediately retired to his own apartment. The next morning, about nine o'clock, he sent to inquire after the health of his protege, and was answered by a request that he would pay her a visit. When he entered the room he found her alone. She was dressed somewhat in the Oriental style, and he was not a little surprised at her extreme beauty. Her stature was rather above the middle size; she was exquisitely formed; and her ancles, hands, and feet, were models of perfection. She was indeed one of the most exquisite specimens of the Jewish nation, and that is quite sufficient for her portrait. She rose as he entered, and colored deeply as she saluted him. Our hero, who perceived her confusion, hastened to assure her that he was ready to obey any order she might be pleased to give him, and trusted that she had not been too much annoyed with her very unpleasant position.

'I am more obliged to you, Sir, than I can well express,' replied she,' by your kind consideration in putting me into the charge of the landlady of the house; that one act assured me that I was in the hands of a gentleman and a man of honor. All I have to request of you now is, that you will call at No. —, in Berkeley square, and inform Mr. S—— of what you have kindly done for me. You will probably hear from him the cause of the strange position in which you found us and relieved us from.'

As our hero had nothing to reply, he wrote down the address and took his leave, immediately proceeding to the house of Mr. S——; but as he was walking up Berkeley street, he was encountered by two men whom he immediately recognised as the father and brother of the young Israelite; the brother fixed his keen eye upon our hero, and appeared to recognise him; at all events, as our hero passed them, they turned round and followed him, and he heard the brother say, 'He was with her,' or something to that purport. Our hero did not, however, consider that it was advisable to wait until they were away before he knocked at the door, as he felt convinced that they were on the watch, and that any delay would not obtain the end. He knocked, and was immediately admitted. He found Mr. S—— pacing the room up and down in great anxiety, the breakfast remaining on the table untouched. He warmly greeted the arrival of our hero Joey, as soon as he had informed him of what he had done, and in whose hands he had placed the young lady, stated the circumstance of the father and brother being outside on the watch, and that he thought that they had recognised him

'That is nothing more than what I expected,' replied Mr. S——; 'but I trust easily to evade them; they are not aware that the back of this house communicates with the stables belonging to it in the mews, and we can go out by that way without their perceiving us. I've so many thanks to offer you, Sir, for your kind interference in our behalf, that I hardly know how to express them; to one thing you are most certainly entitled, and I should prove but little my sincerity if I did not immediately give it you; that is, my confidence, and a knowledge of the parties whom you have assisted, and the circumstances attending this strange affair. The young lady, Sir, is, as you know, a Jewess by birth, and the daughter of the rabbi, a man of great wealth and high ancestry, for certainly Jews can claim that higher than any other nation upon earth; and I am myself a man of fortune, as it is usually termed, at all events, with sufficient to indulge any woman I should take as my wife with every luxury that can be reasonably demanded. I mention this to corroborate my assertion, that it was not her father's wealth which has been my inducement. I made the acquaintance of the father and daughter when I was travelling on the continent; he was on his way to England, when his carriage broke down in a difficult pass on the mountains, and they would have been left on the road for the night if I had not fortunately come up in time, and, being alone, was able to convey them to the next town.

'I have always had a great respect for the Jewish nation. I consider that every true Christian should have; but I will not enter upon that point now. It was probably my showing such a feeling, and my being well versed in their history, which was the occasion of an intercourse of two days ripening into a regard for one another; and we parted with sincere wishes that we might meet again in this country. At the time I speak of, which was about three years ago, his daughter Mirriam, was, comparatively speaking, a child, and certainly not at that period, or indeed, for some time after our meeting again in England, did it ever come into my ideas that I should ever feel anything for her but good will; but circumstances, and her father's confidence in me, threw us much together She has no mother. After a time, I found myself growing attached to her, and I taxed myself, and reflected on the consequences. I was aware how very severe the Jewish laws were upon the subject of any of their family uniting themselves to a Christian. That it was not only considered that the party itself was dishonored before the nation, but that the whole family became vile, and were denied the usual burial rites. Perhaps you are aware that if a Jew embraces Christianity, the same disgrace is heaped upon the relations. With this knowledge, I determined to conquer my feelings for Miriam, and of course I no longer went to her father's house; it would have been cruel to put my friend (for such he certainly was) in such a position; the more so, as, being a rabbi, he would have to denounce himself and his own children.

'My absence was, however, the cause of great annoyance to the father. He sought me, and I was so pressed by him to return, that I had no choice, unless I confessed my reasons, which I did not like to do. I therefore visited the house as before, although not so frequently, and continually found myself in company with Miriam, and, her father being constantly summoned away to the duties of his office, but too often alone. I therefore resolved that I would once more set off on my travels, as the only means by which I could act honorably, and get rid of the feeling which was obtaining such a mastery over me. I went to the house to state my intention, and at the same time bid them farewell; when, ascending the stairs, I slipped and sprained my ancle so severely, that I could not put my foot to the ground. This decided our fate, and I was not only domiciled for a week in the house, but, as I lay on the sofa, was continually attended by Miriam. Her father would not hear of my removal, but declared that my accident was a judgment against me for my rash intention.

'That Miriam showed her regard for me in every way that a modest maiden could do is certain. I did, however, make one last struggle; I did not deny my feelings towards her, but I pointed out to her the consequences which would ensue, which it was my duty as a friend, and her duty as a daughter, to prevent. She heard me in silence and in tears, and then quitted the room.

'The next day she appeared to have recovered her composure, and entered freely into general conversation, and, after a time, referred to the rites of their Church. By degrees she brought up the subject of Christianity; she demanded the reasons and authority for our belief; in short, she brought me to enter warmly into the subject, and to prove, to the best of my ability, that the true Messiah had already come. This conversation she took a pleasure in renewing, during my stay in the house; and as I considered that the subject was one that diverted our attention from the one I wished to avoid, I was not sorry to renew it, although I had not the least idea of converting her to our faith.

'Such was the state of affairs when I quitted the house, and again seriously thought of removing myself from so much temptation, when her brother Joseph arrived from Madrid, where he had been staying with his uncle for some years, and his return was the occasion of a jubilee, at which I could not refuse to appear. He is a fine young man, very intelligent and well informed, but of a very irascible disposition; and his long residence in Spain has probably given him those ideas of retaliation which are almost unknown in this country. He conceived a very strong friendship for me, and I certainly was equally pleased with him, for he is full of talent, although he is revengeful, proud of his lineage, and holding to the tenets of his faith with all the obstinacy of a Pharisee. Indeed it is strange that he could ever become so partial to a Christian, respecting as he does the rabbinical doctrines held forth to the Jewish people, and which it must be admitted have been inculcated, in consequence of the unwearied and unjustifiable persecution of the tribes for centuries, by those who call themselves Christians, but whose practice has been at open variance with the precepts of the founder of their faith. However, so it was. Joseph conceived a great regard for me, was continually at my house, and compelled me but too often to visit at his father's. At last I made up my mind that I would leave the country for a time, and was actively preparing, intending to go without saying a word to them, when I found myself one morning alone with Miriam. She walked up to me as I was sitting on the couch; I motioned to her to sit by me, but she stood before me with a stately air, fixing upon me her dark gazelle-like eyes

''Do you,' said she, in a slow and solemn tone of voice, 'do you remember the conversation which we had upon our respective creeds? you recollect how you pointed out to me your authorities and your reasons for your faith, and your sincere belief that the Messiah had already come?'

''I do, Miriam,' replied I; 'but not with any view to interfere with your belief; it was only to uphold in argument my own.'

'I do not say nay to that; I believe you,' said Miriam; 'nevertheless, I have that in my vest which, if it was known to my father or brother, would cause them to dash me to the earth, and to curse me in the name of the great Jehovah;' and she pulled out of her vest a small copy of the New Testament. 'This is the book of your creed; I have searched and compared it with our own; I have found the authorities; I have read the words of the Jews who have narrated the history, and the deeds of Jesus of Nazareth, and—I am a *Christian*.'

'It may appear strange, but I assure you, Sir, you can't imagine the pain I felt when Miriam thus acknowledged herself a convert to our faith; to say to her that I was sorry for it would have argued little for my Christian belief; but when I reflected upon the pain and disgrace it would bring upon her family, and that I should be the cause, I was dreadfully shocked I could only reply, 'Miriam, I wish that we had never met!'

''I know what your feelings are but too well,' replied she; 'but we have met, and what is done cannot be undone. I, too, when I think of my relations, am torn with anxiety and distress; but what is my duty? If I am, and I declare, not only by the great Jehovah, but by the crucified Messiah, that I am a sincere believer in your creed must I shrink—must I conceal it on account of my father and my mother? Does not he say, leave all and follow me! Must I not add my feeble voice in acknowledgment of the truth, if I am to consider myself a Christian? Must not my avowal be public? Yes, it must be, and it shall be! Can you blame me?'

''Oh, no! I dare not blame you;' replied I, 'I only regret that religious differences should so mar the little happiness permitted to us in this world, and that neither Jew nor Christian

will admit what our Savior has distinctly declared—that there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek or Gentile. I see much misery in this, and I cannot help regretting deeply that I shall be considered as the cause of it, and be upbraided with ingratitude.'

''You did your duty,' replied Miriam. 'I have been converted by your having so done.—Now I have my duty to do. I am aware of the pain it will occasion my father, my relations, and the whole of our tribe; but if they suffer, shall I not suffer more? Thrust out from my father's door; loaded with curses and execrations; not one Jew permitted to offer me an asylum, not even to give me a morsel of bread, or a drop of water; a wanderer and an outcast! Such must be my fate.'

''Not so, Miriam; if your tribe desert you——'

'Stop one moment,' interrupted Miriam; 'do you recollect the conversation you had with me before we entered into the subject of our relative creeds? Do you remember what you then said; and was it true, or was it merely as an excuse?'

''It was as true, Miriam, as I stand here. I have loved you long and devotedly. I have tried to conquer the passion, on account of the misery your marriage with a Christian would have occasioned your relations; but if you persist in avowing your new faith, the misery will be equally incurred; and, therefore, I am doubly bound, not only by my love, but because I have, by converting you, put you in such a dreadful position, to offer you not only an asylum, but, if you will accept them, my heart and hand.'

'Miriam folded her arms across her breast and knelt down, with her eyes fixed upon the floor. 'I can only answer in the words of Ruth,' replied she, in a low voice, and trembling lips. 'I hardly need observe, that after this interview the affair was decided—the great difficulty was to get her out of the house; for you must have been inside of one of the houses of a Jew of rank to be aware of their arrangements. It was impossible that Miriam could be absent an hour without being missed; and to get out by herself without being seen was equally difficult. Her cousin is married to a Jew, who keeps the masquerade paraphernalia and costumes in Tavistock-street, and she sometimes accompanies her father and mother there, and, as usual, goes up to her cousin in the women's apartment, while her male relations remain below. We therefore hit upon this plan That on the first masquerade-night at Vauxhall, she should persuade her father and brother to go with her to her cousin's; that I should be close by in a coach, and, after she had gone in, I was to drive up as the other customers do, and obtain two dominoes, and then wait while she escaped from the women's apartment, and come down stairs to the street door, where I was to put her in the coach, and drive off to Vauxhall. You may inquire why we went to Vauxhall. Because, as but few minutes would elapse before she would be missed, it would have been almost impossible to have removed her without being discovered, for I was well known to the people. You recollect that Manasseh, who was in the shop, informed them that my domino was slashed with white in the sleeves; he knew me when I obtained the dominoes. Had I not been aware of the violence of the brother, I should have cared little had he followed me to my house, or any other place he might have traced me to, but his temper is such that his sister would have certainly have been sacrificed to his rage and fury, as you may imagine from what you have seen and heard; I considered, therefore, that if we once became mixed with the crowd of masks and dominoes at Vauxhall, that I should elude them and all trace of us be lost. I believe that I have now made you acquainted with every circumstance, and trust that you will still afford me your valuable assistance.'

'Most certainly,' replied our hero; 'I am in duty bound. I cannot help thinking that they have recognised me as the party conducting her out of the dark walk. Did you meet them afterwards?'

'No,' rejoined Mr. S——; 'I allowed them to walk about without coming up to me, for some time, and then when they were down at the farthest end, I made all haste and took a coach home, before they could possibly come up with me, allowing that they did recognise me, which I do not think they did until they perceived me hastening away at a distance.'

'What, then, are your present intentions?' inquired our hero.

'I wish you to return with me to your hotel;' replied Mr. S——; 'I will then take a chaise, and leave for Scotland as fast as four horses can carry us, and unite myself to Miriam; and, as soon as I can, I shall leave the country, which will be the best step to allow their rage and indignation to cool.'

'I think your plan is good,' replied Joey, 'and I am at your service.'

In a few minutes Mr. S—— and our hero went out by the back way into the mews, and as soon as they came to a stand took a coach and drove to the hotel.

They had not, however, been in the company of Miriam more than five minutes, when the waiter entered the room in great alarm, stating that two gentlemen were forcing their way up stairs, in spite of the landlord and others who were endeavoring to prevent them. The fact was, that our hero and Mr. S—— had been perceived by Joseph and his father, as they came out of the mews, and they had immediately followed them, taking a coach at the same stand, and desiring the coachman to follow the one our hero and Mr. S—— had gone into.

The waiter had hardly time to make the communication before the door was forced open, and the man was so terrified that he retreated behind our hero and Mr. S——, into whose arms Miriam had thrown herself for protection. The father and brother did not, however, enter without resistance on the part of the landlord and waiters, who followed, remonstrating with them and checking them; but Joseph broke from them with a poinard drawn; it was wrenched from him by our hero, who dashed forward. The enraged

Israelite then caught up a heavy bronze clock which was on the sideboard, and crying out, 'This for the Gaw and the Meshumed!' (the infidel and the apostate) he hurled it at them with all his strength; it missed the parties it was intended for, but striking the waiter who had retreated behind them, fractured his skull, and he fell dead upon the floor.

Upon this outrage the landlord and his assistants rushed upon Joseph and his father; the police were sent for, and after a desperate resistance the Israelites were taken away to the police-office, leaving Mr. S—— and Miriam at liberty. Our hero, was, however, requested by the police to attend at the examination, and, of course, could not refuse. The whole party had been a quarter of an hour waiting until another case was disposed of, before the magistrate could attend to them, when the surgeon came in and acquainted them that the unfortunate waiter had expired. The depositions were taken down, and both father and son were committed, and Joey and some others bound over to appear as witnesses In about two hours our hero was enabled to return to the hotel, where he found that Mr. S—— had left a note for him, stating that he considered it advisable to start immediately, lest they should require his attendance at the police-court, and he should be delayed, which would give time to the relations of Miriam to take up the question; he had, therefore, set off, and would write to him as soon as he possibly could.

The affair made some noise, and appeared in all the newspapers, and our hero therefore sat down and wrote a detailed account of the whole transaction (as communicated to him by Mr. S——) which he despatched to Portsmouth.—He made inquiries, and found that the sessions would come on in a fortnight, and that the grand jury would sit in a few days. He therefore made up his mind that he would not think of returning to Portsmouth until the trial was over, and in his next letter he made known his intentions, and then set off for Richmond, where he had been advised to remain for a short time, as being more favorable to an invalid than the confined atmosphere of London.

Our hero found amusement in rowing about in a wherry, up and down the river, and replying to the letters received from Mary, and from Portsmouth. He also received a letter from Mr. S—— informing him of his marriage, and requesting that as soon as the trial was over he would write to him. Our hero's health also was nearly re-established, when he was informed that his attendance was required at the court to give his evidence in the case of manslaughter found by the grand jury against Joseph the brother of Miriam.

He arrived in town and attended the court on the following day, when the trial was to take place. A short time after the cause came on he was placed in the witness box. At the time that he gave his depositions before the magistrate he had not thought about his name having been changed, but now that he was sworn, and had declared that he would tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, when the counsel asked him if his name was not Joseph O'Donahue, our hero replied that it was Joseph Rushbrook.

'Your deposition says Joseph O'Donahue.—How is this? Have you an alias, like many others, sir,' inquired the counsel.

'My real name is Rushbrook, but I have been called O'Donahue for some time,' replied our hero.

This reply was the occasion of the opposite counsel making some very severe remarks, but the evidence of our hero was taken, and was indeed considered very favorable to the prisoner, as Joey said that he was convinced the blow was never intended for the unfortunate waiter, but for Mr. S——.

After about an hour's examination, our hero was dismissed, and, as directed, in case that he might be recalled, returned to the room where the witnesses were assembled.

VOL. III—CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH THE TIDE OF FORTUNE TURNS AGAINST OUR HERO.

As soon as Joey had been dismissed from the witness-box, he returned to the room in which the other witnesses were assembled, with melancholy forebodings that his real name having been given in open court would lead to some disaster. He had not been there long before a peace-officer came in, and said to him—'Step this way, if you please, Sir; I have something to say to you.'

Joey went with him outside the door, when the peace-officer, looking at him full in the face, said, 'Your name is Joseph Rushbrook; you said so in the witness-box.'

'Yes,' replied Joey, 'that is my name.'

''Why did you change it?' demanded the officer.

'I had reasons,' replied our hero.

'Yes, and I'll tell you the reasons,' rejoined the other. 'You were concerned in a murder some years ago; a reward was offered for your apprehension, and you absconded from justice. I see that you are the person; your face tells me so. You are my prisoner. Now, come away quietly, sir; it is of no use for you to resist, and you will only be worse treated.'

Joey's heart had almost ceased to beat when the constable addressed him; he felt that denial was useless, and that the time was now come when either he or his father must suffer; he, therefore, made no reply, but quietly followed the peace-officer, who, holding him by the arm, called a coach, into which he ordered Joey to enter, and, following him, directed the coachman to drive to the police-office.

As soon as the magistrate had been acquainted by the officer who the party was whom he had taken into custody, he first pointed out to our hero that he had better not say any thing which might criminate himself, and then asked him if his name was Joseph Rushbrook.

Joey replied that it was.

'Have you any thing to say that might prevent my committing you on the charge of murder?' demanded the magistrate.

[Written for the Boston Notion.]

FLORIDA,

OR THE NYMPH OF THE WESTERN FOUNTAIN.—A ROMANCE IN VERSE.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Author of "Southern Passages and Pictures," "Atalantes," "The Yemassee," "Damsel of Darien," "Kinsmen," &c.

PREFACE.

This poem, of which a first Canto is here submitted to the public, was the most elaborate effort of the author's youth. It was begun, but not finished—indeed, it still remains unfinished—at a time when the famous, or rather infamous, poem of Don Juan was still in progress of publication, though verging to its close. The author, with a boyish presumption, fancied, that he might imitate the grace and exceeding felicity of expression in that unhappy performance,—its playfulness and possibly its wit,—without falling into its licentiousness of utterance and malignity of mood. How he has succeeded, the reader will be at liberty to judge. That his attempt was unfinished is due to several causes which do not call for explanation. The caprice of a youthful mind, the pressure of other employments of more immediate necessity, the absence of the due stimulus—that stimulus which is the great impelling principle of social effort,—the demand of the public;—all these may have had something to do with my reluctance to put the finishing stroke to a narrative, which, as it found no small favor in my own sight, makes me very anxious that it should find favor in the sight of the reader. Should this prove the case, these Cantos will be continued; but, otherwise, it will be easy to replace my loose sheets in the dusty pigeon hole whence they were last taken. Whatever may be my desire on this subject, farther I need not say.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

I had been musing o'er an ancient story,
A legend of romance in sunny Spain,
That spoke of Knights and Dames, of Love and Glory,
Sweet Phantoms we shall seldom see again:
There were proud, Princely aspects, high and hoary,
Gray beards and Pages, mingled in one strain,
Wove by that magic, that should never vanish,
And 'tis not in our heart of hearts to banish.

II.

It binds us, yet we love it, and desire
No better company in bower and hall;
It calls up all the Spirits we require,
And some it were far better not to call;
Dreams, and some very strange ones,—full of fire,
Start up like Samuel's spectre to king Saul,
Without the spells of any witch from Endor,
Unless it be some young one, true and tender.

III.

And marvel not such legends please my spirit,
And make me love each ancient solitude;
Still seeking, from its ruins gray, to ferret,
The *Genius loci* proper to my mood;
A love of the mysterious I inherit,
From an old grand-dam who would often brood,—
I, an apt listener,—o'er the by-gone hours,
Brave knights, sweet nymphs, love and his favorite bow'rs.

IV.

Many a quaint story of an ancient season,
Warmed on her tongue and fasten'd on a ine ear;
Some beyond scope of rhyme and more of reason,
But which I did not less delight to hear;—
To utter them again would be no treason,
And if to you such legends be but dear,
Sit down, and while the sweet south's breathing o'er us,
We'll bring the spirits of the Past before us.

V.

And he who cannot warm him by a fire,
Made up of the dry bones of ancient days,
'Till, by the aid of fancy, from the pyre,
Starts forth some favorite spirit to his gaze,
Deserves to hear no music of the lyre,
To warm his senses by no wizard blaze,
Nor from that spring the ancient minstrels talk of,
With one poor goblet of its waters walk off.

VI.

For the brute, grass and grain;—but for the spirit,
Comprising the true taste, and nobly taught,
The faculty to use that few inherit,—
High faculty of far-discerning thought;—
The Muse, who well perceives the mind of merit,
Hath evermore her love and tribute brought,
And brings,—with soul erect, and spirit high,—
The beast may still enjoy his grunt and sty.

VII.

One half mankind are brutes—the subdivision
Of the remaining moiety will make
The half of these but worthy our derision,
Creatures of cloth and clay, of stick and stake;
The rest may yield a few whose purer vision
Still teaches less to follow than forsake;
A passive, doubtful moral of man's being,
That only strengthens happily in fleeing.

VIII.

To you, I sing, who, with a strong endeavor,
Would hold fit place among the sacred few;
Who warm and watchful, with that restless fever,
Of spirit-stirring impulses would view,
The heart's true mysteries; denied those never,
Who with soul unrelaxing, high and true,

Would stride towards the goal—through toil and strife,
Where bloom the trees, alike, of light and life

IX.

Some hundred years ago,—I am no stickler,
For date and season, written and precise,
And so, about the month I'm not particular,
There being no reason to be very nice;—
A Spanish maid—than whom no maid was fickler,
More difficult to please, and seldom twice,—
Dwelt in her father's castle walls, the paragon
Supreme for beauty, 'mong the girls of Arragon.

X.

She was a peerless damsel: all in stature,
Queenlike in gait, in manner, arch and free;
Beauty had perch'd, and smiled in every feature,
And each look of her eye was victory;—
Thus was she sent forth by the hand of nature,
The master-hand and master-work was she;
For many a month she was the reigning fashion,
And men and maids alike confessed their passion.

XI.

The latter grumbled while the men were sighing;—
They saw but little beauty in her face;
And while the former spoke of heaven and dying,
They wished her dead and in a different place;
Some said she squinted, and if envious eyeing,
Could make a pair of eyes look different ways,
Then were hers certain, 'neath their angry glances,
To have shot their rays zigzag, like warring lances.

XII.

But hate that's met by scorn works little evil,
It hurts no beauty, trenches not the skin,
Ne'er makes the temper sour or tongue uncivil,
And troubling nought without, moves nought within.
Our heroine, when they wished her at the devil,
Quietly answer'd with a pleasant grin,—
'Twere shame with numerous lovers of my own,
To rob them of the only one they've known.'

XIII.

With such philosophy she went her ways,
Still smiling at the *muss* she made around her;
Her wit and conquests both beyond her days,
Her beauty bright as when at first it found her;
Her very presence soon produced a blaze,
Confounding still the host that would confound her;
She heard the sighs of man and groans of woman,
With an indifference that was scarcely human.

XIV.

But to my story.—With a tradesman-dread,
That you should not appreciate my wares,
I'll dwell at large on each particular head,
Single the grains of wheat from out the tares,
Item by item, and before you spread,
Her each perfection as it first appears;
Nor keep you longer from the coming story,
Than is essential to our inventory.

XV.

This is a needful duty in a tale,
To make the reader know both lord and lady;
In mine, to make the heroine nought shall fail;—
Chaste as December, pleasant as a May day,
Bright as a faggot, sparkling as ripe ale,
Her blood and beauty both in virgin hey-day,—
Her eyes, the polar lights in love's astrology,
Her head,—but let us look into phrenology.—

XVI.

She had there all the bumps of each good quality,
And some that were but doubtful, too, might be
Among the better ones,—like the fatality
That blights the blessing. Gall and Spurzheim see,
Ascending high, the mount of ideality,
A Muse herself—few half so fine as she,—
Pugnacity,—and some behind the ear,
That speak of virtues,—neither here nor there.

XVII.

How shall I venture to describe her mouth,
That rosy bible on which Love has sworn;
Fresh as the Zephyr from the sunny south,
Soft as the flowret bursting with the morn;
Two op'ning rose-leaves which, in emulous growth,
Warring for sole sway on the stem where born,
Disclose beneath them, in an amorous curl,
Two links of white and laughter-loving pearl.

XVIII.

And then the odor,—not the common sweet,
Ambrosia much abused,—or baser yet,
Arabian perfumes, such as taint the street,
When toiling damsels leave the strewn *toilet*;—
But spirit odors, such as gently greet
The sense at midnight, when the stars are set
In the broad blue, and the bewitching time,
Wins all its perfumes from their happier clime.

XIX.

Perfume, that with the breath of evening winds
Into the inner heart, and softens down
Each earth-asperity; and soothly binds
The angry spirit, animate to frown,
Into a patient gentleness,—that finds
All nature meek around it, and, to crown
The soothing sway and influence, makes us deem
We feel those Eden blooms and airs of which we dream.

XX.

Her eye, her more than Asiatic eye,
Peering beneath her forehead, like a star,
Bestowing a sweet glory on the sky,
Though gathering tempests hold a cloudy war;—
What may eclipse its splendor—what may vie,—
As sending its concentred glances far,
The raven fringe that girds it, smit with light,
Though sable as night's gloom, grows golden-bright!

XXI.

Hers was the beauty of rare symmetry,
Where tone still tempers feature. In her face,
Presiding, hover'd forms of harmony,
That took all harshness from that holy place;
Yet each was all perfection to the eye,
Spiritual, bright, and rife with maiden grace;
Eye spoke to eye, and lip and cheek and brow,
Harmonious, like the rivulet's rippling flow.

XXII.

Young was she,—scarce sixteen—yet tall and bending,
Graceful as any willow by the wave;
Glad was she, and a mirthfulness still blending
Even with her sadness, mirthfulness still gave;
Light-hearted, as if never once offending,
It did not seem as if she could be grave;
Certain, that song or psalm, or changing weather,
Ne'er made her dull for two whole hours together.

XXIII.

She had but one old relative, a Sire,
A thick, short, gouty drowsy, good, old knight;
Whose only care, beside the kitchen fire,
Was how to boil his eggs and boil them right;
His porridge served, he had no more desire,
And slept, not waiting the approach of night;—
Not profitless his faith, as it appears,
In eating,—he had kept it sixty years.

XXIV.

He made no fuss about his daughter's beauty,—
Saw little of her suitors;—took no heed,
Who came or went;—esteemed it not a duty
To ask about the income or the breed;—
But so they spared his fresh eggs, and his foot, he,
Boiled one and nursed the other;—and thus freed
From all restraint and guidance but her own
She was the happiest damsel ever known.

XXV.

When she was but fifteen her mother died,
And left her as you see her, young and fair;
Lovely as any pearl beneath the tide,
Down 'neath the Mexic waters, deep but clear;
Pure as a star that shines in Heaven the pride,
Fresh as a zephyr from the moon's own sphere;—
Her mother, very like her was when young,
But dying,—there's no need to have her sung.

XXVI.

She died, and she was buried, and thus ends
The lives of many thousands, seen in one;
She had her hosts of enemies and friends,
With and without her own exertions won,
And she might well have said,—'Time is, and tends
To what it was before, 'till all is done;'
Her smiles were smiles and sunny ones,—her tears,
The soft'ning drops that fall when the young moon appears.

XXVII.

And you may write upon her single tomb,
The record that will suit the tombs of many;
'I was and am not!'—'Tis a fearful doom
To be denied the memory of any;
And yet how few survive the cumbrous gloom
Of one short season past—the puny penny,
Of all their fond ambition, in the dust,
Where antiquarians find, perchance, its rust.

XXVIII.

It should be, but is not, the hope of all—
Else man were better, nobler than he is,—
To leave behind them that which must enthral
The homage of the future.—Even the hiss
Of a succeeding age, the rabble's bawl
Seems dearer to the spirit's pride than this
Denial of all life—annihilation,
From each memorial in this fair creation.

XXIX.

Oh! let my epitaph in future years,
When I myself can never more be heard,
And there are none, perchance, whose gushing tears
Shall stir again, as they too oft have stirr'd
The bosom which their memory yet endears,—
Be utter'd in the voicings of that bird,
That sings throughout the long eternity,—
'I was, I am, and must for ever be!'

XXX.

Even as the mother, too, had died the maiden,
But that I bid her live, and plead her cause;
Should you have known her, had I not array'd in
The garb of song, her beauties and her flaws,
Merely that life itself should be display'd in
Its proper colors and command applause,
Less to the form to which I give preferment
Than the immortal texture of the garment.

XXXI.

Makers of Immortality and Fame,
Creators of the life that never dies;
What should we Poets from the people claim,
Who do so much to make the little rise;
We who can dignify the meanest name,
Make the base virtuous, and the simple wise;
Alas! for all these deeds, as I'm a sinner,
In modern times we scarcely get a dinner.

XXXII.

One likes a friendly dinner and would really,
Honor a quiet board in green-pea season;
Perhaps, would deign to sit down at it daily,
Or once a week at least, as more in reason,
Partaking of its pleasant dishes gaily,
Simply because we know they're meant to please one;
With me some years ago this taste began,
I learn'd it from a thriving Alderman;—

XXXIII.

Who got his manners in that dog-day station
By losing popularity and quiet;
He never won the people's approbation,
Though that's a matter common sense won't cry at;
They sometimes roused him into irritation,
Once knock'd him down when quelling of a riot;
And so he sigh'd at nought, when leaving office,
Save that in turtle he was yet a novice.

XXXIV.

But where am I?—Not at my heroine truly,—
But as some traveller who impels his goad
Into his horse's flanks and whips him duly,
Until he bounds on the forbidden road,
Knight-errant like, still bent on deeds unruly,
Glad of the features of an episode,
I drive on helter-skelter, rash and erring,
Heedless of laws as he, still spurring, stirring!

XXXV.

The daughter is enough for our attention,—
I left off at the eyes, and hardly gave 'em
Due share of that fierce glow which young lads mention,
As the first thing in beauty to enslave 'em.
Strange that so lovely, they should bring dissension,
Still making it so terrible to brave 'em:
In bane and beauty both, most adder-like,
No wonder they are still the first to strike!

XXXVI.

Such then was Leonora, when there came,
As who can doubt a large and motley crowd,
Of gallant lovers, smitten by the flame,
And at the altar which it kindled, bow'd,—
Knights of the highest station known to fame,
In valor peerless, and of lineage proud,
Young, old, fair, dark, a curious set of dandies,
But still admitted all as Spanish Grandees.

XXXVII.

Foremost among her suitors there was one
Than whom the nation had no braver choice;
In all the Moorish fights victorious known,
The king himself had spoke with favoring voice;
And Ponce de Leon was a name that shone,
And sounded too, with no unheeded noise;
He had been in his youth a vigorous fellow,
But Time had touched him—he was mellow.

XXXVIII.

His beard had something of a grizly hue,
And sallow was his shrivell'd-up complexion;
His shoulders caught a stoop at fifty-two,
And his good form had lost its old erection;
But yet he fondly fancied he might do,
And could not see the folly of connexion,
He in the cold November of the year,
With one who just had seen her May appear.

XXXIX.

He pressed his suit with little relaxation,
And watch'd the maiden's eye and watch'd her heart;
As if his task were the circumvallation
Of Moorish fortress with a warrior's art,
Each day advanced him to a nearer station;
And from the eyes of the fortress sped no dart,
Or missive, which escaped the jealous sight,
Of that most dull, though persevering knight.

XL.

At length his batteries being all completed,
The question in his mind and tent discussed,
His blood aroused to the assault, and heated,
With highest hope and something of distrust,
Before the lady now behold him seated,
Firm as in knightly saddle ere the joust;
And thus, with accents sweetly strong, but tender,
He summon'd the fair fortress to surrender.

XLI.

He boasted of his deeds—told many a story,
Othello-like, of conflict and of blood;—
Deeds done by flood and field, and many a glory
Plucked from grim battle in his angriest mood,—
But not with like success.—His beard so hoary
Would ever on the anxious hour intrude;
And when he boasted in his loudest strain,
She said,—'Ah me! you can't do *that* again!'

XLII.

'You're old now, good Don Ponce; your brightest days
Have vanish'd in the wars;—ah! wo is me;—
I had been glad t' have known you when your bays
Were green, and youth was flush with victory;
For those I have heard speaking in your praise,
Tell me you were the comeliest youth to see;
And in the field, and in the bower, alike,
You always knew the proper hour to strike!'

XLIII.

Women, when women truly, are much more
Than women only:—to the enthusiast lover,
They are inspiring night-gems, and their love
Is of unearthly images that hover,
Like living stars above a spell-bound shore,
Which high and blessed spirits still watch over;
Their smiles are beams of planets which have shone,
Glad'ning a realm from which all other lights have gone!

XLIV.

Wooing to conquer;—soothing, they have spells
To still the heart-ache; and though things of tears,
Something of rapture from their sorrow wells,
Consoling, in a world of many cares,
Even while they make them. There is something tells,
How first they came from Eden,—which endears
Earth still to love. They give it light and bloom,
Hallow its altars, nor forsake its tomb.

XLV.

They are the blessed sunshine, and their smiles
Call up the flowers and song-birds of the heart;
Each murmur maddens, and each beam beguiles,
And vainly would we reason and depart;
They woo, and win, and bind us in their toils,
And though we see, we cannot scan, the art,
Which lures with so much winningness and power,
To lonely grove, sweet shade and secret bower.

XLVI.

If their smiles brighten—if their glances glow,
And glitter with the sunbeam,—then, as well,
Their influence, when their tears in anguish flow,
Gathers about the heart a potent spell,
It may not baffle. Thus they teach to know,
How much of the Tempter was she, when she fell,
Our common mother,—by whose wanton taste,
We lost that Eden, she has yet replaced.

XLVII.

And well has she replaced it, in the glory,
The balm, the brilliance of the beaming eye;
Theme of the minstrel's song, the gossip's story,
Untold devotion, deathless sympathy;
Kindler of hope in hearts cold and heads hoary,
In spirits long tutor'd by the Fates to sigh,—
How more than equal are their thousand powers
To bring back Paradise and all its flowers.

XLVIII.

And yet, at times, I soberly confess it,
The creature is most troublesome and sad;
She brings us many a joy but seeks to dress it,
In hues so gloomy, how can we be glad;
So wayward is her mood that none can guess it,
Or fix it to one feature, good or bad;
One moment she grows most abruptly willing,
The next she slaps the chaps that think of billing!

XLIX.

Now, why did Leonora to her lover,—
The valiant Ponce de Leon,—with an air
Of such malicious heartlessness, discover,
She knew he was not what he would appear;
Flinging his hopeful speculations over,
Casting down his fortresses, with such a sneer,
And that same beard with which his nature fenced him,
Turning so sharply, wickedly, against him.

L.

Plague, say I, on a thoughtless wench like this!—
The old Knight quickly started from his seat,
When that his dream of unsubstantial bliss,
Had thus been cruelly broken. To his feet,
Erect, he taller grew,—with fiercer phiz
That glared with love and fury strangely meet;—
Then spoke, quite rabid at the rash allusion
To that which almost always breeds confusion.

LI.

His words were never many; and his blood,
Just then, were readier far at deed than word;
Had any warrior thus aroused his mood,
His answer had been spoken by the sword;
Nothing had interposed to stay the flood
Meet for his full appeasement;—he had poured,
Unstopped, the fullest measure of his wrath,
Till he had swept each foeman from his path.

LII.

But, 'twas a lady and a lovely one,—
One too, whom still he tenderly adored;
And so he used his tongue, and left alone,
Though fumbling still the handle of his sword;—
His words were broken, yet they still ran on,
In most amusing floods of fury pour'd;
And now he raved in anger, now he pray'd,
Reproach'd in bitter word, and next implor'd the maid.

LIII.

'Oh, Leonora, is it thus you speak?
My beard is gray, you say, my head is white,
And I am old, and all my joints are weak!—
You had not thought so, had you been a Knight!
I am not fit to press a Lady's cheek,
To be her champion and assert her right;—
To win the prize of beauty at her beckon;—
Sancta Marie!—I'm abler than you reckon.

LIV.

'My limbs are strong although my beard is gray,
Nor have I lost the action of the Court;
Even now, not backward in the wild melee,
Methinks my sword should make its good report
As in the battles of my youthful day;
Nor should I lack the graces of the sport;
And in the measured dance, as evening set,
I still could play my part with the young damsels yet.

LV.

'I old, and gray, and weak!—oh! Leonora,
How greatly you mistake me! Hear me speak;
Behold my tread; your eye may not explore a
Single feature you could fancy weak;
What, Ponce de Leon, who shrunk not before a
Whole troup of Moorish knights, who sought to wreak
Their vengeance on the little band he led,
But finding it uncomfortable, fled!

LVI.

'Have I not fought in many hundred battles,
And who has ever seen *me* turn in flight;
Mine is the music when the armour rattles,
And on the *vega* meets each rival knight;
Thus Lope, the Poet, who so sweetly prattles,
Of all brave deeds of gallantry and might,
Has set my feats to verse, and nightly brings them,
To Donna Clara's Palace where he sings them!

LVII.

'I old!—Was ever such a strange idea!—
I weak i' the joints!—ah! what is it, I pray,
Makes you, sweet lady, entertain so free a
Notion of one who never yet gave way?
Behold me as I walk:—you shall not see a
Finer or surer step i' the summer's day:—
I do not want to force your good opinion,
But a more proper man's not in the whole dominion.

LVIII.

'My height's the proper height—nor large nor low,—
My shoulders not too broad for honor haughtily;
My form not overlaid with flesh, and so
Not liable to grossness most unsightly;—
Yet are my limbs not spare—my tread not slow,—
My gait and carriage proper taste deems rightly;
And for my beard and hair, sweet Leonora,
They speak of wisdom in your true adorer!'

LIX.

Thus argufied, or sought to argufy,
With action sweet and air of deep anxiety
Our worthy knight, who, taught to fight or die,
And only know of toil its strange variety,
Love had not tutor'd in his lessons sly.
Of war Don Ponce had feasted to satiety,
And years, that put him out of the pale of fashion,
Were yet the very impulse to his passion.

LX.

But, in this field, his ardor all was wasted;
A most provoking calm the maid maintained,
And this, the first rebuke the knight had tasted,
The only strife in which he was disdained,
Roused all his youthful ire. His speech and face did,
Equally show how deeply he was pained,—
Exhausted only, he at length gave over,
The labor, for a season, of the lover.

LXI.

Yet did he not forbear his first desire;
He changed the siege into a close blockade;
With spies, forever set, who could not tire,
He kept close watch on tower and palisade;
At times he still maintained a running fire,
Sent her warm sonnets, and with serenade,
And song, from many a poet in his waylay,
Shot the *estilo culto* at her daily.

LXII.

But patience tired at last of vain pursuit;—
He sickened of a labor so excessive,
His love began to yawn;—his minstrel's mute,
Uttered their strains in accents unimpressive;
From all his labors he beheld no fruit,
His passion grew at last to be digressive,
And cooling one day to his sober senses,
The knight drew off to calculate expenses.

[END OF CANTO FIRST.]

STONE IDOL AT COPAN.

[We make the following extract from Mr. Stephens' new work descriptive of the antiquities, etc. of Central America, issued on the 25th instant, simultaneously by Murray of London and Messrs Harper of New-York, in two splendid octavo volumes, with numerous and beautiful illustrations, engraved by the first artists from original drawings made by Mr. Catherwood, who accompanied Mr. Stephens in his recent journey, for that purpose. No modern traveller has excited more attention than did Mr. Stephens by his admirable works on Greece, Egypt, Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land, and on Russia, Poland, etc. His present performance much surpasses his others in interest and value, and will unquestionably be the most popular journal of travels ever printed in this country. An illustration of the letter-press fronts the title-page to this volume of the Magazine.]

The wall was of cut stone, well laid, and in a good state of preservation. We ascended by large stone steps, in some places perfect, and in others thrown down by trees which had grown up between the crevices, and reached a terrace, the form of which it was impossible to make out, from the density of the forest in which it was enveloped. Our guide cleared a way with his machete, and we passed, as it lay half buried in the earth, a large fragment of stone elaborately sculptured, and came to the angle of a structure with steps on the sides, in form and appearance, so far as the trees would enable us to make it out, like the sides of a pyramid. Diverging from the base, and working our way through the thick woods, we came upon a square stone column, about fourteen feet high and three feet on each side, sculptured in very bold relief, and on all four of the sides, from the base to the top. The front was the figure of a man curiously and richly dressed, and the face, evidently a portrait, solemn, stern, and well fitted to excite terror. The back was of a different design, unlike anything we had ever seen before, and the sides were covered with hieroglyphics. This our guide called an 'Idol;' and before it, at a distance of three feet, was a large block of stone, also sculptured with figures and emblematical devices, which he called an altar. The sight of this unexpected monument put at rest at once and forever, in our minds, all uncertainty in regard to the character of American antiquities, and gave us the assurance that the objects we were in search of were interesting, not only as the remains of an unknown people, but as the works of art, proving, like newly-discovered historical records, that the people who once occupied the Continent of America were not savages. With an interest perhaps stronger than we had ever felt in wandering among the ruins of Egypt, we followed our guide, who, sometimes missing his way, with a constant and vigorous use of his machete, conducted us through the thick forest, among half-buried fragments, to fourteen monuments of the same character and appearance, some with more elegant designs, and some in workmanship equal to the finest monuments of the Egyptians; one displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots; another locked in the close embrace of branches of trees, and almost lifted out of the earth; another hurled to the ground, and bound down by huge vines and creepers; and one standing, with its altar before it, in a grove of trees which grew around it, seemingly to shade and shroud it as a sacred thing; in the solemn stillness of the woods, it seemed a divinity mourning over a fallen people. The only sounds that disturbed the quiet of this buried city were the noise of monkeys moving among the tops of the trees, and the cracking of dry branches broken by their weight. They moved over our heads in long and swift processions, forty or fifty at a time, some with little ones wound in their long arms, walking out to the end of boughs, and holding on with their hind feet or curl of the tail, sprang to a branch of the next tree, and, with a noise like a current of wind, passed on into the depths of the forest. It was the first time we had seen these mockeries of humanity, and, with the strange monuments around us, they seemed like wandering spirits of the departed race guarding the ruins of their former habitation.

THE WILL OF SHAKSPEARE.

In the Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare, edited by Mr. Charles Knight—a note is appended to the play of As You Like It, respecting the will of Shakspeare, upon which it throws a new and valuable light.

Shakspeare, it is generally known, realised considerable funds by his industry as a dramatic writer and theatrical manager, and retired in 1613 or 1614 to spend the evening of his days at his native town of Stratford, where he had acquired no small property in houses and land. His wife, Anne Hathaway, who had remained in Stratford during the twenty-four years which he spent in London, and who was eight years his senior, still lived, and had two surviving children, Susanna and Judith, the former of whom was married to a gentleman named Hall. In his will, dated March, 1616, about a month before his death, he left the bulk of his property in houses and lands to his elder daughter Susanna; three hundred pounds to his youngest daughter, under certain conditions; to his sister, money, wearing-apparel, and the life-rent of the house in which she lived; to his nephews, five pounds each; to his grand-daughter, his plate; to the poor, ten pounds; to various friends, money, rings, and his sword. To Susanna and her husband Hall, he bequeathed all the rest of his goods and chattels, excepting (and the exception was introduced by insertion after the will had been drawn out) his *second*-best bed, with the furniture,' which he directed to be given to his wife.

So remarkable a circumstance did not escape the notice of his many commentators, and hitherto most of them have spoken of it with pain, as a proof that Shakspeare, while generous to his children and his friends, treated his wife with contempt. There was the more force in this view, when the long estrangement of the pair was considered. Malone says—'His wife had not wholly escaped his memory; he had not forgot her—he had recollected her—but so recollected her as more strongly to mark how little he esteemed her; he had already (as it is vulgarly expressed) cut her of, not, indeed, with a shilling, but with an old bed.' Malone, Steevens, Boswell, were all of them lawyers, yet they all failed to detect a legal circumstance calculated to give a totally new view of the case, and which it has been reserved for the bookseller, Mr. Knight, to point out. Mrs. Shakspeare required no special provision in her husband's will, beyond some such souvenir as the second-best bed, for she was entitled, as the legal phrase is, TO DOWER: the law gave her the life-interest of a third part of all the property which Shakspeare had acquired in his lifetime (excepting one copyhold tenement,) and she would have the same interest in the houses and gardens which her husband inherited from his father, as soon as the father should die—Thus she would be extremely well off by the mere operation of the English law affecting freehold property; and the notion that she was cut off with an old bed falls to the ground. Mr. Knight cites the will of David Cecil, Esq grandfather of the great Lord Burleigh, as a similar case. In that will, the only notice of the wife is: 'Item—I will that my wife have all the plate that was her's before I married her, and twenty kye and a bull.' Here, the husband only concerns himself to bestow a gift upon his wife, over and above what the law would allow her.

Mr. Knight has thus cleared the memory of Shakspeare from the imputation of having left his wife unprovided for, or of treating her with absolute contempt. But he has done no more. To have noticed her only by afterthought, and then, from his abundance of valuables, to have given her only the second-best bed affords but a doubtful view of the conjugal affection of our great bard. It seems a good deal like what a man would be induced to do for decency's sake, by the persuasion of friends, and against his own will. This has been pointed out, in a letter to the *Athenæum*, by Mr. Peter Cunningham, (son of Mr. Allan Cunningham) together with the following passage from the will of Sir John Hayward, the historian, dated the 30th of March, 1626:—'I give to my wife the bedd wherein she lieth, with all things pertayning thereunto, and two other of the meanest bedds for servants, which, together with all my former legacies unto her, and her thirds which she may claim out of the lands in Tottenham before-mentioned, I esteeme enough, in regard of the small porc'on she brought me; and, in regard of her unquiet life and small respect towards mee, *a greate deale too much*.' 'I would not,' adds Mr. Cunningham, 'say that this was the case with Shakspeare, but the coincidence and explanation are alike curious'

Shakspeare's long absence from his wife and subsequent return to her, is not a solitary case. Romney, the eminent portrait-painter, was a married man engaged in a rustic employment in Yorkshire, when he discovered by mere chance that he could draw. He left his wife with seventy guineas in her pocket, taking thirty in his own—studied his profession in London, Paris, and Rome—became the first portrait-painter of his day, realising above three thousand a-year by his art. He lived on and on, corresponding affectionately with his Yorkshire spouse, and sending her money, but never visiting her or sending for her; and, finally, after an absence of *thirty-five years*, he returned to her in ill health, and resumed the matrimonial life so unexpectedly broken off in his youth!—For this strange conduct, no reason has ever been assigned. It seems to have proceeded from the mere eccentricity of genius. The long separation of Mr. and Mrs. William Shakspeare may have arisen from the same cause, and might be not less compatible with a sufficient mutual regard.

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